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A WISH

I ASK no more than for love's kiss
As guerdon when the day is done;
The crown of life I shall not miss
If I may walk and sing with One!

Cora A. Matson Dolson

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XL. October, 1908 Number 1

IF BRYAN IS ELECTED TO THE PRESIDENCY

BY JUDSON C WELLIVER

WRITING for this magazine several months ago, I suggested that the Presidential campaign of 1908 seemed likely to be a political football game. Its preliminaries justified the expectation that it would be a struggle between the two teams for possession of the ball—the ball being the

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA, THRICE NOMINATED BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES

From his latest photograph by Davis & Eickemeyer, New York

MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, WHO WAS MISS MARY ELIZABETH BAIRD, OF PERRY, ILLINOIS, BEFORE HER MARRIAGE TO MR. BRYAN IN 1884

From a photograph by Townsend, Lincoln

aggregation of issues broadly characterized as "the Roosevelt policies." Mr. Bryan would claim these policies by right of invention and discovery; the Republicans would claim them by inheritance from Mr. Roosevelt. The game would be to get the ball, and then to carry it over the election-day goal with a majority of electoral votes.

The conventions, the platforms, the discussions, the speeches of acceptance, have all borne out that forecast of the campaign. With minor exceptions, both great parties promise much the same things. The election in November will decide which is to have the privilege and the responsibility of doing the work.

More and more, this is becoming an executive government. In many ways the modest executive establishment at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue has come to overshadow the huge legislative pile at the other. Legislation is a slow and difficult process, in which inevitably much is compromised away, and more fails entirely; so the executive order accomplishes what might not otherwise be done, and each succeeding President, if he be a vigorous and resolute man, is accused more violently of usurpation.

We have heard a vast deal about Mr. Roosevelt subverting these institutions of ours. Well, it may safely be set down that if Mr. Bryan shall become President, he will presently be up to his elbows in this same subverting business. He's that sort—a big, bold, determined man, full of purpose and resolve, impatient of

restraint, and absolutely confident of his own righteousness and his own star. If the description sounds quite as applicable to Mr. Roosevelt as to Mr. Bryan, it is none the less true. The plain fact is that if it requires pulling and driving, "prostitution of the patronage power," the caresses of the big stick, and the dubious indirection of government by executive order, to produce results, then the country wants those methods used. The United States has utterly refused to grow panicky about the danger to its institutions; it believes in their permanency in spite of individuals.

As President, whom would Mr. Bryan gather about him as advisers? What manner of intellectual syndicate would make up that rather vague something which is called a policy?

MRS. W. H. LEAVITT (FORMERLY MISS RUTH BRYAN), MR. BRYAN'S ELDER DAUGHTER

From a photograph taken in Denver at the time of the National Democratic Convention

The query should be considered in its broad rather than its narrow aspects. It doesn't apply merely to the Cabinet, the official administration household. It comprehends the secondary cabinet as well—the numerous chiefs of great bureaus, assistant secretaries, commissioners, and all the rest, who are invested with authority and power; and beyond that it includes the extra-official advisers who

MISS GRACE BRYAN, MR. BRYAN'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER

From a photograph by Townsend, Lincoln

will have weight when politics, or finance, or business or diplomatic relations are to be considered. Who will be the White House spokesmen on the floor of the Senate? Whose voice will be recognized in the House as the voice of ultimate authority?

Grover Cleveland never saw Washington till he went to the capital to be inaugurated President. He had a very limited acquaintance with national men. Yet in the membership of a party that had been twenty-four years out of power, he found men who made up what was recognized as a highly able and efficient Cabinet.

Theodore Roosevelt knew the politicians and their ways of thinking. He knew Washington and national affairs. Yet in the long list of his Cabinet selections he has violated most of the old traditions, and his advisers outside the Cabinet have been chosen with equal disregard for ancient prejudices. It isn't fashionable, however, to assume that

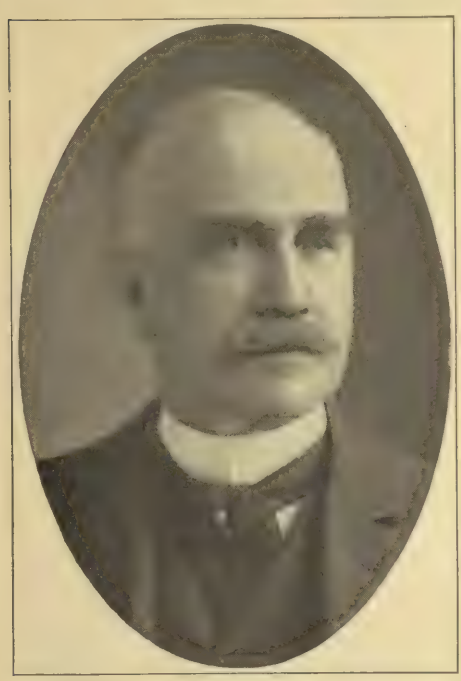
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, JR., MR. BRYAN'S ONLY SON

From a photograph by Townsend, Lincoln

Mr. Roosevelt didn't know what he was doing. He knew the kind of men he wanted, and he found them. They have done the work to the eminent satisfaction of their masters, the people.

Mr. Bryan as President would mean a revolution in personnel, in methods, in standards of judgment. In his long career as a party leader he has acquired a wide knowledge of men. He knows the leaders of both parties, their personalities, their habits of thought, their attitudes on public questions. The very extent of his acquaintance might be an embarrassment to another than Mr. Bryan. To him, with his quickness and confidence of judgment, it is more likely to mean additional assurance of bringing together just the kind of advisory family that he would desire.

The element of picturesqueness which Mr. Roosevelt's predilection for Rough Riders, cowboys, tennis-players, and bear-hunters has introduced into official and semiofficial life would not be lost were Mr. Bryan to become President. It would be amply preserved in a council which included the radical and strenuous Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma; the "Cowboy Mayor" Dahlman, of Omaha; the venerable and lovable Weaver, of Iowa; the cultured and elegant George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts; the brilliant and razor-tongued Pettigrew; the impetuous and eloquent Ollie James, of Kentucky; the splendid journalistic veteran Watterson; the vigorous and magnetic Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, and numerous others who will readily enough come to mind.



JUDSON HARMON, OF OHIO, ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION

From his latest photograph

CHAMP CLARK, OF MISSOURI, WHO WILL PROBABLY BE SPEAKER IF THE NEXT HOUSE IS DEMOCRATIC

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

Along with these touches of color in the group there would be found, in more somber shades, such personalities as Judson Harmon and Melville E. Ingalls; Chief Justice Walter Clark, of North Carolina, whom Mr. Bryan once named as a man of full Presidential stature; David R. Francis, of Missouri, and Hoke Smith, of Georgia, both of whom have sat at the Cabinet-table of Cleveland; Governor Folk and Senator Stone, rivals for the Missouri Senatorship just now,

but rivals always in devotion to Mr. Bryan; perhaps James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture under two Republican Presidents, great and good friend of all farmers, and a man whom it would be easy for Mr. Bryan to regard as indispensable at the department whose splendid efficiency will be his monument; Vice-President John W. Kern, who, Mr. Bryan has promised, would be lifted from the dignified cheerlessness of Vice-Presidential innocuousness to the rank of a full-fledged partner in the administration; Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell, on behalf of organized labor; Senator Newlands, of Nevada, a real constructive statesman, who at last is coming to be appraised at his real worth; Governor Thomas, of Colorado; Martin J. Wade, of Iowa; Judge Gaynor, of New York; Theodore A. Bell, of California; Inter-State Commerce Commissioner Clements, of Georgia; Gilbert M. Hitchcock, publisher of the Omaha *World-Herald,* in whom many people suspect they see the next Postmaster-General, provided the electoral vote doesn't decree in favor of another Hitchcock, of different political stripe, for that position; Judge Alton B. Parker, of

JOHN WORTH KERN, OF INDIANA, THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

New York; Mr. Bryan's *fidus Achates,* Willis J. Abbot — these and scores of others might be catalogued.

Such men as Millard Fillmore Dunlap, of Jacksonville, and Judge Thompson, of Salem, Illinois—both boyhood chums, schoolmates, and close personal friends of Mr. Bryan — must not be left without mention. Judge Edward F. Dunne, of Chicago, was one of the Bryan spokesmen at Denver, and will continue to be such in Illinois affairs. Bourke Cockran, who in 1896 stumped for McKinley, might also be found among the elect. It is whispered that stranger things have happened.

C. N. HASKELL, GOVERNOR OF OKLAHOMA, ONE OF BRYAN'S MOST RADICAL AND STRENUOUS SUPPORTERS

BRYAN MEN IN CONGRESS

In recent years Mr. Bryan has not been particularly strong with the members of his own party in Congress. In the early days of the republic, a Congressional caucus used to do the work of nominating a Presidential ticket, till the comparatively modern device of the national convention was introduced. Left to the arbitra-

MELVILLE E. INGALLS, PRESIDENT OF THE "BIG FOUR" RAILROAD, AND A CLOSE FRIEND OF BRYAN

From a photograph by Pach, New York

OLLIE M. JAMES, OF KENTUCKY, ONE OF THE DEMOCRATIC ORATORS OF CONGRESS

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

ment of such a caucus, Mr. Bryan's ambition for a third nomination would probably have had about as delicate consideration as would Abdul Hamid's candidacy for chief of the Macedonian Reform League.

As President, however, Mr. Bryan would find Congress more tractable. His party, as represented in the national legislature, would be vastly more amenable than the Republicans have been under the sway of Roosevelt. There would be no revolt such as Cleveland had on his hands. As the bridge that had at last brought them safely over, Bryanism would "look good" to the Democratic lawmakers. As a dispenser of patronage, too, Mr. Bryan would be popular. The element of basic, fundamental, intellectual antagonism to the Nebraskan in his own party is vastly less potent than the corresponding opposition to Mr. Roosevelt on the Republican side of Congress.

Senator Bailey was considered seriously for chairman of the resolutions committee of the Denver convention.

DAVID R. FRANCIS, OF MISSOURI, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR IN PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION

From a photograph by Gessford, New York

RICHARD F. PETTIGREW, OF SOUTH DAKOTA, A REPUBLICAN SENATOR WHO BECAME A STRONG SUPPORTER OF BRYAN

From a photograph by Bell, Washington

GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK, OWNER OF THE OMAHA WORLD-HERALD, AND FORMERLY CONGRESSMAN FROM NEBRASKA

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

He has long been set down as anti-Bryan; but Mr. Bryan is credited with a strong desire to cooperate with the brilliant Texan statesman. Without doubt Bailey would be found in the ranks of "White House Senators." So would Culberson, Bacon, Clay, Teller, Daniel, McLaurin, Tillman, Martin, and nearly all the rest. It isn't impossible that La Follette and his little following of Republican recalcitrants would find cooperation with the Democrats easier and far more effective under a Bryan régime, for Bryan and La Follette are close personal friends, and have a striking community of intellectual and political interests.

If Mr. Bryan should be elected in November, it is as nearly certain as anything ever is in political futures, that the next House would be Democratic. Champ Clark would then be Speaker, for John Sharp Williams is going to the Senate shortly. The committees would be made up with a view to furthering the Bryan policies. To name the men who would represent the White House in that organization is impossible; but James, of Kentucky; De Armond, Bartholdt, and Lloyd, of Missouri; Underwood and Clayton, of Alabama—the latter permanent chairman of the Denver convention; Sims, of Tennessee; Ransdell, of Louisiana; Burgess, of Texas; Rainey, of Illinois; Sulzer, Fitzgerald, and Francis Burton Harrison, of New York, are names which suggest themselves at the most casual consideration.

But these are lists of politicians—or, if you prefer the term, of statesmen. In his general purposes of uplifting administration and making government serve the mass of people, Mr. Bryan would command the sympathetic interest and support of hundreds of scholars, students, ecclesiasts, philanthropists. He knows them, and they are his friends and supporters—not necessarily his political supporters, it must be borne in mind; but decidedly the supporters of his broad moral policy. He knows them in this country, and abroad. He is the friend of Presidents Hadley of Yale and Andrews of the University of Nebraska; of David Lloyd-George, chancellor of the British exchequer, and Sergius Witte, the Russian financier and administrator. He knows the elder statesmen of Japan and the rajas of India; the Czar of the Russias, and the King of England. He knows and gages the currents of the world's thought, and he is in touch with men who represent the very best of its intellectual leadership.

BRYAN'S TRAINING FOR OFFICE

Mr. Bryan has had a remarkable preparation for the Presidency. His position for the last twelve years before his countrymen has brought him a fund of information and experience which few men in any generation have been privileged to acquire.

His critics believe him a great preacher, a splendid moral force, but doubt his executive capacity, his soundness in practical things. Yet Mr. Bryan has shown the disposition to accommodate, to adjust, to modify, to concede. He has played politics, even; it is pointed out that at Denver he "did business" with Messrs. Conners and Murphy of New York. What of it? Mr. Roosevelt is a "practical man," who found Harriman useful at one time, and Platt at another, and the Quay machine of Pennsylvania at another. He did business with them all. But did they dominate his administration? By no means. When he became President, he speedily demonstrated that he was his own President; just as Mr. Bryan undoubtedly would be. Recognizing the necessity of cooperation, of using the instruments at hand, of making the best of conditions, Mr. Roosevelt has gone ahead as directly and as fast as circumstances would permit; and so Mr. Bryan would do.

THE BRYAN FAMILY

On the social side, a Bryan administration would be democratic, as on the political. Mr. Bryan's family knows what public life is, and knows what is expected in public station. Mrs. Bryan has been the intimate and intelligent helpmeet of her husband; she is closer to his politics and plans and aspirations and ambitions than anybody else. She is an educated, experienced, and worldly-wise woman, amply equipped to meet every obligation that would be imposed by the position of first lady of the land.

Their second daughter, now a finish-

ing schoolgirl, would be a White House débutante. William Jennings Bryan, Jr., is the youngest child and only son. Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, whose artist husband is now in Europe, has lately been much at the Fairview home, and would doubtless be prominent in administering the official hospitalities of the Executive Mansion. Her two children are Ruth, aged four, and Bryan, nearly three. They would promptly become the semiofficial White House youngsters, and be duly "written up" as prodigies of virtue and mischief.

THE DECLINE OF PARTIZANSHIP

If judgment may be based on the present temper of the nation, there will be little of bitterness and asperity and mere partizan rancor about the next administration. The country is not going in for that sort of thing. There is not so much narrowness, so much intensity of party spirit, as a few years ago. The great body of the American people is genuinely anxious for the best and most capable consideration of the huge problems which confront us. There is not so much bigotry of opinion as formerly. There is willingness to admit that the views of your traditional opponent may have something in them.

The Populist party never came near electing a President, but it carried the Democratic party for much that was originally Populistic; and the Republican party, in turn, calmly appropriated much of that, when the time came for constructive legislation along advanced lines. The Prohibition party used to be pictured as an aggregation of untonsured men and unduly tonsured women; but it had an idea, and that idea has gone marching on, though the party as a political organization has made no substantial progress. The socialists have not as yet achieved much in politics, but it will hardly be denied that they have attained at least a respectful hearing for much that was but recently declared hopelessly visionary and nonsensical.

In all this ferment and shifting, this action and reaction of influences, this fluidity of opinion and catholicity of conviction, may be found the explanation of the seeming lack of enthusiasm about the present contest. People are disposed to do more thinking and less shouting. They are willing to listen more and talk less. The days of the old blind partizanship are passing away, and the substance is become more important than the name. The country is concerned more about the issues, and less about the offices. It isn't so cock-sure as it used to be when it was less informed. It is going to be more charitable and reasonable with the people in whose generally good intentions and correct tendencies it has confidence.

That is why, whoever shall be President, the next four years are likely to be devoted to serious and sane contemplation of the national problems, and to earnest, broad-minded, non-partizan effort at their solution.

DAYBREAK IN THE CITY

PANTING, the city sinks to restless sleep,
  Faint from the heat and clanging din of day;
  Dim grow the lamps along the great white way,
While swift the silent moments onward creep
To marshal in another puppet play
  Of endless strife with sham and hollow show
  To hide the lustful greed, the envious wo,
That blot the light along life's grim highway.

The echoing tramp of feet on pavements gray
  Begins anew ere night lifts up its pall;
An early milk-cart clatters on its way;
  Dull lifts the dawn above the eastern wall;
Shrill whistles sound the reveille of day,
  And life's worn army staggers to the call.

Percy M. Cushing

DESMOND O'CONNOR

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS," "JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE Flemish city of Bruges is held for Louis XIV, part of its garrison being the Irish contingent in the French service. Desmond O'Connor, a captain of the Irish regiment, has fallen in love with a young Flemish noblewoman—Margaret, Countess of Anhalt—whom he has chanced to see in the church of St. Agnes. He has since called at the house where the countess is staying with her foster-sister, Anne Van Rhyn, and has offered to help the two young women to escape from the beleaguered city.

Captain O'Connor speaks of his love-affair to Gaston de Brissac, a French officer, who, for a selfish reason, encourages him to press his suit. For the countess has fled to Bruges from Paris in order to escape from the Vicomte de Louville, whom the king has ordered her to marry; and Gaston, being her cousin, would gladly see her defy the royal command and wed O'Connor, so that her fortune might be forfeited and pass to himself.

De Brissac has a Bavarian servant, whose skill in scheming is superior to his own; and he commissions this man, Otto Scharting by name, to secure information about Captain O'Connor and his plans. Otto makes the acquaintance of Con Quirk, an old retainer of Desmond's, now a sergeant in the Irish Brigade; and the two are drinking together at a tavern called the Golden Fleece. Sergeant Quirk tells Scharting that a surprising change seems to have come over Captain O'Connor; whereupon the Bavarian suggests that the Irish officer may have fallen in love and be thinking of marriage.

IX *(Continued)*

"PERHAPS he is going to be married," suggested Otto.

"Married?" shouted the sergeant. "Ah, d'ye think he'd be bothered marryin' any of yer foreigneering faymales—he that might have the pick of all the beauties in Ireland by just houldin' up his finger? Marry a Dutchwoman?" he added, with withering contempt. "No; he might amuse himself with the like, I won't say; but, take my word for it, his son will have an Irish mother."

"Yet some of our foreign ladies are very beautiful," Otto persisted.

"Grease-spots alongside o' wax-lights. Have ye ever been in Ireland, Mounseer Scharting?"

"Never."

"Well, take my advice and go yer first chance. It'll be an eddication to ye," said the sergeant earnestly, as he stretched out his hand for the bottle.

At that moment a voice from the door interrupted the revels.

"Otto, you drunken pig, I have been looking for you. Come hither; I want you."

The Bavarian sprang to attention in a moment, for he feared his master. The sergeant did not move, but watched the pair till they had gained the street. Then he filled his glass from the bottle in his hand.

"I'm fond o' good company an' good liquor," he mused; "but if I must lose one or the other, I'd sooner lose the company."

De Brissac brought his servant straight to his lodging.

"I have serious matters to discuss with you," he said, when he had closed the

door, after satisfying himself that no one was loitering in the passage. "Are you sober enough to attend to me?"

"*Monsieur,* a man must have some relaxation," the other replied; "but my wits are as keen as ever in your service." Then he added, as by an afterthought: "Yonder was an old servant of Captain O'Connor, with whom I was drinking—a sergeant in the Irish Brigade."

"My faith, a useful friend!" cried De Brissac. "Keep him near you—you may learn much." Otto was about to speak, but his master went on without a pause: "I have just been with this O'Connor. I am sure he has seen the countess, but he will not admit it. Of course, I am obliged to seem to know nothing of the matter save what he tells me, but what his purpose may be baffles me."

Otto approached his lips to his master's ear.

"What if he means not honestly by the lady?"

Gaston stepped back in sheer amazement. Such a possibility had never crossed his mind.

"You are mad, fellow!" he cried indignantly. "Such as he should approach the Countess of Anhalt on his knees. My chief doubt of my plan was that he would not dare raise his eyes to her face."

"These Irishmen are proud, *monsieur,*" Otto persisted. "Remember, I have spent the last hour drinking with one who knows him, not only here, but at home; and where the wine flows, the tongue wags."

"You have not been babbling yourself?" inquired Gaston suspiciously.

"I, *monsieur?* Is it likely?" protested the Bavarian. "My mouth was shut, but my ears were open. I suffered the sergeant to talk and boast, and I gathered from him that this captain is affianced to some noble and beautiful lady in his own land, and regards the ladies of these parts as mere game to be coursed for his pleasure."

"If I thought this," cried De Brissac, his brow black as night, "I would not sleep till I had passed my sword through this fellow's false heart!" He paced the room once or twice, in deep thought. "It is inconceivable," he said at last. "Remember, man, this is the Countess of Anhalt—a lady of birth and great estate, as well as of beauty and virtue. An out-at-elbows Irish swashbuckler dare not harbor such a thought concerning her!"

"Still, if he did—" urged Otto. "I do not say he would succeed, but if his aim be to possess her otherwise than by marriage, our cake is dough. For it is by a forbidden marriage only that she will fall under King Louis's displeasure."

Again De Brissac paced the room and pondered. The other watched him with evil eyes.

"I did not like his manner this evening," Gaston mused. "It was evasive; it lacked openness. He would not speak a word of her whose loveliness was his only theme when last I saw him. And even when I taxed him with Sidonius he was guarded. He told me not the half of what I know to have passed between him and this astrologer." He halted in his walk, and faced Scharting. "What would you advise?" he said.

"I advised you long since, *monsieur,* that this device of the lady's marriage was clumsy and dangerous. If she died, now, you would inherit, with more certainty and less delay."

De Brissac shuddered.

"I forbade you long since to talk so," he said. "You were ever at my ear tempting me as we rode hither."

"It was a great opportunity lost," the other responded. "On a journey, an accident happens so easily."

"Hold your tongue, curse you!" cried Gaston savagely. "Would you make a murderer of me? What I seek is bad enough, but at worst it would be the justice of the king, not my doing."

"I see little difference," whispered Scharting. "You seek a fortune. If you cannot make Louis your instrument in gaining it, find another."

"I verily believe you are the foul fiend in person, Otto. What has this poor lady done to you that you should seek her life?"

"*Monsieur* has promised me a thousand crowns on the day he succeeds to her estates."

"And for this you would kill her?"

"I did not say so, *monsieur.* I only hinted that if any accident befell her, you would profit."

"Aye, an accident," replied De Brissac; "but I will have no hand in bringing it about, and accidents do not happen so opportunely. No, no; I adhere to my own plan."

"Trusting to this O'Connor, *monsieur?* You may take it from me that he will wed no foreign lady. From his servant's lips I have it. The mother of his son will be Irish. Seek another husband for your kinswoman, *monsieur.*"

"Impossible!" said Gaston impatiently. "Sidonius assures me that he has set the girl's imagination aflame over this captain. If another presented himself, she would but flout him. Let be, Otto. I do not despair of O'Connor yet."

"So be it, *monsieur.* And on the day of your success I gain a thousand crowns?"

"That is as sure as that the sun will rise to-morrow."

"Whether your success comes by accident or by marriage?"

"What drivel is this about accidents?" cried Gaston furiously. "If I gain my cousin's estates, you gain your money. I care not by what road they reach me. But accidents are decreed by Heaven, and Heaven will do little to further my purpose, I think."

"Aye, but others may," said Scharting under his breath.

Gaston turned on him with an oath.

"What the devil are you muttering there?"

"I was saying, *monsieur,*" replied the lackey humbly, "that in time of war and in a besieged city many accidents happen."

"Begone!" cried De Brissac abruptly.

Otto quitted the room.

X

"Old comrade, can I claim your help in a difficult enterprise?" Desmond asked Sergeant Quirk as the two were returning in the early morning from the ramparts of Bruges, where details of the Irish Brigade had been on duty all night.

"Thank ye kindly, captain, for thinkin' of me," Con replied. "Duty's duty, an' if a bit of a ruction is to be had in the coorse of it, sure it'll do me all the more good. I'm blue-molded for want of a bating."

"If I succeed in what I am going to attempt," Desmond explained, "it will be for the benefit of his majesty, and may save Bruges. Still, I will not conceal from you that this is more in the nature of a private adventure of my own. It is out of the line of duty altogether—contrary to it, I should say, had I not coaxed from the colonel a kind of grudging permission to make the attempt."

"Betther an' betther," cried Quirk. "Duty's unprofitable work, an' if I'm wanted to dhrive the bullocks off a farm or clear out somebody's wine-cellars, I'm with ye, Masther Desmond, for the contents of aither is badly wanted in these parts."

"I'm afraid there is little to be gained in the expedition I have in mind," replied O'Connor smiling. "But here we are at my quarters. Come in; I can give you a bite and sup, of which we both stand in need, and if you like to help me when you hear my plans, I'll be glad to have you with me. But there's no compulsion. I admit that our chance of saving this garrison and town is so small as to be scarce worth considering. I don't order it as an officer; I only invite you as a friend to risk your life for nothing at all but for my sake and the sake of old times."

"Out with it, yer honor! There's nowhere yer father's son can lead but Con Quirk will follow."

"Well, Con, with you if I can—without you if I must," said Desmond, after doing the honors of his scanty table, "I'm going to take two ladies out of Bruges this night."

"D'ye mane out into the English lines?" asked Con, agape with wonder.

"Out to them and through them," replied Desmond, "to a place I know of, some ten or twelve leagues from here; and we *may* find the marshal there or thereabout."

"Well, yer honor, ye bate all iver I heard tell of," the sergeant cried when he had recovered his breath. "Sure that'll be desartin' in the face of the inimy!"

"No; I tell you I have spoken to Colonel O'Brien. I am acting under orders. I have volunteered to attempt to break out of the Bruges leaguer, and

carry particulars of our position to M. de Vendôme or any French force I can find. I have asked leave for you, also, for I confess I counted on you, Con."

"An' ye done right, sir! We're to come back, are we?"

"That is as it may chance," the captain answered. "The mission for which I have volunteered, and the only mission with which I am charged by M. de la Mothe and the colonel, is to seek the Duc de Vendôme and inform him of our condition here."

"An' suppose ye can't find the duke, or can't get to him?" inquired Con.

"In that case, I shall leave the ladies in such safety as I may. One of them is the Countess of Anhalt, and we have selected her own castle as a retreat. It may be occupied at any time, either by the allies or by our own troops, but it is not a defensible place, and the lives of the inmates will be held sacred."

"And then? Ye'll excuse me axin', sir," apologized Quirk, "but I like to go into a bat like this with me eyes open."

"Quite right, sergeant," replied O'Connor. "Then we shall seek the duke and acquaint him with the position here."

"I suppose ye've some sort of a schame for gettin' out of this place," suggested Con.

In a few rapid words Desmond made the sergeant acquainted with the outlines of his plan, pointing out on a map their destination and the route he proposed to follow.

Con knitted his brows in the concentration of his attention.

"It might be done; it's difficult, but it might be done," he remarked, nodding his head. "But two ladies, Masther Desmond! Sure I know ye're the broth of a boy with the girls, an' it's hard to limit ye, but considerin' the special difficulties in this case, don't ye think ye could manage to get along with one?"

"No ribaldry on this subject, if you please, sergeant," said O'Connor sternly. "The Countess of Anhalt is a highly born, virtuous, and most unfortunate lady. The other woman is her attendant. Respect their misfortunes, as I do, and help them if you can. Can I count on you in this enterprise?"

"To the death, sir," replied the sergeant. "An' I'd sign a bond to follow ye while I can stir hand or foot—barrin' that me godfathers an' me godmothers in me baptism neglected me eddication till I'm hard set to it to write me name, unless I do it like a cross with two strokes, as if Con Quirk was a benediction."

"I have told you how to find the countess's house," O'Connor said, as the sergeant rose and saluted. "Be there on the canal front at ten to-night—no later and no earlier."

"Trust me, captain," replied Quirk.

Left alone, Desmond devoted a few minutes to a further study of the map, which he still held in his hand. Then, finding that his head nodded and the lines were beginning to swim before his eyes, he unbuckled his sword-belt and threw himself, dressed as he was, on the bed.

This was a long day for Margaret. After many debates and arguings seemingly endless, and spite of misgivings which Desmond combated anew each hour, she had decided to entrust herself to the young man's guidance and escape from Bruges if possible.

It was time. From without the enemy pressed closer and closer. Two breaches in the walls were almost practicable. Night after night the garrison toiled unwearying to close them; day after day the cannon of the allies demolished the flimsy defenses. The assault was expected to be delivered in a week or less.

The Comte de la Mothe purposed to march out at the northward gate as the assault was begun in the south, having previously mined the breaches, and to cut his way to freedom through the allied lines. All impedimenta were to be left behind — sick, wounded, and baggage — and the town abandoned to the mercy of the besieging army.

It was this that Desmond dreaded. He had seen many battles and sieges, and he trembled to think of the probable fate of the countess and her slender household, when he had marched with the garrison from the North Gate. Killed, wounded, a prisoner, or, in the

event of success, leagues away, he would be powerless to save her in her hour of peril. Thus he had persuaded her to accept his help while he yet was free to render it.

Within the walls, things had progressed from bad to worse. Though De la Mothe punished riot and disorder with a stern hand, hunger soon became a more insistent terror than the French provost marshal, and bands of famine-stricken wretches prowled the streets, begging, robbing, even slaying in the desperation of their need. In Desmond's mind, the dangers to be faced in Bruges outweighed the desperate hazard to be dared in flight, and he had at last won over Margaret to his opinion.

This was the day appointed for the countess's second evasion—far more perilous than her first had been—and at nightfall O'Connor had promised to be at hand to escort her.

As evening closed in, she grew more and more restless. Her simple preparations had long been made. All day the sound of the cannon had tortured her overstrung nerves, till at times she could scarce refrain from screaming aloud. As the darkness gathered, the insistent thudding ceased, only to leave her a prey to increased apprehensions.

What if the enemy were even now mustering in silence for the assault? What if that mob, of which she had lived in terror for weeks, should break in on her defenselessness to rob and murder? And worst of all—and only too probable, she told herself—what if one of those cannon to which she had been listening all day had crushed Desmond with its fire? What if she were never to see him again?

The suspense grew intolerable. She sought the canal bank again and again, and searched for him through the deepening twilight. He always came by water, she remembered. It was the safest way and the most private; but no boat could she descry.

Thus fancy tormented her long ere the time fixed for his coming. When the hour had come and passed, her fears rose to anguish. For perhaps the tenth time she ran down the garden, and gazed up the blank stream; but the night had closed in, and she could see nothing, though she descended the steps to the water's edge.

Almost at the same moment that Margaret left the house, Desmond, arriving by way of the street, knocked at the front door. Anne Van Rhyn admitted him.

"Where is the countess?" was his first question.

"She is in the garden," replied the girl. "She has been watching for you."

"God bless her!" said the young Irishman. "In the garden, you say? I will seek her."

He passed through the house, and emerged on the other side. It had grown very dark. A moonless night had purposely been chosen for their enterprise, and now a close, soft rain was falling.

"She should have been resting," muttered O'Connor, peering anxiously about him. "She has much to go through this night!"

He did not venture to call, for secrecy and silence were of the very essence of his purpose. He entered the arbor, thinking she might have sheltered there.

Something white lay on the ground at the extremity of the little bower. He approached it with beating heart, but it was only her cloak—how often had he wrapped it round her shoulders those dewy summer evenings! She was not there.

Meanwhile, standing on the lowest step, at the very brink of the canal, Margaret had seen a dark shadow stealing toward her on the water. It was a boat, and she stretched out her hand in eager greeting, rejoicing that her vigil had been rewarded at last.

The rower shipped his oars and stepped ashore. He bent forward to scan Margaret's face; but his own, deeply shaded by a hat pulled low on the brows, she could not see. Something in his figure — something unfamiliar, unexpected—startled her. This man was not of Desmond's stature. And even as she drew away, the stranger's arm was uplifted in a menacing gesture, and she fancied she saw a knife gleam in his hand.

As he struck, she started back with a

scream, and, slipping, fell on the wet steps. Her fall caused the assassin to miss his aim, and the blow was wasted. Ere he could repeat it, the countess had scrambled to her feet and fled, filling the air of night with her shrieks of terror. Her assailant sprang after her, scarce a yard behind.

Margaret's first scream had reached Desmond's ears. He rushed from the arbor, her cloak still in his hand. With eyes growing more accustomed to the obscurity, he descried a woman running toward the house and close behind, the distance lessening at every stride, a man with uplifted hand, ready to strike.

With a single bound O'Connor sprang between them. He crashed into Margaret's assailant, and both men staggered from the impact.

Recovering himself with a savage snarl, the pursuer struck. The countess's cloak received the blow, which, however, penetrated it and slightly wounded Desmond in the forearm.

"Ah, you snake, would you?" hissed the Irishman, and grasped the other by the throat.

The two swayed back and forth on the stair top. Desmond's remorseless grasp tightened, and though his antagonist struck again, the blow lacked force. Still, O'Connor felt it, and knew he was fighting for his life.

Exerting all his strength, he gripped his enemy's neck and twisted it till he felt the bone snap. Instantly the other's form fell limp and unresisting in his arms.

"Begone, carrion!" the Irishman panted, and pushed the man's lifeless body from him.

It rolled down the steps, and sank with a splash into the dark water. He looked down, but could distinguish little —barely the vague outline of a boat at the landing.

"I believe I broke the fellow's neck," he said, and turned to look to Margaret.

She was in the house; she had fallen into a chair, in which she lay rather than sat, pale and shaking. Anne was attending to her, the only servant, a Flemish girl, having been sent out earlier, according to the prearranged plan.

"Oh, it is you!" she cried, stretching out a trembling hand as Desmond approached. "I have had such a fright. A man in the garden—look, see, has he gone?"

It was evident that she had fled without looking back, seeing nothing of deliverer or deliverance.

"Yes, he has gone," Desmond answered gravely, "and we must soon be going. I expect the sergeant at any moment. Here is your cloak. You will need it in the boat. It is raining."

Anne reached her hand for the cloak, but started back at the sight of the blood on the captain's sleeve.

"You are bleeding, you are wounded!"

"Wounded! Let me see," cried the countess, starting up. "Fetch me lint and water and bandage, Anne. This must be seen to at once."

"It is nothing, *madame,*" Desmond protested, as the girl hurried from the room. "'Tis the merest scratch."

"It must be attended to," insisted Margaret, whose strength seemed to return in response to the demand upon it. "It was that man. He sought my life, and he has wounded you."

"Did you recognize him, *madame?*" inquired the young man.

"Nay, it was so dark," she answered, "and his hat hid his features. Where is he?"

"I threw him into the canal," replied O'Connor simply. "It was the easiest way to be rid of him. I take it that he was one of those night prowlers of whom there are so many in the city now. You do not know of any one who would seek your life?" he added suddenly.

"No," she replied. "So far as I know, I have not an enemy in the world."

Anne entered with water and bandages, and the countess proceeded to dress O'Connor's wounds with her own hands. As he stated, they were but slight, and he thought Margaret's gentle ministrations were well purchased at so cheap a rate. He shook his head angrily, however, as he thought of the work that lay before him.

"Con and I must reverse our rôles," he muttered. "My arm will stiffen as

these cursed scratches cool. 'Twas an evil chance, happening when it did."

A low whistle from the canal arrested their attention.

"That will be the sergeant," Desmond said. "Will you admit him, Mistress Anne?"

As Anne left the room to do his bidding, the countess, whose surgery was completed, leaned forward and whispered in his ear.

"You have saved my life this day. I am deeply grateful, Captain O'Connor."

"Nay, *madame,* wait till this night be overpassed, and then thank me if you will. We are but at the commencement."

"No matter," she said. "I thank you for what you have done and what you will do. You are a gallant man, *monsieur.*"

Anne reentered with Sergeant Quirk, and no more was said, but Desmond cherished his lady's words in his heart for many a day.

XI

"Ye'd better let me row, Masther Desmond," whispered Con, as the little party prepared to embark. "That arm o' yours will come agen ye, an' it may be a long pull."

"I'll be able for it," replied the captain. "Save your breath for what you have to do. Once clear of the canal and into the Lys, I'll change places with you, but till then I must yield you the post of danger, since yonder skulker's knife has left me half useless for a time."

They were carrying a few indispensable packages from the house, and arranging them in the boat in which Con had come. It lay at the stairs, side by side with the craft which had brought the assassin.

The sergeant stepped into the latter and examined it closely, carefully manipulating the slide of his dark lantern so that not a ray of light showed above the gunwale.

"It's one of them boats that do be lying at any of the steps in the town," he whispered. "A hired boat—or a stolen one, more likely. Where's the rapparee was in it?" he queried, peering into the black water alongside. "I can't see hide nor hair of him."

"He's half-way to town by this time," answered Desmond. "There's a current in this canal, and he'd drift. Leave him to the fishes, Con, and attend to the matter in hand. We must pass the guard-boat before daylight, and the nights are short now."

Margaret and Anne seated themselves in the stern-sheets of the little craft; the sergeant crouched in the bows, staring hard through the darkness ahead; while O'Connor, with long, stealthy strokes, sculled up the gloomy waterway. The oars had been muffled, and the boat glided onward like a shadow, but it was such a tiny shallop that the sound it made as it sheared its way through the current with a noise like tearing silk, seemed perilously loud to ears so near the water.

"Gently, yer honor, gently," cautioned the sergeant in a whisper that was scarce a breath. "A small sound thravels far in a place like this."

"I can't afford to lose time," O'Connor answered in the same tone; "we've only a few hours of darkness before us. Besides, it is after we have passed the ramparts that the real need for caution begins."

They swept along, past houses growing fewer and country becoming more open as they advanced. A brief delay was experienced at the wall, where the canal narrowed, and was spanned by an arch and closed by a lowered portcullis of massive oak clamped with iron. But for this obstacle O'Connor was prepared.

He sprang ashore and exchanged a few hasty words with the officer of the guard, exhibiting a pass signed by Colonel O'Brien and indorsed as seen and approved by the Comte de la Mothe. The officer scrutinized the paper attentively; then his glance rested on the occupants of the skiff.

"Pass Captain O'Connor, of the Irish Brigade, with three others," he read, referring again to the order in his hand.

"That is correct, *monsieur.* I am Captain O'Connor."

"I am aware of it, captain. I have the honor to know you," the other said.

"But two of your companions are women."

"Read my pass again, *monsieur,*" replied Desmond. "I am not aware that it contains any reservations as to the composition of my party."

The officer hesitated a moment. Then he gave an order, regarding the boat and its occupants curiously the while. The portcullis began to rise slowly.

"You have a difficult task before you, *monsieur,*" he observed. "Do you hope to pass the enemy's lines—with ladies, too?"

"I intend to," replied the young Irishman. "Tell me, if you please, *monsieur,* how far down the canal does the guard-boat usually patrol?"

"Half a mile farther down; but the distance varies. They come closer at night."

"Close enough to hear this?" asked O'Connor, for the portcullis was rising with creak of pulleys and scream of timber in unoiled grooves that might, it seemed to him, have been heard a league away.

"Never fear, *monsieur,*" replied the other: "we often raise and lower the portcullis to assure ourselves that all is in order and that it travels freely. If the enemy should chance to be within earshot, they would suspect nothing, for the sound is a familiar one."

"Even at night?" suggested O'Connor.

"Even at night. But there is room for you to pass under without raising it higher;" and the officer shouted an order.

The portcullis paused half lifted, and O'Connor resumed his place.

"Adieu, *monsieur,* and *bon voyage!*" the officer cried.

"*Au revoir, monsieur,* and thanks for your courtesy," replied Desmond, bending to the oars.

The boat passed out beneath the grinning fangs of the portcullis, which hung suspended above them like a giant's jaw that had but to close to crush them like eggshells.

"It looks eery and awful," said Margaret, glancing up with a shudder. "God be with us and guard us this night!"

"Courage, *madame!*" replied Desmond, urging the boat forward with vigorous strokes.

The next moment they were clear of Bruges, its fortifications behind them, the enemy's lines a thousand yards or less in their front, and the open country, dotted with camp-fires and humming with the manifold sounds of a great host, on either hand.

Con drew a deep breath, and, crouching lower in the bows, scanned the dark stream before him with intent gaze. O'Connor rowed more slowly.

Right and left, willows and alders lined the banks, and behind them men tramped and conversed, while gleams of light here and there indicated the presence of an advanced post. There seemed to be a stir in the allied lines. Desmond wondered if, after all, this night had been selected for the assault. From the information at his disposal, he thought it unlikely, but he could not be sure. For some time the garrison at Bruges had been without trustworthy intelligence.

But the little skiff, stealing cautiously down the stream, and keeping in the shadow of the alders, escaped notice. The canal ended no great distance off at its junction with the river Lys, but somewhere its waters were patrolled by one or more armed guard-boats, and it was against these—the most urgent of the perils they had to apprehend—that O'Connor's main precautions had been taken.

Hark! A challenge from the bank overhead! O'Connor held his sculls suspended, and the boat drifted slowly on till the impetus of the last stroke had exhausted itself. Then it began to settle sidelong toward the shore. The sergeant leaned back till his lips touched the rower's face.

"Pull," he breathed in O'Connor's ear.

The latter allowed the oars to slide into the water so gently that not a ripple stirred the surface. The muffled rowlocks gave no sound, and the boat crept forward.

It was a false alarm. The challenge did not concern them.

Desmond took advantage of the sergeant's proximity to whisper a last instruction.

"If you can't regain the boat, make for the other bank, and do the best you can for yourself. Try to reach the Lys a league or so below, where the canal joins it. If we get through, we'll be on the lookout for you. If you see nothing of us, go straight to the castle of Anhalt, and say you came by order of the countess. That is all, I think."

"I understand, sir," replied the sergeant, and resumed his unwinking watch.

The little shallop continued to glide on, almost imperceptibly, under Desmond's cautious rowing. The two girls in the stern sat huddled together, hand clasped in hand, scarce daring to breathe, and counting the slow passing seconds by their own heart-beats. They knew that the critical moment was now close at hand.

Suddenly Con leaned back and touched O'Connor on the shoulder. The latter instantly stopped rowing, and suffered the boat to come to rest under the shade of an overhanging bush.

Peering through the gloom, Desmond could make out a moving shadow, perceptible only as a blacker patch in the surrounding darkness. It zigzagged to and fro on the surface of the canal, like a hound quartering. Margaret saw it, too, and gripped her companion's hand hard in the tension of her fear. They knew it for a guard-boat; but was it alone? If there were another, they had nothing to hope for.

"Mind you keep fuse and powder dry," O'Connor whispered in the soldier's ear.

"Thrust me," breathed Con. "They're safe in me hat. It's not me first time to handle the like."

With infinite precaution, Sergeant Quirk lowered himself over the side of the boat, which lurched and dipped beneath his weight, though Desmond was prompt to throw his in the opposite direction. Owing to this precaution they did not upset, and the skiff, recovering its equilibrium as Con loosed his hold, rode once more on an even keel. Beyond shipping a gallon or two of water, the delicate maneuver had been executed without accident.

But, spite of all his care, Con had not entered the water without sound. There was a splash, no greater than a fish might have made in leaping; and slight as it was, it reached the vigilant ears of the men on guard. They knew that no fish of size were found in the canal.

"Who goes there?" came the challenge, and the big bulk of the guard-boat, impelled by six lusty rowers, loomed nearer through the darkness. It was difficult for them to judge of the exact spot whence the noise had come, but they guessed shrewdly, and checked their way nearly opposite the bush that hid Desmond and his companions. Then the challenge was repeated, and a ray as of flame swept along the bank as a lantern was unmasked and its light turned on the shore.

Desmond plainly saw the great boat with oars at rest on the water, looking like some huge marine insect in quest of its prey. He saw the dark, eager faces above the gunwale, not a dozen yards away, scanning bank and bush up and down the canal. The light from the lantern flashed through the leaves of the willows and shone into his eyes. Then the ray swept past, but not before he had caught a glimpse of Sergeant Quirk, passing close under the stern of the motionless guard-boat, and apparently unperceived by the men aboard her, whose eyes were fixed on the bank. The sergeant was swimming strongly, and kept low in the water.

O'Connor watched the circle of light playing among the bushes behind him, and minutes seemed to pass. He anxiously scanned the surface of the canal, but could see no sign of the sergeant returning. He feared the brave fellow had been detected at the moment of his perilous attempt. If this had happened, they all were doomed.

He glanced at Margaret. She was crouching with her companion in the bottom of the skiff, the two making but one confused shape. He could not see her face.

He bent forward to assure himself that she had not fainted, and at the same moment the ray from the lantern came quivering back and rested full on him. His movement had betrayed them to the enemy.

"Skiff ahoy!" came the hoarse chal-

lenge. "Come out from under those willows and give an account of yourselves. Quick now, or I'll fire!"

The stem of the guard-boat swung round toward them, and three men with muskets leveled stood in the bows. Desmond had no choice.

"I am coming," he answered, and let his sculls fall in the water. Then he whispered a brief word to the countess. "Forgive me, *madame*. We have done our best, but we have failed. It is all over!"

Then, even as he bent for the stroke that would urge their little craft from its shelter, a sheet of flame suddenly burst from the center of the canal. In the midst of it the guard-boat seemed to melt, changing its shape and collapsing, as planks and oars and human bodies were tossed high in air. A faint scream from the women beside him was drowned in the roar of a thunderous explosion, and the skiff rocked and danced on a wave that threatened to swamp it or drive it ashore.

But Desmond kept his head. The sculls had just clipped the water, and he pulled a stroke with all his strength. Splinters of wood, mingled with more grisly fragments, fell thickly around, while loud cries and shouts from either bank of the canal told him that the enemy's posts had been alarmed, and that men were hastening toward the scene of the explosion.

But O'Connor gave no heed. Past the charred and shattered remnants of the guard-boat the skiff flew, on into the darkness beyond. His wounded arm stung and burned; his teeth were set and his brow was damp with pain, but he held to his purpose. One thought animated him—there was still a chance to save Margaret; and he bent to his oars and rowed as he had never rowed before. Not even to breathe a reassuring word to the terrified women would Desmond relax his efforts. The shouts and turmoil in the camp grew fainter as his exertions interposed an ever-increasing length of dark water between his lady and the enemy. Still he tugged at the oars.

Margaret leaned forward.

"Oh, do not toil so hard," she urged. "You will kill yourself. Those shouts are far behind us now. Surely you may rest!"

"Hush," he panted, steering his little craft once more under the shelter of the bank.

The young Irishman's quick ears, strained for every sound behind or before him, had caught the rhythmical click of oars. There was another boat to be encountered.

It stole quickly into view — a dark outline on the black water. It was coming up the canal, the rowers intent on their toil, forcing the great barge along toward the spot at which, as they gathered from the noise of the explosion and the tumult in the camp, their assistance might be required. A second boat followed.

Desmond remained at rest beneath the bank till the sound of the oars behind them had been swallowed up in the confused noises from the camp. Then he resumed his sculls.

"We have faced the worst, *madame*, and have won through alive," he uttered in a triumphant whisper. "We have passed the allied lines!"

"Heaven be thanked!" she replied fervently, and a faint "Amen" came from the lips of the girl beside her. Then the countess whispered: "And your comrade—that brave man who fixed the powder-bag to the guard-boat? Is he safe, think you?"

"Poor Con!" Desmond said sadly. "Faithful to the end; a true Irishman. He died a soldier's death, God rest his soul! But I would he were with us now."

This was the sergeant's requiem, and from two women's eyes tears fell thickly to his memory. He would have asked no better.

XII

The dawn found the fugitives battling with the current of the Lys. They had cleared the canal without further adventure, and so far there was no sign of pursuit. It seemed probable that the besiegers were unaware that any attempt had been made to slip through their lines, for the destruction of the guard-boat might well have seemed to be the result of a desperate effort of the garrison to break through—an effort

abandoned when the alarm showed the enemy so prompt and vigilant.

The rain which had fallen throughout the night had ceased, and a lovely summer morning greeted the wanderers. The country looked green and fresh after its shower-bath, and the newly risen sun shone and sparkled in the drops that hung from every twig and blade till they glittered as if set in diamonds. The birds were all awake, and their merry twittering sounded along the river's wooded banks as if no such horrors as war and bloodshed could ever invade these peaceful solitudes.

It was a blessed relief from the cannon and the stenches and the sordid tumult of beleaguered Bruges. To the wanderers, so newly escaped from those crumbling ramparts and the more insistent perils of the canal, it seemed like a foretaste of Paradise.

Desmond paddled the boat to a little nook screened from the observation of any chance passer-by on bank or stream by an overhanging chestnut-tree. There he produced a basket, packed overnight by Anne's careful hands, and they proceeded to break their fast.

But first the wounds on his arm, which the exertions of the night had caused to bleed afresh, were washed and dressed by Margaret's gentle hands. During the process, many a sigh of pity, and many a broken phrase of gratitude —aye, and not a few glances of admiration for his fortitude and courage— were expended on the captain.

Then, refreshed and reinvigorated, they rowed on along the winding Lys, drinking in the scents and melodies of the summer morning. Desmond watched the banks closely as they passed, the two girls occasionally taking turn to relieve him at the oars. Although he had little hope that Con could have escaped, he remembered that the indeterminate tryst he had given the sergeant was somewhere hereabouts. But all through the long forenoon no sign or signal came from the shore. The country seemed quite deserted, and he was forced to the conclusion that safety had been won at the cost of his faithful follower's life or liberty.

The sun was high in the heavens when the countess and Anne simultaneously recognized a familiar landmark.

"This is Anhalt!" cried Margaret eagerly. "There is the spire of the village church among the trees. Just past the next bend you can see the turrets of the castle. Oh, I am glad, glad!"

She clapped her hands in girlish ecstasy as one by one the scenes of her happy childhood unfolded themselves before her. She was full of pretty reminiscences. It was here her father was wont to betake himself in his punt when he went fishing. Often had she accompanied him. Somewhere in that bed of reeds she had found a swan's nest, and the swan had driven her away with hissing beak and wings like flails. Never in her life had she been so terrified; and then she recalled the far more serious perils from which she had so lately emerged, and fell grave again as she thanked her deliverer with courteous phrase and moistened eyes.

Desmond heard her with a full heart. He parried the extravagance of her gratitude—for so it seemed to him—with blunt and soldierly depreciation of his deeds; but he would not have hushed her for the world. He was humble in his victory, this young captain, and only thankful that the lady of his love was near him, free, safe, and supremely happy.

So passed a pleasant half-hour—for Desmond all too quickly—and then she directed him to an inlet that ran a little way into the bank.

"We will land here," she said. "This is where my father used to keep his punt. It is but a short mile to the castle."

They pushed on through the wood, the ground constantly rising. It was a toilsome ascent, for the path which the countess remembered was now overgrown with bush and bramble, and almost obliterated. Still they pushed on, breathless and panting, till they had gained the summit of the acclivity, but the wood stretched before them still, seemingly endless.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the hoarse challenge of a sentinel.

"*Qui va là?*"

"What is this?" muttered O'Connor, perplexed and disquieted. "At least it

is a French challenge." Then, stepping into the open, he said aloud: "A friend!"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign;" and the soldier, with his musket at the ready, awaited the approach of the party.

Desmond wasted few words on the sentry. He only stated that he was the bearer of an important message for headquarters, and demanded to be taken to the officer commanding. The three wayfarers were accordingly passed on under escort to the nearest post.

On the way, O'Connor did his best to reassure Margaret, but all her fears had awakened. She would rather have fallen into the allied lines than the French, for to her Louis XIV was an ever-present terror — a terror of which Desmond knew nothing. All along she had shrunk from telling the young Irishman that she was the affianced bride of the Vicomte de Louville, and had imposed a similar silence upon Anne. But now it seemed as if her secret must come out, and her adventures terminate in an inglorious return, under arrest, to Paris.

To Desmond, however, the proximity of a French detachment promised security to the countess, and to himself an opportunity of fulfilling his duty toward the sorely harassed garrison of Bruges.

Arrived at the post, he learned from the lieutenant in command that the Duc de Vendôme had established his headquarters at the castle of Anhalt, and that a considerable army lay in intrenchments, observing the movements of Lord Marlborough, who occupied a commanding position, and whose presence was enough to prevent any attempt to relieve Bruges.

On learning that O'Connor had newly come from the besieged town, the lieutenant manifested the keenest interest and astonishment; but Desmond stated that his message for the marshal was of urgent importance and admitted of no delay. Still under escort, he was led with his companions to the castle.

For Margaret it was a strange return to the home of her childhood. As she entered the great portals, she vividly recalled the day on which she had passed them last. Then, a timid, shrinking girl of fifteen, weighed down with grief for the death of a beloved parent, she had gone forth on the first stage of her journey to Paris, there to be presented to the great monarch who had graciously accepted her as his ward. Now she returned, her mind oppressed with the direst misgivings, and guarded on either side by a soldier with musket primed and bayonet fixed. She was very weary, moreover, and leaned on her foster-sister, scarce less weary than herself, as they climbed the great steps and passed between the stone lions crouching on either side of the doorway.

O'Connor, as was his wont, marched with head erect and eye that never winked or wavered before the gaze of any man.

The hall was full of soldiers, who manifested the liveliest curiosity and plied Desmond and his escort with questions; but the latter knew nothing, and to every query the young Irishman replied briefly:

"My message is for the marshal."

He was speedily ushered into the presence of the commander-in-chief of the French army. The two ladies accompanied him, since no orders had been issued for their separation.

The Duc de Vendôme, despite his marshal's baton, was at this time merely titular head of Louis's forces. From the Duke of Burgundy, who shared with him the authority but not the responsibility, he differed constantly in matters of strategy, and this unsatisfactory state of affairs led to the marshal's retirement before the end of that year. To O'Connor, however, ignorant of the cabals in high quarters, the duke represented the embodiment of supreme power in the person of the general under whom he served.

The marshal was seated with another officer, obviously of high rank. A large map was open on a table in front of them, and their eyes were bent on it. M. de Vendôme looked up as Desmond entered with his two companions.

"You are the officer from Bruges," he was beginning, when he noticed the two girls, hanging a little in the background. "Who are these ladies?" he demanded sternly.

"They accompanied me from the city, excellency," replied the young Irishman.

"*Pardie,* a pretty encumbrance!" said the marshal ironically. "May I ask if the allies furnished you with litter and bearers for this precious charge? Their names?" he commanded shortly, as Desmond remained silent, having no suitable answer ready.

"The Countess of Anhalt and her attendant, your excellency, Mistress Anne Van Rhyn."

The duke rose from his chair and bowed profoundly, his officer imitating his example.

"So you are Margaret of Anhalt, *madame,*" he said. "It was known you were in Bruges. I bid you welcome to your own castle, wherein, as you see, I have installed myself without invitation and perhaps without welcome."

"You are most heartily welcome, your excellency," replied Margaret, returning the salutation. "I am rejoiced if my poor house can be of any service to you or to his majesty, whom I love and revere."

She cast down her eyes as the duke regarded her doubtfully.

"There are strange tales of you in Paris, *madame,*" he said sternly, "but I will not touch on them now. It will be my duty to have some conversation with you on this head, and it will be a pleasure to me to hear any explanation you may have to offer. Meanwhile, Boismorel," he went on, addressing his aide-de-camp, "I commit this lady to your charge. See that fitting apartments are prepared for her and her attendant. You need not trouble to provide her with a guard. She is free in this castle, for is it not her own?"

The officer addressed rose and bowed. He held a door open for Margaret to pass out — a door, as she well knew, that admitted, not to the great hall, but to a private staircase which led to the upper portion of the building.

She cast an agonized look at Desmond as, with Anne, she followed her conductor.

"Adieu, *monsieur,*" she said. "You have done a great deed and played your part as bravely and faithfully as e'er a knight of olden time. The issue is in the hands of Heaven."

She bowed and was gone. Desmond turned again and faced the marshal.

"Tell me, what is this great deed whereof the countess speaks?" the latter demanded.

"She calls it a great deed, excellency, but in truth it was nothing. We brought her with us through the allied lines, for Bruges as it stands to-day is no fit abode for one so lovely and so delicately nurtured."

"It was no small achievement," the duke said, scanning the young man's face attentively. "You said 'we'—had you a companion in this enterprise?"

"A sergeant of my company, excellency," replied Desmond. "It was by his desperate daring we won past the guard-boats. He blew one up with a petard, and I fear he perished in the moment of success."

"His name?"

"Cornelius Quirk, of the Irish Brigade."

"His name shall be remembered, outlandish as it is. Between you, you have done well—better, perhaps, than you think. Now, let me know your own name and rank."

"Desmond O'Connor, captain in the Irish Brigade."

"It shall not be forgotten. And now, *Major* O'Connor," the duke went on, strongly emphasizing the title, while the young soldier flushed with pleasure; "now, Major O'Connor, at what time did you leave Bruges?"

"About ten last night, *monseigneur.*"

"And what report do you give of the town?"

"The worst. It is in extremity. Two breaches are practicable, and an assault is daily expected. We had hoped," he added diffidently, "that your excellency would have come to our assistance ere this."

"It was my intention—my wish, I should have said," the duke began, but broke off abruptly. Why should this new-made major know that he did not wield full command in his own army? "Milord Marlborough," he went on, after a momentary pause, "occupies a position whence he could fall on my flank if I left my entrenchments. He must be driven thence before I move. Meanwhile, tell me M. de la Mothe's

plans. I will do what I can to forward them."

O'Connor entered into a full explanation of the intentions and preparations of the garrison. The marshal listened attentively.

"I will send a strong body of horse, with guns and infantry in support, to cooperate," he said. "If we but knew the moment of the assault, so we could fall upon them in the rear as De la Mothe makes his sally, the blow might be effective."

"The moment might be guessed, my lord," ventured O'Connor. "It will be very soon."

"The detachment shall march tomorrow morning," decided the duke. "I will issue the necessary orders. It must be done secretly, although I think, while I lie here in force, Marlborough will not be too venturesome. That is all, *monsieur,*" he concluded.

But Desmond lingered.

"Accept my best thanks, excellency, for the honor you have done me. And may I add one request—nay, two?"

"Speak!"

"That I may be permitted to accompany this detachment to the relief of my comrades."

"Granted. I had no other intention, since you, if any one, should know the ins and outs of Bruges. Your second request?"

"That I may be permitted to take my leave of the Countess of Anhalt."

"Settle that with the lady herself," replied the duke, bending over his papers to conceal a smile.

(To be continued)

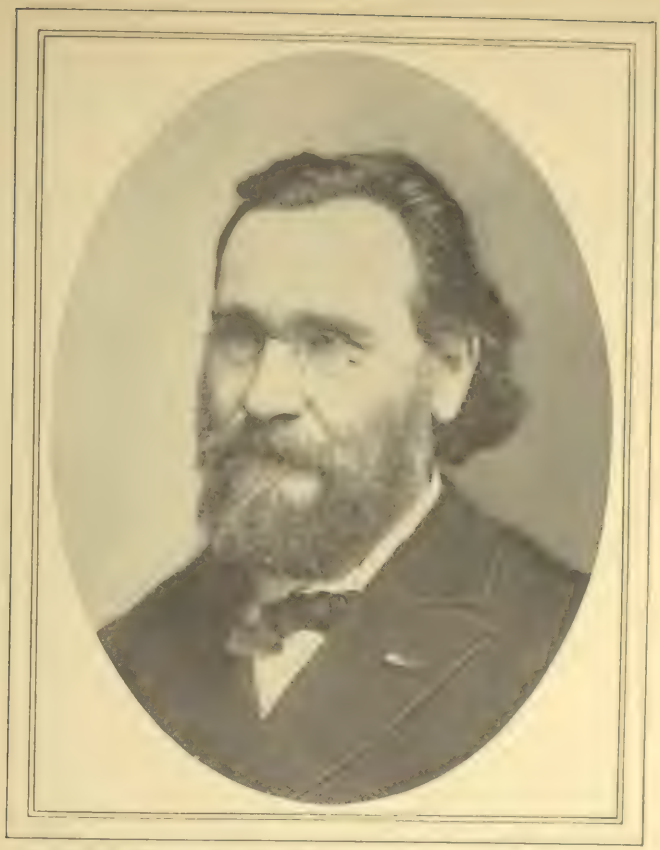
THE HAUNTED GARDEN

I know a garden old, that lies
'Neath softer rains and bluer skies,
Far from the paths of clamoring men,
Where Youth and Beauty meet again;
A garden filled with simple phlox
And a tall host of hollyhocks;
With endless rows of mignonette
And the shy, hidden violet—
A garden quaint and very old,
Yet young with rose and marigold.

Around it dreams the quiet wind—
To the dear dead the wind is kind!
It dreams of Love that once was here
Through all the changes of the year;
Of vanished hands that no more tend
Each flower as if it were a friend;
And the wind wonders where they went—
Those two who walked in sweet content
In this dim garden, quaint and old,
Yet young with rose and marigold.

The twilight wind dies out too soon;
It does not see the rising moon,
And, 'neath her passionless, cold face,
Two lovers their old steps retrace;
It does not know that memory keeps
The dream that never rests nor sleeps;
That Love, though dead, can wake again
The blooms that withered for her pain.
Dear ghosts, still keep this garden old
Young with red rose and marigold!

Charles Hanson Towne



DR. ELIE METCHNIKOFF, OF THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE IN PARIS
WHO HOLDS THAT MEN SHOULD LIVE ONE HUNDRED
AND TWENTY YEARS

From a photograph by Petit, Paris

THE PROLONGERS OF LIFE

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE WORK DONE AND THE DISCOVERIES MADE BY THE SCIENTISTS WHO ARE STUDYING THE VITAL QUESTION OF DIET AND ITS RELATION TO HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

THE most noteworthy fact connected with the recent progress of science is the ever-increasing attention it pays to problems affecting human happiness and human life. Some of the best intellects of the age are removing the basis of Tolstoy's reproach, when he said that science was practically useless, because it concerned itself only with details and unimportant little facts, like the coloring of a butterfly's wing, or the muscular structure of a titmouse, neglecting the questions of deep human significance—such questions, for exam-

ple, as how best to eat and drink, to sleep and exercise, in order to live healthily and long. Yet it was by paying attention to details that science learned how to handle the larger problems of which details are a part; and to-day men of microscopes and calorimetric bombs are investigating the regions once explored only by philosophers and poets—the mysteries of life and death.

Of all the problems which concern humanity, perhaps none is more interesting than that of achieving long life. Upon this problem many of the chief scientists of to-day are concentrating; and there is to be found, in their results and conclusions, an agreement that the road to man's long life leads—as one of our oldest proverbs states that the road to his heart also leads — through his stomach.

MAX RUBNER, OF BERLIN, A LEADING GERMAN AUTHORITY ON DIETETICS

From a photograph by Noack, Berlin

Man is his food. We are what we eat and drink. Thinking men and women are beginning to recognize the full truth of the German adage, "As a man eateth, so he is," and of the old Saxon saying, "Every man has lain on his own

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From a photograph by Phelps, New Haven

THE LATE KARL VON VOIT, OF MUNICH, A PIONEER OF THE SCIENCE OF DIETETICS

From a photograph by Müller, Munich

trencher." The important part that eating plays in the business of life is a commonplace; yet it is beyond question true that the majority of men and women eat what they like, or what they have been "brought up" to eat, without giving special consideration to the question of wholesomeness, and without inquiring what are the real needs of the body, and how these needs may best be supplied. Of late people have begun to realize the necessity of asking such questions as the following:

What is the best dietary for health?

What foodstuffs will best sustain mental and physical effort?

What substances are best adapted to building strong and enduring muscles, pure blood, active and well-balanced brain and nerve?

In a word, what shall we eat in order to live long?

A NEW BRANCH OF MEDICINE

Thousands of people have been forced by ill-health to consider such problems; but few, until recently, have found anything like a satisfactory answer. Every physician will admit that medical dietetics is, of all subjects with which he has to deal, perhaps the most contradictory and unsatisfactory. This is due to the fact that until lately it was almost wholly empirical, and not scientific; being based upon imperfect and inadequate observations, and very largely abandoned to the rule of the quack or the unscientific food faddist or enthusiast.

Now, however, there is a general awakening to the need for paying scientific attention to the question of food. Thoroughgoing laboratory researches, and experiments made upon hundreds of thousands of persons, have supplied trustworthy data; and although the science of nutrition is still far from being settled and accepted, it has emerged definitely from the mists of charlatanism and faddishness, and through the devoted work of a noble band of men and women it is placing knowledge of the utmost importance at our disposal. It declares with no uncertain voice that human life may be prolonged far past the traditional three-

LAFAYETTE B. MENDEL, PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGICAL CHEMISTRY IN THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL

score years and ten, and that a century of useful existence need no longer be regarded as a chimera, or as a relic of the dreams of Ponce de Leon and other searchers after the fountain of youth.

Men of many nations are numbered in the ranks of the scientific prolongers of life; but, as Professor Lafayette B. Mendel, of Yale, recently said to the writer: "There is no possibility of discussing the nutrition study of to-day without first mentioning the Germans." In this branch of scientific investigation, the Germans display their racial genius for thoroughness; and they have contributed many of the fundamental discoveries and ideas to the science of prolonging life.

THE WORK OF DR. KARL VON VOIT

The greatest figure of the new knowledge passed out of the arena a few months ago in the person of Karl von Voit, who died at Munich after a long life that was devoted from the first to the investigation of the problems of nutrition and of physiology. He was called "the Nestor of his science"; and no characterization could seem more just. His doctor's thesis, away back in 1856, was a study of the circulation of nitrogen in the animal system; in other words, a study of the way in which the body avails itself of one of the most essential of the materials from which nerves, muscles, and cells are built. At the age of twenty-six, he had demonstrated a method of determining how the human system uses proteid — that substance in food without which life would be impossible. When he was thirty-five, his work had resulted in the construction of the first apparatus for determining mechanically the amount of nitrogen consumed by the body. This was the Pettenkofer respiration apparatus, and with Dr. Pettenkofer he also discovered the amount of proteid metabolism—or amount of proteid changed into living substance — in persons of average health subsisting on various diets, during fasting, and during work.

These experiments put the principles of nutrition on a scientific basis for the first time, and although later investigations and discoveries have exposed many of his theories to adverse criticism, and to radical change, yet it may be said

JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG, OF BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, A WELL-KNOWN INVESTIGATOR OF THE PROBLEMS OF HEALTH AND LONGEVITY

From a photograph by Walinger, Chicago

that Voit laid the foundation on which other men are now building. He was devoted to his arduous labors; he found real joy in them; and his pleasure at any new discovery on the part of another scientist was an inspiration to his numerous pupils. He was characteristically Teutonic in his deliberation, and in his deprecation of any hurried announcement of the results of his experiments. His last published article gave to the world work accomplished seventeen years before.

HORACE FLETCHER, A RETIRED AMERICAN BUSINESS-MAN WHO HAS DEVOTED HIS LATER LIFE TO THE STUDY OF QUESTIONS OF NUTRITION

Other leaders among the German students of the science of long life are men whose names are classic in the laboratories and lecture-rooms of the world, although popularly they may not be so widely recognized. There is N. Zuntz, with his pupils, notably A. Loewy; there is C. von Noorden, who now resides in Vienna, and whose specialty is the study of metabolism, or the processes whereby the organic material contained in the different foodstuffs is transformed by the body into

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living cells; there is Max Rubner, of Berlin, an eminent authority; there are Eduard Pfluger, of Bonn; Fr. Müller, of Munich; Robert Tigerstedt, now in Helsingfors, Finland, and many others.

In Italy, among many eminent names, two stand out for special reasons. The first is that of Angelo Mosso, of Turin, who has made a study of the production of poisons in the body through the action of muscles in exercise. The "fatigue toxins," as such poisons are called, seem to bear a close relation to the problems of nutrition. This appears through the fact that certain foods make muscles of a quality that stand more fatigue than muscles built up out of other food; and thus they add to the endurance of the human machine. The simpler foods, whether of meat or of cereals, fruits, and the like, are better body fuel and body material than foods that are rich and highly seasoned.

DR. VAN SOMEREN AND MR. FLETCHER

The second name connected with the study of nutrition in Italy furnishes a link that carries the record to England and to the United States in a singularly interesting way. This is the name of Ernest Van Someren, a physician residing in Venice. Some years ago, Dr.

Van Someren found that his investigations were likely to be cut short owing to the fact that his own nutritive machinery had broken down. Just at this juncture, he met a retired American business man, Mr. Horace Fletcher, who also lived in Venice, and learned how Mr. Fletcher himself had faced death because of the breaking down of his digestive system, and how he had won back his health and strength through the establishment of a habit of thorough mastication of all food, both solid and liquid, with the attention directed not to the act of chewing, however, but to the enjoyment of the food itself.

Dr. Van Someren tried Mr. Fletcher's method, and in a remarkably short time recovered his health. He thereupon investigated Mr. Fletcher's case from a scientific standpoint, and speedily became convinced that there were solid reasons that supported the business man's theory. Before the meeting of the British Medi-

HARVEY W. WILEY CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF CHEMISTRY OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

cal Association, in 1901, he read a paper which attracted the attention of Sir Michael Foster, the dean of British physiologists, and of Professor Russell H. Chittenden, of Yale, who has been called the "father of physiological chemistry in America." Sir Michael Foster invited Mr. Fletcher and Dr. Van Someren to Cambridge University, where tests were made of both men that proved them to be in exceptionally fine physical condition. Yet, not long before, both were sick men. Mr. Fletcher, indeed, had been in such a state that no life-insurance company would accept him as a risk.

DR. PAWLOW, OF ST. PETERSBURG, A LEADING RUSSIAN AUTHORITY ON DIETETICS

That demonstration was followed by the now world-famous experiments at Yale, conducted by Professors Chittenden and Mendel, with Mr. Fletcher as

the first subject, and later with subjects drawn from all sorts and conditions of men. It was speedily proved that one of the great Karl von Voit's ideas was open to correction. This was the so-called "Voit standard of proteid need." As a result of exhaustive studies of what men in ordinary ways of life all over the world actually consume, Voit had announced that the average man needed a daily amount of proteid—which is the principal element of such foods as meat, eggs, nuts, cheese, and milk—roughly equivalent to about one hundred and eighteen grams. The Yale experiments showed that less than one-half of this amount—about fifty grams—is all that the average man requires, and that any more may be dangerous, since the organs of the body are forced to work too hard in order to handle the excess of material.

Fifty grams of proteid is equal to about an ounce and three-quarters, a quantity which Dr. Edward Curtis, another of our prominent American authorities, says is represented by the proteid content of nine and a half ounces of lean meat, or of seven eggs, or of twenty-seven ounces of white bread. Nine and a half ounces of meat is about the weight of a slice measuring seven by three inches and cut a quarter of an inch thick. But as nearly all foodstuffs contain proteid in greater or lesser quantities, you do not need to eat so much meat or bread as the amounts given in order to get your daily stint of proteid.

The net result of the remarkable experiments at Yale may be summed up in the statement that over-eating, especially of rich foods like meat, is the national dietetic sin of America, and that the cutting down of the commonly accepted standards of living is the first step necessary if you would follow the road that leads to long life.

OTHER AMERICAN DIETISTS

Another leading American investigator of the problems of longevity is Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, of Battle Creek. While Dr. Kellogg's views are regarded as extreme by many other investigators, because of his advocacy of a meatless diet, yet the contributions he has made to the growing fund of hygienic knowledge are recognized as among the most important of the age. He has made an especially close study of the problem of autointoxication—of the self-poisoning of the body through the toxins, or poisons, that are produced by the action of many of the organs, and also by the fermentation and putrefaction of foods in the colon, or lower bowel. His experiments with alcohol and tobacco are noteworthy; but perhaps the most interesting point about Dr. Kellogg's work is the fact that he puts his ideas into practise in a very original manner through the schools of health which he has established on a philanthropic basis at Battle Creek. His sanatorium in the Michigan city has nearly a thousand men and women connected with it in various capacities, and all give their services in return for barely living wages, the profits being devoted to the extension of the work.

Other Americans who should be mentioned are Drs. Harvey Wiley, the governmental expert on foods; Dr. Benedict, head of the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory; Dr. Herter, of New York, who has contributed important discoveries to the study of meat foods, and Dr. W. B. Cannon, of Harvard. Dr. Cannon, for instance, proved by his original X-ray experiments with cats, in which he made visible the whole process of digestion, that emotions of anger and fear have a decidedly injurious effect upon the digestive juices and processes. It has often been said that he who laughs grows fat, and that the dyspeptic is apt to be a cantankerous citizen; and now we have the scientific reasons why.

DRS. PAWLOW AND METCHNIKOFF

In this branch of work a Russian expert, Dr. Pawlow, of St. Petersburg, has borne a notable part. His experiments were closely akin to those of Dr. Cannon, but he used dogs as his subjects, instead of cats. In neither case was vivisection the method employed; both the cats and the dogs, indeed, leading lives that might possibly be envied by some humans, inasmuch as their chief duty was to eat. Now and then, however, the subjects are teased or irritated, and then it is observed that the flow of gastric juice ceases, or lessens, and

is of a lower quality than when they are permitted to enjoy the pleasures of the table.

These experiments support the view promulgated by Horace Fletcher, Professor Chittenden, Dr. Kellogg, Metchnikoff, and others—that one of the best recipes for attaining old age is to be cheerful, and to eat only when you are in a good-humor, and have something you like on your plate.

The mention of Metchnikoff, another Russian, brings up the work being done in France, which is of great importance, and which has corroborated the general conclusions reached in this country by Chittenden, Kellogg, Fletcher, and others. Armand Gautier, Tissier, Combe, and Masson of Geneva, are names that stand high in the ranks of the prolongers of life; and chief of them all—in popular fame, at least—is Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute. It was Metchnikoff who discovered that the white cell of the blood fought for the body's health by warring upon invading disease-germs. He also discovered that certain cells of the body are apt to turn traitor to the body's welfare, and, by devouring nerve-centers in the brain and elsewhere, to bring about premature old age and death.

Going on with his investigations, Metchnikoff now announces his belief that the fermentation and putrefaction of excessive quantities of food in the lower bowel, and of foods not adapted to the requirements of the stomach, are responsible for the degeneration of the body's living cells. If we eat in moderation, and endeavor to eat only food adapted to our real requirements, says Metchnikoff, the white cells of the blood are able to fight back the attacks of disease-germs, and long life is attainable by all. He holds that men generally should live to be more than one hundred years old; and, like his confrères in other countries, he declares that moderation in eating is one of the master words of the new science of health.

THE WORK OF THE HEALTH LEAGUE

So widely have the various currents of the modern health reform movement spread that in this country there has now sprung up a Health League, which has for its object the education of every citizen in hygiene, and the establishment of a national bureau or department of health at Washington. This movement was started by a committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science — a group of men and women numbering among its members many of the most notable people of the republic. Its work has been indorsed by President Roosevelt, by William H. Taft, by William J. Bryan, by the late Grover Cleveland, and by representative men and women of all shades of opinion, who agree with Emerson that "health is wealth."

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, is the chairman of the committee. A few years ago Professor Fisher was a victim of tuberculosis. Curing himself, he then began a personal crusade for the betterment of public health, which has already proved of immense national value. The Health League, of which he was the chief originator, now numbers more than ten thousand members, and is growing so steadily that it promises to reach every city, town, and hamlet in the land.

The first object of the league's educational work is to keep the general public informed of what the pioneers and leaders of the scientific investigations of the problems of health are discovering and proving. The prolonging of life is now a science; and those who search into its problems believe, with Professor Chittenden, that "knowledge has value in proportion to the benefit it confers, directly or indirectly, on the human race."

IN TRANSIT

HELLO! What place is this, I wonder? Life?
A pleasant place! Such fun! Such blundering strife!
How swift the pace! I'm almost out of breath!
Hello! What place is this, I wonder? Death!

George Randolph Chester

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "THE MOMENT OF VICTORY," "SEATS OF THE HAUGHTY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. HATCH

OLD Jerome Warren lived in a hundred-thousand-dollar house, at 35 East Fifty-Soforth Street. He was a down-town broker, so rich that he could afford to walk—for his health—a few blocks in the direction of his office every morning, and then call a cab.

He had an adopted son, the son of an old friend, named Gilbert—Cyril Scott could play him nicely—who was becoming a successful painter as fast as he could squeeze the paint out of his tubes. Another member of the household was Barbara Ross, a stepniece. Man is born to trouble; so, as old Jerome had no family of his own, he took up the burdens of others.

Gilbert and Barbara got along swimmingly. There was a tacit and tactical understanding all round that the two would stand up under a floral bell some high noon and promise the minister to keep old Jerome's money in a state of high commotion. But at this point complications must be introduced.

Thirty years before, when old Jerome was young Jerome, there was a brother of his named Dick. Dick went West to seek his or somebody else's fortune. Nothing was heard of him until one day old Jerome had a letter from his brother. It was badly written on ruled paper that smelled of salt bacon and coffee-grounds. The writing was asthmatic and the spelling St. Vitusy.

It appeared that instead of Dick having forced Fortune to stand and deliver, he had been held up himself, and made to give hostages to the enemy. That is, as his letter disclosed, he was on the point of pegging out with a complication of disorders that even whisky had failed to check. All that his thirty years of prospecting had netted him was one daughter, nineteen years old, as per invoice, whom he was shipping East, charges prepaid, for Jerome to clothe, feed, educate, comfort, and cherish for the rest of her natural life, or until matrimony should them part.

Old Jerome was a board walk. Everybody knows that the world is supported by the shoulders of Atlas; and that Atlas stands on a rail fence; and that the rail fence is built on a turtle's back. Now, the turtle has to stand on something; and that is a board walk made of men like old Jerome.

I do not know whether immortality shall accrue to man; but if not so, I would like to know when men like old Jerome get what is due them?

They met Nevada Warren at the station. She was a little girl, deeply sunburnt and wholesomely good-looking, with a manner that was frankly unsophisticated, yet one that not even a cigar-drummer would intrude upon without thinking twice. Looking at her, somehow you would expect to see her in a short skirt and leather leggings, shooting glass balls or taming mustangs. But in her plain white waist and black skirt she sent you guessing again. With an easy exhibition of strength she swung along a heavy valise, which the uniformed porters tried in vain to wrest from her.

"I am sure we shall be the best of friends," said Barbara, pecking at the firm, sunburnt cheek.

"I hope so," said Nevada.

"Dear little niece," said old Jerome, "you are as welcome to my home as if it were your father's own."

"Thanks," said Nevada.

"IT'S GOT SAMPLES FROM SIX OF DAD'S OLD MINES IN IT"

"And I am going to call you 'cousin,'" said Gilbert, with his charming smile.

"Take the valise, please," said Nevada. "It weighs a million pounds. It's got samples from six of dad's old mines in it," she explained to Barbara. "I calculate they'd assay about nine cents to the thousand tons, but I promised him to bring them along."

II

It is a common custom to refer to the usual complication between one man and two ladies, or one lady and two men, or a lady and a man and a nobleman, or—well, any of those problems—as the triangle. But they are never unqualified triangles. They are always isosceles—never equilateral. So, upon the coming of Nevada Warren, she and Gilbert and Barbara Ross lined up into such a figurative triangle; and of that triangle Barbara formed the hypotenuse.

One morning old Jerome was lingering long after breakfast over the dullest morning paper in the city before setting forth to his down-town fly-trap. He had become quite fond of Nevada, finding in her much of his dead brother's quiet independence and unsuspicious frankness.

A maid brought in a note for Miss Nevada Warren.

"A messenger-boy delivered it at the door, please," she said. "He's waiting for an answer."

Nevada, who was whistling a Spanish waltz between her teeth, and watching the carriages and autos roll by in the street, took the envelope. She knew it was from

Gilbert, before she opened it, by the little gold palette in the upper left-hand corner.

After tearing it open she pored over the contents for a while, absorbedly. Then, with a serious face, she went and stood at her uncle's elbow.

"Uncle Jerome, Gilbert is a nice boy, isn't he?"

"Why, bless the child!" said old Jerome, crackling his paper loudly; "of course he is. I raised him myself."

"He wouldn't write anything to anybody that wasn't exactly—I mean that everybody couldn't know and read, would he?"

"I'd just like to see him try it," said uncle, tearing a handful from his newspaper. "Why, what—"

"Read this note he just sent me, uncle, and see if you think it's all right and proper. You see, I don't know much about city people and their ways."

Old Jerome threw his paper down and set both his feet upon it. He took Gilbert's note and fiercely perused it twice, and then a third time.

"Why, child," said he, "you had me almost excited, although I was sure of that boy. He's a duplicate of his father; and he was a gilt-edged diamond. He only asks if you and Barbara will be ready at four o'clock this afternoon for an automobile drive over to Long Island. I don't see anything to criticize in it except the stationery. I always did hate that shade of blue."

"Would it be all right to go?" asked Nevada eagerly.

"Yes, yes, yes, child; of course. Why not? Still, it pleases me to see you so careful and candid. Go, by all means."

"I didn't know," said Nevada demurely. "I thought I'd ask you. Couldn't you go with us, uncle?"

"I? No, no, no, no! I've ridden once in a car that boy was driving. Never again! But it's entirely proper for you and Barbara to go. Yes, yes. But I will not. No, no, no, no!"

Nevada flew to the door, and said to the maid:

"You bet we'll go. I'll answer for Miss Barbara. Tell the boy to say to Mr. Warren, 'You bet we'll go.'"

"Nevada," called old Jerome, "pardon me, my dear, but wouldn't it be as well to send him a note in reply? Just a line would do."

"No, I won't bother about that," said Nevada gaily. "Gilbert will understand—he always does. I never rode in an automobile in my life; but I've paddled a canoe down Little Devil River through the Lost Horse Cañon, and if it's any livelier than that I'd like to know!"

III

Two months are supposed to have elapsed.

Barbara sat in the study of the hundred-thousand-dollar house. It was a good place for her. Many places are provided in the world where men and women may repair for the purpose of extricating themselves from divers difficulties. There are cloisters, wailing-places, watering-places, confessionals, hermitages, lawyers' offices, beauty-parlors, air-ships, and studies; and the greatest of these are studies.

It usually takes a hypotenuse a long time to discover that it is the longest side of a triangle. But it's a long line that has no turning.

Barbara was alone. Uncle Jerome and Nevada had gone to the theater. Barbara had not cared to go. She wanted to stay at home and study in the study. If you, miss, were a stunning New York girl, and saw every day that a brown, ingenuous Western witch was getting hobbles and a lasso on the young man you wanted for yourself, you, too, would lose taste for the oxidized-silver setting of a musical comedy.

Barbara sat by the quartered oak library table. Her right arm rested upon the table, and her dextral fingers nervously manipulated a sealed letter. The letter was addressed to Nevada Warren; and in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was Gilbert's little gold palette. It had been delivered at nine o'clock, after Nevada had left.

Barbara would have given her pearl necklace to know what the letter contained; but she could not open and read it by the aid of steam, or a pen-handle, or a hairpin, or any of the generally approved methods, because her position in society forbade such an act. She had tried to read some of the lines of the letter by holding the envelope up to

a strong light and pressing it hard against the paper, but Gilbert had too good a taste in stationery to make that possible.

At eleven-thirty the theatergoers returned. It was a delicious winter night. Even so far as from the cab to the door they were powdered thickly with the big flakes downpouring diagonally from the east. Old Jerome growled good-naturedly about villainous cab service and blockaded streets. Nevada, colored like a rose, with sapphire eyes, babbled of the stormy nights in the mountains around dad's cabin. During all these wintry apostrophes, Barbara, cold at heart, sawed wood—the only appropriate thing she could think of to do.

Old Jerome went immediately upstairs to hot-water-bottles and quinin. Nevada fluttered into the study, the only cheerfully lighted room, subsided into an armchair, and, while at the interminable task of unbuttoning her elbow gloves, gave oral testimony as to the demerits of the "show."

"Yes, I think Mr. Fields is really amusing—sometimes," said Barbara. "Here is a letter for you, dear, that came by special delivery just after you had gone."

"Who is it from?" asked Nevada, tugging at a button.

"Well, really," said Barbara, with a smile, "I can only guess. The envelope has that queer little thing in one corner that Gilbert calls a palette, but which looks to me rather like a gilt heart on a schoolgirl's valentine."

"I wonder what he's writing to me about!" remarked Nevada listlessly.

"We're all alike," said Barbara; "all women. We try to find out what is in a letter by studying the postmark. As a last resort we use scissors, and read it from the bottom upward. Here it is."

She made a motion as if to toss the letter across the table to Nevada.

"Great catamounts!" exclaimed Nevada. "These center-fire buttons are a nuisance. I'd rather wear buckskins. Oh, Barbara, please shuck the hide off that letter and read it. It'll be midnight before I get these gloves off!"

"Why, dear, you don't want me to open Gilbert's letter to you? It's for you, and you wouldn't wish any one else to read it, of course!"

Nevada raised her steady, calm, sapphire eyes from her gloves.

"Nobody writes me anything that everybody mightn't read," she said. "Go on, Barbara. Maybe Gilbert wants us to go out in his car again to-morrow."

Curiosity can do more things than kill a cat; and if emotions, well recognized as feminine, are inimical to feline life, then jealousy would soon leave the whole world catless. Barbara opened the letter, with an indulgent, slightly bored air.

"Well, dear," said she, "I'll read it if you want me to."

She slit the envelope, and read the missive with swift-traveling eyes; read it again, and cast a quick, shrewd glance at Nevada, who, for the time, seemed to consider gloves as the world of her interest, and letters from rising artists as no more than messages from Mars.

For a quarter of a minute Barbara looked at Nevada with a strange steadfastness; and then a smile so small that it widened her mouth only the sixteenth part of an inch, and narrowed her eyes no more than a twentieth, flashed like an inspired thought across her face.

Since the beginning no woman has been a mystery to another woman. Swift as light travels, each penetrates the heart and mind of another, sifts her sister's words of their cunningest disguises, reads her most hidden desires, and plucks the sophistry from her wiliest talk like hairs from a comb, twiddling them sardonically between her thumb and fingers before letting them float away on the breezes of fundamental doubt. Long ago Eve's son rang the door-bell of the family residence in Paradise Park, bearing a strange lady on his arm, whom he introduced. Eve took her daughter-in-law aside and lifted a classic eyebrow.

"The Land of Nod," said the bride, languidly flirting the leaf of a palm. "I suppose you've been there, of course?"

"Not lately," said Eve, absolutely unstaggered. "Don't you think the applesauce they serve over there is execrable? I rather like that mulberry-leaf tunic effect, dear; but, of course, the real fig goods are not to be had over there. Come over behind this lilac-bush while the gentlemen split a celery tonic. I think the caterpillar holes have made your dress open a little in the back."

So, then and there—according to the records—was the alliance formed by the only two who's-who ladies in the world. Then it was agreed that woman should forever remain as clear as a pane of glass — though glass was yet to be discovered—to other women, and that she should palm herself off on man as a mystery.

Barbara seemed to hesitate.

"Really, Nevada," she said, with a little show of embarrassment, "you shouldn't have insisted on my opening this. I—I'm sure it wasn't meant for any one else to know."

Nevada forgot her gloves for a moment.

"Then, read it aloud," she said. "Since you've already read it, what's the difference? If Mr. Warren has written to me something that any one else oughtn't to know, that is all the more reason why everybody should know it."

"Well," said Barbara, "this is what it says: 'Dearest Nevada, come to my studio at twelve o'clock to-night. Do not fail.'" Barbara rose and dropped the note in Nevada's lap. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "that I knew. It isn't like Gilbert. There must be some mistake. Just consider that I am ignorant of it, will you, dear? I must go up-stairs now, I have such a headache. I'm sure I don't understand the note. Perhaps Gilbert has been dining too well, and will explain. Good night!"

"WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT TO GO?"

IV

NEVADA tiptoed to the hall, and heard Barbara's door close up-stairs. The bronze clock in the study told that the hour of twelve was fifteen minutes away. She

ran swiftly to the front door, and let herself out into the snow-storm. Gilbert Warren's studio was six squares away.

By aerial ferry the white, silent forces of the storm attacked the city from beyond the sullen East River. Already the snow lay a foot deep on the pavements, the drifts heaping themselves like scaling-ladders against the walls of the besieged town. The avenue was as quiet as a street in Pompeii. Cabs now and then skimmed past like white-winged gulls over a moonlit ocean; and less frequent motor-cars—sustaining the comparison—hissed through the foaming waves like submarine boats on their jocund, perilous journeys.

Nevada plunged like a wind-driven storm-petrel on her way. She looked up at the ragged sierras of cloud-capped buildings that rose above the streets, shaded by the night lights and the congealed vapors to gray, drab, ashen, lavender, dun, and cerulean tints. They were so like the wintry mountains of her Western home that she felt a satisfaction such as the hundred-thousand-dollar house had seldom brought her.

A policeman caused her to waver on a corner, just by his eye and weight.

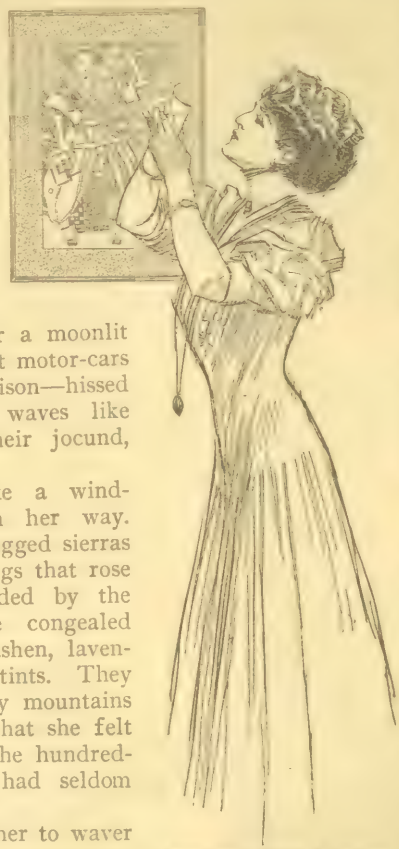
"Hallo, Mabel!" said he. "Kind of late for you to be out, ain't it?"

"I—I am just going to the drug-store," said Nevada, hurrying past him.

The excuse serves as a passport for the most sophisticated. Does it prove that woman never progresses, or that she sprang from Adam's rib, full-fledged in intellect and wiles?

Turning eastward, the direct blast cut down Nevada's speed one-half. She made zigzag tracks in the snow; but she was as tough as a piñon sapling, and bowed to it as gracefully. Suddenly the studio-building loomed before her, a familiar landmark, like a cliff above some well-remembered cañon. The haunt of business and its hostile neighbor, art, was darkened and silent. The elevator stopped at ten.

Up eight flights of Stygian stairs Nevada climbed, and rapped firmly at the door numbered "89." She had been there many times before, with Barbara and Uncle Jerome.



BARBARA WOULD HAVE GIVEN HER PEARL NECKLACE TO KNOW WHAT THE LETTER CONTAINED

Gilbert opened the door. He had a crayon pencil in one hand, a green shade over his eyes, and a pipe in his mouth. The pipe dropped to the floor.

"Am I late?" asked Nevada. "I came as quick as I could. Uncle and me were at the theater this evening. Here I am, Gilbert!"

Gilbert did a Pygmalion-and-Galatea act. He changed from a statue of stupefaction to a young man with a problem to tackle. He admitted Nevada, got a whisk-broom, and began to brush the snow from her clothes. A great lamp, with a green shade, hung over an easel, where the artist had been sketching in crayon.

"You wanted me," said Nevada simply, "and I came. You said so in your letter. What did you send for me for?"

"You read my letter?" inquired Gilbert, sparring for wind.

"Barbara read it to me. I saw it afterward. It said: 'Come to my studio at twelve to-night, and do not fail.' I thought you were sick, of course, but you don't seem to be."

"Aha!" said Gilbert irrelevantly. "I'll tell you why I asked you to come, Nevada. I want you to marry me immediately—to-night. What's a little snow-storm? Will you do it?"

"You might have noticed that I would, long ago," said Nevada. "And I'm rather stuck on the snow-storm idea, myself. I surely would hate one of these flowery church noon weddings. Gilbert, I didn't know you had grit enough to propose it this way. Let's shock 'em—it's our funeral, ain't it?"

"You bet!" said Gilbert. "Where did I hear that expression?" he added to himself. "Wait a minute, Nevada; I want to do a little 'phoning."

He shut himself in a little dressing-room, and called upon the lightnings of the heavens—condensed into unromantic numbers and districts.

"That you, Jack? You confounded sleepy-head! Yes, wake up; this is me—or I—oh, bother the difference in grammar! I'm going to be married right away. Yes! Wake up your sister—don't answer me back; bring her along, too—you *must*. Remind Agnes of the time I saved her from drowning in Lake Ronkonkoma—I know it's caddish to refer to it, but she *must* come with you. Yes! Nevada is here, waiting. We've been engaged quite a while. Some opposition among the relatives, you know, and we have to pull it off this way. We're waiting here for you. Don't let Agnes outtalk you—bring her! You will? Good old boy! I'll order a carriage to call for you, double-quick time. Confound you, Jack, you're all right!"

Gilbert returned to the room where Nevada waited.

"My old friend, Jack Peyton, and his sister were to have been here at a quarter to twelve," he explained; "but Jack is so confoundedly slow. I've just 'phoned them to hurry. They'll be here in a few minutes. I'm the happiest man in the world, Nevada! What did you do with the letter I sent you to-day?"

"I've got it cinched here," said Nevada, pulling it out from beneath her opera-cloak.

Gilbert drew the letter from the envelope and looked it over carefully. Then he looked at Nevada thoughtfully.

"Didn't you think it rather queer that I should ask you to come to my studio at midnight?" he asked.

"Why, no," said Nevada, rounding her eyes. Not if you needed me. Out West, when a pal sends you a hurry call—ain't that what you say here?—we get there first, and talk about it after the row is over. And it's usually snowing there, too, when things happen. So I didn't mind."

Gilbert rushed into another room, and came back burdened with overcoats warranted to turn wind, rain, or snow.

"Put this raincoat on," he said, holding it for her. "We have a quarter of a mile to go. Old Jack and his sister will be here in a few minutes." He began to struggle into a heavy coat. "Oh, Nevada," he said, "just look at the headlines on the front page of that evening paper on the table, will you? It's about your section of the West, and I know it will interest you."

He waited a full minute, pretending to find trouble in the getting on of his overcoat, and then turned. Nevada had not moved. She was looking at him with strange and pensive directness. Her cheeks had a flush on them beyond the color that had been contributed by the wind and snow; but her eyes were steady.

"AM I LATE? I CAME AS QUICK AS I COULD"

"I was going to tell you," she said, "anyhow, before you—before we—before—well, before anything. Dad never gave me a day of schooling. I never learned to read or write a darned word. Now, if—"

Pounding their uncertain way up-stairs, the feet of Jack, the somnolent, and Agnes, the grateful, were heard.

V

When Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Warren were spinning softly homeward in a closed carriage, after the ceremony, Gilbert said:

"Nevada, would you really like to know what I wrote you in the letter that you received to-night?"

"Fire away!" said his bride.

"Word for word," said Gilbert, "it was this: 'My dear Miss Warren—you were right about the flower. It was a hydrangea, and not a lilac.'"

"All right," said Nevada. "But let's forget it. The joke's on Barbara, anyway!"

REUNION

BY FLORIDA P. SUMERWELL

AUTHOR OF "THE USURPER," ETC.

Mrs. Alling walked into Mrs. Tom Carrington's cozy sitting-room decidedly out of breath, explaining and untying her wraps as she came. Mrs. Carrington's greeting was as unaffectedly cordial as it had been every time these two women had met in the forty years through which their friendship had lived its sturdy, loyal, commonplace life. As tiny tots they had neighbored through the palings that divided their respective yards. It is still told that once, after a careful count of bruises on their fat, bare legs, one had offered to undergo an extra injury, so that they might have an equal number.

"Of course, you expected me sooner," said the newcomer, "but your 'phone was out of order, and I had promised to play bridge at the Ogdens'. I would break an engagement with the undertaker who was waiting to bury me, but I have not the courage to disarrange a bridge-table at that particular house. After seeing the morning paper, I couldn't think of anything but you. When Kate Hazelton asked what I discarded from, I answered, 'Aneurism of the heart.' She smiled and said she wasn't surprised. I don't think I shall be troubled with another invitation. I revoked five times in three rubbers, which cost us fifteen tricks. If looks could kill, I should be in my burying-clothes. The women in our set were catty enough before they took up bridge; but now no man dares to throw a bootjack out of the back window at night for fear he might break up a bridge-party. Well, tell me all about it; I didn't mean to talk so long."

The hostess's hands shook as she poured the tea, but she began at once:

"I am so glad to have you to tell. Of course, there was Tom; but he always goes to sleep."

Mrs. Alling nodded.

"I met them—"

"Them?" asked her guest. "Were there two?"

"Yes, a man—"

"Go on, Jane; don't let me interrupt."

"They were at Minnewaska last June. I arrived late in the afternoon—too late to change my dress; so I tidied up a bit and went into dinner. Every time I go away I am possessed with the idea that some one is going to attempt familiarity. No one ever did, but I never get over the idea. That day I felt it to an unusual degree. There is a certain luxury in just letting oneself go, and loathing

the world at large. While I sat with my nose turned up, I saw Mrs. Lovell come in. The waiter bowed himself almost double and escorted her to my table. You know how stately she always looked. That night I thought her the most attractive woman I had ever seen. Her mourning was the simplest, but it gave her a distinction all her own.

"She took no notice of me, but as soon as she was seated I began to feel large and ordinary—so much so, in fact, that when the waiter asked if I had ordered cabbage, I denied it flatly. Isn't it queer that one would tell a falsehood just because a dainty stranger with beautiful hands sat opposite? It was absurd to keep looking at her, so I turned just as the ugliest man imaginable stood in the door; and for some unaccountable reason I wished he would sit with us."

"Why, Jane!" said Mrs. Alling.

"It's true—I did. And the funny thing is that he came. You know I always was a little conceited for my time of life, and I thought he had seen me looking at him; so when he sat down I felt positively embarrassed. He lounged listlessly into his chair, and his glance fell upon Mrs. Lovell. I never saw a face change as his did. Why, Sophie, if you had spread roses over an ugly marsh, it could not have made a greater transformation. He simply devoured her delicate loveliness. His eyes would have called the dead, and in a second she looked full at him.

"'Emil!' was all she said, but the cry seemed to burst from the depths of an overcharged heart. A life's tragedy was expressed in that one word. It was as if I had come suddenly into the presence of two naked souls, who, purged by some terrible grief, were reentering a lost paradise.

"I left them and came outside. Their meeting had impressed me so deeply that I wanted to be alone. After walking along the cliff for a time, I went down to my old retreat on the ledge beyond the second summer-house. No one in the place can see me out there, because of the bushes that grow close up to the railing; so I am always sure of solitude there. I sat and racked my brains for some solution of the scene at the table. The moon rose, and it was time to go in, when the lady of my meditations came down the path and sat in the house behind me. She was ghastly white. Even in the moonlight you could see her agitation. She was twisting her hands and biting her lips, and before I could decide what to do she began to cry—not loudly, but so pitifully that, like a goose, I cried, too. Lovers always did affect me like peeling onions, and I felt reasonably sure of a romance when she began to cry. I was dabbing my eyes when that ugly, magnetic man arrived.

"'Harriet, Harriet, Harriet!' he said, over and over and over, and every repetition was a caress. His presence seemed to quiet her, and she hushed her sobbing. He did not touch her, but kept saying her name as if it was something holy. This must sound awfully silly, but if you had heard his wonderful voice it would have moved you as it did me. Sophie, it would have thrilled a mummy in its tomb. I did not wonder that her eyes never left his ugly, tender face."

"Jane," asked Mrs. Alling, "weren't you ashamed to be listening when they didn't know you were there?"

"Of course; but jumping over the cliff didn't appeal to me, and that was the only way of escape, unless I had gone prowling through their summer-house; so I had to sit and listen. After a while she asked if he had known she was at Minnewaska. He laughed a tender laugh, as one might laugh at a much-loved child, and said: 'Harriet, Harriet, how else would I, a busy judge, be here at the beginning of June?' He told her that the trip would probably cost him the nomination for Governor, but that nothing counted with him against the joy of being with her again.

"Those people of the soul-world get more out of this humdrum life than the rest of us. I can't express it, but they are of a more ethereal type. Just imagine Tom or Horace giving up a chance to become Governor of a big State for the sake of spending a week with us!

"She leaned her shapely head against the rough log behind her, and looked at him as if she never wanted to see any one else in this world. He turned away from her, and asked abruptly:

"'When did he die?'

"'Six months ago,' she answered.

"'Why did you marry him?' The pain in his voice made her wince, but she seemed eager to tell him.

"'You never wrote, and you never came. Emil, Emil, I wanted you so! I would not be the first to break the silence. I missed you so! I missed you so!'

"'Was that,' he asked, 'why you married Lovell?'

"'It was just that. I was so lost without you, I knew that unless I took some definite action I should write, despite my pride. I hoped you would think I had forgotten. Did you, Emil, did you think I didn't care?'

"'No,' he answered, and all the old magic was back in that wonderful voice. 'No, I knew.'

"She was as inconsistent as she was irresistible, and in an instant she flashed at him:

"'If you knew, how could you let me do it—how could you, how could you? You knew that in the end I always did as you wished.'

"He seemed to grow old as she appealed to him, but he was as unyielding as she.

"'I had no right to interfere. You threw my love away like a forgotten toy. I would never have written. You know I never did.'

"She turned to him with a little eager, tearful gesture, and, touching his dark cheek with her finger-tips, said:

"'But you couldn't forget me, could you, Emil, any more than I could forget you?'

"He took her slender hand and put it against his lips. I never saw such changes sweep over a face. Sunshine after a storm could not have made a greater difference. His eyes were like fairy-lamps that lit up and glorified some waste place of nature. He did not even kiss her hand a second time, but seemed to find infinite content in possessing it. Presently he spoke again:

"'I never forgot you, Harriet. When I have forgotten to live, I shall still remember you.'

"Then they went up the steps, and I could see that he had taken her arm and was helping her at every step. I was so stiff from sitting on the rock that I could hardly move. I was chattering cold, and choky and homesick. When I hobbled up-stairs it seemed as though I'd attended my own funeral.

"The next day was cold and wet, so we three got to know one another quite well. They called each other by their front names, and I learned that they had gone to school together. None of us knew any one else, and we were a very contented trio.

"One evening, a week later, I saw them start for a walk after dinner, so I put out for my happy hunting-ground on the ledge. The moon flared in the sky like a crimson rose in full bloom, and I was enjoying the silence, when they came into the summer-house. He rolled his overcoat into a pillow to place behind her head, and leaned against the railing beside her. He did not speak for a while, but seemed trying to decide some serious question. Finally he lifted her chin until he could look into her eyes, told her that he would have to leave the next day, and asked her if she would marry him that night and go with him.

"She caught his big hand between hers and spoke, but she was so agitated that I could hardly hear what she said. In a minute I made out that she wanted him to wait till the year of her mourning was over. He begged her not to send him away again; told her how empty all the honors of his profession had been, because she had not shared them; how every night in the fourteen years since she had sent back his ring, her name had been the first in his prayers, her picture the last thing he had looked at. He took the miniature out of his pocket and showed her how worn the case had become. He said that she had been the mastering passion of his life since he had been in knickerbockers, and that without her his future stretched before him an absolute desert. I knew she was right in showing a proper respect to her husband's memory, but I couldn't see how she could resist, when he begged so earnestly in that beautiful voice of his. Why, if Tom had ever—"

"But he never did," interrupted Mrs. Alling, "and neither did Horace. Let's get on with the story. How did she get out of it?"

"Why, she threw the whole thing upon his shoulders—said he had always

decided the right thing for her to do; and if he believed it would be honorable for her to marry only six months after her husband's death, she would do so.

"I have always thought that she really hoped he would take her, anyway, and let the conventions go hang; but he rose, like the man he was, and said he would wait, though the time seemed very long:

"If he had looked at her when he said it, I believe that even then he would have decided differently; but he was gazing out across the lake as if it stretched to eternity. He turned, and, bending over her, said:

"'In six months, then, Harriet, I shall come.'

"She put her slender, white arms around his neck and clung to him as if she could not let him go. He held her close to his broad breast and kissed her eyes, her hair, her lips, her brow, and her lips again. 'Harriet, Harriet, Harriet!' he murmured, and his voice would have reconciled a lost soul to purgatory. 'Wait for me, my own love — in six months I shall come back!'

"He went up the steps and left her sitting there alone. I couldn't stand it. I just walked into the summer-house and took her in my arms, and we cried together. I told her how I had heard, and she said she knew I wouldn't have listened on purpose.

"You know, she came home with me and took that furnished house around the corner. She has been in and out like one of the family, and I have loved her next to you. She wasn't much of a housekeeper, but the more helpless she seemed the harder her servants worked. I never knew any one so preeminently lovable. After knowing her, I could understand how a man could love her to the exclusion of everything else for fourteen years. She took it all as a matter of course, and I really don't think it ever occurred to her that every one was not equally fortunate.

"Yesterday I thought of her all day. She had not been over, and I couldn't get her out of my mind. It finally got on my nerves to such an extent that I left the pudding to Hannah to finish, and went around to see her. Her welcome always made me feel that I was the one person on earth she really wanted to see, and yesterday she was unusually cordial. We drank tea in the library, and were as sociable as two tabbies. The clock had just struck five, and I got up to go. It was growing dark, and I was looking toward the window, when Harriet sprang out of her chair and called, 'Emil, Emil!' just as she had done that first day I saw her.

"For an instant a shadow seemed to flit across the light; but there was no one there, and Harriet fell where she stood — fell like a log. I ran to her, shrieking for help. The servants came and flooded the room with light. She was quite dead, but the radiance on her face was too beautiful for earth. The doctor called it 'aneurism of the heart.' I stayed as long as I was needed, and then came home. At my door a newsboy ran by, calling an extra. I bought one and read of that hideous accident near Chicago. Judge Harraden's name headed the list of the dead. He was killed at a quarter to five o'clock."

The two women looked at each other.

"What do you make of it?" asked Mrs. Alling.

"I don't know," replied her friend. "He said that when he had forgotten to live he would still remember her."

"It seems a pity she did not marry him up there, although I suppose I should have been the first to censure her."

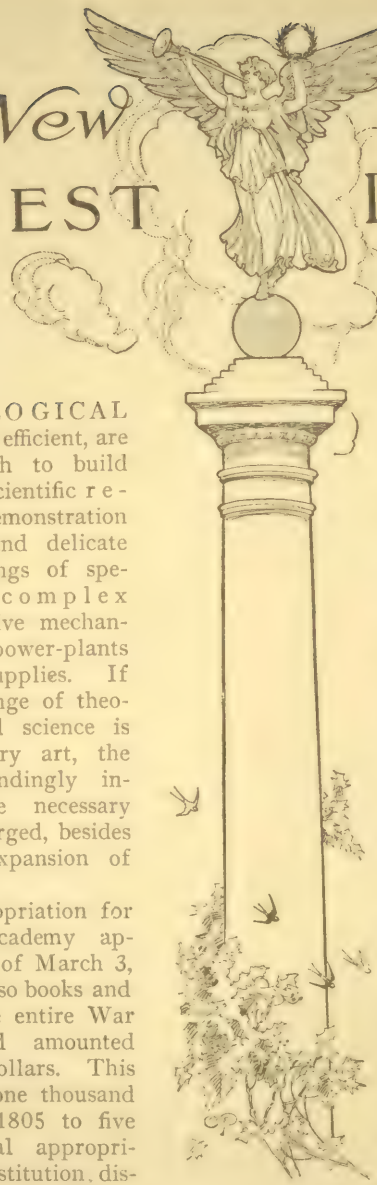
Mrs. Carrington wiped her eyes and answered:

"I can't decide whether I would have it otherwise. They weren't like the rest of us. I would have hated to see them grow into every-day, stupid married people. There is something very earthy about most married life. In nine cases out of every ten it's potatoes and chops and house-rent and babies. I want to believe that his soul came for her, and that out there, beyond the limits of our understanding, they are happy at last, forgetting all the suffering that spoiled their lives here."

"Why, Jane Carrington," returned Mrs. Alling, "how can you talk such nonsense? If a good husband and a nice home and half a dozen healthy children can't make a woman happy, there is something wrong with her. That's all I have to say!"

The New WEST POINT

by
COL. CHARLES W. LARNED
U. S. Military Academy



TECHNOLOGICAL schools, if efficient, are costly both to build and to operate. Scientific research and demonstration mean elaborate and delicate apparatus; buildings of special construction, complex plan, and expensive mechanical equipment; power-plants and operating-supplies. If to the general range of theoretic and applied science is added the military art, the cost is correspondingly increased and the necessary plant greatly enlarged, besides a considerable expansion of the personnel.

The first appropriation for the Military Academy appeared in the act of March 3, 1803, including also books and apparatus for the entire War Department, and amounted to two thousand dollars. This fell in 1804 to one thousand dollars, and in 1805 to five hundred. Special appropriations for the institution disappear from the statutes until 1812, and it was left to shift for itself, dragging along a very precarious existence up to the war with Great Britain. That event somewhat stimulated legislative interest in the military art, so that West Point was reorganized in its academic staff, its cadet personnel, and its plant—twenty-five thousand dollars being appropriated for buildings, apparatus, a library, and contingencies. For some years the pay of the officers and cadets was carried in the appropriation for the army, and a separate item covered the expenses of the plant.

In 1816, $115,800 was appropriated for buildings and $22,171 for supplies. In 1834, for the first time, the appropriations for the Military Academy were embodied in a separate bill, carrying $125,881.45 for running expenses, and $14,000 for buildings. Considering the more primitive conditions and the greater purchasing power of money, this was a very liberal sum, and compares favorably with present allotments for normal expenses.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, the appropriation for pay, current and incidental expenses, is $788,914.87; and for buildings and grounds, $56,720—a total of $845,634.87. Over and separate from this allowance for annual expenses is the special appropriation of June 28, 1902, "to increase the efficiency of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, and to provide for the enlargement of buildings and for other necessary works of improvement in connection therewith, and to provide for an increased water supply," which authorized a total expenditure of $5,500,000—increased to $7,200,000 by the act of June 28, 1906, besides a special appropriation of $300,-

000 for the completion of the water supply. It is probable that, owing to the increased cost of material and labor during the past four years, the final cost of the completed scheme will exceed the official estimates.

When West Point was founded, the art of war had not been complicated by the vast mechanical and industrial development of the nineteenth century. Military technique was relatively simple, and the equipment of armies in arms, accouterment, and supplies involved a very small fraction of the appliances and elaboration demanded by modern conditions. Logistics, or the mobilization and movements of armies, was a comparatively slow matter of months and shoe-leather, wind and horses; instead of days, locomotors, steam, gas, electricity, compressed air, steamships, and balloons.

The only feature in which our ancestors vied with us in elaboration was that of war-paint and feathers, and the gorgeous panoply of slaughter—the sartorial element of fighting, which has always played so large a part in man's delight in the destruction of his brother. We no longer deck ourselves, for active service, in the incredible clothes which our great-grandfathers dragged over the battle-fields of Europe, and which make their endurance seem Titanic and their patience superhuman in comparison with our own. With our practical conceptions of war as a necessary evil for the adjustment of economic conditions and the delimitation of spheres of influence, we eliminate from the battle-field everything that does not contribute to the business result, and relegate to the parade-ground the decorative and alluring features of uncomfortable and picturesque attire.

THE RACE FOR MILITARY POWER

Since modern war is so costly, and is entered upon purely as a business proposition, it becomes important to minimize its duration, and to insure that definite results shall be secured with the least expenditure of time on the one hand, and, on the other, with the most destructive effect possible upon the enemy. To this end there is a constant and intense effort on the part of the great competing powers to keep in advance in the utilization of every expedient that modern science and ingenuity can place at the disposition of the soldier. To be decisively ahead in equipment, and to possess exclusively, or to a very superior extent, an important engine of destruction, is almost sure to be the decisive factor in the quick campaigns of to-day. Our military machinery, from its complexity, is necessarily slow of construction, and requires costly and intricate plants for its manufacture; and there is not sufficient time, after the beginning of hostilities by an aggressive and well-equipped adversary, in which to remedy deficiencies, and to provide the enginery which, on his side, is already engaged in destroying our resources and demonstrating the justice of his cause.

In the great game of politics and industrial supremacy among nations there is no question of chivalry—no "Gentlemen of the guard, fire first." The nation that cannot "make good" has nothing effective to say. There is too much human nature operative in public affairs to render international arbitration a recourse to which ambitious peoples are ready to submit issues of vital interest; and still less is this substitute for warfare a near contingency with the colossal specter of an awakening Orient looming before us. The most potent force urging to arbitration at present is efficient armament, and the price of peace is the cost of military preparation—which is simply a tax levied on human nature.

All this is apropos of military schools and their cost; and, more especially, of the reconstruction of our two national academies which is now in progress. The first question suggested to the lay mind is—"Is it worth while? What return do we get for the money?"—to which there is no satisfactory answer without a clear comprehension of the requirements of a military education.

Every civilian recognizes at once the special conditions that set apart the profession of a naval officer. A glance at a modern man-of-war is sufficient to show the absolute necessity of a naval school; but in regard to soldiering there is a different attitude. It is widely be-

lieved that pretty much all that is needed to be a military "macaroni" is to "stick a feather in your hat."

This idea is a survival of older days and simpler conditions, and even under those conditions it was not true. The Civil War was a convincing proof that the educated soldier had always an immense advantage over the novice, and that, in the long run, he would surely take the lead. At the end of that tremendous struggle, all the armies in the field on both sides were commanded by graduates of West Point; nearly all the army corps, and most of the divisions. Out of sixty of the greatest battles of the Civil War, in fifty-six the commanders on both sides were graduates; in the other four a graduate commanded on one side, and three of the four were won by the graduates. On the Confederate side, the tenure of the highest ranks by graduates was almost exclusive —eight generals, fifteen lieutenant-generals, and forty of their major-generals were from West Point. Although these facts have been often stated, they are so pertinent to the present discussion that they will bear repetition.

WHAT WEST POINT TRAINING MEANS

But the answer to the question as to the expediency of military education covers a much more extensive field than that of the demonstration of supremacy in military affairs. The general question can be resolved into several special ones. What does the military education stand for in the community? What has it accomplished in the civil life of the nation? What are the military requirements it meets? What are the demands made upon it by the exigencies of our political system? What has it cost?

What it stands for in the community, I have endeavored to show more fully elsewhere, and it is pertinent here to recapitulate only briefly its claims in this regard. It stands preeminently for that fuller education of the man which embraces not merely mental culture, but the equal and coordinate development of the character, the body, and the civic responsibilities — the discipline of all functions, moral, intellectual, and physical. It aims systematically and essentially to train the habits, and to crystallize into practise the suspended conceptions of moral responsibility. It isolates its student body from the atmosphere of commercialism; it provides absorbing employment for both mental and physical activities; it surrounds them with exacting responsibilities, high standards, and uncompromising traditions of honor and integrity; and it demands a rigid accountability for every moment of their time and for every voluntary action. This standard in an educational system is alone of immense value to any community, independent of other considerations, as an object-lesson in the evolution of a fine type of man and citizen.

In the civil life of the community, its accomplishment began with the development of the nation. The regular army —officered up to 1861 almost wholly by graduates, and, since that period, largely by them—fought the pioneer war against the nomads of our ever-receding frontier. In over three hundred fights they have won and held the land for their brothers of the plow. Braving hardship and death; isolation, neglect, and poverty; growing gray in junior grades under slow promotion; forced to forego the advantages of education for their children, and of the amenities of life for themselves and their families, they were the guardians of a land of which they possessed nothing, and the promoters of a great development whose fruit fell to others.

WORK DONE BY WEST POINT MEN

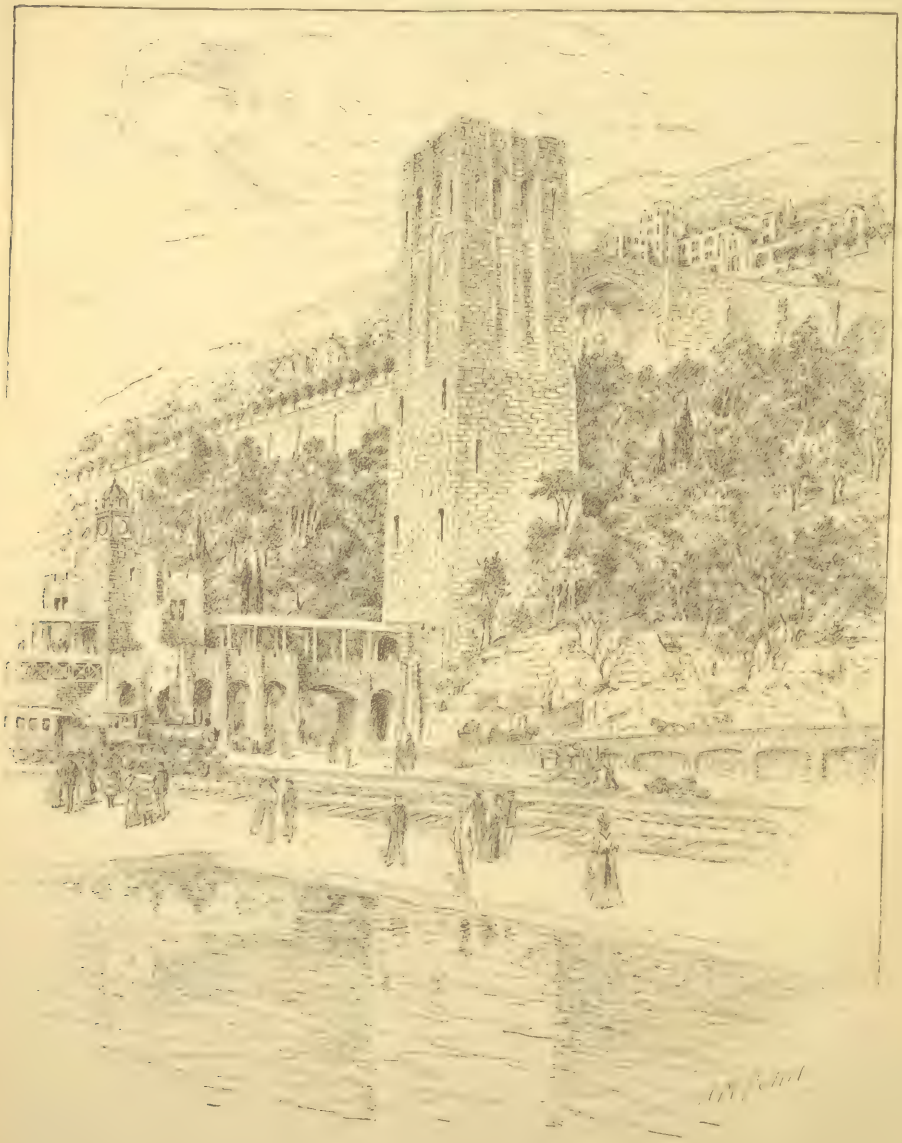
As explorers, as early as 1820, Long's expedition, containing Bell, Graham, and Swift, explored as far as Pike's Peak, and first ascended it; Allen, in 1832, first traced the source of the Mississippi; and Bonneville's great exploration, in 1832 - 1834, penetrated Wyoming, Utah, California, and the Columbia and Yellowstone regions, and supplied the first hydrographic maps of the country.

For half a century West Point was the principal, and almost the only, school of science and technology in America. Its graduates not only furnished presidents and teachers of scientific institutions as these appeared, but were the pioneer engineers who laid out the transcontinental routes of the great Western

THE NEW WEST POINT—VIEW FROM THE HUDSON RIVER, SHOWING THE FIRST GREAT MASS OF BUILDINGS NORTH OF THE RAILROAD STATION, CONSISTING OF THE POWER-HOUSE, THE RIDING HALL, AND THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, WITH THE CHAPEL ON THE HILL IN THE DISTANCE

railways, besides surveying and developing, as engineers and presidents, other systems in the East. In 1878 the chief of engineers reported that his corps, together with other officers of the line, had surveyed and mapped forty thousand square miles of area, and more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand miles of routes, lines, and marches.

This leads to that work of the Corps of Engineers — wholly composed of graduates — which was entirely of a civil character, and embraces the Lake Surveys; the Coast and Geodetic Survey, reorganized, and for twenty-four years superintended, by a graduate; the Surveys West of the One Hundredth Meridian; the river and harbor improvements of the United States; the control and building of the Panama



THE WEST SHORE RAILROAD STATION AND THE ELEVATOR

THE MEMORIAL ARCH, SPANNING THE APPROACH TO THE PARADE-GROUND, AND CONNECTING THE OLD AND NEW ACADEMIC BUILDINGS

Canal; the superintendency and construction of public buildings in Washington, including the wings and dome of the Capitol, and the Congressional Library; the rectification and completion of the Washington Monument; the construction of lighthouses, including the remarkable one of Minot's Ledge; besides many other works of survey and construction, of which the Chicago Canal is one of the most important. The disbursements of public funds for river and harbor work alone approximate six hundred million dollars, and if other civil and military works are included, the grand total will be not far from one thousand millions.

Half of the graduates in the first century of the Academy's existence entered civil life, and in the civil career alone their record shows nineteen per cent of distinguished success — far in excess of that of any other institution in the land. In this record are to be found, out of the small total —fourteen judges; sixty chancellors, regents, and presidents of universities and colleges; eighty-seven presidents of railroads and corporations; seventy-four chief engineers; eight bank presidents; besides many high government officials.

THE DUTIES OF OUR ARMY

In considering the military requirements of the professional soldier of America, it is to be borne in mind that they involve many civil duties and responsibilities demanded by the operation of our political system and our military organization. Let us take the different corps in order, beginning with the most scientific.

The Engineers.—The military functions of this corps include construction

of sea-coast and permanent fortifications; military docks and roads; construction and maintenance of railways for military purposes; bridges of all kinds; river and harbor engineering for war purposes; mines and countermines; siege works and approaches; field works; important military buildings; military surveys; water-supply.

tics; signaling; ordnance construction; ballistics; permanent fortification; submarine mines and electrics; elements of naval organization and armament.

Cavalry.—All of the foregoing for artillery, except explosives and the last five, plus practical military field engineering.

Infantry.—The same as cavalry, except equitation, hippology, and horse-equipments.

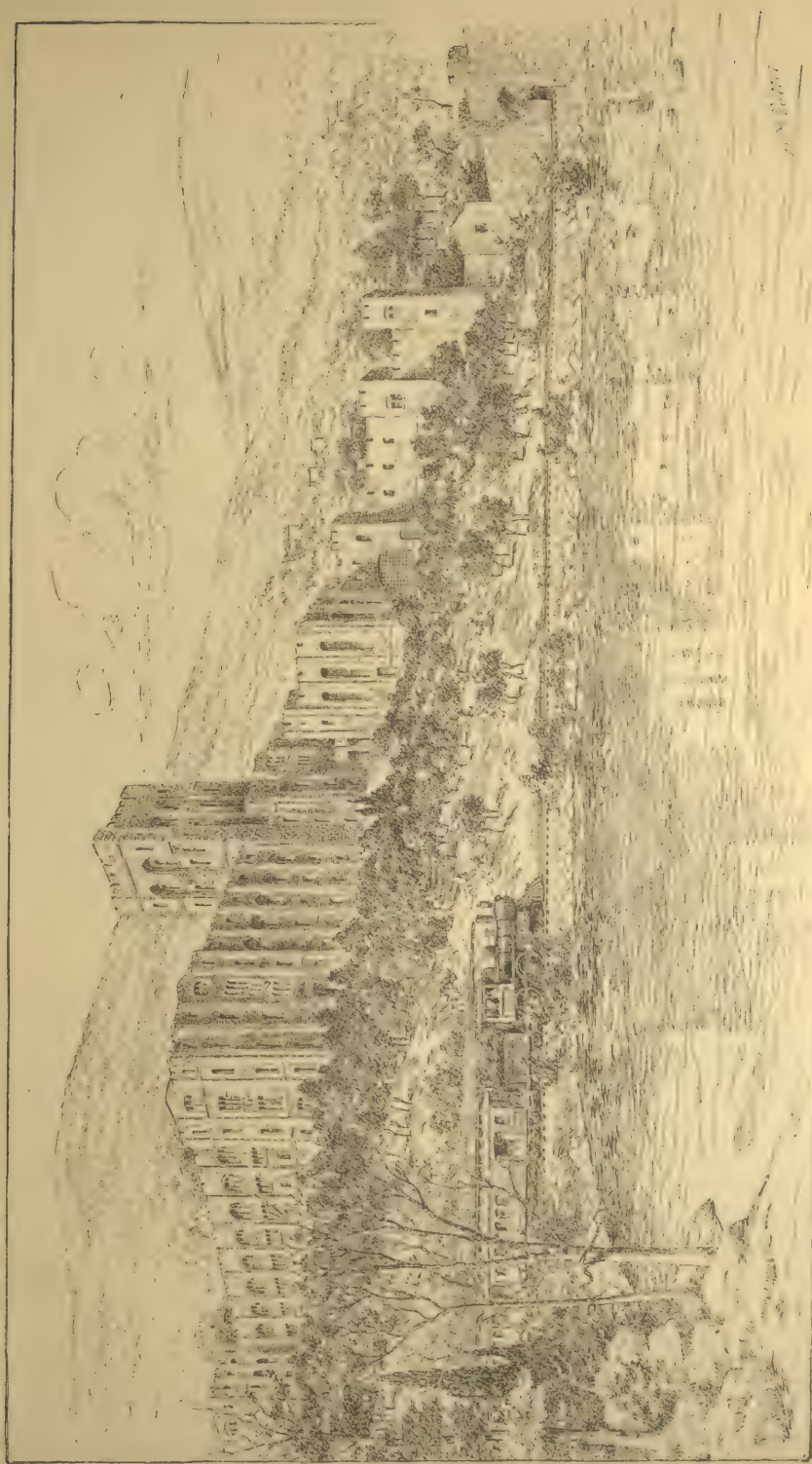
THE NEW GYMNASIUM

To the engineers also belong many branches of civil work incidental to military occupation, such as river and harbor construction; public buildings; sanitary engineering and drainage; railroads and highways; bridges; topographic surveys; lighthouses.

Ordnance Department.—The military functions of this corps include kinematics and mechanical engineering; ordnance construction; explosives and ballistics; theory of permanent and field fortifications; logistics; minor tactics; building construction.

Artillery Corps, Coast and Field.—Equitation; hippology; construction and use of small arms and horse-equipments; explosives; topographical reconnaissance; tactics of all arms; field fortification; military and constitutional law; military history and science of war; minor and grand tactics; logis-

General Staff Corps.—Each of these demands special mental equipment of a varied character. The adjutant-general's and inspector-general's departments must know much concerning all corps of the army and their functions. The quartermaster's department is responsible for the manufacture of all kinds of military equipment; motor machinery; building construction; sanitary engineering; law of contracts; railway systems and their general management; steamships and transports; forage; clothing and its material. The commissary department is in charge of food-supply and associated matters. The signal corps must know electrics and telegraphy; mechanical construction; ballooning; military topography; and so forth.



THE QUARTERMASTER'S BUILDINGS—THESE ARE NEAR THE NORTHERN END OF THE RAILROAD TUNNEL, AND LOOK NORTHWARD UP THE HUDSON RIVER

As in the case of the engineers, already cited, all corps have many and important civil functions incidental to their military duties. Our officers of the line and staff have been governors of provinces, mayors of cities, collectors of customs, school-commissioners, sanitary engineers, civil engineers, police commissioners, judges of courts, architects, superintendents of railroads, heads of departments of state, and even commanders of vessels.

So much for the duties of an educated soldier, for which the general military school at West Point must lay the foundation, leaving to the post-graduate schools of application the work of expert training in the details of practise. It needs no argument to show that the field for which the student must be prepared is wide and varied, and demands great application; and that the institution that is to supply his instruction should be extensively equipped with the latest and best appliances.

THE COST OF WEST POINT

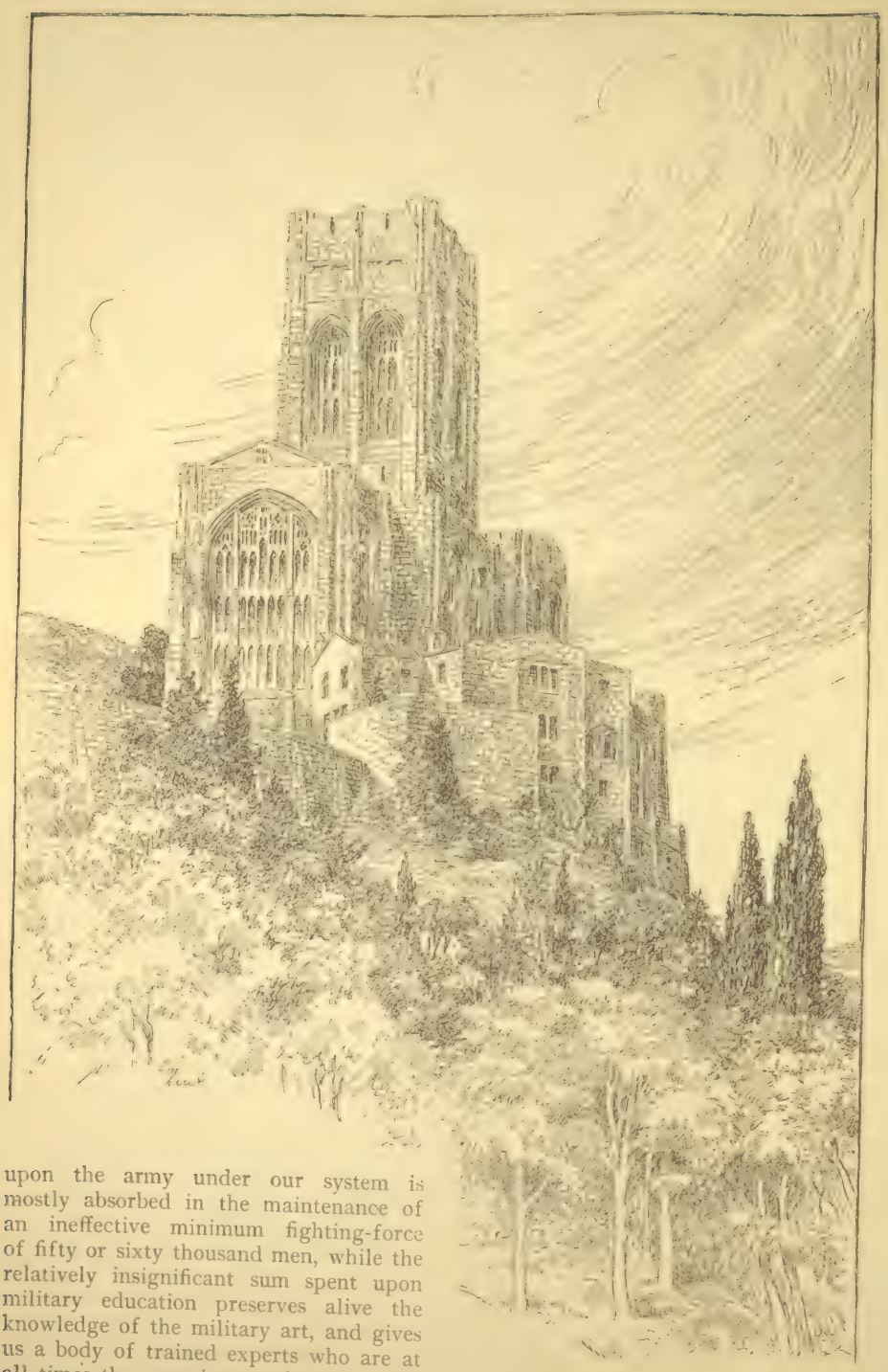
What has the Military Academy cost? For the first century of its life, a total of $22,259,274—an average of $222,592 annually, or $5,401 per graduate. This sum of twenty-two millions was about the same as the cost of the army for one year before its enlargement after the Spanish War. For the six years ending June 30, 1908, the total for the regular expenses of the Academy was $4,022,144, making the aggregate to that date $26,281,418. Adding the total allotment for new buildings, and the special appropriation of $300,000 for water-supply, the grand aggregate for one hundred and six years is $33,781,418. This is about

THE ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY STABLES, WITH THE CAVALRY BARRACKS IN THE BACKGROUND—THESE BUILDINGS FACE THE ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY PLAIN, AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE WEST POINT RESERVATION

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE ROADWAY THAT ASCENDS FROM THE RAILROAD STATION

one-third of the present annual cost of the regular army.

As regards the relative military value of the expenditure in the two cases, it is to be observed that the outlay of hundreds and even thousands of millions



THE CHAPEL, WHICH IS TO STAND HIGH ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE PARADE-GROUND

upon the army under our system is mostly absorbed in the maintenance of an ineffective minimum fighting-force of fifty or sixty thousand men, while the relatively insignificant sum spent upon military education preserves alive the knowledge of the military art, and gives us a body of trained experts who are at all times the organizers and directors of national defense. If it should be at any time a question as to which should be

abolished—military education or a small standing army—there can be no doubt as to the survival of the former.

THE NEW WEST POINT

The improvements now in progress at the Military Academy were inaugurated during the superintendency of Brigadier-General Albert L. Mills, and are being carried to completion by his successor, Colonel Hugh L. Scott. They include not only an architectural renewal, but a revision of the entire curriculum—both of which are undertakings of transcendent importance to the institution. The joint renovation involves infinite detail and immense labor. Since its inception, in 1899, it has covered a period of nine years of preparation and accomplishment, with an indefinite term of years remaining before completion.

Such a task is necessarily slow, for many reasons. There must first be the preliminary period of conception and study, involving the preparation of general plans and estimates. Next come the education of public and legislative sentiment, and the enactment of appropriations. Then follow the architectural competition and selection, succeeded by an interval of study and preparation by the successful competitor. After this come the letting of contracts and the actual work of construction, with the inevitable delays incident to failure of contracts, labor troubles, slow delivery of material, and so forth; together with the necessity of avoiding interference with the existing plant, which must be kept in full operation.

CADET HEADQUARTERS, WITH THE CHAPEL ON THE HILL IN THE DISTANCE

The first preliminary study, by direction of General Mills, was undertaken by me in 1899, on a basis of a minimum development. This was completed and soon discarded, and I was directed to prepare another report upon a scheme calculated to develop the plant to its maximum effective capacity. The plans and estimates of my second report called, under existing conditions in 1901, for an expenditure of six and a half millions of dollars. Through the active interest and cooperation of General Corbin, a delegation of the Military Committees of both houses was induced

LIEUTENANTS' QUARTERS—A ROW OF THESE BUILDINGS WILL STAND ON THE HILL ABOVE THE ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY PLAIN

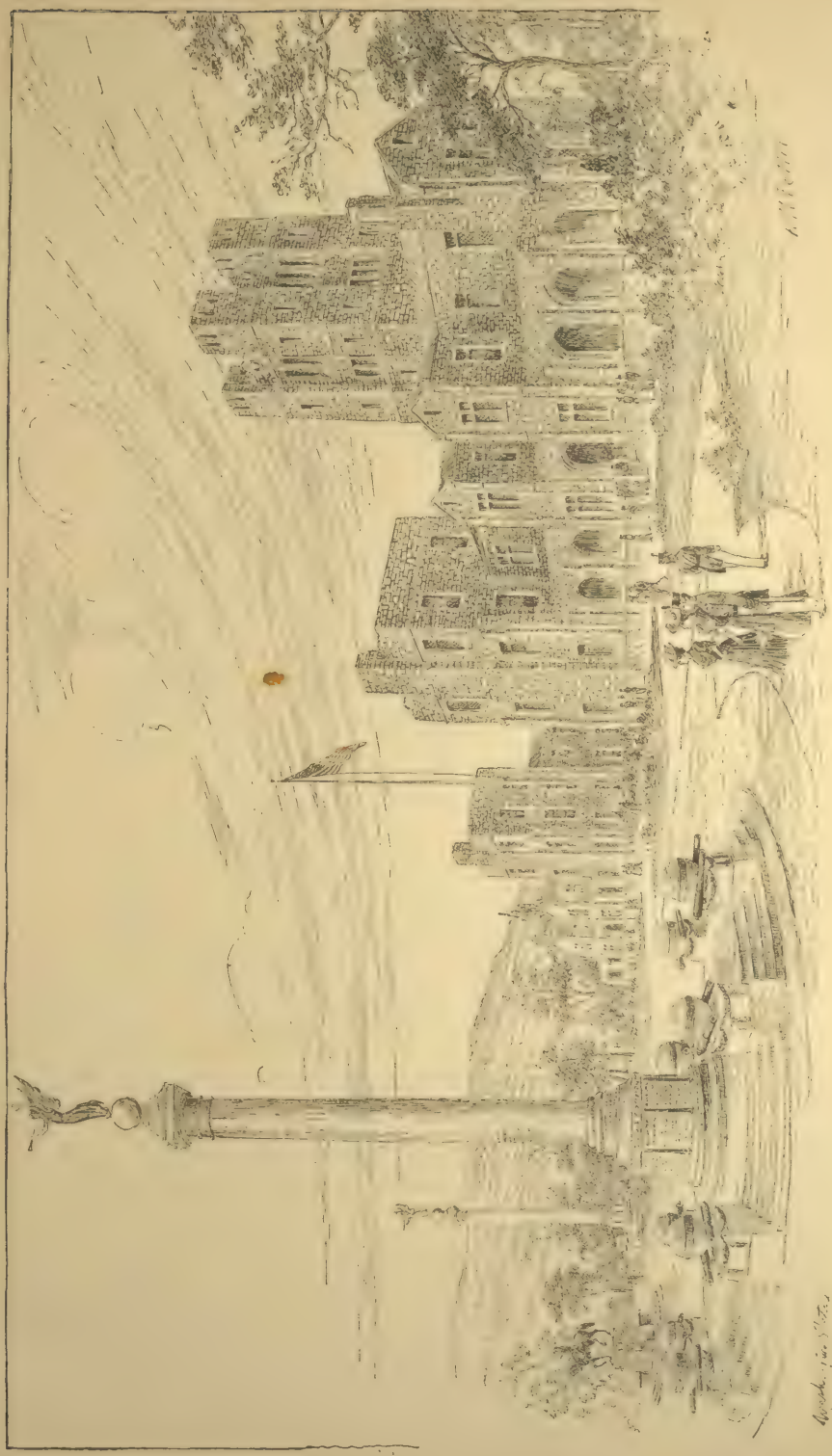
to visit the Academy; and a demonstration of the scheme before this body resulted in a cordial acquiescence on the part of the legislators whose action was to be determinative.

Later on, another demonstration before the Military Committee of the House of Representatives, backed by the unceasing activity of General Mills and the hearty cooperation of President Roosevelt and the Secretary of War, Mr. Root, secured that committee's unanimous approval. Congress, influenced by economic considerations, reduced the total by an arbitrary cut of a million dollars—which action it subsequently reversed by granting an ultimate increase, all told, of two millions.

The architectural competition included ten of the leading firms of America, and was won by Messrs. Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, of Boston, whose scheme—which in most essentials followed the general plan of the preliminary report—was based upon the English Tudor Gothic, already embodied in the principal buildings of the Academy. As soon as the acquiescence of Congress was secured, the superintendent, under the authority of the Secretary of War, organized an advisory board composed of members of the academic board, to which have been referred, for criticism and report, the different plans and suggestions of the architects as they matured, as well as those of the engineer.

The administrative supervision of the building construction is in the hands of the quartermaster-general, while its executive control remains under the superintendent of the Academy; and the officer in charge of construction, representing both, is the quartermaster of the Academy, Major John M. Carson, who has shown marked intelligence and administrative ability in a position of much responsibility, difficulty, and labor.

It has been a difficult task to harmonize the various discordant buildings of other styles, which cannot be sacrificed, with the prevailing Tudor style; more especially as the topography of the site restricts the plan within confined limits. The architects have succeeded, however, in evolving a scheme which, when completed, will have both unity and coherence, and a picturesqueness unequaled on the continent. The



QUARTERS OF THE SUPERINTENDENT AND HIS STAFF, AND OF THE COMMANDANT OF CADETS—ON THE LEFT ARE THE WASHINGTON STATUE AND THE BATTLE MONUMENT

rugged, climbing masses of semi-medieval Gothic structures that scale the granite cliffs and rise in towering succession to their crowning feature, the cathedral-like chapel on Observatory Hill, will form a group of buildings in harmony with both their use and their environment, and worthy of the great institution they house. Although the topographical conditions, which afford only a narrow and irregular site, have presented a problem of great difficulty both in composition and structural handling, they offer a picturesqueness that compensates for all the trouble.

There are now completed the new Cadet Barracks, the Cavalry and Artillery Barracks, the Cavalry and Artillery Stables, the Power Plant for heat and light, and many sets of officers' quarters. The foundations of the new gymnasium are in, and the superstructure is in progress. The great Administration Building is well under way, as well as the new Bachelor Officers' Quarters. A great deal of grading has been done, and the new Cavalry and Artillery Plain will probably be ready for use this fall.

When the great work of renovation is completed, the Military Academy of the United States will be by far the most splendidly equipped general military school in the world, as it is now the first in efficiency; and in the new Naval Academy the country already possesses the supremacy among naval schools. In these two institutions, together with the staff and service schools, the nation, under existing conditions, must find the chief sources of its military strength; for from them will come the men who "know how."

TROPHY POINT, LOOKING NORTHWARD UP THE HUDSON RIVER

THE STORY OF THE BROKEN SARDONYX

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "THE ANGELS OF MESSER ERCOLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

THERE is a small coterie at "The Wayfarers," each man of which tries to "stay latest." On this particular evening some one had let drop the word "superstition," and Bourne had blown a cloud of smoke and said:

"Mighty useful term. If I made a dictionary I'd define it: 'The religion of the other fellow.'"

Farnham's guest, a tall, dark man who had listened most of the evening, smiled and took the pipe from his mouth.

"I wonder if an experience of mine would bore you," he said.

Naturally, there was a polite chorus of disclaimers.

"It's apropos, and it has meant a good deal to me. I take it none of you is interested in engraved gems?" and then, as we doubtless looked our ignorance, he went on: "Few are, in these days; in fact, it's rather surprising how many really cultured men hardly know that such things exist. To me they are the most absorbing branch of archeology. More than any other, they bring us close to the individual and his thoughts. Primarily the signets that every man with any property or interests had to have, they represent, in miniature, all the art, the religion, the tastes, and the life of antiquity."

"But where do you get such things?" asked Perrine.

"Everywhere," said Scott. "Think how many there must have been, and how comparatively indestructible they are. Hundreds are dug up every year. Peasants find them. They get into the antiquity-shops in every foreign city, and more than you'd imagine find their way over here. So much for preface. Now for the story;" and this is what he told us in a New York club, in the twentieth century, while we sat back comfortably and smoked, and never a man smiled.

II

ABOUT five years ago I spent more or less of a week, here in New York, wandering around the different foreign quarters, and mousing in little jewelry-shops. One never knows what may be there, especially in the rubbish-tray, full of broken, base-metal ornaments, cheap stones, bits of glass, and the like, that a small jeweler generally keeps in the drawer of his work-table.

I GAVE A LITTLE GASP OF SURPRISE AND PLEASURE

This particular fellow happened to be a Sicilian, and his place isn't very far from Mulberry Bend. I drifted in, lounged across his old show-case, and started a conversation. There's no trouble about that with a Sicilian, even if you don't speak Italian very well. They're generally polite, and they'd all rather talk than eat—which is fortunate for them, when they're in Sicily. I suppose it's a case of evolution and the survival of the fittest.

Well, my Sicilian rattled along, and I threw in an occasional remark when I caught his drift, working round gradually to the rubbish-drawer. Out it came at last, with the usual apologies, both verbal and in pantomime. Then I gave a little gasp of surprise and pleasure; and yet I'm not at all sure it was just those alone. You may laugh, if you please, but the instant that drawer was pulled open, and before I saw a thing in it, a curious sense of exultation went through me. A few seconds later, when it lay on the show-case and I had glanced at its contents, the definite note of surprise and joy was struck.

Of course, there was the usual mess of hopeless vulgarities and broken odds and ends; but amid it all lay an object upon which I pounced with an unguarded eagerness that might have cost me many dollars had not my Sicilian been a gentleman, with perhaps a strain of Saracen or Norman blood in his veins to redeem the degenerate Greek.

My find was a sardonyx scaraboid, a beautiful stone, but somewhat calcined by fire, and with the upper left-hand corner broken off. It was the peculiar quality of the workmanship on the intaglio, however, that had carried me away. The long yet broad and soft strokes of flat cutting instruments, handled with the perfection of technical skill; the lack of polish in the interior of the design; the simple grace of its composition, and the admirable drawing of the two figures—all these things convinced me that I had here a Greek gem of the best period, somewhere along the latter half of the fifth century before the Christian era.

"What do you want for this?" I asked, struggling hard to get the indifference of the bargainer into my voice.

The jeweler looked at me and smiled. Then he picked up the stone and examined it.

"It is good work," he said, "but broken. I have had it many years, and no one has wanted it. Therefore I shall not make you pay what I might. Is a dollar fair?"

"It is more than fair," I exclaimed. "I'll make it two, if only to show that I appreciate."

He bowed and laughed and threw out his hands; and so, a few minutes later, I went away with the broken sardonyx in my pocket.

Well, I don't know that I can make you men realize the delight of such an acquisition. All methods of conveyance seemed too slow to bring me to my hotel, where I could examine and study it. Once there, with the gem under my glass, every point added to an enthusiasm which I had never known before, and which even I found it hard to understand.

The design had consisted of two figures facing each other. One was complete—a Hermes, nude and posed with infinite grace, bearing his attributes, a caduceus and a purse. The line of breakage ran diagonally, directly above his head and thence down, leaving only the lower half of the left-hand figure, a draped female. In the exergue, beneath the line on which they stood, were three Greek letters — a *gamma,* an *epsilon,* and a *lambda,* reversed so as to read correctly in an impression. These were evidently the first letters of the owner's name; and then I found a very small, sketchily cut *phi,* behind the draped figure and close to the break. Here was the beginning of the artist's signature running up the side, showing, from the mere fact of signature, that he was, as I had well divined, one of the masters of his craft. The rest was

I FOUND MYSELF CONFRONTED BY THREE ROUGH-LOOKING FELLOWS

CLASPING THE CASKET IN MY ARMS, I FAIRLY PLUNGED DOWN INTO THE FIELD

gone—lost forever. Perhaps I might some day venture one of those guesses that add their charm to such studies; but to know positively—that is the summit of bliss, and alas, it could not well be hoped for.

I had the scaraboid set as a watch-fob, and from the moment I began to wear it I became conscious of a curious influence. Perhaps I should best define it as a sort of vague restlessness, asserting itself at all times when the stress of absorbing thought or occupation slackened enough to leave my mind in the least receptive. I laid it to physical causes, then, in so far as I laid it to anything; but that was only after its continuance for a week or so had gradually forced the condition upon my notice.

At night, curiously enough, I slept dreamlessly and well, but for a long time it never occurred to me to connect this with the absence of the sardonyx. It was only my days that were full of jumbled dreams.

If I had examined it once, I had done so a hundred times, and with magnifying glasses of varied powers. It was easy enough to imagine a completed design, but impossible to verify my imagination. The draped female figure might be any of half a dozen. The intaglio was of a period when the artistic spirit had begun to displace the more archaic tendency to fill the space with the picture at all costs; nevertheless, much of that spirit remained, and I felt sure that even the part of the stone that had been above the head of the Hermes could hardly have been empty.

One day, when I was in New York again, I went to my Sicilian in the little jewelry-shop and pleaded with him for any scrap of knowledge or remembrance he might have. Doubtless my tones expressed an agitation altogether out of keeping with the subject, for he eyed me curiously, and his low, broad brow wrinkled in deep, horizontal lines to his thick hair.

He had brought the stone with him twenty years ago, when he had come to America from Sciacca, in southwestern Sicily. It had been given him, as luck-bringing, by a man from Girgenti, to whom he had been of some slight service. The man said he had found it there. As for the luck—well, he had carried it for several years without any apparent effect — rather the reverse. Since then it had kicked about among his slender possessions, and my two dol-

lars was the only good fortune it had ever brought.

Ah, how he had longed for Sicily through those first years! He had dreamed of it each night—the broad plains of growing grain and grasses, always with a thick clump of carob-trees in the midst and a city perched on a rocky height. Now he had become reconciled; he was a good American who ate meat every day, and never thought of returning. For a visit? Why, were not his family here, and all his friends who had not died or forgotten him? And there was always the sickness of the sea!

It was not much knowledge that I went away with, you will say; and yet to me it seemed much. We are very imaginative, we who love archeology from its romantic side, as the drawings of the restorationists prove. It was probable—almost certain—that my gem had been found at or near Girgenti, the ancient Akragas, second richest and greatest city of Hellenic Sicily—a community worthy to have had among its citizens the owner of such a work of art. As for my Sicilian's homesickness, and the plains and the carobs and the city of which he had dreamed during the years when he wore the gem, the homesickness was natural enough, and the scene, doubtless, far from unique. Perhaps it was only some recollection that pictured it—you see, I am not above commonplace explanations of things; and then a thought flashed through my mind.

My broken scaraboid showed also, as I have said, the calcined appearance that fire gives the sardonyx. It was a work of the fifth century—probably of the latter half; and in the year 406 B.C. Akragas was taken and burned by Himilco with his Carthaginian hordes. What more likely than that he whose seal it was fell in the sack, and that the stone took its blemishes amid the crashing walls and the flames of the stricken city.

III

I CANNOT say exactly when the power that drew me toward Girgenti first made itself definite to my consciousness. It was all so gradual—or, at least, I think it was; and then, too, Sicily had always been one of the spots I had wanted to visit. That Sicily, however, should come to mean to me Girgenti, and Girgenti alone, was a little curious. What I expected, what I could have expected, I do not know, but to go had become an overmastering necessity.

Fortune, if you please, favored me. Six months later began my Sabbatical year—perhaps you have not recognized me as a professor of Greek. I was free from the grind of the class-room. I expected to spend the time studiously, to be sure, but I was free! Ah, it would be studies of my own choosing that I would follow!

Less than three weeks had passed when the train from Palermo landed me in Girgenti, and my plump, good-natured host of the Pensione Belvedere ensconced me in a tile-floored room with its little balcony hanging over the plain that stretched away southward to the sea. There I sat and smoked far into the night, watching the starlight playing among the shadows below and flashing now and again from a wave-crest in the distance.

With morning, the panorama of what was once a city lay spread out before me. Could Himilco have desired more? Shrunken into the ancient citadel upon the hill, the Girgenti of to-day clustered above; but far down over all the plain, where once stood Akragas, the rich, the mighty, there now lay only pastures and corn-fields and olive-orchards, with here and there the peristyle of a ruined temple standing, ghost-like, amid the rural solitude. I pondered how Antisthenes, on the marriage of his daughter, had feasted all the citizens in the street where he lived—one of those streets now unmarked and silent save for the buzz of the locust. I thought of Gellias and his wine-cellars with their three hundred cisterns cut from the solid rock, each holding its hundred amphoras; Gellias—

Suddenly a wild fancy flashed upon me. There, on my scaraboid, were cut the first three letters of its owner's name —G, E, L. Could it be that I had the signet of the rich merchant, the witty politician—of that Gellias who had died in the temple of Athene on the night of

the Carthaginian massacre, twenty-three hundred years ago? It was worthy of his wealth and taste, the dates of the gem and of the man were as one, and those discolorations might well have been burned in when his body was consumed in the flames of the blazing temple.

I almost cried out as my dream gathered headway. Every point of evidence reached toward the same conclusion, and, above all, I *felt* its truth in the sense of repose that replaced my mental disturbance.

For a week or more I wandered about the country, sketching, measuring ruins, and taking notes of things archeological. Then I had an adventure, the bearing of which you shall judge.

I had strolled westward, across the dry bed of the ancient Hypsas—the stream that had once been bridged by the Ponte dei Morti—up the rising ground where had lain the necropolis of the city, and on into the country beyond. It was a lovely region with widely scattered farmhouses.

Suddenly, as if springing from the earth itself, I found myself confronted by three rough-looking fellows whose bold eyes, worn velvet jackets, and rakishly set skull-caps brought vividly to my mind old tales of Sicilian brigandage—tales which I had been led to believe were indeed of times past. Still, I could not but recall the Berber stock and the bad repute of the people of the district—the *mala gente* of Girgenti, as the Sicilians pun it—and I blamed myself, when too late, for my careless and solitary rambling.

Of their purpose I was not left long in doubt. The demand for money was couched in terms that were plainly threatening. There was nothing to do but to keep my nerve and my temper, and carry off the situation as well as might be. I pulled some coppers from my pocket—luckily all I had—and said, in such Italian as I could command:

"You're welcome to my money, if you want it; but I should think you gentlemen would know better than to ask such a thing from a poor foreign student. If you were sensible you would, instead, do me the honor of sharing my lunch."

As I spoke, I showed the package which my host of the Belvedere had put up—bread, meat, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, and a bottle of red wine.

Well, my footpads looked surprised enough. They glanced at the coppers, at the package, and at my smiling face. Then the grace of manner that one finds in most Italians, even of the lowest class, showed itself. The traditions of gentlemanly brigandage triumphed in its degenerate scions. They laughed—a bit constrainedly, I thought—but they accepted my invitation politely, and, as we ate and drank together, good fellowship soon established itself.

I have seldom dined or lunched my most civilized friends with greater satisfaction. Fortunately, my *padrone* always persisted in giving me enough for four men, despite my repeated protests at the size and weight of his lunch packages. Now, I blessed him for his stubbornly generous estimate of my capacity. Black Italian cigars with straws through them, cut in lengths, by the yard or thereabouts, ended our feast; and at last my guests rose to go. We shook hands warmly. The question of the coppers was ignored all around; and then my eyes fell upon a small bit of colored stone that one of my new friends wore suspended from a string about his neck.

Why I had not noticed it before I cannot imagine, for it was plainly in view, as all such charms must be to avail against the evil eye. Perhaps my absorption in the situation and in the personality of urbane brigandage had been too complete, but now I saw, and, as if by intuition, I knew.

The quick eyes of the Sicilian had followed mine, and his brain divined some unusual interest. In an instant he had slipped the string from his neck and held it out to me.

"The *signor* is pleased with the stone?" he said, with a manner no drawing-room could duplicate. "It is of great age, and even the fragment of the picture it holds will keep evil from him. It is his!"

Mechanically, I took it. A single glance, and my mind had fitted every inequality of the breakage, every line of the striations, with those of my Hermes. And the upper part of the female figure! It was there indeed, a Victory,

bearing a palm-branch over her shoulder. Her right arm was raised and extended, and her hand held a chaplet, as if to place it upon the head of the god of commerce—a fitting subject for the signet of a successful merchant. That naught should be lacking, there, too, in minute Greek letters, along the side, was the rest of the artist's signature—"*Phrygillos epoiei*"—"Phrygillos made me."

To say that I was dazed is to say nothing. I was conscious that the donor was looking at me with a little surprise to see how his trivial gift had overwhelmed the foreigner; but my explanation was ready. I drew my larger fragment from my pocket, fitted the two together, and held it out to him.

"See, now, what you have done for me!" I said.

One by one, with amazement deepening in their dark faces, the men examined the completed design.

"It is true," said my friend. "The *signor* is most happy, and I, to have brought him fortune. It is the Holy Virgin crowning the Lord Christ!"

I did not smile at this truly medieval interpretation of the picture, but I got my scattered senses together enough to thank him for his gift—thanks which he waved gravely aside.

"It is a pleasure," he said; and then, with awakening presence of mind, and almost trembling lest he should know nothing, I asked if he could tell me where his piece had been found.

Assuredly. Did the *signor* know the bases of ancient columns built into the wall of a low passage behind the church of Santa Maria dei Greci? The stone had been given him for a couple of soldi by a child, the daughter of a former custodian—for it was years ago. She had found it, she said, in the passage—had picked it out from between the stones of the flagging.

A wild exultation surged over me. My story was complete, as was my gem. I could only mumble repeated thanks. I never thought of offering to meet this gentleman again when I had money with me. Perhaps he would have taken it, perhaps he would have knifed me—I don't know; but, as it turned out, I'm glad I didn't. A moment later, they had bade me adieu, and I saw them swing off and disappear over the hilltop.

IV

What with all these happenings, the day had drifted on. You do not bother much about mere time, when you are in Sicily. The centuries behind are so stupendous and so full that the hour ahead seems as nothing; and so I lit my pipe and leaned back against some old bit of masonry, with my hands clasped behind my head. There I sat and smoked, dreaming, with a queer sense of peaceful exultation pervading my whole being. To you who are Americans, and in New York, "peaceful exultation" may be an odd combining of words; but somehow, with that gem in my pocket, my future seemed sure and fortunate. I had only to follow the inclination of each moment, the promptings of fate, and be happy.

At last I became conscious that the shadows were lengthening, the sun dropping fast toward the horizon. I rose, still dreaming, gloriously indifferent, and walked.

Were I to live a thousand years I might never be able to tell you why I did not walk toward Girgenti, where I could see the balcony of my room hanging out over the valley. Were we all living two thousand years ago, possibly I might. You may call it what you please. "Luck" is the readiest word, and, if you will pardon me, the most illogical.

I walked toward the plain of the ancient city, back by the Bridge of the Dead, and across the fields southward of the little Gothic church of San Nicolo and the absurdly named Oratory of Phalaris. Suddenly my feet grew heavy. They seemed rooted to the ground, like those of some fleeing nymph whom the protecting god would turn into a tree. I looked around me with a dull sense of wonder.

All about lay broad stretches of growing grain. Above sat Girgenti, perched upon the rocky heights of the old citadel. Straight before me was a thick clump of gnarled and twisted carob-trees that seemed to have their roots in the stylobate of some temple or the ruins of an ancient house. Then my feet felt loose again, and I went straight forward. I

clambered up the low mound, into the thicket of trunks—why? I cannot explain.

At last I stopped short, panting from the exertion, and my eyes fell to where the roots of the largest tree twined in and out among the stones, pushing them this way and that. One of these had been but recently forced from its place, and had rolled several feet down the declivity. The earth was freshly turned, and, thrusting up from it, I saw a sharp corner of bronze, green with oxidation.

In an instant I was on my knees, tearing away soil and roots like a dog; the next, I held in my hand a bronze casket, measuring perhaps twelve inches by eight by five, and very heavy.

I knew there was nothing more there. I never returned to the place, but I *knew;* and, clasping the casket in my arms, I fairly plunged down into the field and ran.

It was dark now, fortunately for me, and the goats and asses and painted carts had all been stabled. Otherwise I fear I should have met peasants, and a *forestiere* running madly up hill with a big bronze box would have excited more than attention and comment. As it was, I gained my hotel and my room, and threw myself, exhausted, upon the bed. Dinner-time was long past, but I wanted no food.

With returning strength and composure, I drew out my box from under the bed, where I had hastily thrust it. One more surprise was in store for me, if I can truly call any of these experiences surprises. A lump of some substance that looked like clay clung to the hasp; and, when I brought the lamp close, I saw the impression of that same signet whose broken fragments lay in my pocket.

Gentlemen, I am not a rich man, but I have enough to live on and to gratify a few archeological tastes that are not altogether inexpensive. That box was not a large one, but when I tell you that the Louvre paid me forty thousand francs for a small figure of Pallas in gold, and the Metropolitan Museum many times as much for a few pieces which, on the score of international complications, I shall not describe, you will understand that I had fallen upon the choicest art treasures of a cultured and wealthy man of cultured times. It is pretty safe to say that few finds among the remains of antiquity have yielded in equal measure.

V

The professor sat silent. So did we, viewing him, I imagine, with varied feelings, the expression of some of which politeness no doubt restrained. At last Perrine spoke—rather inconsequently, I thought.

"How about the Italian government? Didn't you have trouble getting the things out of the country?"

"No trouble, but some anxiety," said Scott. "The slender baggage of a man like me is not generally examined closely, and I did not even have to lie. Italy has taken so much out of Sicily from the days of Verres down that I felt few scruples; and then it seemed to me that my friend, Gellias, might have intended me to be his beneficiary. I don't know."

"Did you ever hear of your brigands again?" asked Bourne.

Professor Scott smoked a moment in silence.

"A few days later," he said, "I was fortunate enough to get the fellow who gave me the missing fragment out of the hands of the police. It did not cost much. If the *carabinieri* had got him, it might have been difficult. They don't bribe. I can't say what he'd done, but he was a gentleman, and I owed him something. He called on me last year, kissed my hand, and said he was doing very well, manufacturing spaghetti in Brooklyn."

"Do you mean to tell us," queried Farnham, after another pause, "that you really believe in the occult side of all this business?"

"Occult? No," said the professor slowly, "not as you mean it; but there may be a few natural laws that you and I and our contemporaries have not quite got to the bottom of yet. I've merely told you how Victory crowned Hermes, who, among his other provinces, as you may know, was the god of dreams and the patron of those who seek for hidden treasure; all of which may or may not be material."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

BY WILLIAM HARD

THE American people are to-day witnessing the accomplishment of a national enterprise more difficult than the war with Spain, more important than the Panama Canal. They are standing on the very verge of the consummation of one of the most heroic and spectacular victories ever won by civilized man over the forces of nature.

In the course of a battle of sixty years, the Great American Desert, which once stretched its huge bulk all the way from Arkansas to Oregon and from southern California to North Dakota, has been attacked, defeated, routed, dispersed into fragments. It has become a myth. It has gone to the limbo of forgotten things, along with the sea-serpents which the old geographers used to depict sunning themselves on the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. All that is left to-day of what our ancestors called the Great American Desert is a series of scattered pieces, widely distributed and widely separated, which show on the map like the severed limbs of a slain dragon.

It is difficult to-day to realize that when our ancestors looked west across the Mississippi and the Missouri, they thought they were looking at a desert. It is difficult to realize that where we see, on our present-day maps, such words as "Nebraska," "Oklahoma," "Denver," "Salt Lake City," "Spokane," and "Fargo," our ancestors saw, on their maps, in big forbidding type, the words "Great American Desert."

Seventeen million people live to-day in the nineteen States and Territories included wholly or partially in the Great American Desert of the early part of the last century. It is a population almost exactly equal to the total population of the United States in 1840. It is a population almost half as large as that of contemporary France.

These nineteen States and Territories were conceded by many of our wisest ancestors to the dried prairie-grass, the thorny cactus, the gnarled mesquit, the broken rocks, and flying sands of the desert. To-day they contain four hundred million acres of enclosed farmland, which is almost half the total farm acreage of the United States.

These nineteen States and Territories were once given over to the buffalo and the antelope. They now feed seventy million domesticated animals.

When the schoolboy of the early years of the last century looked at the maps in his "geography-book," he saw the words "Great American Desert" staring him in the face and dissuading him from all thoughts of ever finding anything west of the Missouri except excitement and adventure. And when this schoolboy grew to be a man he carried his childhood recollections with him. He was inclined to feel as Senator McDuffie, of South Carolina, felt, just about sixty years ago, when he expressed his scorn for what are now the States of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, by saying: "I would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory."

This was, indeed, the general attitude, only sixty years ago, toward a land where, since that time, in place of the tracks of the buffalo and the antelope, we have constructed eighty thousand miles of steel tracks for the iron horse of modern industry.

THE CHANGES OF SIXTY YEARS

The magnitude of this miracle can be understood only by illustration and comparison. Suppose that this evening, after the children had gone to bed, you

were to pick up the school geography they had brought home with them. Suppose you were to turn the pages till you came to the map of Africa. Suppose, then, that on that map, in the part of it devoted to the Sahara Desert, in the very middle of that part, you were to discover a city entered by eight railroads, possessed of twenty-five miles of asphalted streets, producing manufactured products to the annual value of fifty million dollars, and boasting of a population of one hundred and fifty thousand people of European descent — not Africans or Arabs, but white men!

You would regard that city as a creation of magic. But in America that city is called Denver. Denver stands very near the middle of what our ancestors regarded as the irreclaimable expanse of the Great American Desert. And old Zebulon Pike, who toiled through Nebraska and Colorado a hundred years ago on his way to discover Pike's Peak, would look at the city in the Sahara with less surprise, perhaps, than he would evidence if he were permitted to see the Denver of to-day.

And Denver is only an illustration, an incident, a symbol.

In 1893 the Great American Desert, on behalf of that part of it which lies within the State of Idaho, came to the World's Fair at Chicago with twenty-four different varieties of apples. In 1900 desert lands in the San Bernardino Valley, in southern California, were bearing oranges. In 1870 they had been bearing sage-brush and mesquit. In 1900 they were selling at more than a thousand dollars an acre. In 1870 they had sold at perhaps seventy-five cents. Our most famous variety of potato, the Greeley potato, comes from what was part of the desert, in Colorado, only thirty years ago. Our most famous melon, the Rocky Ford melon, comes from a similar district in the same State. The most expensive agricultural land in the whole United States to-day must be credited to the Great American Desert.

How were such wonders accomplished? How was a desert taught to bear all manner of fruits, all manner of vegetables, all manner of grains? How was a desert transfixed with eighty thousand miles of steel rails? How was a desert made the home of seventeen million people?

The answer to these questions forms a stirring drama, or, rather, a thrilling melodrama, every act of which is filled with scenes of adventure, of heroism, of blood, of tears, of devotion, of triumph. In this year 1908 it is instructive and inspiring to the American citizen to look back over such episodes, and to draw enthusiasm and confidence from them for the days that are yet to come. The conquest of the Great American Desert is perhaps the greatest achievement in American history, and the details of that conquest have an interest that is patriotic as well as picturesque.

SOME MISTAKEN PREDICTIONS

The curtain went up on the first act when, in 1803, President Jefferson, by purchasing the Louisiana Territory from Napoleon, stretched the Constitution of the United States till it cracked, and also stretched the United States itself from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains. Jefferson then thought that he had gone far enough. He thought that the aridity of the desert and the altitude of the mountains of the West would furnish the United States with an excellent and a permanent western boundary. He thought that the Pacific Coast would some day be occupied and settled by white men, but he did not think that it would ever be part of the great republic of which he was the chief magistrate.

In a letter to John Jacob Astor, in 1812, the great Virginian looked forward to a time when on the Pacific Coast there would be a "free and independent America, unconnected with us except by ties of blood and interest, and employing, like us, the rights of self-government."

It was a curious sentiment, based entirely upon the fact that Jefferson thought he saw a mighty desert stretching between him and the Pacific Coast, and rendering the governmental union of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans forever impossible.

Tracy, of New York, in the House of Representatives ten years later, still held to this point of view. "Nature," he said, "has fixed limits for our nation. She has kindly provided, as our western barrier, mountains almost inaccessible,

whose base she has skirted with irreclaimable deserts."

The great Senator Benton, of Missouri, though close to actual Western conditions, was equally under the spell of the desert. "This republic," he said, "should have limits. On the west, the ridge of the Rocky Mountains may be named without offense as presenting a convenient and natural everlasting boundary. Along this ridge the western limit of the republic should be drawn, and the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be erected on its highest peak, never to be overthrown."

But Jefferson, Tracy, and Benton were statesmen. They spent most of their time on platforms and in committee-rooms. Perhaps the travelers, adventurers, and explorers who went out into the Western country came to a different conclusion. We shall see.

There was plenty of traveling, adventuring, and exploring in those days, in that first act of the drama, in the years between the Louisiana Purchase and the Civil War. Real agricultural settlement on a large scale did not begin till after the war. The earlier period was devoted to other things.

Those were the days when our trappers and hunters used to fight the trappers and hunters of England out in the Oregon Territory, and when these sons of the desert used to foregather, from incredible distances, at Jackson's Hole in the Tetons in Wyoming, and at Ogden's Hole near the Great Salt Lake in Utah. Those were the days when Ashley dragged cannon with him to Utah to defend his post. Those were the days when men died because of too little water on the Santa Fé trail, and died because of too much snow on the Oregon trail. Those were the days when we went to California, not to found homes, but to discover gold.

It was a time of romance, of vague aspirations, of battles with Indians, of battles with Mexicans, of heart-breaking searches for gold, but not, generally speaking, of that settlement of farmers and their families on which alone a real State can be erected. And the reason can be read in the character given to the country at the time by competent men who had seen it with their own eyes.

When Zebulon Pike came back from discovering Pike's Peak, he expressed his opinion of the Western prairies as follows:

> These vast plains may come in time to be as celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa. But there arises from them one advantage to the United States—namely, the restriction of our population to some certain limits, and thereby a continuance of the Union. Our citizens, though so prone to rambling and extending themselves on the frontier, will, of necessity, be constrained to limit their extension on the west to the boundaries of the Missouri and the Mississippi, while they leave the prairies, incapable of cultivation, to the wandering and uncivilized aborigines of the country.

Opinions of this kind, drawn from the early years of the nineteenth century, might be multiplied to the dimensions of a whole issue of this magazine.

Major Long, for instance, after exploring the Platte Valley, and after camping on the site of Denver, about the year 1820, said:

> In regard to this extensive section of the country we do not hesitate to give the opinion that it is almost wholly unfit for cultivation, and, of course, uninhabitable by a people dependent upon agriculture for subsistence. This region, viewed as a frontier, however, may prove of infinite value to the United States, inasmuch as it is calculated to serve as a barrier to prevent too great an extension of our population, and to secure us from the machinations of an enemy who might otherwise be disposed to annoy us in this quarter.

No wise man who has read even a few pages of human history will ever make pessimistic prophecies as to the future accomplishments of the human race. It is much safer to be optimistic; and in particular it is a good rule to go even beyond what you think is possible when you are painting the future of the western part of the United States. If you are tempted to do otherwise, just reread the remarks of Zebulon Pike and of Major Long, and then remember that in the year 1905, in that small part of the Great American Desert which lies within the State of Nebraska, there were two and a half million acres of wheat and eight million acres of corn.

Nevertheless, in the period before the

Civil War, there was just one—only one—great agricultural feat performed in the region west of the Missouri River. And that feat must be credited to a religious sect which has been the cause of much worry to the other inhabitants of this country.

THE BEGINNING OF IRRIGATION

In the year 1847, the Mormon settlers of Utah, having wearily but heroically traversed the Great American Desert with seventy-two wagons, one hundred horses, fifty mules and oxen, nineteen cows, and a few chickens, turned the waters of City Creek from their original channel and diverted them in part to the thirsty, alkaline soil which they regarded as their "promised land." In doing this they introduced the art of irrigation to the English-speaking race. It was a historic moment.

The United States government is today working on twenty-five irrigation projects, on which the gigantic sum of sixty million dollars will be expended. Irrigation has become one of the vertebræ in the backbone of the prosperity of this country. But to the impoverished and harassed wanderers of the Mormon Church, under the leadership of that strange captain of industry, Brigham Young, will always belong the honor of having first brought the fertile soil of the desert into contact with the fertilizing waters of the desert streams.

It was a policy which more than repaid the people who adopted it. When Utah was admitted to the Union, in 1896, it had almost twenty thousand farms, and only about two thousand of these were encumbered with mortgages.

Most people, however, not being driven out into the desert by their religion, were not quite so enthusiastic about it. Farmers who had been accustomed to such outdoor prospects as those of Ohio took one look at the treeless plains beyond the Missouri and said:

"Land that won't grow trees won't grow anything."

That was an agricultural superstition that had to be overcome. And as for the greatest of the rivers of the desert, the common opinion was pretty well expressed by the river pilot who said:

"The Missouri is the last river in God's creation. When the Almighty finished making all the other rivers, He took the slops and made the Missouri."

The Civil War was the intermission between the first and second acts of the conquest of the desert.

With the opening of the second act there came the real deluge of immigration. Within twenty years after the conclusion of the war, the population of Nebraska rose from twenty-eight thousand to half a million; the population of Kansas from one hundred thousand to a million; the population of the Dakotas from five thousand to one hundred and forty thousand.

THE RUSH FOR HOMESTEADS

Many of the heroes of the Civil War, released from their regiments, became heroes of the plains. They were looking not so much for gold, or for adventure, as for homes. Congress gave the railroads more than one hundred million acres of public land in order to encourage them to build the cars and locomotives and tracks that would carry the settlers to their homes. In 1869, near Ogden, Utah, within a short distance from the famous rendezvous of the early trappers, the last spikes were driven home in the ties of the railroad that linked the Missouri with San Francisco Bay. It was a time of big doings and of bigger imaginings. Every hamlet saw itself a metropolis.

"How can a town like this support four papers?" said a visitor.

"Why, stranger," replied a citizen, "it takes four papers to support the town!"

The modern American science of advertising owes something to the West. So does the modern American faculty for doing things fast.

In the space of thirty-seven years—from 1862 to 1899—the farmers of western America took up government land to the extent of one hundred and seventy million acres. This means nothing till it is translated; but being translated, it means an area of nearly two hundred and seventy thousand square miles—almost as much as Germany and Italy put together.

That was the pace. The Great American Desert was melting away like snow.

Large sections of it were found to be as fertile as Illinois. The sterility of these sections was a myth. They looked sterile; they deceived the explorer; but when they were questioned by the plow of the farmer they returned an answer in harvests that astonished the world.

The typical scene of this period took place on April 22, 1889. On that day, at the sound of the bugle, fifty thousand "boomers" sprinted across the Oklahoma line. Before night the town of Guthrie had a population of ten thousand souls.

During this period irrigation began in earnest. The eastern part of the Great American Desert needed only courage. The western part needed water; and in order to get water it was necessary to build ditches, flumes, dams, reservoirs. The settlers fought against the idea of irrigation as long as they could. They preferred to get water some other way. They thought they could precipitate rain from the sky by artificial means. The Agricultural Department spent several thousand dollars discharging powerful explosives at high elevations. The result was a big noise, but not much rain. One of the Western railways discovered a rain-wizard and carried him over its line in a special car, promising showers on regular schedule time. This plan, also, turned out to be only a big noise.

VAST MODERN IRRIGATION WORKS

At last it came to be perfectly clear that the only feasible way of getting water, in the contemporary state of scientific knowledge, was to take it from either the surface or the subsurface of the earth. The activity which followed on this conclusion was shown in 1899 by the fact that there were then more than seven million acres of irrigated land in the United States, while in 1870 there had been only twenty thousand such acres. And to-day the United States government irrigation-works alone have more than six million acres in prospect of reclamation. The irrigator is the last figure in the disappearance of the Great American Desert, just as the trapper was the first.

The desert, as a whole, has ceased to be an obstacle to civilization. It exists to-day only in fragments. It has been pounded into pieces. If you look for it on the official maps of the United States, you will see one piece of it still recognized as the Salt Lake Desert, just southwest of the Great Salt Lake, and another piece still recognized as the Colorado and Mohave deserts in southern California. These are the two largest pieces on the maps of to-day; and, together, they do not cover one per cent of the area once labeled with the terrifying phrase, "Great American Desert."

Along with this penetration and dispersion of the desert there has come a totally new view of its soil and climate. There are many parts of it which, because of a lack of water, cannot to-day be cultivated; but there are very few parts which, in themselves, are sterile. The old explorers and statesmen expressed their opinions of the Western section of the United States in terms which we have quoted. They would think they were with *Alice* in Wonderland if they could read the statements made about that same region to-day.

Here is one such statement. It is from the pen of C. J. Blanchard, statistician of the United States Reclamation Service:

> In the range of her resources, in the charm and healthfulness of her climate, and in the fertility of her soil, New Mexico typifies the arid region.

There you have the modern attitude toward the desert! This attitude, this state of mind, means more than any external, physical fact could possibly mean. They say out West that just as human civilization had its first weak beginning in the arid region of Egypt and Syria, so it is destined to have its grandest and strongest climax in the arid region of North America. And they venture to express this thought just sixty years after the Mormons drew the first drops of irrigating, fertilizing water from the bed of City Creek, in Utah.

It has been a wonderful sixty years. It has witnessed the dissipation of one of the great terrors of the world, the conquest of one of the great waste places of the world. But they say out West that the next sixty years will be more wonderful still.

THE SPELLBINDER

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

AUTHOR OF "ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS," ETC.

SIGNS of marked political activity could have been detected in Owasco County remarkably early in the year. Even before the ripe brown heads of the winter wheat had begun to fall beneath the clattering reapers, buggies driven by prominent citizens might have been observed following unusual courses through the county. With such a split in the party as was involved by a difference of opinion between Hiram Gage, the postmaster at Clover Hollow, and the Hon. Simon Clinch, at Lakeville, preparations and combinations were begun betimes.

The last week before "the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November" was a period of mounting interest, of culminating excitement. The fences of the entire countryside were covered with election placards in unprecedented profuseness. In Piedmont, the county seat, each shop-window was ornamented with the printed presentment of some affably smiling candidate. Across Main Street hung so many fluttering banners that driving a skittish colt beneath them was no easy task.

With Shattuck, though his name held no place on his party's ticket, interest in the contest was very direct. If Simon Clinch and his faction carried the day, if their unacknowledged union with the other side was successful, farewell to all chance of independent and competing railway connections for the town. As the largest stockholder of the Piedmont National Bank; as the person most interested in the destinies of the Piedmont Sash and Door Company; as the owner of many spreading acres of farming-land, anything harmful to the community was financially injurious to Shattuck. Besides, he desired Jim Crossly to be elected. Crossly was his friend, and Crossly—little Mrs. Crossly would require luxurious and costly care in the near future—needed the money he would receive as county treasurer.

"We might as well make up our minds here and now we're going to get licked," said Crossly with a brave pretense of taking it unconcernedly, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, gazing down listlessly through the open window of his office in the corner of the second story of the Shattuck Block.

He looked across the broad, unpaved Main Street, where the gold and vermeil of the scattered leaves shone brightly in the mild sunlight of the autumn afternoon. His eyes rested on the large red-lettered announcement headed "Mass Meeting" on the bill-board directly over the way.

"Don't give up the ship!" enjoined Shattuck heartily.

"The affair to-night is sure to be a failure," continued Crossly with deeper gloom; "and everything depends on it."

"Because Berwin—the Silver-Tongued, as they call him—has gone back on us. Well, he was our strong drawing-card, and things would have been different if he had been here. I suppose he thinks he's too big a gun to be willing to fire himself off in the backwoods—a speaker who fills Madison Square Garden so that they have to have a side-show outside for the overflow! However, I've not let his 'sudden indisposition' quite throw us down."

"What have you done?" Crossly asked, with some curiosity but little tone of hope.

"Glover, the secretary of the State committee, is an old pal of mine. When I found we were in a hole, I telegraphed to him at once to help us out. I wrote an eloquent appeal, describing our needs, and declaring that the entire business turned on our having some one here who

could hold the crowd to-night and send them back to their homes wiser and better men. I've only just got his answer."

Shattuck held out the crumpled yellow sheet of a telegram, which Crossly took, and from which he read slowly:

Am sending John Darcy. Just what you want!

"Who in thunder is John Darcy?" he inquired.

"Search me," answered Shattuck. "I never heard of him. I suppose, though, he's some new and shining light who's sprung up suddenly."

"I don't know," Crossly replied, with but little assurance.

"Anyway," Shattuck continued decidedly, "Glover knows. I can trust him."

"The worst of it is," Crossly went on dolefully, "that the other side have fixed it up to make a regular rough-house of the hall. They're not going to let any one be heard if they can help it."

"Oh, yes, he'll need nerve as well as eloquence, whoever he is, for he'll be up against a tough proposition. Some of that crowd from down by the railway—and they'll be there by orders — don't mind anything. Well, here's hoping!" Shattuck said, as he opened his watch and shut it sharply. "There's just the one train on which our modern Demosthenes can arrive, and I must hurry on and meet him."

Shattuck ran down the office stairs and walked quickly through the quiet, elm-arched back ways along the wooden sidewalks before the white picket fences guarding the neat lawns of the comfortable houses. He thought with anxiety of Crossly, and of the pretty little honeymooning nest up on Cottage Street. If he were not elected, what was to become of that modest establishment so happily started?

Shattuck reflected that he might consider himself fortunate to be a bachelor without such responsibilities. To be sure, with the Shattuck National Bank, the Shattuck Block, and the Piedmont Door and Sash Company, not to speak of other sources of revenue, he need not have the same cares; but now he was absolutely free and independent. Still, as he remembered the cheerful little home he sighed once or twice, most unaccountably, as he tramped along.

Taking the shorter cut, he reached the station within five minutes, and came out on the uncovered platform as a whistle sounded distantly and a puff of smoke showed about a clump of trees down the track. He had only time to make sure that the hack was in readiness before the short train rumbled up and came to a smoking and sizzling standstill. The conductor swung himself off slowly; the engineer, leaning from the cab-window, disposed himself for gossip with a friend. There was no nervous hurry or precipitate bustle about the branch road; neither did it carry many passengers. From the two day-cars descended an unquestionable drummer, an unmistakable minister, two neighboring farmers, Miss Sigsby of the Enterprise Millinery Store, a young woman with a suit-case, half a dozen Italian laborers—

"He—he hasn't come!" muttered Shattuck blankly.

In his surprise and consternation he continued staring helplessly down past the station doors through which the descending passengers were quickly departing. The porter piled up the unloaded trunks on his truck; the express agent, with a neat catch, received the only arriving parcel. The engine emitted a peremptory cough. The train slowly got in motion, and passed from sight around the curve.

The laborers were trudging up the road, chatting volubly. Miss Sigsby, met by her forewoman, walked away with busy directness. The farmers, the clergyman, and the drummer had squeezed themselves into the interior of the omnibus marked "Columbia House." The momentary animation of the scene subsided. Still, Shattuck stood in doubt and perplexity. The seriousness of the situation became more manifest the more he considered what was to be done next.

II

"Please," said a low, almost shy, voice at Shattuck's elbow, "is the Columbia House the best hotel?"

He whirled swiftly about and looked down. The young woman with the suit-case—she was slight and small and girlish—stood before him.

"Yes—yes," he answered absently. "Oh, I beg your pardon—may I help you?"

He held out his hand in an offer to take the luggage she carried. With a nod and a quick little sigh of relief, she entrusted it to his care.

"This is the first time I have ever been here," she confided, as they moved toward the public conveyance. "I—I rather expected to be met by some one and told what to do. You see, I am going to make a speech to-night."

"What!" exclaimed Shattuck, as he took another grasp on the handle of the bag, which had suddenly slipped in his fingers, and which he had nearly allowed to fall to the ground.

"A political speech," she answered gravely; and then she went on with a smile, as if ready to share with him what she evidently felt he might consider the singularity of the situation. "I believe I am to have the honor of addressing the free and independent voters of Piedmont on the political crisis!"

"You!" Shattuck had not as yet gathered himself together sufficiently to be able to employ anything but exclamatory monosyllables.

"Why, yes," she replied almost apologetically, and yet with a certain mischievous amusement in her face.

"But — but Glover telegraphed me that John Darcy was coming."

"Yes," she replied quickly, "Joan Darcy. That's my name—Miss Joan Darcy. That's right. That's I."

"The operator must have mistaken the 'a' for an 'h.' One letter made all the difference," groaned Shattuck. "I never imagined—"

"I can easily understand that," said Miss Darcy readily. "People are often surprised."

"I certainly am," continued Shattuck, still gazing at her.

"Oh," she cried suddenly, "you are so—amusing!"

"Perhaps," he responded grimly. "I don't feel particularly funny, though. What's to be done?"

"Why, I suppose you will tell me where I can get something to eat, and then I'll go to the meeting and speak."

"Can you?" he gasped incredulously.

"I have before."

"You—a woman—a mere girl!"

"I'm glad that you didn't say a mere woman. Oh, there are several of us in the employ of the national and State committees. Indeed, I am considered rather good—something of an 'attraction,'" she continued easily. "My heart is in it, you see. I believe that this is a time when a great deal can be accomplished—ought to be accomplished. I wanted to advance the cause. Then I found that I could talk to people, and that my voice told for something in the fight for right and reason and humanity. Some women go into settlement work—others into the Salvation Army. Why can't a woman accomplish something in politics, and why hasn't she a place there?"

"She—she has," stammered Shattuck.

"I felt strongly about all that is under discussion in the country just now; and if I felt so strongly, I thought that I could make others feel as much," she concluded decidedly. "I consider it my duty as well as my ambition."

"All right," said Shattuck less hastily and more naturally. "Come along. I've got a hack here. I'll drive you to the Columbia House."

Inside the rattling spaciousness of the venerable vehicle, Miss Joan Darcy sank back on the faded cushions and eyed her companion. Then her particularly engaging laugh broke forth anew. Shattuck could not help meeting her merriment with a confused grin.

"And you thought I was a—man!"

"Naturally," he responded.

"Well," she said, "I wish I were. I could do so much more. No—no, I don't," she hastily added. "I mustn't be so ungrateful. For my work, of course, yes; but for fun—" Her dark, bright eyes finished the sentence with a scintillation of satisfaction. "This, though, is decidedly work," she concluded demurely.

"It is," Shattuck assented. "You don't know what you're in for!"

"Is the audience likely to be so very cold?"

"I shouldn't call it exactly that," he responded ominously.

"We'll just have to do the best we can," she said hopefully.

"You're certain you want to under-

take it?" he asked, inspecting her anxiously.

"Of course," she replied promptly; and her manner expressed such surprise that, with her evident absence of all idea of withdrawal, any further suggestion of such a course was impossible for him.

The hack rolled up to the Columbia House with a prodigious clatter. Shattuck thought that if they had reached the door in a coach and four, with outriders, their arrival could not have created more disturbance. With the eyes of all those usually gathered at that hour upon the piazza fixed upon him, he descended. She tripped out lightly after him, just touching with her finger-tips his upheld helping hand.

"Now," he said, when she had registered, and by his suggestion the clerk had assigned her to the state apartments of the hotel, or what the Columbia House regarded as its state apartments, "just a moment. I'll be back at once, and if you will dine with me here, we'll go over the ground."

She nodded an unhesitating acceptance. He dashed through the eager loiterers lying in wait for him without, and hurried down the street. He burst into Crossly's office, where the candidate sat moodily chewing an unlit cigar.

"Well!" Crossly said, looking up.

"It isn't that, I should say," Shattuck broke forth. "I've had surprises, but this time I've run up against a shock of such a voltage that I'm gasping yet. What do you suppose Glover's done? He sent us a woman—a girl!"

"You're crazy!" Crossly stuttered.

"No; he must be. She says she's come to make the speech—that she has made 'em, and can. What's next?"

"Nothing, I should say," returned Crossly. "The situation seems clear. There must be some way of informing her politely, but firmly—"

"I don't know," Shattuck spoke up. "We don't want to act too hastily."

"You can't mean," said Crossly, sitting erect, "that you for a moment contemplate the possibility of letting her—"

"You haven't seen her."

"Hallo, you evidently have!" Crossly remarked. "This, though, is war—or politics, which, after all, is the same thing. She is young and pretty—"

"How do you know?"

"In some way I inferred as much. I say, I can't stand for this!" he broke out suddenly.

"Why," said Shattuck, whose determination, or obstinacy, appeared to be strengthened as the other talked, "I have half an idea to try it. This is a time to take chances."

"Heavens, man! Think of what that meeting's going to be! The roughest element in the town—from all the county—gathered there on purpose to break it up. This is no child's play, nor woman's play."

"I understand," maintained Shattuck stoutly. "But — I'll be there. The first loafer," he declared savagely, "who tries anything—I'll break a chair over his head!"

"The evening promises to be eventful."

"I am chairman of the county committee. With me rests the decision. I say here and now that Joan Darcy is going to have the chance to be heard if she wants it."

"That's her name, is it? I see. Well, I wash my hands of the affair. I've given up all idea of the election, anyway."

"Nonsense!" said Shattuck more tractably. "It's the darkest hour before the dawn."

"Well, four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage is the hardest to screw up."

"It isn't four o'clock—it's the eleventh hour," Shattuck hurried on. "Something's got to be done. I must be off. I'll be at the Columbia House for dinner, and I must dress, in a way at least, first."

"Oh!" said Crossly significantly.

"Be there about seven, when the rest of the committee comes," Shattuck remarked severely, and with great dignity, as he left the room.

III

SHATTUCK approved highly of Miss Darcy, as she entered the long, bare, empty dining-room and approached the small table which he had ordered the proprietor to prepare with particular care and elaboration. She was simply clad in a severe black frock of masculine cut, with stiff, standing collar. The ex-

treme austerity of her garb, while undoubtedly adding dignity, helped still further to increase the youthfulness of her appearance. He rose as she advanced, and drew back her chair.

"Thank you," she said, sitting down. "Oh, how nice the country things look! I—oh, I'm glad to be out of the heat and noise of the city just for a few minutes even!"

"With your interest in politics, you would hardly care to live anywhere else."

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "You see, I've never been accustomed to anything except flagstones and asphalt. My father was a newspaper man."

"Not Darcy—I mean Mr. Darcy—of the *Daylight?* Why, in college I used to swear by his editorials—all of us did."

"Really?" she cried. "I'm so glad! When he died there was nothing else for me to do, and—now I'm a newspaper woman myself, when I'm not a political speaker."

"A spellbinder," suggested Shattuck.

"That remains to be seen," she replied quickly, a faint touch of color deepening the soft pallor of her small face as she caught Shattuck's last tone. "You really think it's a very funny, unfeminine occupation?"

"I don't know," Shattuck answered. "There was Jeanne d'Arc, and Miss Joan of Arc isn't so very different from Miss Joan Darcy."

"Yes, I suppose that one might call her political."

"Then there was the Duchess of Devonshire."

"Well," she laughed, "I don't have to kiss the butcher!"

A little later Shattuck sat with the speaker of the evening on the vine-covered side piazza of the hotel overlooking the straggling and neglected garden. In the hazy twilight of the warm autumn evening, the untidy ugliness of the spot was hidden, and in the magic of the hour the scene was peaceful and pleasant. By Shattuck's exertion, the Columbia House had been brought into sudden unwonted ways of elaboration and sophistication. Miss Darcy was sipping coffee from a small cup as, at her nod of assent, Shattuck lighted a cigarette.

From beyond the fence, and down the street, came suggestions of unusual disturbance. The village was unquestionably astir. A sound not unlike the murmurs of a stage mob before it rushes on to proclaim the victor, or depose the king, mounted hoarsely from the distance. The yellow glow from a great bonfire played down the road. The contrast between their retreat with its dual solitude and the indications of near and increasing commotion was more and more marked.

"I almost wish I didn't have to leave this—" she sighed, but broke off, and added hastily, "so soon for the meeting."

"I'd forgotten all about it!" exclaimed Shattuck in surprise. "This has been the evening of my life."

"And—and it is not over yet," she said.

"I can see you for a few minutes alone before I have to say good night?" he asked, eagerly leaning forward.

The sharp concussion from the discharge of a cannon shook the window-frames near them. The heavy detonation interrupted her answer, but she looked at him and smiled. At the same instant the clerk of the hotel appeared at the door.

"The other members of the committee are waiting, Mr. Shattuck," he announced.

"Hang it! So they are," Shattuck said, throwing away the cigarette.

When Shattuck entered the main office-room of the Columbia House, a goodly number of solid-appearing American citizens turned and inspected his companion with disguised curiosity. Crossly had manifestly given word of what was to be expected, and the apparition was one for which all were in a manner prepared, though one as to which they had not satisfactorily made up their minds.

"Miss Darcy," Shattuck said, "may I present to you Mr. Schobe?"

"Not Mr. Elmer J. Schobe?" she exclaimed enthusiastically, holding out her hand.

"Yes, yes," stammered that amazed individual.

"I saw your name over—your place of business," she continued eagerly. "How do you manage to make your

windows have that thoroughly metropolitan look?"

"Oh," exclaimed the delighted dry-goods merchant, aware of the attention of his fellow townsmen, "we're not entirely behind the times in Piedmont—at least, I ain't."

By the time the ceremony of presentation was finished, each official personage was engaged upon some service for Miss Darcy, or was desirous of such an occupation. One brought her a glass of water; another ran excitedly about in search of gloves alleged to have been lost. When all came out upon the street, the stranger was accompanied by a devoted, not to say obsequious, guard of honor.

"I say," whispered Elmer J. Schobe to Shattuck, "she's the goods!"

"Shut up!" Shattuck commanded impatiently, without regard to the other's age, financial rating, or political influence.

IV

A NEWISH moon—a bright, clear-cut, hopeful promise of a moon—hung exactly over the steeple of the First Church. The gentle luster, however, was lost in the refulgence of the electric light suspended across the road. Seated on the balcony formed by the roof of the piazza of the Columbia House, just outside the parlor windows, the heroine of the evening and Shattuck protected themselves as best they could from its searching brilliancy.

"I believe," he mused excitedly, "that you've changed the election here. This is a doubtful county, which will make a great difference; and the State, you know, is a pivotal one."

"Why," she cried, bunched down behind a post out of the disconcerting glare, "it's like the house that Jack built, but I'm so glad if—since it pleases you."

"This has been a wonderful night. You have carried all before you. There never was anything like it in Piedmont—or anywhere," he broke forth fervidly.

"And—and—" She began distinctly enough, but ceased to speak, as if she forgot to do so in the preoccupation of her thoughts.

"You *are* a spellbinder, as I told you," he asserted as he bent toward her. "I feel the spell."

He looked up. The reddening leaves of the maples were suddenly further reddened by a quick flickering of ruddy light. At the same instant the strains of a band playing "Marching Through Georgia" broke on the quiet of the night. He stepped to the balustrade and peered along the street.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "Here come the Piedmont Knights in full campaign regalia—a torchlight procession! I believe they're going to serenade you."

"Oh," she cried, "don't let them! I don't want any more politics to-night. Can't we run away and hide?"

"It's the penalty of greatness," he answered, shaking his head regretfully. "There's no escaping it."

"I—I want to talk to you. I'm going early in the morning."

"Can't I see you again? Can't I see you in the city?" he demanded earnestly. "Where do you live?"

"I've an apartment with another girl in Thirty-Ninth Street," she answered, and added more formally: "I should be very glad indeed to have you come any day for tea at five o'clock."

"I'll be there," he replied promptly.

"When?" she asked a little wistfully. "Any day? After all, that's such a vague way of giving an invitation and—accepting one."

"The very next day after you get back to town," he replied decidedly.

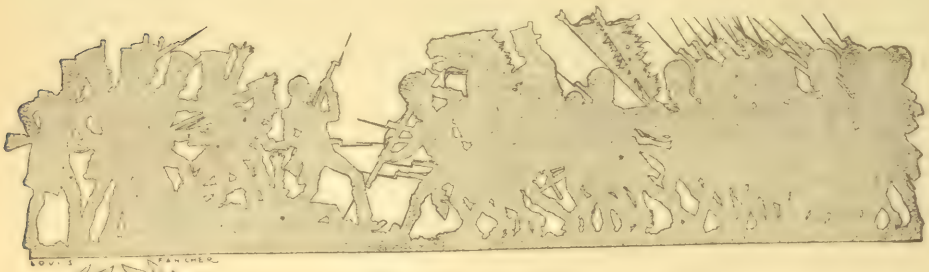
Down the street billowed a moving line of fire. The illumination of the swaying torches grew stronger. The crash of the instruments rolling out the marching war-song fell more heavily on their ears. She held out her hand, and at the same moment he put out his as if to receive it. At once he raised it to his lips, and held it pressed against them. Then, still clasping her fingers in his, he looked at her for an intense, questioning instant.

She gazed at him, and then dropped her eyes hastily. He took one step forward, and her light body seemed to sway toward him, then was arrested and drawn back. Her words were so low that, close as he was to her, he could hardly distinguish them.

"Oh, not—yet—quite—please!"

NAPOLEON, THE GREATEST ~~MAN~~ IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK



WHAT is the secret of that strange fascination which Napoleon the Great has exercised over men of every race since the moment when, at Montenotte, he taught the world that there was something new in warfare? "My patent of nobility dates from Montenotte," he once said with frank haughtiness; and from the day of Montenotte until now, Napoleon Bonaparte has filled a larger space in the minds of human beings than any other man who ever lived. The very mention of his name kindles the dullest imagination and makes it flash and flame with a thousand memories. His casual and familiar sayings, the time-worn anecdotes in which he figures, and the actual material relics of his great career belong to every one. They are not the possession of a single nation only, or of a small group of nations. Those whom he scourged yield to the spell as readily as the brilliant people whom he led so swiftly up the steeps of glory.

The records of this wonderful existence are gathered and preserved no more assiduously by the French than by Americans and English and Russians and Germans and Italians. The resources of genius in literature, as well as in the plastic and the graphic arts, have been exhausted in order to give some adequate impression of this extraordinary man. Byron, for example, no less than Béranger, Lord Roberts and Professor Sloane no less than Thiers and Masson, Verestchagin and Crofts no less than Delaroche and Meissonier, have spread the Napoleonic legend; and even now this work of half-unconscious *pietas* seems but to have begun.

In considering the Napoleonic spell, there always rise two questions to confront us. First, why is the interest in Napoleon a world-wide interest? And again, what is the peculiar quality that makes it so unlike the feeling we have for other famous men? It is not sufficient to say that Napoleon died less than a hundred years ago, and that, in a large sense of the word, we are still his own contemporaries; that time has not yet done its work and blurred the outlines into dimness. There have arisen great men since Waterloo was fought — Lincoln, a noble figure in his humanity and patient wisdom; Bismarck, a giant in his daring statecraft; Moltke, wearing the laurel crown among successful soldiers—we think of these men, and yet not one of them, though they are nearer to us than Napoleon, looms up before the world with his magnificence and appealing power. They belong only to nations or to races. Napoleon belongs to all the world.

One reason for the tenacious hold with which the Corsican still grips us is this: his eagle vision flashed out over the entire earth. Every important part of the two hemispheres felt his influence. This is why the heroes of antiquity and those of later centuries now seem insignificant beside him—their worlds were limited. If Alexander really sighed for new lands that he might conquer them, his wish to-day appears absurd and not magnificent, since in truth he did not even dominate the nations that he knew. He flung his Macedonians eastward into India, but the rough Roman warriors of the republic west of him he never challenged, and therefore never conquered. Han-

PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON FROM THE HISTORICAL PICTURE "BONAPARTE AT ARCOLE," PAINTED BY BARON GROS IN 1797, TO COMMEMORATE NAPOLEON'S VICTORY OVER THE AUSTRIANS IN NOVEMBER, 1796—FOR THIS PORTRAIT NAPOLEON POSED AT THE URGENT REQUEST OF JOSEPHINE

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., after the painting in the Louvre

"NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AS FIRST CONSUL," BY JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE

From a carbon print by Braun, Clément & Co., after the painting in the collection of the Marquis de Las Cases

nibal hacked his bloody way through Spain and Gaul and Italy, and wrought wonders with his mercenary troops; but what a petty fraction of the world was this! Nor was Cæsar's field of action measurably greater. A part of Europe, the rim of northern Africa, a slice of Asia, and certain islands of the sea, and that was all. To-day the empire which he founded seems mighty only in its monstrous vices, and affecting only in its pitiful decline.

More modern conquerors—Charles XII of Sweden, Marlborough, Turenne, Eugène, Frederick of Prussia, Wellington, Moltke, Grant—these men fought in what seemed a vast amphitheater; yet already a sense of true perspective dwarfs them all, and makes the territories which their armies overran mere playgrounds for pygmy contests. It is Napoleon, alone of men, beneath whose banners whole nations proudly marched, and who in the plenitude of his power was suzerain of seven kingdoms and of thirty principalities.

One's fancy is almost staggered at the omnipresent activity of this world-spirit, of this "lean and hungry conqueror" who, in Lord Rosebery's words, "swelled into the sovereign and then into the sovereign of sovereigns." It is not merely that he isolated England and bivouacked his troops in every continental capital, from cowed Madrid to blazing Moscow; that he created an empire for himself and kingdoms for his brothers; that he threw provinces and dukedoms and cities and islands to such as pleased him, much as a feasting soldier might toss bones to a pack of fawning dogs whimpering beside his spurred jack-boots.

All this affected continental Europe.

But, at the same time, he had emissaries scattered through the British Isles. His engineers were active on the Dardanelles, and forced an English fleet to sail away from Turkish waters ingloriously and with blood-stained decks. His secret letters reached the Shah of Persia. He set his heel upon the sands of Egypt. His squadrons flew the tricolor in the Indian Ocean. At his word the fierce Mahrattas of Scinde and Holkar, in the heart of Hindustan, sprang at the throats of Englishmen. Australia, then unmapped and vaguely called New Holland, was charted at the command of this all-comprehending mind, and was renamed La Terre Napoléon. Because of his limitless ambition, the far-off shores of South America resounded to the clash of arms when Montevideo and Buenos Ayres were stormed and taken. Our own country was half ruined in its

PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON, PAINTED IN 1837 BY PAUL DELAROCHE, AND KNOWN AS "THE SNUFF-BOX PORTRAIT"

commerce by Napoleon's decrees which issued from Berlin and Milan; yet again, the territory of the United States was doubled when the emperor sold us Louisiana for a mere *pourboire*.

Thus, in part at least, we may explain why interest in Napoleon is universal, and not confined to any nation or continent, or even to a single hemisphere. He left no nation, no continent, no hemisphere untouched. Through all of them there thrilled the impulse which emanated like an electric current from his tireless brain. Nothing escaped his notice. For him there were no trifles, or rather, as he said, "Mankind is ruled by trifles." Yet something more than his historical significance is needed to explain the character of the fascination which Napoleon continues to exert on us, and this explanation must be found somewhere in the nature of the man himself. Here, again, we must not be content with saying that it is the highly romantic story of his rise and fall that has given him his hold on our imaginations. The story is, of course, almost beyond the flights of fiction. No book which tells it or any part of it, no matter how imperfectly, can ever be a dull book to the reader. The splendor of its brightest pages, the piquancy of its incessant contrasts, the great crash with which it ends, as though some flaming

"NAPOLEON BEFORE MOSCOW"—VERESTCHAGIN'S PAINTING, SHOWING NAPOLEON'S FIRST VIEW OF THE ANCIENT RUSSIAN CAPITAL THROUGH THE DUST-CLOUD RAISED BY HIS MARCHING TROOPS (SEPTEMBER 2, 1812)

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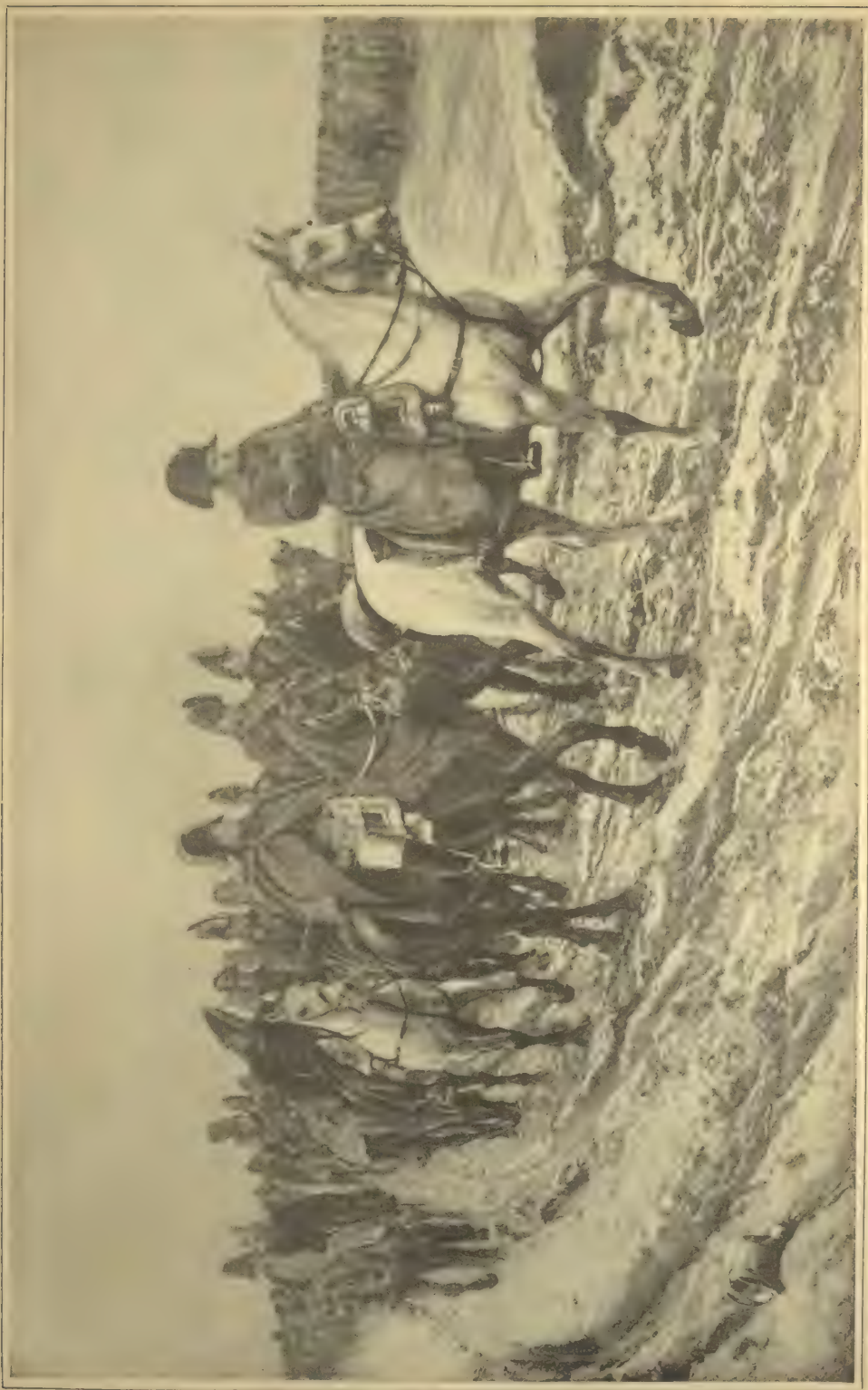

"1814."—MEISSONIER'S PAINTING, SHOWING NAPOLEON DURING THE WINTER CAMPAIGN OF 1814, WHEN THE ALLIED ARMIES WERE CLOSING IN UPON PARIS

"NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU"—THIS PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY PAUL DELAROCHE IN 1847, SHOWS NAPOLEON ON THE DAY OF HIS FIRST ABDICATION (APRIL 11, 1814)

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company, New York

planet were shattered and shivered amid unfathomed gloom, excite emotions that are not to be resisted.

THE NAPOLEONIC DRAMA

The Napoleonic drama might almost be displayed to us in a series of tableaux. First, there is the stripling of twenty-six, undersized, emaciated, with hollow cheeks and a shock of unkempt hair, set hastily in command of a broken, ragged, beaten army, holding its own with waning courage on the frontiers of Italy. Many a rough old revolutionary fighter, when he sees the puny figure of his new commander, shrugs his shoulders in contempt and begins to mutter an imprecation in the language of the barrack-room; but the words freeze on his lips when he meets the flaming eyes of Bonaparte, before which even kings are afterward to quail. A few weeks pass, and then, in the three days' fight at Arcole, the Austrian strategy is blasted, the Austrian armies are sent flying, and Napoleon is master of Milan, of Venice, and of the richest part of Italy. He storms the Julian Alps and dictates peace within easy reach of the Hapsburg capital.

"NAPOLEON AND THE OLD GUARD AT WATERLOO"—THIS PICTURE, BY ERNEST CROFTS, SHOWS NAPOLEON SALUTING THE REGIMENTS OF THE GUARD AS THEY MOVED FORWARD TO MAKE THEIR GREAT FINAL CHARGE AGAINST WELLINGTON'S "THIN RED LINE"

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Four years after this we behold another scene. The conqueror of Italy is now First Consul, and from the palace of the Tuileries he proclaims to a weary nation the grateful news: "The Revolution, having fulfilled its purposes, is at an end." A little later and the First Consul proceeds to the stately cathedral of Notre Dame. Beside its ancient altar he stands, clad in purple and with the golden bees gleaming on the imperial mantle. The lean, gaunt soldier of Italy now wears the aspect of a regnant Cæsar, with a face in which a lurking sensuality is contradicted by the lines of power in the mouth and by the lambent fire of the eyes. The Roman pontiff anoints the emperor, but Napoleon takes the crown of France into his own hands and sets it firmly on his head, as befits a monarch who is the son of his own great deeds.

"NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA," PAINTED BY B. R. HAYDON IN 1831

From an engraving by Sartain, after the painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

The scene shifts once again, and we see the modern Charlemagne at the climax of his victories and on the brink of his impending downfall. Lord of

more than half a million soldiers, he has penetrated to the holy city of the Czars. As he sees the gilded roofs of the deserted Kremlin, he feels an indescribable premonition of disaster. Behind him are the desolate tracts of ravaged territory. The horror of a northern winter threatens him; yet he still looks impassively about him—a grandly haughty figure in the deepening gloom.

And now we have a glimpse of him in his palace at Fontainebleau. Even his transcendent genius and the prodigies which he has performed have failed to check the hosts which all Europe has poured across the Rhine and into Paris. Some of his marshals have betrayed him. A hundred thousand of his choicest troops have fallen in the last campaign. In the courtyard of the palace there are gathered only the fragments of his faithful Guard. Fate has turned against him. In a few hours he must abdicate. Even now, as he broods upon the future, he is still no common man. In defeat, as in victory, he remains Napoleon the Great.

The most thrilling picture of the whole Napoleonic cycle is that which shows the emperor at Waterloo as he sits his horse at the close of the long June day and watches his Guard sweep past him, launched under the very eye of the great captain against the British center. It is the last throw of the dice. The Prussians have united with Wellington. In another hour the allied armies will be one. Napoleon has rallied twelve battalions of his Guard—six thousand men in all—some of them veterans of many years, some of them soldiers whose first taste of warfare came to them at Dresden; while some are mere boys summoned hastily to the colors during the Hundred Days. But all of them are filled with the battle fury. Shall the emperor check their onset and, with the skill of which he is past master, maneuver them to cover a retreat on Paris? Or shall he fling them in a mass against the British lines? He makes the second choice; he gazes on one of the most superb battle-scenes of history; and then he speaks the fatal words: "All is lost. *Sauve qui peut!*"

Then there is the final scene on the lonely rock of St. Helena. One recalls Juvenal's famous apostrophe to Hannibal after his downfall. But while Hannibal may have sat as a suppliant in the courtyard of the Bithynian king, an object of mingled pity and contempt, Napoleon, to the last, even in captivity, bears himself with all the outward dignity and self-control which befit his greatness. The march of his legions has forever ended. The stimulating impulse of his fifteen years of creative activity has just begun.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still—and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's mind than now!

THE NAPOLEONIC INFLUENCE

The story is romantic and dramatic to a high degree. Yet it is not the external achievements of Napoleon and the record of them that explain the fascination of the man. We must search deeper and consider something else. It is significant that his detractors, however skilfully they have written and however plausibly they may have marshaled what they call their "facts," have not been able to disturb the world's opinion of Napoleon, whose weaknesses have been exploited as fully as his genius. His vices have been magnified a thousand times. The petty men about him, viewing him with petty minds, tried unconsciously to make him seem as petty as themselves. Yet neither the puerilities of Gourgaud, nor the mendacities of Barras, nor the trivialities of Las Cases, nor the spitefulness of Mme. de Rémusat, nor the hold-cheap tone of a thousand other scribblers have had the slightest influence. For political reasons, many of Napoleon's own countrymen have led the way in defaming him, just as accomplished gentlemen like Lord Rosebery have eulogized him with ulterior motives. But when all is said and done, Napoleon is a greater figure in our time than while he was still the master of all continental Europe and when he played to his *parterre* of kings. People of foreign nationality still experience some of that enthusiasm which inspired the men whom he hurled to death without a tremor.

And when we think of it, what was

the nature of the enthusiasm which his soldiers felt for him? Why did they beg him not to expose himself in battle? Why, on the horrible retreat from Russia, when six hundred thousand men, of whom but a bare third were Frenchmen, froze and starved or were cut down by the wolfish Cossacks—why was never a complaint uttered against the emperor who was responsible for their agonies? Men slew one another for a crust of bread amid the frenzy of famine. They fought like demons for sufficient fuel to keep them warm. Yet when Napoleon appeared, trudging through the snow beside them, these spectral bands still raised the cry, "*Vive l'empereur!*" and gladly offered him such food as they possessed and the few poor sticks of firewood which they had gathered. They loved him in the hour of defeat as they had loved him in the hour of triumph. They held their lives as nothing when he needed them.

THE MORAL ASPECT OF NAPOLEON

Surely no man ever inspired such passionate devotion or exercised so wide an influence unless there was in him something more than purely intellectual superiority. The one charge against Napoleon upon which most writers seem to agree is the charge that he was utterly devoid of moral greatness. They make of him a monster in the moral world. They point to his untruthfulness, his harshness to individuals, his contempt for women, his sexual looseness, the ingratitude which he appeared to show his bravest marshals, his jealousy of those whose exploits sometimes rivaled his. And therefore they conclude that Napoleon was profoundly unmoral. Taine, in his brilliant monograph, almost convinces us that in Napoleon one sees a type of the Italians of the Renaissance — crafty, unscrupulous, cruel, and sensual, though gifted with immense ability.

The thesis is an interesting one, and yet it does not wholly satisfy one's mind. The more we look into the facts of this wonderful man's career, and try to distinguish between his personal acts and the acts which belong to his public life, the more we shall probably become convinced that Napoleon in reality was that most unfortunate being, an idealist disillusioned.

In his early years he was filled with a patriotic zeal which was surely genuine. Though his reason told him not to follow Paoli, his sympathies were none the less with that idealist. At the military school he had the courage to rebuke one of his instructors who spoke of Paoli with contempt. He longed to be a loyal officer of the King of France, but he was outraged by the treatment which he underwent at the hands of the young aristocrats at Brienne. Later, he was thrilled with the new spirit of the Revolution and its promise of equal rights for every man. But he soon shrank back from the excesses of its leaders, their injustice, their debaucheries, their love of bloodshed, and their incapacity. These things numbed his natural idealism, which finally received its death-blow at a woman's hands.

Had Josephine been what Napoleon thought her during their ten days' honeymoon, he might still have kept some of his old illusions. To him she seemed, of all women, the sweetest, the most beautiful, the most desirable. One cannot read without emotion his letters written to her by the light of his Italian camp-fires. In them he pours out all the ardor of the fiery soul which fancies for a time that it has found its mate. But this woman, already somewhat faded, *rusée,* languid, living in a tepid bath of sensuality, perfumed with subtle scents, uniting the manners of a kitten with the morals of a cat, crushed out Napoleon's idealism. It was when he heard, in Egypt, of her infidelity, and when, on his return, he found that the report was true, that he became the thorough-paced materialist of his later years.

Yet even so, one finds a vein of real nobility gleaming like a golden thread amid the darker fabric of his nature. His devotion to his mother was among the finest of his traits. He suffered much from others of his household, and he forgave much whereof the world takes little heed. His profound grief at the death of his old officer and comrade, Duroc, came from the very bottom of his heart. As a ruler, he was often merciless to individuals; yet his severest critics know

how much he did for France in the days of his first consulate. If, afterward, he plunged into impossible schemes of conquest, it was, so he believed, because these schemes were forced upon him.

NAPOLEON THE OVER-MAN

It is the idealism and the human touch discernible in Napoleon's nature which in reality explain his hold upon the minds of his contemporaries and upon our own. Without them he would have been inhuman. With them he is just sufficiently human to reach our sympathies, while at the same time his overwhelming genius dazzles and amazes us. We see in him, as in no other figure, the heights to which man can ascend. In the sphere of his genius he is a type of Nietzsche's "over-man." Each mental faculty seemed to work at a pitch unequaled in other men. His prodigious memory, his passion for details, his power of combination, the lightning-like rapidity with which his thought could leap, as it were, from peak to peak, illumining or blasting as it chose—surely here is reason for illimitable wonder. And when this wonder is joined to a knowledge of his human side, his gentler, finer instincts, then the Napoleonic fascination is explained.

One should read Sir Conan Doyle's most interesting chapter on Boulogne in his historical romance entitled "Uncle Bernac." The picture of Napoleon given there conveys at least a dim impression of what this multifarious genius was like: and yet the image is faint compared with the reality. That Napoleon could remain continuously in the saddle for twenty-four hours, without food or rest, rearranging his strategic combinations as each new report was brought to him; that he could simultaneously attend to the civil business of his empire while despatching regiments and brigades in all directions; that at the same time he could tire out secretary after secretary, remembering with accuracy each detail down to the number of guns in every arsenal, and that he could talk acutely of philosophy and poetry in the intervals of his superhuman activity—all this beggars description.

The truth is that Napoleon was not one man, but many men in one. Lord Cromer has won fame for his regeneration of Egypt. This was his life-work; yet Napoleon planned and partly executed many of Cromer's reforms as a mere incident in his Egyptian expedition. When recent military writers, following Clausewitz, compare him now with Alexander and Hannibal, and now with Cæsar and Frederick the Great, they forget that Napoleon alone matched the exploits of every one of them. In Egypt, he rivaled Alexander in India. In Italy and Austria he accomplished more than Cæsar ever dreamed of doing. Against Russia and Prussia he made Hannibal's fame grow dim. His single fierce campaign of 1814 was far more brilliant than anything that can be ascribed to Frederick.

Add to his fame as a soldier his almost greater fame as a civil administrator, as a legislator, as a jurist, and as a patron of science and the arts, and still one has not reached the full significance of his career. We may set aside entirely the objects which he sought and failed to reach. We can ignore all that is purely personal in his life and actions. We can think of him as we should think in nature of an elemental force—cataclysmic, recreative. After his time, absolutism in western Europe was possible no more.

Many will remember that strange painting of the Belgian artist, Antoine Wiertz, entitled "Napoleon in Hell." The great soldier stands impassive amid misty flames, while about him there press the wives and mothers of the men whom his ambition sent to death. With curses on their lips, they thrust into his face the mangled limbs which they have gathered from a score of battle-fields. This was the old conception of Napoleon. We now see clearly that all the thousands who fell because of him were really martyrs, dying for a future in which at last all privilege and caste and arbitrary rule should be no more.

In his own time, Napoleon seemed to an affrighted world a blood-red meteor streaming through an ebon sky, wherein it was to be extinguished. To-day, his name in history is a fixed and radiant star, whose light shines clearly down the centuries forever.

A TRANSACTION IN BONDS

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

AUTHOR OF "THE CENTER OF POPULATION," "MR. BLISS AND THE HIGHWAYMAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. S. TOUSEY

IT was a beautiful autumn morning. A soft breeze from the river stole through Mr. Goodel's office window, and eddied so gently around his bald head that, instead of sneezing, he sighed. Thence it ambled into the outer office and tugged at every button in the garments of Jimmie Brennan, the office-boy.

"At Fulton Market dock," it whispered, "there's good swimming."

"G'wan, what yer tryin' ter do—kid me?" Jimmie's subconsciousness jeered, while its owner industriously continued to index the letter-book. "It'd freeze de insides out'n yer!"

So back it flew to Mr. Goodel.

"I ask you in all seriousness," it almost hissed, "shall commercial paper and investment securities prevail over golf?"

And Mr. Goodel, being of weaker stuff than Jimmie, closed his roll-top desk with a bang and seized his hat and cane.

"I'm going up-town on a very important matter," he said.

Jimmie looked at him mournfully. This cutting business an hour before noon was becoming too frequent of late.

"What will I tell Mr. Luddington?" he asked.

For a man of fifty-five Mr. Goodel blushed rather easily. The operation, however, might be termed painting the lily, for normally this gentleman's face was of a hue to pale the flamingo's wing.

"Why, tell him I've gone up-town on a very important matter, of course," he declared.

Jimmie glanced at Mr. Goodel, and, dropping his eyes, snorted eloquently. Luddington was Goodel's brother-in-law, and the roseate hue of Goodel's countenance was largely due to his example and encouragement. Despite Luddington's convivial habits, however, Jimmie knew that he held a business engagement sacred; and on the previous day he had distinctly heard Goodel make an appointment with his brother-in-law for the purchase of some bonds. The securities were to be delivered in person by Luddington at a quarter to one o'clock that afternoon.

"How about dem bonds, Mr. Goodel?" he said.

"Oh, yes — about those bonds," Goodel replied. "When Mr. Luddington brings them here, put them in the small safe."

He went back to his room and unlocked the safe in question.

"Be careful to see that you lock it again, after you've put the bonds in," he admonished Jimmie, "and you can go home at four."

"Where will I 'phone you if anyt'ing turns up, Mr. Goodel?" Jimmie inquired artfully.

Goodel cleared his throat and looked serious. Even trivial lies have a hardy growth, and they travel so fast that no one, least of all the liar himself, can predict their ultimate size or destination.

"I shall be—er—in several places," he stammered. The small railroad folder in his breast pocket felt like an unabridged dictionary. "You'd better not attempt to reach me up-town." He paused with his hand on the door-knob. "Don't forget to lock the safe after you

put the bonds in," he concluded, and passed out, whistling.

Goodel conducted his business correspondence with his own hand, and contrived to make it as brief as possible. Jimmie's task of indexing the copying-book was light in proportion, and ten minutes after his employer had left he was midway in the perusal of a tattered dime novel.

"HERE THEY ARE, AND BE SURE TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM."

Its cover displayed, in yellow and red, a most spirited representation of the burglar-hero opening a huge bank-vault, an incident which was elaborated in the text. The author described how the "yeggman" solved the combination lock by tentatively revolving the knob and noting the almost inaudible clicks that betrayed the correct numbers.

So convincing was the language employed that it fired Jimmie's imagination. He rose from his desk, and, entering Mr. Goodel's room, closed and locked the little safe. For almost two hours he revolved the knob of the combination in every conceivable manner. In vain he listened with strained attention; not the faintest click rewarded his efforts.

As he reseated himself at his desk, Luddington entered.

"H'lo, Jimmie!" he cried in his usual jovial fashion. "Where's the boss?"

"Now he's gone up-town, Mr. Luddington," Jimmie replied, "on an important matter."

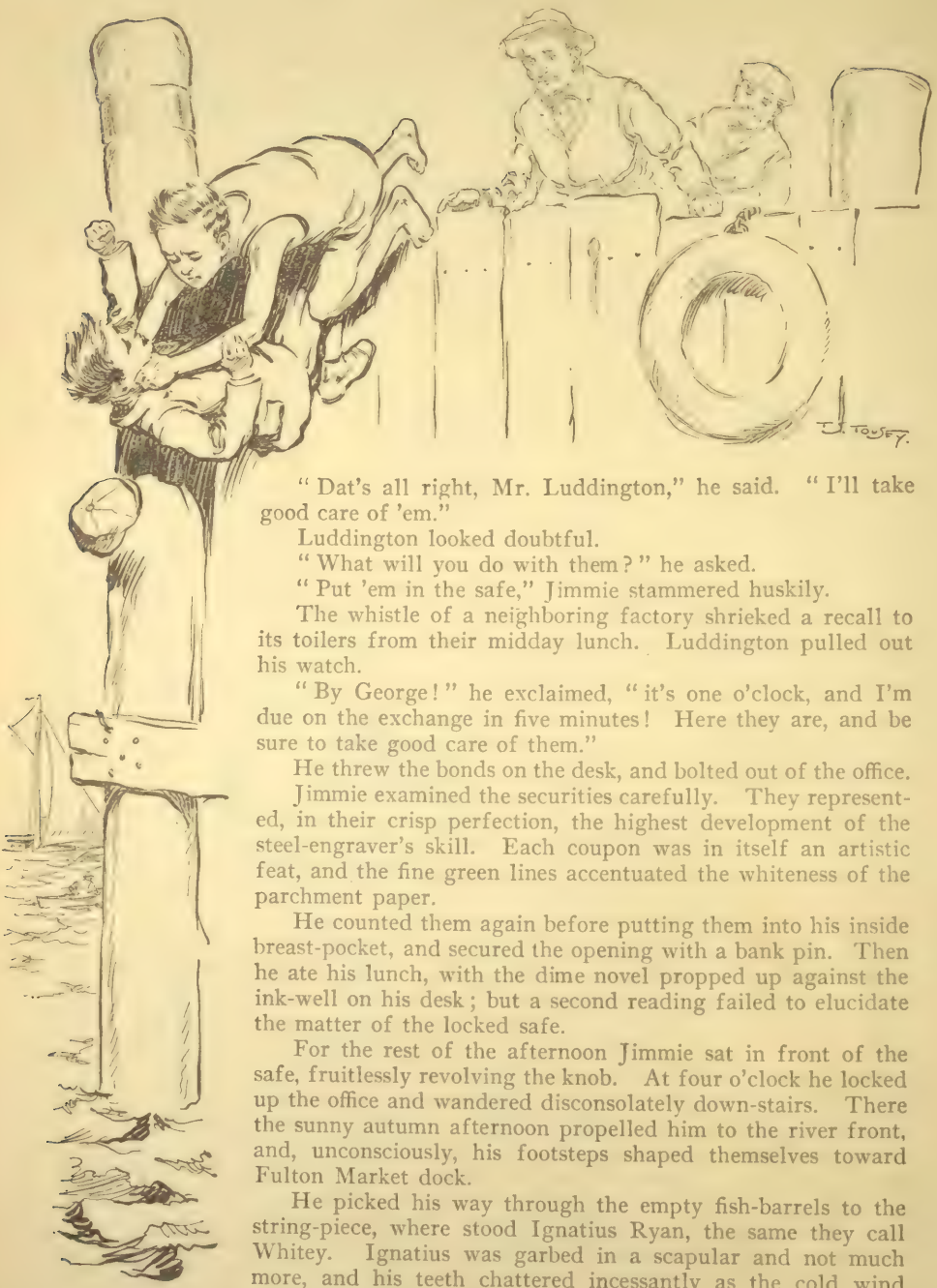
Luddington clucked impatiently.

"That's too bad," he said. "I have some bonds for him."

"I know ut," Jimmie answered. "He says fer you to leave 'em wit' me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" Luddington cried testily. "Why, there are ten of them, at a thousand apiece, with the coupons attached."

Jimmie's face fell as he proffered Luddington an assurance he didn't feel.



IGNATIUS MADE A DASH FOR HIS TORMENTOR

"Dat's all right, Mr. Luddington," he said. "I'll take good care of 'em."

Luddington looked doubtful.

"What will you do with them?" he asked.

"Put 'em in the safe," Jimmie stammered huskily.

The whistle of a neighboring factory shrieked a recall to its toilers from their midday lunch. Luddington pulled out his watch.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "it's one o'clock, and I'm due on the exchange in five minutes! Here they are, and be sure to take good care of them."

He threw the bonds on the desk, and bolted out of the office.

Jimmie examined the securities carefully. They represented, in their crisp perfection, the highest development of the steel-engraver's skill. Each coupon was in itself an artistic feat, and the fine green lines accentuated the whiteness of the parchment paper.

He counted them again before putting them into his inside breast-pocket, and secured the opening with a bank pin. Then he ate his lunch, with the dime novel propped up against the ink-well on his desk; but a second reading failed to elucidate the matter of the locked safe.

For the rest of the afternoon Jimmie sat in front of the safe, fruitlessly revolving the knob. At four o'clock he locked up the office and wandered disconsolately down-stairs. There the sunny autumn afternoon propelled him to the river front, and, unconsciously, his footsteps shaped themselves toward Fulton Market dock.

He picked his way through the empty fish-barrels to the string-piece, where stood Ignatius Ryan, the same they call Whitey. Ignatius was garbed in a scapular and not much more, and his teeth chattered incessantly as the cold wind smote his naked shins.

"Why don't you jump in, Whitey?" said Jimmie, seating himself on the edge of the wharf.

Whitey struggled with a temporary ataxia of speech.

"Aw, w-w-w-hy d-d-d-on't y-y-y-er j-j-j-j-ump in y-y-y-yers-s-s-s-elf?" he barely managed to enunciate.

By way of reply Jimmie emitted a succession of jeering guffaws which seemed to infuriate the shivering Whitey. Ignatius made a dash for his tormentor, and a moment later the two of them were struggling in a strong flood tide.

When Jimmie rose to the surface, half a dozen ropes were within easy reach. He was speedily hauled back upon the dock, shrieking lurid threats at Ignatius, whose repartee, revived by the sudden plunge, grew no less profane.

"Wait till I get yer wanst!" Jimmie shouted. "I'll lift de face off yer, dat's all!" And there followed a wealth of bitter anathema that might have enriched the vocabulary of a truckman.

Jimmie proceeded up the wharf and along South Street, dripping a track of muddy water behind him. A salt stream ran down his face from his hair, and mingled with the tears which came with a realization of his predicament. His cap was lost, and his only suit of clothes was dirty beyond description.

In the excitement of the past half-hour he had entirely forgotten the bonds. At the remembrance of them, his hand sought his breast-pocket. With shaking fingers he removed the pin and drew out a bundle of papers whose stained and soggy condition bore no semblance whatever to the crisp beauty of Mr. Luddington's bonds.

All that evening he sat in a flannel nightgown, busily plying a rubber eraser, but without avail, for as fast as he removed the spots, his falling tears stained the wrinkled paper anew. His mother, meanwhile, stood at the wash-tub and renovated his muddy clothing with a vigor that testified eloquently to the thoroughness of his chastisement.

There was little sleep for Jimmie that night, and next morning, as he trudged, hollow-eyed, to his work, he turned over in his mind every justification he might proffer Mr. Goodel for his disobedience. He arrived down-town without having formulated any excuse, and a quarter of an hour late to boot. So preoccupied was he, as he mounted the steps, that he failed to observe two policemen who blocked the doorway, and plunged blindly into them.

"Where are you bound for?" one of them asked.

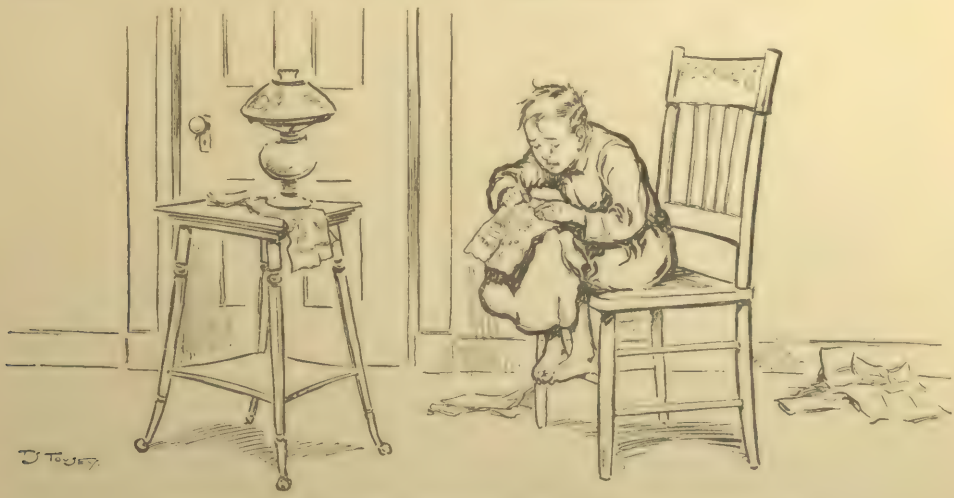
"Aw, leave me go!" said Jimmie. "I woik here."

"Oh, you do, do you?" the policeman ejaculated, and grabbed him by the shoulder. "What's yer name?"

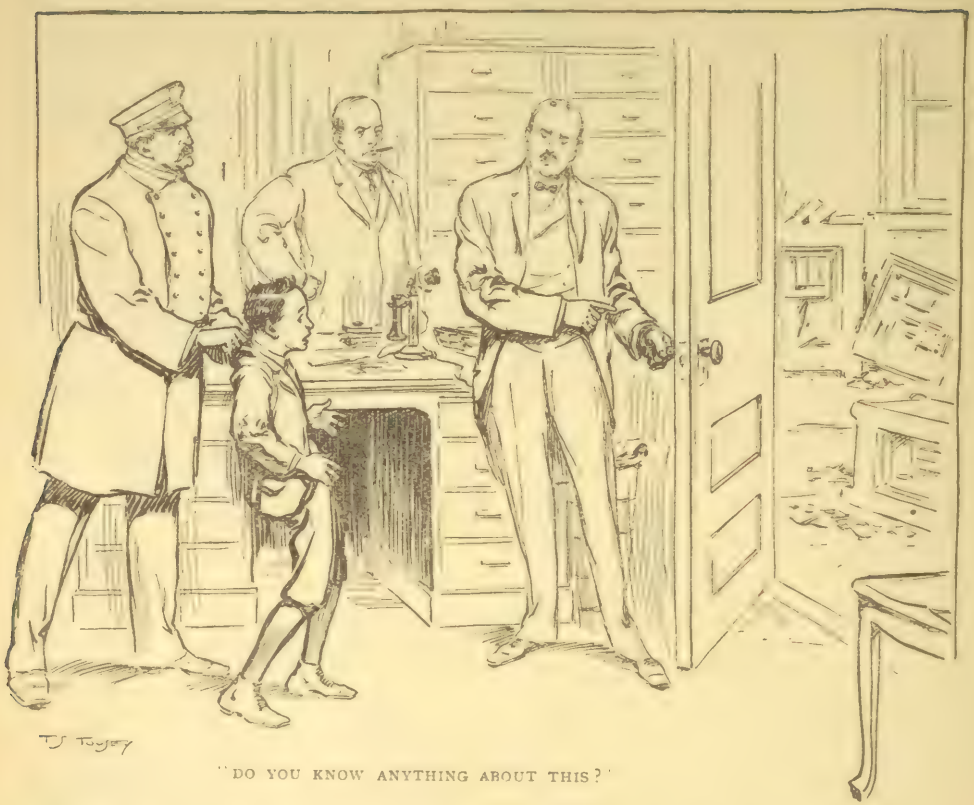
"Jimmie Brennan," the boy replied.

"Come on, you," his captor said, and dragged the struggling Jimmie up-stairs.

Luddington and Goodel stood in the outer office as Jimmie and the policeman entered. Goodel's ruddy complexion had faded to a dingy shade of purple, and the corners of Luddington's mouth turned downward in a most unaccustomed fashion.



AS FAST AS HE REMOVED THE SPOTS, HIS FALLING TEARS STAINED THE WRINKLED PAPER ANEW



"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?"

"Here he is!" the officer announced.

"Well, don't strangle him," said Luddington, with his hand on the door-knob of Goodel's office. He turned to Jimmie. "Do you know anything about this?" he asked, and threw wide the door.

Jimmie gasped in convincing astonishment. The little safe stood doorless on its side, in the middle of the room, surrounded by a pile of torn and scattered papers. Its iron door rested on Goodel's desk, while the doors of the big safe in the corner swung ajar, one of them supported by only the bottom hinge.

"He doesn't know," Goodel muttered.

"What time did you leave here yesterday?" Luddington asked.

"Four o'clock," Jimmie murmured in tear-choked accents.

Here the policeman took a hand.

"What time did you get home?" he persisted.

Jimmie sobbed convulsively.

"Six o'clock," he croaked.

"And where was you between times?" his inquisitor bellowed.

This was too much for Jimmie. He sank down with his head on the desk, and wept unaffectedly.

"Now look here," Goodell protested, "I won't have the little chap bullied any more." He laid a comforting hand on Jimmie's shoulder. "It's all my fault, Luddington," he continued. "If I hadn't been an ass and gone off to play golf, I might have put the bonds in my safe-deposit box instead of the safe, and they wouldn't have been stolen."

Jimmie lifted his head from the desk.

"Dey wuzn't in de safe," he said.

"What?" gasped Luddington, Goodel, and the policeman in concert.

"'N' it ain't up ter me, neider," he sobbed. "Whitey pushed me in."

"What d'ye mean?" Luddington shrieked.

For answer, Jimmie unpinned his pocket and handed the soiled bonds to Goodel. They were as limp as Japanese napkins.

"I cleaned 'em as good as I could," Jimmie continued.

Then, piecemeal, they drew from him a disconnected but comprehensive account of the day's adventures. It omitted nothing, not even the dime novel.

"Jimmie, you young dog," said Goodel, after he had regained his composure, "I forbade you ever to read dime novels in this office, and no sooner was my back turned than you did."

Jimmie hung his head.

"That's all right, Goodel," Luddington broke in. "You told him to put the bonds in the safe and he didn't. I guess that makes it square, and you'd better forgive him."

A broad grin spread itself over Goodel's face.

"He gets one more chance," he said, pressing a bill into the boy's fist, "and twenty dollars to buy a new suit of clothes with. Now get out of here, Jimmie—you smell like a fish-market!"

THE LION AND THE LAMB

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "A PRIVATE CHIVALRY," "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

XVI

THE event of the day for Coalville—the arrival of the afternoon passenger-train from Chattanooga—was in the near prospect when the red car rushed down the last of the grades in the mountain road, and swept a wide circle around the coke-ovens and past the railway-station to reach the Ocoee office-building.

The train-time signs were always unmistakable. A little while before the hour, and always as if warned by some signal inaudible to alien ears, the loungers under Tait's porch rose, shook their legs to settle wrinkled trousers, and filed slowly over to the railroad-station to swell the ranks of the regular train-hour habitués.

Tregarvon's motor-car, no longer a nine-days' wonder to the Coalville army of leisure, was slowing to cross the rails of the long-disused Ocoee siding when the station-agent ran out of his office to wave the motorists down with a telegram. It was for Carfax, and the agent explained that it had been delayed in transmission by some trouble with the wire on the branch line.

While Carfax was pulling off his driving-gauntlets and opening the yellow envelope, Tregarvon thoughtfully got out and went around to see if the rear wheels were running cool. Therefore, he did not hear Carfax's "Ye gods and little fishes!" as he glanced at the written lines of the telegram.

"Vance!" called the afflicted one, turning in the driving-seat to see what had become of his accomplice.

But Tregarvon did not hear. He was otherwise engaged. A canopy-topped surrey, considerably the worse for age, and drawn by a great-boned dapple-gray horse, was just turning out of the mountain road to cross the tracks to the station. It was Richardia Birrell who was driving; and in the seat beside her was the apotheosis of all the old-time Southern gentlemen, white-haired, ruddy-faced, handsome as an ancestral portrait.

"So that's her father!" said Tregarvon, under his breath. "Well, if looks count for anything, he's worthy of her; and that's more than I'd say for any other Tennesseean I've ever looked upon."

Then Carfax's anxious call was repeated, and this time it was heeded.

"Not lost, only gone behind," Tregarvon answered; and then: "Why, Poictiers! Who's dead?"

Carfax was standing up in his place, clinging to the steering-wheel with one hand and waving the telegram like a flag of distress in the other.

"Read that!" he said tragically, when the inspector of rear-wheel bearings came within passing reach.

Tregarvon read the message, and became, in his turn, a man stricken down without warning. The telegram was dated at Chattanooga, and it had been filed for sending at nine o'clock in the morning. It was addressed to Carfax, and it read:

Here with papa and mama, and the Pennsylvania battle monument dedicators. If I should run over to Coalville with Clotilde this afternoon, will you and Vance put me up at the hotel and show me your mine? But of course you will.

ELIZABETH.

"Heavens!" ejaculated the master of the Ocoee, when the paralyzing effect of the announcement gave place to the panic of dismay. "E-Elizabeth and her maid? Coming here?"

"Yes," Carfax laughed rather wildly; "coming here, to stop at the—the hotel!"

"Oh, good Lord!" groaned Tregarvon. "And she says, 'this afternoon.' That means to-day—now! She's on this train! Poictiers, if you're any friend of mine, take that cranking-handle and put me out of misery!"

Carfax stopped laughing suddenly, shut off the motor, and climbed down from the driving-seat.

"It's no joke!" he said almost fiercely. "It's up to us, you wild ass of the desert—do you hear? Stop braying, and listen to me. We've got to meet her over there on that platform as if we'd been watching every train for a week. There's the whistle; come along, and you'll have to invent your fairy-tale on the run!"

They did not crowd too eagerly to the front when the three-car train drew up to the station-platform. There were little fictions to be fabricated at lightning speed; fictions upon which there must be some hurried treaty of agreement to make them seem even passably credible.

Thus it happened that a handsome young woman in a close-fitting toque and brown traveling-coat, and followed by a French maid bearing *impedimenta,* was helped down from the car-step by the brakeman.

"Charge!" commanded Carfax in a hoarse whisper; but before they could do it, Miss Birrell slipped through the tide of platform drift, put her arms about the handsome young woman, and kissed her, with: "Oh, you dear thing!" to go with the affectionate welcome.

Tregarvon saw, gasped, swallowed hard, and his smile was a grin that was almost sickly.

"Get out in the road there and chunk me!" he said to Carfax. "Poictiers, I'm a ruined man. They were together in the Boston music-factory! Elizabeth's told me a hundred times of the charming little Tennesseean, without naming any names! And I've written her— Oh, I tell you, I'm a dead man! Go and get a wreath to lay on my coffin."

"You'll be needing a coffin, if you don't buck up and catch the step!" hissed Carfax. Wherewith he dragged his companion masterfully into the circle of welcomings.

The golden youth neither gave nor received the kiss of greeting; and he pointedly looked another way when Miss Wardwell turned her cheek for Tregarvon's cousinly salute. A moment later, however, he found himself shaking hands with a tall, picturesque old man; realized vaguely that Miss Birrell was introducing him to her father, and that Miss Wardwell was rallying Tregarvon gaily on his discomfiture by means of the jesting telegram.

"Surely it didn't mislead you, too, did it, Mr. Carfax?" she protested laughingly. "Vance says you took it harder than he did—which was quite needless." Then she explained to Judge Birrell: "I sent a wire to these two from Chattanooga, asking them if they could put me and Clotilde up at the Coalville hotel — by the way, Vance, where *is* the hotel?—I guessed from Richardia's letter that they didn't know I was invited to Westwood. Fancy it, Judge Birrell! They got the message only a few moments before the train arrived!"

Tregarvon backed out of the little group and fanned himself with his hat. There were still traces of the sickly grin to temper the mask of torment that was slowly displacing it. Everything he had

ever written to Elizabeth about Richardia—everything he had ever told Richardia about Elizabeth — clamored for instant recollection and revision in the light of the astounding discovery that the two of them were here, together, as friends.

The train had moved on, the loungers were dispersing, and Richardia was leading the way to the old-fashioned surrey drawn by the dapple-gray horse of mammoth size.

"I think you'll be quite sure to drive up to Westwood to-morrow, now," she said, when Tregarvon had flogged himself into some livelier sense of the requirements of the moment. Then she added: "You may come as early as you please."

"I think I shall be very ill to-morrow," he said gravely, as he handed her into the carriage. "These sudden shocks are very bad—for the heart, you know." And then, while Carfax was putting Elizabeth on the front seat with the judge: "I didn't think you could be so wicked!"

But Miss Birrell was not willing to be dragged even into the vicinity of things confidential.

"Hear him!" she said to Miss Wardwell. "Mr. Tregarvon is intimating that we have made him ill, between us." Then she spoke to her father. "Judge Birrell, you will please command these two young gentlemen to report to you to-morrow at Westwood House; do you hear?"

The judge gave the invitation in due and courteous form, and Carfax accepted promptly for himself and for Tregarvon. After which the big dapple-gray, being unhaltered by Tregarvon and mildly urged by his master, began to jog up and down, and the age-worn surrey, with its full complement of passengers, crept out of sight around the coke-ovens.

"We might have offered to take them up in the chug-wagon," said Carfax, when the afterthought had been given time to come to the surface.

"You might have," said Tregarvon moodily. "I wouldn't trust myself to run a wheelbarrow, right now."

"Don't want to ride?" asked Carfax, who was preparing to crank the motor-car for the two-hundred-yard run over to the office-building.

"No," was the reply. "We'll let Rucker come over and get the wagon." And they walked.

It was perhaps quite natural that the campaign of obstruction, Thaxter's tender of his friendly offices in the matter of bargain and sale, and Hartridge's apparently sincere attempt to block whatever game the coal trust was trying to play, should be temporarily lost sight of by the two young men after the episode at the Coalville station.

Tregarvon went to his room in the old office-building immediately after he had told Rucker to house the car, and was visible no more until Uncle William called him to dinner. At table he ate like an ogre—a sure sign of disturbment—and refused to rise to any of the little baits flung out by Carfax. Afterward, however, over the tobacco-jar, he was tempted to ease the nausea of his soul—and did it.

"Poictiers, I believe I'll write my will to-night, and let you witness it," he began, when the chairs were drawn up before the smoldering fire on the hearth, and the long-stemmed pipe was in action. "The only decent thing I can do now is to go and offer myself to the chief of the Bureau of Tests as a candidate for the poison squad."

Carfax took him seriously — a thing he had been refusing to do for the past hour.

"Is it as bad as that, Vance? Tell it out in open meeting, and let's weigh and measure it. Perhaps there may be a drop or two left in the balm of Gilead bottle."

"I've simply made a bally ass of myself in the usual way," was the sober rejoinder. "As I've told you, I've been writing Elizabeth all about Richardia, and telling Richardia all about Elizabeth; two harmless ingredients, you may say, but when they're combined, nitroglycerin isn't in it with them. They'll compare notes; they are both women, and they can't help themselves. And I can see that what the comparisons will leave of me won't be fit to fling to a starved puppy!"

Carfax smoked in silence for a long minute before he said:

"How they may stick pins in you, to your face or behind your back, seems a very inconsiderable factor in the problem to me, Vance. The deadly part of it is that you are in love—or you think you are—with Richardia, and you are going to marry Elizabeth."

"No," objected Tregarvon, staring fixedly into the fire; "that isn't the worst of it, either. There is a still deeper depth—I can't help doing either one or both of these things."

Carfax showed signs of becoming restive.

"If Elizabeth didn't care so much for you, there would be— But you've got to tell her, Vance; you've got to tell her all of it!"

"Oh, I shall!" said the dejected one. "I'll tell her I've robbed her, deliberately robbed her, of the Uncle Byrd money—for that is exactly what it comes to. You needn't think Elizabeth is going to sit down meekly and say, 'All right, Vance, dear! never mind,' when I tell her about Richardia. She has spirit, plenty of it; she can fairly set you afire with those brown eyes of hers when war is declared."

"Still you don't see the tragic part of it!" Carfax gritted. "Great Heavens, man! Can you turn the love of a woman like Elizabeth Wardwell down without a grain of compunction—ignore that phase of it completely?"

Tregarvon looked up in mild surprise.

"You're warm, Poictiers; you're positively sweating for my sins. But that isn't one of them, you know. Elizabeth isn't in love with me—that way. I think I told you once that we had thrashed all that out long ago. She has talked to me like a sister. The most I could ever get her to say was that she thought more of me than she did of any other fellow, and she tagged even that with a threat to tell me if the more lovable fellow ever turned up."

"Did she say that?" demanded Carfax eagerly.

"She did, for a fact; and she meant it, too."

"Well, even if she did, you've got to do her right, and do it like a man. And I'll help it along. You've considered yourself and your own feelings good and plenty, Vance; and now it's Elizabeth. You do the absolutely square thing to-morrow, or I'll—"

"What will you do?" asked the penitent.

"I'll make love to Richardia Birrell myself, by Jove! You sha'n't play fast and loose with two good women—not while I'm on earth to prevent it." And after another long minute of silence, Carfax rose, flung his half-smoked cigar into the embers, and said: "I'm going to bed"—a threat which he immediately put into execution.

Tregarvon sat smoking and staring at the dying fire for an hour longer. He was still staring when Rucker came to the door of the dining-room to say that he was about to walk up the mountain to relieve the watchman whom Tryon had left on duty at the drilling-plant.

"That's all right, Billy," said Tregarvon, half absently. Then he remembered. "You don't carry a gun, do you?"

"No; a two-pound shop-hammer is good enough for me, if I've got room to swing it in."

"All right, again; only don't swing it too hard, unless the man you're aiming at happens to be wearing a bandage around his head. In that case, I don't care if you make him wear two bandages, or even three. Good night!"

XVII

The Indian summer Sunday afternoon was the flawless half of a day hollowed out of the golden heart of the season of fruition. On the broad veranda of the venerable manor-house of Westwood, the conversation, which had been desultory at best, languished in sympathy with the reposeful spell of time and place and the peaceful encompassments.

With a gently worded phrase of apology to his daughter's guest, the judge had pleaded an old man's privilege, dragging his chair to the farther end of the veranda and lighting his corn-cob pipe in courteous isolation. Tregarvon marked the bit of old-fashioned chivalric deference to Elizabeth, and wondered how many men of the younger generation would be as considerate.

The thought was one of a series emphasizing the gross incredibility of his

theory involving Richardia's father in the conspiracy against the Ocoee. That the white-haired, ruddy-faced Chesterfield of Westwood House might challenge an antagonist, give him the choice of weapons, and afterward kill him unflinchingly, was easily conceivable; but that he would descend to the methods of the dynamiter or the midnight assassin was momently growing more and more unbelievable.

But with Elizabeth for his *vis-à-vis* in the broad-armed veranda chair, Tregarvon was finding it increasingly difficult to fix his mind upon the Ocoeean mysteries. For some reason—the unfamiliar surroundings, the gap of absence so suddenly and unexpectedly bridged, or because there was some subtle change in her—his cousin was singularly reticent. At times, she seemed almost embarrassed.

Since the guilty will flee when no one pursues, Tregarvon thought he need be at no loss to account for Miss Wardwell's attitude. She and Richardia had merely compared notes; nothing further was necessary. He could feel the presence of the Damoclean sword suspended above his head, and was looking forward unjoyously to the moment when chance, or design on the part of the other two, would give Elizabeth her reproachful opportunity.

The dreaded moment came when Richardia, who had been talking flowers with Carfax, asked the golden youth if he would like to see her chrysanthemums in the old-fashioned posy-patch at the rear of the manor-house. When they were gone, Tregarvon was left alone with Elizabeth and his responsibilities.

It was Miss Wardwell who began it, and her manner was that of one marching reluctantly up to the mouths of loaded cannon.

"Were you shocked almost to death when you learned, yesterday, that I was coming?" she asked.

"N-no; certainly not," he made haste to say. "It was a complete surprise, though, as you probably intended it to be."

"It wasn't very deeply premeditated," she rejoined. "Pennsylvania has been building some monuments on the old battle-fields, and papa is one of the commissioners. He and mama didn't want to be bothered with me, but I had to come. Have you guessed why, Vance?"

Tregarvon thought he knew the constraining reason very well indeed, but he was not quite brave enough to say so. Instead, he temporized, as a man will, postponing the instant when the hair-hung sword should fall.

"I'm the poorest of mind-readers," he protested. "Can't even read my own, sometimes."

"I wish I could read it now — this moment—Cousin Vance," she said, trying to look him fairly in the eyes, and not succeeding very well.

"Read *my* mind? Heaven forbid!" he gasped. Then he came to his senses and tried to repair the terrible misstep. "I'm afraid that a man's mind is never fit for a—a good woman to look into, Elizabeth."

"Yours is, Cousin Vance," she said loyally, and he winced as if she had struck him a blow. "I haven't known you all my life for nothing. And it is because I have known you as no other woman ever will that I was willing to try to make you happy."

He was wondering dumbly how much of this he could stand when she went on, quite steadily, though the brown eyes were looking past him.

"But I had to come. There is a crisis, and with your letters before me, I couldn't write. We agreed once, you remember, to go around the sentimental field instead of through it, but you haven't lived up to that agreement in your letters."

Tregarvon found his handkerchief, and mopped his face. The matchless October afternoon had grown suddenly and oppressively sweltering.

"I'm a brute, Elizabeth," he asserted; "I—"

"Please don't make it any harder for me than it has to be," she pleaded. "If you stop me now, I shall never be able to go on. I came all the way down here to say something to you—something that I couldn't write, and that every added letter of yours was making more difficult to say. But one word from you now will make it easier—if it's the right one. Tell me, Vance, hasn't this separa-

tion proved to you that we couldn't—that cousins ought not to marry?"

Slowly it ground its way into his brain that the worst had befallen; that Elizabeth, really and truly in love, now, had guessed, either from his letters or from Richardia's, the true state of affairs; and that womanly pride and affection had brought her to the scene of action to commit martyrdom.

"Oh, by Jove, you mustn't, Elizabeth!" he broke out in a sudden access of contrition. "I can't allow you to outdo me that way. And, besides, there is Uncle Byrd's money."

"I have thought of that, too," she said; "and, Vance, dear, we must just rise superior to all the mere money considerations. Richardia has been telling me about your prospects here—your mine—and your brave fight to make something out of nothing. You will need Uncle Byrd's money; you do need it, now. And I—if we—well, I sha'n't need it, anyhow," she ended rather incoherently.

"Lord help me, Elizabeth!" he groaned, quite ignoring the gray-haired, white-mustached figure smoking peacefully at the farther end of the veranda. "I don't deserve—"

"I know you don't," she agreed instantly; "you deserve—well, something quite different. But, whatever happens, I must do what I came here to do; there is no other way. I—I have made a discovery, Cousin Vance."

"Of course you have," he said desperately. "I knew you would, sooner or later, though I have tried awfully hard to make myself believe there wasn't any discovery to be made."

"But, seriously, Vance—deep down in your heart—you don't really care, do you?"

"Why, Elizabeth! Of course I care. And I've blamed myself straight through from the first."

"Oh, but you mustn't do that, on any account!" she protested quickly. "It's all my fault, or my—no, I *won't* call it a misfortune."

"Your fault?" he stammered. "You mean, because you didn't suspect it and choke it off right at the first? But I didn't give you a chance to do that, did I?"

"I didn't suspect it," she said musingly; "I didn't begin to suspect it. It came all at once, like a blow, you know; and then it was too late to 'choke it off,' as you say."

The man, the true man, in him rose up in its might to buffet him into the path of uprightness and straightforwardness.

"No; it is not too late, Elizabeth," he said gravely.

"Oh, but it is!" she objected earnestly.

"No," he insisted; "we must still make good. Do you know what people at home will say if the engagement is broken now? They will say that I made it impossible for you to carry out Uncle Byrd's wishes; and that I did it deliberately, to get the money for myself."

"But you haven't!" she protested in wide-eyed astonishment. "I am the guilty one."

"You?"

"Yes; that is what I came all the way from Philadelphia to say to you, Vance. Do you remember, one time while we were trying to—I think your word was 'galvanize' ourselves into the sentimental ecstasy supposed to be the normal condition of engaged people, I told you jestingly that if I should ever find anybody I could really lo—like better—"

"*Elizabeth!*"

She looked away from him and nodded soberly.

"Yes; it's true, and I had to come and tell you. You may despise me; it's your privilege."

Tregarvon got stiffly out of his chair and took the necessary step to the veranda edge that gave him the view into the rearward flower-garden. They were there — Carfax and Richardia — bending together over the chrysanthemums. When he turned back to his cousin he was smiling grimly.

"As your brother Jack would say, you mustn't rawhide yourself too severely. Leaving the dollars out of it—and I'll find a way to leave them out, if I have to throw them at the birds—I'm getting about what I deserve—which is the glad hand all around the block, Elizabeth."

"You are bitter, and I can't blame

you," she said, with something like a sob at the catching of her breath. "But really, at the very bottom of it all, you don't care, Vance?"

"Don't I, indeed? I should be superhuman if I didn't. Who is this man who, coming after me, is preferred before me?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Why can't you, I'd like to know?"

"Because—oh, you are perfectly savage with me!—because he has had no right to speak, nor I to listen. He hasn't spoken; he may never speak. But that doesn't make any difference."

"No," said Tregarvon wearily; "nothing makes any difference, now. But I told you a moment ago not to reproach yourself. Don't! I am in precisely the same kind of a boat myself, Elizabeth—without your good hope of getting ashore."

"*Vance!*"

The grim smile came again, and he said—though rather in shame than in malice:

"It hurts a little, when it's the other way about, doesn't it? Since yesterday I've been thinking you knew. I thought that Richardia had probably written you. That is why I was so slow in catching on. I was looking for you to dagger me the other way, you know."

Miss Wardwell was no longer embarrassed; but she was well-nigh tearful.

"I suppose it's one of those horridly pretty Southern girls in the school," she said, half spitefully. "Have you—?"

"No; I've been as decent as the other fellow—the fellow you won't name for me. I haven't been making love to her."

"And she?"

"She is going to marry a man old enough to be her father—if she doesn't reconsider and marry a young donkey of a millionaire."

Rucker, following his orders, was tooling the red car up the weed-grown driveway, coming to take the two young men back to Coalville. Also, Carfax and Miss Birrell were approaching, on their return from the posy-beds. Miss Wardwell stood up and put both her hands in Tregarvon's, whether he would or not.

"I'm sorry, *sorry,*" she said earnestly. "You must come again. I shall be here for a few days. Papa and mama are going over to the Shiloh battle-field, and I can stay till they come back to Chattanooga. You'll promise to come, won't you?"

He smiled down into the brown eyes of beseeching. The vanity pain was passing.

"Certainly I shall come as often as you can get me an invitation. I don't propose to lose my best cousin, just because I happen to have lost a lot of other things."

XVIII

THIS was the keynote of the cheerful tone which Tregarvon managed to preserve through the leave-takings; but once in the car, with Westwood House left behind, he became silent almost to gruffness, keeping it up all the way to the foot of the mountain.

Later in the evening, over the tobacco-jar in the office dining-room, he thawed out enough to go into the business affair with Carfax, though the golden youth himself did not seem to care much about talking.

"Thaxter will be down here with his offer in black on white to-morrow, I suppose," said Carfax, when the subject was started. "You'll tell him no?"

"I have already told him. I sent Tryon up with a note this morning, telling him not to go to the trouble of consulting his New York people."

"Good. Did Rucker tell you of his two little discoveries to-day?"

"No. What were they?"

"He saw Morgan McNabb, who is still wearing a bandage under his hat. That was number one."

"And the other?"

"I don't like to say it, Vance—with the perfume of the Westwood flowers still in my nostrils; but you'll take it for what it's worth. The judge was the man who was with Miss Richardia the other night—who stood in the moonlight and shook his fist at your drill-derrick. Rucker says he'll swear to it."

"I don't care."

Carfax was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"What's the matter with you to-night, Vance?"

Tregarvon looked up with a scowl.

"You may as well know one time as another, I suppose. I've been touched, Poictiers; in a man's tenderest spot—which is his vanity, I guess. Elizabeth has turned me down."

Carfax's bound out of his chair was like the effect of an electrifying shock of many volts.

"My Heavens!" he ejaculated. "But why—why, Vance? Has she heard—does she know about your asinine foolery at Highmount?"

Tregarvon's grin returned.

"Oh, yes; she knows about that. But I was fired for a much better reason, and one which grinds me considerably finer. She has found out that she can think more of some other fellow, if she tries right hard—and I think she is going to try."

"Did she—did she tell you the name of—of the other fellow?" demanded Carfax, grasping his chair as if he were about to hurl it at Tregarvon.

"No. It seems that he's been decent—just about as decent as I've been. He hasn't tried to break in yet; he merely wants to."

Carfax's "Good night" was almost explosive, and before Tregarvon could even wonder what he had said to stir his friend's abruptnesses so, the door slammed behind the golden youth and he was gone.

It may have been about five minutes afterward that Tregarvon, still sitting before the bit of fire on the hearth, heard the purring of the touring-car's motor. Going quickly to the door, he had a vanishing glimpse of the car's tail-light whisking at speed around the end of the coke-oven embankment, and a moment later came the roar of the motor-engines as Carfax, hitting the grade of the mountain road, cut his muffler out.

The man in the doorway laughed bitterly.

"That is what friendship amounts to when a woman comes between!" he girded. "He knows I'm free now, and he's going to make sure of Richardia while I'm too new a widower to turn a wheel. If I had anything on top of earth to chase him with—"

Once in a cycle or so—perhaps once in a man's life—the sword of opportunity drops handle foremost from the sky and fits itself to the grasp of the spent fighter. A low drumming on the still air of the evening, a sweeping flash of white light around the corner of the office-building, and a smart, high-power runabout, with Wilmerding behind the steering-wheel, drew up at the step of the side door.

"Good man!" said the Whitby superintendent. "You heard me coming, didn't you? You gave me the fever, flaunting that big red devil of yours in my face, and I had to buy. Isn't she a little daisy? Just got her limbered up about an hour ago, and I had to chase down here and show her off. Come out for a little spin; I can take you one at a time."

Tregarvon said just one word, "Wait," and the echo of it still hung in the air when he came out, struggling into his overcoat. "Don't mind where you go, do you?" he asked; and, taking the answer for granted: "Chuck her at the mountain road; that will warm her up and let you see what she can do. I shouldn't wonder if you could beat my record. Give it a try—I'll time you."

Eight minutes was the time to the gates of the college; and Tregarvon called it a beat, though he had never timed his own car up the mountain. But it was necessary to keep Wilmerding keyed to the proper pitch.

"Now try her on the level," he suggested. "Straight ahead across the mountain; bully sand road all the way; let her out!"

Wilmerding did all the things he was told to do, and at the intersection of the cross-mountain road with the west-brow pike, reached a few minutes later, he asked for further sailing-orders.

"Let me take her for a little while—want to see how she handles," said Tregarvon; and the exchange of seats was made.

Two minutes beyond this he was steering the runabout skilfully between the big portal pillars of Westwood.

"Here, man—this is no roadhouse!" protested Wilmerding. "Do you know where you're going?"

"Don't I? And I'm asking you just one question—shall I have to introduce you to Judge Birrell and his daughter?"

"Well, hardly; not at this late day, I should hope. I've known them ever since— Why, hallo, here's your car! How did it get here?"

"On its own power," said Tregarvon briefly.

Then he placed the runabout deftly at the corner of the steps, stopped the motor, and, with Wilmerding at his elbow, set the old-fashioned knocker of the great door clanging a drum-beat through the echoing interior.

XIX

When Aunt Phyllis, the white-coifed housekeeper who had grown old in the Birrell service, opened the door of the Westwood drawing-room for the two rather late Sunday evening callers, Richardia was at the piano in the alcove, the judge was listening luxuriously in his big Morris chair, and Carfax, who was sitting beside Miss Wardwell in the deep baywindow-seat, was the only one who seemed impatient of the additions to the circle.

It was Wilmerding who made his own and Tregarvon's apologies when the judge rose up out of his lounging-chair to welcome the newcomers.

"We were taking a moonlight spin in my new runabout," he explained, "and, of course, we couldn't pass your hospitable door, Judge Birrell, even if it was a bit late."

"No, suh; of cou'se you couldn't," was the warm-hearted response. "The doahs of old Westwood House may creak a little on thei-uh hinges, suh, but they still swing wide enough fo' the guest. Find youh places, gentlemen; my daughteh was giving us a little music."

Miss Wardwell had risen, with Carfax backgrounding her because he had to, and Tregarvon introduced Wilmerding as a fellow Pennsylvanian from the Pittsburgh end of the State. Elizabeth was sweetly gracious to the young superintendent, seeming to welcome him in some sort as an opportune saver of situations. Tregarvon observed her heightened color, and saw her swift signal to Carfax. Also, he noted that the effect of the signal was to make Carfax give up his place in the window-seat to Wilmerding.

In the general readjustment that followed, the judge relapsed into his easy chair, Carfax wandered to a window with his hands in his pockets, and Tregarvon boldly took his place beside Richardia at the piano.

"I want my nocturne, and this time I mean to have it," he whispered, as he bent over her; and as if his masterful mood were not to be denied, her fingers obediently found the opening tones of the Chopin masterpiece.

This was the beginning of what gradually began to impress Tregarvon as an interval of suspended possibilities—of electrically surcharged possibilities. Almost at once he realized that Richardia was playing only from her fingers outward—faultlessly, but almost mechanically; that Carfax was wandering in aimless impatience from window to window; that Elizabeth was feverishly talking commonplaces, like an escaped schoolgirl, with Wilmerding. Later, when Carfax dragged a chair into the baywindow recess and deliberately broke in upon Elizabeth and her companion, the spirit of unrest seemed to seize the judge, too. He wheeled his Morris chair to face the others and broke all the musical traditions of Westwood House by joining in the low-toned baywindow conversation.

All these things, Tregarvon thought, were so many indications pointing to the break in the sentimental harmonies caused by his own untimely intrusion; and when Richardia, at his request to play another of his favorites, turned upon him with her eyes suffused and a faint wave of color mounting to neck and cheek, and said, "No, please don't ask me; I—I really can't play any more to-night," the suspicion was confirmed.

"Why?" he demanded quickly; and the piano alcove being at a safe distance from the quartet in the window recess: "Tell me—is it anything I have done? Shouldn't I have come back here this evening?"

"No, you should not have come," she said quite decisively. "It was altogether manlike, but very, very ungenerous."

"Ungenerous! Do you know what Poictiers did to me?"

"Of course not; how should I know?"

"Then I'll tell you. He jumped right up in the midst of things—we were smoking a quiet pipe together after dinner, you know—slipped out, stole my car, and ran away without giving me the faintest ghost of a show."

Richardia's cheek dimpled, but the smile grew to nothing more encouraging.

"You immediately found means to follow him, it seems," she said accusingly.

"Certainly I did! I should have come afoot if Wilmerding hadn't turned up to play the 'god in the machine' for me. And in the foot-race I should probably have been too late—as perhaps I am, anyway."

"Yes; I think you are."

"Don't say that, Richardia!" he begged.

"Perhaps I ought not to say it; perhaps I should let Mr. Carfax say it. But, really, you ought to be ashamed. I wouldn't be a dog in the manger, if I were you, Mr. Vance."

"A—what?" he exploded.

"A dog in the manger. It is a crude old figure of speech, to be sure, but it is very expressive. You know the dog couldn't eat the hay himself, and he wouldn't let the horse eat it."

"My soul!" murmured Tregarvon in an ecstasy of despair. "If this isn't a day when all the planets have gone whirling out of their natural orbits! What have I done? Or what do you think I've done?"

Miss Birrell's reply, if she made any, was lost in a rattling clamor of the door-knocker, and Aunt Phyllis put her head into the drawing-room to say, with her fat chin in the air and fine scorn in her tone:

"Po' white man at de front do', come to see Mistoo Tregarbon."

Tregarvon left the piano alcove reluctantly, and found Jeff Tryon, who had gone earlier in the evening to the drilling-plant to share the night watch with Rucker, waiting for him at the door. The former section-boss was out of breath, as if he had been running.

"Rucker allows you'd better come over—you and Mr. Carfax," he said hurriedly. "We've done caught the feller what put the dinnamite in the ingine b'iler. He was aimin' to try the trick ag'in, I reckon, an' we grabbed hold of him."

"Good for you, Tryon! Who is it?"

The man nodded his head mysteriously.

"Hit's the same feller that I've been suspectin' all along. You'll see, when you git thar."

"All right. Wait a minute and we'll take you back in the car. How did you know where to find us?"

"Rucker and me both heard the autymo*beel* a chasin' acrost the mountain a little spell ago — seemed like they was two of 'em—and we allowed maybe you was here at the judge's place."

Tregarvon went back to the drawing-room, meaning to get Carfax, if possible, without giving a general alarm. But Wilmerding overheard his whispered explanation to the young millionaire, and so did Miss Wardwell; whereupon he changed his mind suddenly and briefed the story of the Ocoee troubles, with its latest sequel, looking straight at Judge Birrell while he did it.

The effect upon the old man to whom his theory had assigned the place of the arch-conspirator was not, in the light of later conclusions, wholly unexpected; indeed, he felt that it was quite what one would naturally expect from Richardia's father.

"What's that, suh? Trying to dynamite your machinery while you and Mistuh Carfax are makin' us a friendly visit heah at Westwood House?" he demanded, his deep voice rumbling in its most militant underdepth. "Rich-a'dia, daughteh, get me my coat and hat; I'm going oveh with these young gentlemen. No, Mistuh Tregarvon; don't deny me that privilege, suh. Youh being undeh ouh roof at the moment makes youh quarrel *my* quarrel. You'll give me a seat in that thah steam-wagon of youhs, and— Daughteh, my coat and hat; and fetch me the old shot-gun, too, if you please, my deah."

By this time Wilmerding was on his feet, declaring that he must not be left out; and in the confusion of tongues Tregarvon got Richardia's ear for a word unheeded by the others.

"You'll be left here alone with Elizabeth—without men-people; shall you be afraid?" he asked.

Her answer, given while she was holding the overcoat for the sleeves of which her father was hastily fumbling, was reassuring; but it, too, partook of the maddening contradictions of this day of planetary eccentricities.

"I am too happy and glad and thankful to be afraid of anything," was what she said; and Tregarvon, more than ever perplexed, was still figuratively beating his breast and crying out that his reason was tottering when the descent upon the vehicles was made.

XX

For the means of transportation they chose the touring-car, because it was capacious enough to hold them all; and Carfax drove it, with Tryon clutching for handholds in the mechanician's seat beside him.

That left three for the back seat; and the judge, with his shotgun between his knees, placed himself in the middle, with Tregarvon and Wilmerding to take the side shocks.

All the way across to Highmount the deep-voiced judge was calling down anathemas upon the heads of those who would put obstacles in the way of progress, who would disfigure the fair fame of the Southland by resorting to the lawless methods of the assassin and the anarchist.

"Who are these scoundrels, Mistuh Tregarvon?" he inquired. "Just name me thei-uh names, suh!" And then, with charming inconsistency: "This is a law-abiding community, suh, and you've wronged us by keeping silence so long. But this is ouh chance for vindication. A little taste of a rope and a tree-limb for this grand rascal youh men have caught will make him tell us who his confederates are; and then, by the Lord Harry, suh, we'll run these heah law-breakehs down with the dogs, and hang them higheh than Haman!"

If Tregarvon had not taken Judge Birrell out of his theory of the conspiracy before, this outburst of evidently sincere indignation would have cleared the air at once and for all. But with the judge out of it, the burden of suspicion fell unrelieved upon William Wilberforce Hartridge.

There was now no other peg upon which to hang Richardia's anxiety. Tregarvon was sorry for Carfax, and still sorrier for himself. In the field of Miss Birrell's affections the mild-eyed, spectacled professor of mathematics, criminal though he might be, had evidently outdistanced both of them.

None the less, the master of the Ocoee rose promptly and generously to the demands of lover-like loyalty. This dynamiter whom Tryon and Rucker had captured—by all the laws of probability Hartridge's hired accomplice—must not be tortured into making a confession which would involve his principal, as the judge had just suggested. On the contrary, and at all hazards, his lips must be sealed in the judge's presence. Richardia's father must not learn in any such abrupt fashion what manner of man it was that his daughter was going to marry.

Tregarvon was setting his teeth upon this generous resolve when the motor-car skidded and slewed around the turn from the mountain pike into the narrow wood road. Despite the promise given by the perfect day and a measurably cloudless evening, the night had suddenly thickened, with cloud-wracks flying low over the mountain-top to wrap the forest in dense mantlings of fleecy vapor, silver-shot by the light of the moon, but opposing a wall of blank opacity to the head-lamps of the car.

"Easy, Poictiers! You'll scrap us if you don't look out," cautioned Tregarvon, leaning forward to warn Carfax, who was boring into the fog-bank on the second speed.

The words were scarcely uttered before there came a crunching of dry branches under the wheels, a hiss of escaping air, and a jolting stoppage of the automobile as the reckless driver threw himself upon the brakes.

"Punctured us, by Jove!" exclaimed Tregarvon; and they all got out to investigate cause and consequences.

The obstruction proved to be the dry limb of a thorny locust lying across the roadway, and the result was a flat tire.

"It's a dead limb, and it may have fallen from this tree overhead of its own accord; or it may mean that your dynamiter has friends who would like to stop us," said Wilmerding. "On the

bare chance, it occurs to me that we'd better sprint along and not wait to get the car in commission. Your man Rucker may easily be having the time of his life trying to hold onto his prisoner."

They sprinted accordingly, the judge taking the dog-trot as actively as his younger pace-setters, and stubbornly refusing to let Tregarvon relieve him of the burden of the heavy deer-gun.

So, running, they came in a few minutes to the glade of the drilling-plant, and to the door of the tool-shanty. Rucker admitted them at Tregarvon's knock and call, and his report was brief and unenlightening.

"No; nothin' doin' since we took him in; and the cuss won't talk. But maybe you can make him open up."

The captive, wrist-bound with a turn or two of rope, was sitting hunched upon the edge of Rucker's cot. It was Carfax who picked up the lantern and flashed its light into the man's face.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "Morgan McNabb!" and Rucker nodded.

Judge Birrell sat down upon a coil of rope and wiped his face with his handkerchief. He was breathing hard, but the smart run from the disabled automobile might have accounted for that. When he spoke to the prisoner his voice was sternly accusing.

"So it's you, is it, Mo'gan McNabb?—turning youh teeth on the hand that fed you. By the Lord Harry, suh, you make me mighty sorry that I saved you from goin' to the penitentiary—you do, for a fact, suh. Now, then, open youh mouth and tell these gentlemen why you come heah dynamiting thei-uh machinery."

The mountaineer's lips were drawn back in a dog-like snarl when he looked up.

"I'll see 'em burned befo' I'll open my haid to 'em now, Judge Birrell! Lookee at this," and he wrenched his fettered hands around so that the judge might see.

"Don't like the rope?" said the judge evenly. "Listen to me, Mo'gan; you've lived on Westwood land, father and son, for fo' generations, and you'll open youh head to me, suh. You've got a quarrel, or you think you have, with the owneh of the Ocoee proppetty. Did you come heah to-night thinkin' to square that account? Ansuh me, if you don't want anotheh tu'n o' that rope taken around youh neck, suh."

"No, I didn't," was the sullen reply.

"Ve'y good. Then you must have been running errands for somebody else. Is that the fact, Mo'gan?"

The mountaineer nodded.

"That's what I tried to tell that—" his characterization of Rucker was lurid and picturesque—"but he wouldn't listen at me."

"Now we are coming down to the facts, gentlemen," said the judge to the group of silent onlookers. And then again to McNabb: "Who sent you heah, suh?"

Tregarvon had no doubt whom the mountaineer's next word was likely to incriminate. For Richardia's sake, he cut in quickly.

"Pardon me, Judge Birrell, but we must give this man as good a chance as he would have in a court of law. We mustn't make him put his own neck into the halter."

The judge waved the objection aside.

"I am a justice of the peace in and for this county, Mistuh Tregarvon, and we'll call this the preliminary examination of the prisoneh, suh." Then once more to the man on the bed's edge: "Mo'gan McNabb, by the right of the authority in me vested, I demand to know who sent you heah."

McNabb looked up doggedly, and pronounced the name that Tregarvon was expecting to hear.

"Hit was Dr. Ha'tridge, over yonder at the college. He was—"

The interruption was fairly cataclysmal. Without a sound or a word of warning to preface it, the crash of a mighty explosion rent the night silences, the concussion of it shattering the glass in the little square window and rocking the lightly built tool-shanty like the heaving of an earthquake. The judge, sitting on his coil of rope, was not thrown down; but the five men who were standing were piled in a heap on the floor.

Tregarvon was the first to reach the door, which had been blown from its hinges. The cloud-bank had lifted for

the moment, but the air was full of gray dust and acrid with the fumes of the explosive. Where the engine and derrick had stood, there was nothing but a tangle of twisted and shattered iron and timber, and the glade looked as if it had been swept by a tornado.

The rush of his companions for the open air was just behind Tregarvon when he caught a glimpse of something moving on the farther edge of the glade. While he stared, the moving object erected itself into the stature of a man.

One glance at the tall, frock-coated figure was enough. With a yell of rage Tregarvon dashed across the open space, slipping the ornamental house-pistol from his pocket, and calling to the frock-coated figure to hold up its hands. There was a pause, seemingly of indecision; then the figure turned and ran, and at the same instant another flying cloud came across the mountain-top to bury forest and glade, tangled wreck, and the two gasping runners in its fleecy depths.

Tregarvon raced on for a breath-cutting minute or two, guided solely by the crashing of the fugitive through the brier-patches and over the dry leaf-beds. Then he began to get his second wind—enough of it to spare a little for a shouted command to the other to halt. Since this seemed only to hasten the flying footsteps on ahead, he fired a shot from the revolver, high in the air, as he thought and intended, but not high enough, as the dreadful consequence plainly proved. For, almost coincident with the report of the pistol, there was an agonized cry, the crash of a falling body, and silence.

Tregarvon came down from the transporting heights of rage with a shock that was sickening.

"Good Heavens!" he gasped. "I've killed him!"

He flung the offending weapon afar, and hurried forward to confirm the horrifying conclusion.

He was still running in the direction from which the cry had sounded, stumbling recklessly on in blind gropings through the thick white darkness, when the end came. As if the solid earth had been suddenly whisked away from beneath his feet, he felt himself whirling into space—falling through unfathomable depths of it, it seemed, before he collided with that other world—a world of shocks and coruscating pains, of beatings and bruisings, and presently of forgetfulness.

(To be concluded)

ADVENTURERS

You who have trackless deserts ranged,
  And Freedom's chalice set to lip,
At heart we cannot be estranged,
  For I am of your fellowship!

The tended close, the furrowed garth,
  The highways where men ride at ease,
The sheltered seat beside the hearth—
  Life's magic dwelleth not in these!

But lurks within the hurrying storm
  That with the woodland hath its will,
And with the wonder-mantled form
  That hides behind each beckoning hill;

With the wide sunlight on the waste,
  And the mysterious whisperings
That may, by ears attuned, be traced
  To the great heart of primal things!

Ever the new adventure waits—
  Happy the day when forth we hie!—
Beyond the dawn's unmeasured gates
  The venturesome, discovering eye.

Clinton Scollard

THE MAN WITH THE PLAID ULSTER WAS TALKING TO THE CLERK AT THE DESK

A LETTER FROM HOME

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE EMPIRE AND MAGGIE HOGAN," "THE SHADOW," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. D. FANCHER

ON the threshold of the sitting-room, Amory turned, with the same odd hesitancy which had already disquieted his wife; for Ruth felt the well-bred woman's aversion to a theatrical scene.

"I may be late—at the office—this evening," he said. "There is much work to be done."

"The timber-land case, isn't it?" asked Ruth. "Your case against the Zerkel companies, isn't it?"

She smiled faintly. It had been a long time since she had volunteered interest in his profession. But Amory merely scowled at the bundle of legal documents under his arm.

"Why, yes," said he slowly. "The government's cases against the Zerkel people begin next week. I wish they were over!" He snapped a rubber-band. "I'll have good news for you then, I hope. I may—I may have it before. I wish they were over!"

He went out with the unsatisfied air of one who has not been able to finish what he wished to say. Ruth breathed a tired sigh of relief. Amory's prosecution of the government's cases against the timber-land thieves accounted, of course, for his curious anxiety. It was not due, after all, to any suspicion, mysteriously gathered, of her great resolve.

Their sitting-room in the hotel was a converted bedchamber. An unfaded portion of the carpet indicated where a bed had stood; and mournful furniture of imitation black walnut and red plush was distributed mathematically. Amory and Ruth had spent in hotels most of the six years of their married life. At first, he had rented a flat; but the neighborhood had not pleased Ruth. He could not afford to build or rent a suitable house, although they had to provide for no children.

Ruth looked out of the window at the street of the raw little Western city. Now that her resolution was real, she was astonished at its feasible simplicity. She need explain nothing to Amory beyond the fact that she was going to visit her family in New York. It would be unnecessary at present for her to add that she should never willingly return. She could write that to him—could write that their marriage was a sorry error, and that she could sustain the pretense of wifehood no longer. It would be easier for both of them if she wrote that in a letter.

She was reminded of the letter which, only that morning, had so suddenly clinched her determination; and she took the gray envelope from the mantel and sat down in a rocking-chair by the window. Her idle attention was arrested by two men across the street. One of them wore a plaid ulster, which would have arrested attention anywhere except on a Scottish moor. Ruth could not see his face; but the face of the other man was hatefully familiar. It was that of a disreputable local banker, named Bentley. Ruth's husband had once been carried to her from Bentley's bachelor quarters, delirious and nearly dead, after days of drinking.

She learned indirectly that Amory might have made a plausible plea of an inherited curse. But he never did so. He never spoke of it at all to her. He fought it sternly and alone; and his cold silence froze what sympathy there was for him in her weary heart. She believed that he fought victoriously, although she was not sure. When he told her stolidly of his appointment as a United States district attorney, she fancied that there was a tiny gleam of victory in his eye; and, to her own surprise no less than to his, she kissed him.

Ruth spread the sheets of the letter on her lap. It was from her sister, Gertrude, who had recently come back to New York after several years' absence in Europe; and it overflowed with the girlish joy of home. Between the lines Ruth could almost see pictures of the sunny avenue and the green park, gay theaters, hospitable drawing-rooms. While she read her sister's happy gossip of the town, she seemed to hear the greetings of her friends, with their musical, aristocratic voices; and she had a mental glimpse of them in their perfect gowns, leaning cozily over a pretty tea-tray in the dim lamplight of late afternoon. And then she looked around her dismal walls.

"You must remember that horrid Moses Clutton," wrote Gertrude in one of her numerous postscripts. "He's just become engaged to Ida Zerkel—you know, the timber king's daughter. She had the refusal of two dukes; but old Zerkel was for Clutton, and has taken him into partnership. The men tell dreadful stories about him — business stories, I mean. When are you coming East?"

When? Ruth sprang up and clasped her hands behind her resolutely. She would go East to-morrow; she would go to-morrow, for good and all.

II

Ruth put on her hat and gloves, and descended the stairs. In the office of the hotel she encountered Mrs. Platt, the proprietor's wife.

"Oh, Mis' Amory!" cried her landlady shrilly. "Step right in the parlor, won't you? I want to ask advice 'bout the cut of my kimoner. You bein' from New York, I just thought I'd ask you. Step right in here."

Seated in the gaudy parlor next to the office, Ruth was mildly amused by Mrs. Platt's conversation. The commonplace society into which she had drifted bored and disgusted her, as a rule; but to-day, when she was certain of an escape from it, she could smile at its vulgarities.

"And I s'pose you're real proud of your husband," Mrs. Platt rambled on. "I don't blame you. Everybody says that the prosecution of these timber robbers will make him an awful big man in politics. 'Honest Jack Amory,' folks call him. There's a paper has nominated him for Governor already; and there ain't a pile of papers in the State, yet."

Ruth glanced indifferently into the corridor. The man with the plaid ulster was talking to the clerk at the desk. Ruth recognized him as Moses Clutton, of whom she had just been reading in her sister's letter; and the coincidence visibly startled her. Mrs. Platt followed her glance.

"Ain't he swell?" she whispered excitedly. "Name of French, from Chicago."

"French?" said Ruth. "Are you positive? Because I thought—"

"That's his name, all right," insisted Mrs. Platt. "I was there when he registered. He's got some sort of a deal on with Bentley. At least, he hired a rig to drive him out to Bentley's to-night, and then countermanded it, and allowed he'd go in Bentley's auto. French, from Chicago."

"Oh!" murmured Ruth. "I dare say I was mistaken."

But she knew that she was not mistaken. French of Chicago was Moses Clutton of New York, prospective son-in-law of the timber-land magnate.

When he had disappeared from the hotel lobby, Ruth went to the street. It was growing dusk. The ugly buildings and unclean sidewalks looked their worst in the pitiless glare of the electric lamps; and crude masses of clashing colors made the shop-windows brilliantly ridiculous.

Ruth stopped at a drug-store to buy a few trifles for her journey. She asked to have them charged; then she recollected herself and asked for her bill, instead. It was the beginning of her actual preparation; and she rejoined the offensive crowd on the narrow pavement with some contentment of spirit. She imagined the stately shops of Broadway, the well-dressed throng, the line of liveries on the curb—"Home, Peter;" and the door of her coupé clicked. Home!

She turned the corner of a cross street. Here it was darker and quieter. Her imagination worked more briskly as she hurried on, with unseeing eyes fixed on the rude planks of the sidewalk. Now Peter had left her at the house, and she was sitting with her mother at the library fire—her widowed mother, who had ever protested, in her sweet, calm way, against her handsome daughter's impulsive marriage to the unknown lawyer. The fire burned low; it was time to dress for dinner and the opera. Outside, over the asphalt of the avenue, countless cabs and automobiles rumbled on their errands of pleasure. Ruth lifted her eyes, and her fancies fled.

A touring-car was grinding swiftly by her, through the mud of the street. Ruth identified the car; it was Bentley's, the only one of the kind in town. On the rear seat were Moses Clutton and her husband.

The automobile passed from the blue glow of an electric-light into the blackness beyond. Ruth retraced her steps. She walked with eyes intently fixed on the planks. But she was not dreaming now of her mother by the library fire; she was wondering why Zerkel's partner, disguised by a false name, should be in secret consultation with the sworn assailant of Zerkel's illegal enterprise.

III

THE dreary environment of the hotel and her lonely, ill-served supper restored Ruth's thoughts to their former business. She determined to inform Amory at once of her pretended visit. She rehearsed the way in which she should inform him; she had not the slightest doubt that he would acquiesce in half a dozen chilly words.

It was nearly midnight when Ruth heard his heavy, energetic footsteps in the corridor. She picked up a magazine.

"The office kept you late," she said.

"It is late," said Amory.

Something in his voice made her observe him sharply. He had flung his hat and overcoat on the lounge, and was pulling forward a chair. He sat down on the edge of it, with his broad shoulders thrown back and a fist clenched on either knee. Amory's opponents in the court-room had learned to understand the meaning of the pose.

"Maybe it's too late to talk," he resumed, "but I want this done with, Ruth, right off. I can't wait."

Ruth's hand wavered as she laid the magazine on the table. Had her rehearsals, then, been wasted?

"I told you, this noon, I'd have news for you some day," said Amory. "I've got it now. We're going East to live."

"You—I—to live?"

"Yes. Back to New York."

She dropped her hand into her lap and stared at him. Amory leaned forward earnestly.

"I'll take you out of this place," he pursued. "I'll take you where you'll live well, as you used to—as you ought to—as it's my duty to have you live." He evaded Ruth's bewildered glance, and sought evidently for lighter phrases. "No more seedy hotels!" he said with a strained gaiety. "No more Mrs. Platts and progressive euchre! No more — no more homesick misery for you!" It was no use; his feeling mastered him. "Haven't I seen?" he sobbed brokenly. "Good God! haven't I seen? My poor, poor wife!"

He walked to the window, and clumsily hid his face. His weak sob echoed strangely in Ruth's heart, like a supernatural sound; the primal quality of his nature she had always judged to be a fighting and emotionless strength. Amory's figure, now dimly outlined against the dark glass of the window, seemed to her to be solitary, vaguely desolate, almost pitiful. Heretofore, Ruth had looked upon him with the various eyes of love, of shame, and of unconcern; but never with the eyes of pity.

"John!" she said very softly.

He moved toward her, having quite recovered himself.

"Forgive me, Ruth, for acting like a child. But this thing — this great piece of luck for you—has come so suddenly that it's rather knocked me out. When a man's wife is rescued from a desert island, he is bound to act foolish, I suppose. And you are rescued, Ruth!"

"Tell me," she asked.

"Shall I?" said Amory. "Is there any need? Don't we both realize the desert island without my telling you?"

"I wish you'd tell me," she repeated under her breath.

Amory touched her hair awkwardly, but she did not stir or meet his gaze.

"Well," said he, "there's one devil

"GEE—HONEYMOONIN'!"

THE FRAGMENTS OF HER SISTER'S LETTER FELL HARMLESSLY TO THE FLOOR

I've been chained here by that I guess you haven't known about. I mean the devil of debt—debts left behind by my father. The last one I paid off a month ago. The other devil you have known, Heaven help you! But I'm free from him, too, Ruth—free forever. I've had that devil beaten to a standstill for over two years; so, when this great chance showed up, I was ready."

"If only you had spoken like this before!" she faltered.

"I couldn't," he said simply. "What was to be gained by speaking? Until now, I had no escape to offer you from your unhappiness."

"But, John, if you go to the East, you must give up the rewards of your work here—your reputation—"

"My reputation!" broke in Amory. "What is all that against your contentment?"

He returned, with a disdainful gesture, to the window; and Ruth involuntarily arose and went to him. She peered across the shadowy street to the spot where she had first seen Moses Clutton that afternoon. A sickening fear stole upon her—a sickening explanation of Clutton's errand to her husband. In a torture of dread, she lost sight of everything except the honor of this man to whom she had given herself. She pressed her timid fingers on Amory's arm.

"What sort of a great chance have you found, John?"

"Why, a job with a New York trust company—a big salary."

"But, of course," she said with a brave effort to steady her voice—"but of course, you will stay here until you have won the Zerkel [illegible]?"

His arm quivered.

"I can't win all the time," he parried sullenly. "People mustn't expect too much of me."

"Do you know what they do expect of you, John?" said Ruth. "Do you know what they call you? They call you 'Honest Jack Amory.'"

The sonorous bell of a church rang in a new day with twelve deliberate strokes; and, as if by a common instinct, Amory and his wife were silent until the echoes died. But, plainer than speech, his white and suspicious face told Ruth the story of how he had planned to sell his soul's honor to Zerkel to buy comfort for her. Ruth's fingers slipped around his hand—not timid fingers, now; their grasp was the powerful protection of a guide.

"You love me more than I deserve,"

she said, "when you make such a sacrifice for me."

"A sacrifice of what?" he blurted hoarsely. "What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking," lied Ruth, "of your political future in the West."

Amory's countenance cleared, and he withdrew his hand. "Oh, that!" he exclaimed. "Think of our financial future in New York!"

"If I wanted to live there, John. But I don't."

"Ruth!" gasped Amory. "Is that true? I thought—I was sure—"

"I don't want to live in New York," she said stoutly. "I want to live here, where I can be proud of you, and of your work, and of the name you have earned. New York has never entered my mind. I've never wished for it. I wouldn't go back there for anything, unless you send me."

"Unless I send you! But I was convinced that you were heart-sick for your old life. And you have been—you have been lonely—unhappy."

"If I have been, it was because I was silly, John; because I would not let myself be taught, until this morning, how much I loved you, or how much you loved me."

His voice sank reverently, like a priest's at the altar. "I love you," he said, "more than—"

"I know," said Ruth.

IV

A HALL-BOY knocked for the second time on the door of the sitting-room. There was no response. He stooped to the keyhole, and greeted with a sarcastic grin the gentle sound which issued therefrom. "Gee — honeymoonin'!" he chuckled; and knocked again.

"Well?" called Amory.

"Mr. French—party in two eleven," said the boy, "wants to see you up there—forgot something."

"Tell Mr. French I don't— No, tell him I'll be there right away," replied the lawyer.

"At this hour?" objected Ruth.

"Yes, at this very minute," said Amory, smiling eagerly. "It's a fellow from the East, who—who came to me about that trust company position. Ruth, are you positive—are you quite certain of yourself?"

"More certain of myself, John, than ever in my life, I think."

"It won't take me long," he said. "I'll tell him my wife positively declines to return to New York." The smile faded, and he tightened his lips. "It won't take me long now," declared Amory, "to say 'No' to the kind offers of Mr. French."

He closed the door. Ruth leaned her elbow on the mantel, but not for support; her attitude was one of pride and strength. For it had been given to her at last to prove herself a helpmate. She had saved from stain the man who would have endured stain for her sake. The shabby sitting-room seemed to be glorified into a golden temple by the light of her rediscovered love.

Her hand chanced upon a gray envelope, lying on the mantel. Decisively, she tore it in two; and the fragments of her sister's letter fell harmlessly to the floor.

A DREAM

ALL through the day I dreamed of thee;
  But in the stillness of the night
A shrouded presence came to me
  And wrought temptation's potent might.
Ambition sighed; then heaven was rent,
The mountain cleft, the ocean bent.

Another presence filled the air,
  One word was taken from thy soul—
'Twas love! Ah, what a change was there!
  The wild rose budded, bloomed; the whole
Rondure of God with anthems rang;
Life's harp was struck, and angels sang!

Kenneth Bruce

WHY DO FRENCHMEN RETAIN THEIR YOUTHFULNESS LONGER THAN AMERICANS?

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

AUTHOR OF "PARIS AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION," ETC.

AUBER, the famous French composer, once said: "If a man is not an imbecile, he can always keep in a little corner of his heart the feeling or the fancy that he is only twenty." As far as his own countrymen are concerned, he would have been within the truth if he had said "fifteen," or "ten," or even "five," instead of "twenty." The Frenchman does not cast away his childhood and youth when he attains his majority. He does not cease to wonder and enjoy at twenty-one. All his life the feeling, or the fancy, that he is a boy is strong within him; all his life he retains the ability to throw himself unreservedly into the experience of the moment — which is the essence of keen enjoyment.

It is not only that the elders join in the sports of the children with a frequency and a heartiness that establish a strong and fine *camaraderie* between them, but that the elders, of and by and for themselves, frolic like children on the slightest provocation. Mature men and women find diversion in throwing food to the ducks and pigeons of the Luxembourg Gardens, in watching the animals at the Jardin des Plantes and the Jardin d'Acclimatation. They hang as breathlessly as the children on the stereotyped railleries of the marionettes, and discuss as seriously, and await as impatiently, the promised arrival of a *carrousel* of flying horses in their quarter. They throng windows and balconies for a glimpse of the pettiest happening in the street, and block a sidewalk merely to see a dog tree a cat.

In the court of a building which I once inhabited, a mock battle took place daily between two characters, thoroughly French in their capacity for drollery, who were in reality the best of friends—St. Pierre, a venerable rooster, the property of the *concierge* of the court, and Robespierre, a vigorous bull-pup belonging to one of the tenants. St. Pierre, always the aggressor, would make fierce feints at pecking and striking, from every one of which Robespierre, who considerately attempted no other defense than barking and growling, would spring back as if for his very life. The affair invariably ended in a disorderly retreat on the part of Robespierre and a tremendous crow of triking, from every one of which Robespierre, who considerately attempted no court as intent upon this contest, the outcome of which it knew perfectly well, and as wildly hilarious over it as if it had never occurred before and never would occur again.

"A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY"

The bud is not more eager to blossom than the gaiety of the French is to emerge. A trifle, a very nothing, may provoke it — the acquisition of a new piece of furniture, a new dress, a new hat; the gift of a ribbon, a cigar, a bunch of flowers, a cornucopia of bonbons. A bunch of asparagus, a box of biscuits, a gill of choice liqueur, a plate of peaches, a bottle of good wine to replace or supplement the *ordinaire*—any one of these is enough to metamorphose an every-day meal into a banquet.

French gaiety, while thus easily roused, is not easily dashed or dispelled. It is no less tenacious than it is ready. Unpropitious circumstances have little power over it. The Paris populace dance on asphalt or wooden or cobble-

stone pavements indifferently. When they go picnicking, an accordion, harmonica, or tin trumpet serves them as well as an orchestra for greensward dancing; in an emergency they can even make merry shift with their own humming or whistling. If they chance to be ignorant of dance steps, their volatile spirits are as happily displayed in running, skipping, and whirling evolutions.

I have known losers at the races to be jubilant, the immediate shock of disappointment passed, over the fine things they would have purchased with the money they would have won if they had bet on some other horse. And, while they regard wine as indispensable to a meal, to say nothing of a banquet, Frenchmen can be fairly hilarious on insipid *eau rougie* or *eau sucrée,* when the money for the wine is lacking.

Under the hardships of his years of enforced military service, with its paltry sou per day of recompense, the French soldier does not sulk or whine: he laughs. He beats out the dusty kilometers of his marches with whistle, chaff, and *chanson.* To judge by his flippant jauntiness at the annual *grandes manœuvres,* even under a killing sun, one would say that he was indulging in a lark instead of performing a hard duty. The grim surroundings of actual battle only serve to heighten his gaiety. He goes to death blithe and debonair, as he goes to meet his mistress—with a spring in his step, laughter in his eyes, and a jest or a song on his lips.

PASTIMES OF FAMOUS FRENCHMEN

According to credible traditions, Charcot, the great nerve specialist, was one of the most exuberant dancers at the students' balls of the Quartier Latin until well on in middle life. Dumas *père* amused himself endlessly with cooking; Georges Sand directed a marionette theater in her country home; Bourdaloue, one of France's three great religious orators, was in the habit of playing "a merry jig-tune on a fiddle" and dancing to the accompaniment thereof just before he entered his pulpit; Balzac, one of the most tremendous workers of his age or any other age, let himself go so completely when he dropped his pen that it was impossible not to be merry in his company. Even if these traditions are apocryphal, they typify the need of recreation felt by the French littérateur, divine, and scientist, and the tendency of all true Frenchmen to play as heartily as they work.

The French brain-worker is equally capable of intense intellectual concentration and of capering about in boyish abandon; and he makes the transition from the one occupation to the other with a rapidity nothing short of stupefying to less mobile temperaments. The child-spirit, which never dies within him, awaits only a twirl of the finger, so to speak, to pop up, like a freed jack-in-the-box, all grinnings and grimaces.

Furthermore, the Frenchman, whatever his class or station, is as little ashamed to have it known that he frolics as he is to frolic. He plays as openly as he plays heartily.

"We were children, we were conscious of it, and we rejoiced in it, knowing it to be a good thing," says an adult character of one of Gustave Droz's dainty domestic sketches.

"Think you," protested Henry of Navarre to his officers, after having beguiled an exhausted army into marching by leading them in a *chanson,* "that my soldiers, because they have heard me singing buffooneries, are going to look on me with a less favorable eye? They will love me the more for it, believe me. Dignity is the daughter of pride and *ennui!*"

"Dignity is the daughter of pride and *ennui!*" "We were children, knowing it to be a good thing!" In these two phrases is reflected the past, the present, the perpetual, the unchanging French mental attitude toward gaiety. To be merry is a part of the Frenchman's temperament; to be publicly, unblushingly merry is a part of his philosophy.

TYPICAL INCIDENTS OF PARIS LIFE

A grotesque, wretched old dame is dancing before a Paris café terrace to the music of a tin whistle played by an equally old, wretched, and grotesque companion. A certain faultlessly dressed man, prominent in Paris society, suddenly quits his place in the café, walks up to the woman, salutes her, takes her by the hand, whispers a word in her ear,

and executes a number of fantastic dance-steps with her. Then he passes his hat to the laughing spectators, pours the collection into his partner's apron, and, saluting once more, modestly resumes his seat.

The day after last year's Grand Prix, two men well known in academic circles amused themselves—and others—mightily on a boulevard sidewalk, racing some tiny toy horses which they propelled by means of rubber pneumatic tubes.

Venerable university graduates have recently been charging the French students of to-day with being overserious, preternaturally solemn — "old young men," to employ their favorite expression—and the students, sorely hurt by the charge, have issued a sort of public manifesto to prove that they are not less prompt and vigorous in revelry than their forebears were. In America, on the other hand, the students—God bless them for their absurd antics and the note of mirth they introduce into our life!—are continually being accused by the hoary alumni with not being sufficiently serious, and are continually assuring their accusers and the world at large that the charge is untrue, and that they do nothing worth mentioning but study. Could anything be more eloquent of the vital difference between the French and the American appreciation of larks?

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN"

We human beings are all—even the sternest and most stoical of us, I fancy—more or less children in our heart of hearts, and would enjoy beyond measure being children freely and frankly, if we only dared. Indeed, some of those who are the last to confess to such child-like lapses are very much children in their own homes, at times, when they are sure that the shutters are closed and the curtains drawn.

The good deacon, more moral coward than hypocrite, who announced with a long-drawn sigh that he felt it his duty to go to the circus—for which his mouth had been watering for weeks—in order that Tommy might improve his mind by observing the animals, is no fiction. It is not always the deacon, and not always the circus. It may be "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker," and the Christmas-tree, the Fourth-of-July fireworks, the military parade; but whoever the individual and whatever the occasion, the unbending is almost sure to be "for the sake of the youngsters"—condescending, skulking, or apologetic. Less children by nature than the French, and ashamed to let it appear that we are as juvenile as we are, we have schooled ourselves so long in the hiding of child-like impulses, as being inconsistent with dignity and decorum, that the wonder is not that we are preponderantly solemn, but that we have a spark of artless, spontaneous gaiety left.

The excellent advice of the poet Béranger to Rouget de Lisle—"Live backward, and make a springtime of the winter which comes"—is followed by the entire French people. On one of his visits to Paris, Colonel Higginson was much impressed by a fact which many others have observed: "Old Frenchmen," he wrote, "have usually such unabated fire in their eyes, set off by gray hair, and often black eyebrows, that they make Anglo-Saxons of the same age look heavy and dull in comparison."

The reasons for the "unabated fire" are, in part at least, the ability to "carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood," and the absence of that false pride which forbids a letting down of the bars. It is because they respect youthfulness and covet it that Frenchmen continue youthful so long. For, however it may be about "the longing to be so" helping to "make the soul immortal," the longing to stay young, if it is inspired by the right spirit, and is a hopeful and not a fretful longing, undoubtedly helps to preserve youth.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN

"LIFE'S short!" weak souls have sighed since time began;
And yet how oft an hour has served to prove the man!

Richard Kirk

LIGHT VERSE

FLEURETTE IN TEARS

FLEURETTE in tears! Ah no, ah no!
Hers should be but a rose's wo—
A wistfulness when day is through,
Between the shadow and the dew,
Before the white moon lifts her bow.

Small wonder that it hurts one so;
Hers were such laughing eyes and blue
That even sorrow turned to sue—
Fleurette in tears!

A trampled blossom lying low,
A song-bird shattered by a blow
In very singing—who may view
These things unmoved to know them true?
So frail, so pitiful! But oh,
Fleurette in tears!

Theodosia Garrison

BREAK

BREAK! Break! Break!
They have broken us up, you see—
Cups and saucers and plates,
And the lives of you and me.

And the stately maids sail on
To their havens new and strange;
And oh, for the sight of a rangeless cook,
Instead of a cookless range!

Ada Foster Murray

AS TO "POP"

I HEARD their mother tell the boys she thought they ought to stop
When speaking of their father—me—addressing him as "pop";
But I don't know. I sort of feel, all reverence apart,
That "pop" 's a sort of title that's connected with the heart.

I've never known a boy who "popped" when talking of his pa
Who had about him any trace of things peculiar,
Nor any pop who'd made himself a true pop sure enough
Who, when it came to cases, wasn't quite the proper stuff.

And speaking of those cases, why, I rather like to see
A laddie and his daddy on a plane of sympathy
That makes them kind of chummy—and it makes me very sad
To see a boy who dassen't get familiar with his dad.

Carlyle Smith

A LETTER

THOUGH slight this pinnace white,
And frail as frail may be,
Adown the tides of space
I launch it forth to thee.

Its ropes are rainbow hopes;
Its sails of dream are spun;
And all its masts and spars
Fond wishes are, each one.

Its freight—ah, precious weight
Ind's fabled wealth above!—
Take, sweet, unto thy heart—
An argosy of love!

Sennett Stephens

RUBAIYAT OF AN AMATEUR FARMER

MYSELF in Town did eagerly frequent
The Stalls with Farming Literature besprent.
I looked and yearned, nor Peace knew any more
Till my good Coin for Magazines was spent.

In me the seed of Longing did these sow,
And next Month's issue wrought to make it grow;
But this is all the Harvest I have reaped—
"Book-farmin' ain't wuth las' year's shucks, b'jo!"

Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you say.
Perhaps; it brings the Rose-Bug, anyway.
And these first Summer Months that bring the Rose
Bring too the Job of Getting in the Hay.

The Garden Truck we set our Hearts upon,
It withers or it prospers—and anon
The Wild Deer comes from out some woodsy Place
And feasts a little Hour or two— 'Tis gone!

I sometimes think no other Berry red
As that on which the nimble Sparrows fed;
And every Cabbage which the green Slug spares
Seems less rotund than the worm-eaten Head!

A Spraying Apparatus 'neath the Bough,
Some Tons of Fertilizer, Horses, Plow,
A Hired Man bred to chronic Idleness—
The agricultural Life comes dear enow!

Next Spring perchance will look for us again
Behind the Plow or Scattering the Grain;
And many later Springs may look for us
Among these Farm-lands, but they'll look in vain!

And when along the Road the Farmers pass
In creaking Wain, with Milk or Garden Sass,
Methinks I hear them as they reach this Spot
Remark: "Them City Fellers never las'!"

Anne O'Hagan

OCTOBER

I HEAR the feet of October.
Oh, the tramp of her—
Heralded by scarlet leaves!
No flag of truce they carry,
Nothing but war they proclaim;
Wan are their faces,
Terrible their message,
Beautiful their livery.

Lo, the army is upon us,
They have pitched their tents;
They have raised their standard—
The gold of it, the splendor,
Purple and crimson, tawny and bronze!

Their banners cover the fields—
We are prisoners!
Oh, stealthy approach,
Oh, swift disaster,
Oh, terrible the bite of the sword
In the winds of October!

Mary Eastwood Knevels

THE GOAL

"FIRST families" are very fine,
If one believes in caste;
'Tis very well to have a line
Of ancestors for eons nine—
Fair Eve and Adam started mine;
But, take it first and last,
There's little in a family-tree
Whose fruit has gone to seed;
'Tis better far for one to be
A mushroom *minus* pedigree,
But of the best variety
In character and deed.

My boast is not of how I trace
My line to noble Guelph,
To leaders in some bygone race;
But how I'm going to win a place,
However fast or hot the pace,
As ancestor myself;
So that, when all is over here,
Up in the realm of bliss
My forebears back to Adam's year
When I arrive will shout and cheer,
And whisper in their neighbor's ear:
"We're relatives of his!"

John Kendrick Bangs

AFFINITIES

THE maple smiles upon the scene
Where blossoms forth the buckwheat green.

The buckwheat looks upon the tree,
And beams with very joyous glee.

The maple thinks of days ahead
When they shall hie them forth to wed.

The buckwheat dreams of hours anon
When, with her maple mantle on,

They twain, in chillsome autumn days,
Shall win imperishable bays.

For what indeed more laurels takes
Than maple-sweetened buckwheat cakes?

Blakeney Gray

A CLIMAX

SURELY in modern days
Woman has changed her ways;
Think of the games she plays,
Agile and active!
Anything man can do
She can—the whole list through;
Still she continues to
Be most attractive.

Lately it came to pass,
Over my *demi-tasse*,
I asked a pretty lass
For her permission:
Turkish—the mildest brand;
She seemed to understand,
Answering smiling and
With a condition.

"Smoke? Yes, you may; but let
Me roll the cigarette."
Never shall I forget
Just how she joked it,
When—up to date for me,
Better than mine would be
One cigarette!—and *she*
Lit it—and smoked it!

Julian Durand

THE STAGE

PITY THE POOR PLAYWRIGHT

PLAYS, plays, plays! That is the crying demand of the day, both in England and in America; but more especially in England, where not only does the actor-manager bulk large, but the actor-manager with an actress wife adds new difficulties to the task of suiting said manager with a play. For perforce your poor author has to adapt his work not to one, but to two individuals; and to do this, and have his story consistent, his climaxes strong, and his audiences large—to do all this is a trick that few playwrights can turn. Result — London is worse off for new plays than New York.

Take Oscar Asche, for instance. He will be remembered by American theatergoers as the vociferous husband to Virginia Harned in "Iris" some few years since. He has now taken unto himself a wife — Lily Brayton, with whom he always plays. Of late they have made some success in Shakespeare, but the Bard of Avon can no more be relied on for a steady income in London than in New York. Last month I mentioned

GRACE LANE, IN THE CHICAGO MUSICAL COMEDY HIT, "A STUBBORN CINDERELLA"

From a photograph

their production of a romantic affair in blank verse called "Two Pins," which turned out to be worth even less than its name. They then fell back on a revival of "The Taming of the Shrew"; but even at reduced prices they kept going for only a week, and I note now that the theater (Mr. Frohman's Aldwych) reopens in September with "Paid in Full."

The difficulty with the Asches is that Mrs. Asche demands a part that will permit her to dress in costume, in which she fancies she shows to better advantage than in modern gowns. Any author who hopes to suit this couple must plan accordingly. Unhappily for the Asches, the tendency of popular taste seems to be toward the modern play; but whether Miss Brayton can be won over to think so may perhaps depend on the lasting qualities of the family bank-account.

MAUD ALLAN, AS SHE APPEARS AT THE PALACE MUSIC-HALL, LONDON, IN HER "VISION OF SALOME" DANCE, THE ORIGINAL OF A HOST OF IMITATORS.

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

Martin Harvey also has a wife to consider, and he, poor man, has had no real winner since "The Only Way." Arthur

Bourchier and his better half, Violet Vanbrugh, I believe, never act apart; and they, too, at last accounts, were vainly searching for a new vehicle.

But even without the handicap of an acting wife, the London "stars," as we should call them — actor-managers, as they are styled there— are hard put to it for plays. John Hare has just been giving some farewell performances at the Garrick in his old stand-byes, "The Gay Lord Quex" and "A Pair of Spectacles." He announces that these farewells may or may not be final, and that he would be glad to return to the London boards at any time if he could find a new drama as well suited to him as either of the two named above.

And yet, important as plays are to actors, it is strange how little effort they put forth to find good ones. Any playwright will tell you that the hardest task he has is to get an actor to read a play, and almost any actor will

FLORA JULIET BOWLEY, WHO WAS RECENTLY LEADING WOMAN WITH ROBERT EDESON AS PHYLLIS STAFFORD, IN "CLASSMATES," AND WHO MAY APPEAR NEXT IN A MILITARY DRAMA

From her latest photograph by White, New York

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, OF "RED FEATHER" FAME, WHO IS TO BE STARRED IN A NEW OPERA, "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," BY THE AUTHORS OF "ROBIN HOOD"

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York

admit that he would rather do anything else than this very thing.

This is the reason that Frank Worthing lost "The Squaw Man." It seems that when the piece was produced as a one-act affair at a "Lambs' gambol," he acted the part afterward played by Faversham. It made such a hit at the club that it was later on given at the public gambol, when Mr. Worthing again played the lead, and with great success. By the way, the part of the Indian wife was acted at the Lambs' by Edward S. Abeles, the *Brewster* of "Millions" fame; and I am told that he was wonderful in it, not seeking to burlesque, but playing the woman "straight." She has only a few words to say, you will remember.

APHIE JAMES, APPEARING WITH HER HUSBAND, LOUIS JAMES, AS SOLVEIG, IN IBSEN'S "PEER GYNT"

From a photograph

The playlet was such a hit that Edwin Milton Royle, the author, who was an actor as well, decided to expand it into four acts. He is a Salt Lake boy, and familiar with the Western ground.

When he had completed the task, he met Thomas W. Ryley, who said he would like to produce the thing with Frank Worthing as the star, he having seen Worthing's fine performance at the gambol. So the script, as they call a play in manuscript, was sent to the actor, who at the time was playing in one of Mr. Frohman's companies on tour, and a response from him eagerly awaited. After some time, no word having been received, Royle wrote again, but still no reply. Meantime, Ryley, who could wait no longer, gave up the project, and Royle tried to market his piece elsewhere. In typing plays, with the aid of carbon-sheets, six or more copies are struck off at once, and sometimes as many as three of these are going the rounds of the different managers at one and the same time. In due course, Mr. Tyler, of the Liebler firm, saw the possibilities in "The Squaw Man," accepted it, and cast Faversham for the name part. The huge success it achieved is a matter of stage history.

ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, THE GRAND-OPERA PRIMA DONNA, NOW IN VAUDEVILLE

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

Some time after this Royle met Frank Worthing at the club. The latter was quite candid about the matter, and said:

"Ned, I'm a fool. I simply kept neglecting to read your play, and now, you see, I lost it."

Worthing, by the way, who came over from England several years since to take John Drew's place in Augustin Daly's company, is now regarded in London as an American actor, with the accent of the Yankee.

LOTTA FAUST, WHO PLAYS A LEADING PART IN THE CASINO MUSICAL REVIEW OF THE PAST SEASON, "THE MIMIC WORLD," IN WHICH SHE DOES THE SALOME DANCE

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York

VALLI VALLI, WHO IS FRANZI IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "A WALTZ DREAM"

From her latest photograph by Bassano, London

In the English capital, last summer, one heard much of the *entente cordiale,* by reason of the Franco-British Exposition. I am told that they are planning an American exposition in London for next summer. Meanwhile, Charles Frohman, who has Anglomania in the acute stages, is talking of dumping a London theater bodily into New York, if we are to put credence in an interview given out to one of the English evening papers. That is to say, Mr. Frohman proposes to bring over everything connected with a London playhouse, except the brick and mortar with which it is constructed. In other words, he thinks that New York playgoers who may not have the price of a ticket to London would welcome the

opportunity to sit in a theater where they could feel that all their surroundings were exactly the same as if they were in the West End of the English capital. Whether he would insist on evening dress for everybody in the orchestra-chairs, and introduce a pit behind this division of seats, he does not state; but his announced intentions seem to include the raising of the price of seats to two dollars and sixty cents—the London figure—and charging for programs. No doubt he would establish a bar in the house, if he could secure the necessary license. Whether he will go so far as to allow his box-office man to sit down as he sells you your tickets, as they do in London, does not appear, nor whether he will play the audiences out with "God Save the King." There would be some difficulty about this, as you recall that we use the same tune for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Possibly he might substitute "The Star-Spangled Banner," in compliment to the land where he makes the money on which to run his London houses.

While in London I saw Mr. Frohman's latest "find"—Isadora Duncan, who, like her rival in the affections of the London smart set, Maud Allan, is a native of California. Miss Allan has been dancing at the Palace Music-Hall over there since early spring, and has made more or less of a sensation with her "Vision of Salome." As a matter of fact, there is nothing so very remarkable about the performance, except the very light attire in which the dances are executed and the marvelous way in which Miss Allan uses her arms.

Although Miss Duncan danced in the so-called Greek style eight years ago in London, the press-agent was not then so rampant in the land as now; and, while her work was praised by connoisseurs, public attention was not attracted to it by the trick of announcing a ban upon the exhibition in some other city.

Isadora Duncan does not press poor overworked *Salome* into her game, but uses ten very clever little children, who are her pupils, and who form by no means the least important part of her program. Their work is charming, and it is a great pity that the Gerry Society will prevent New York playgoers from seeing them when Mr. Frohman brings her across the Atlantic. At the Duke of York's, Miss Duncan and the children formed the sole attraction for the evening. The performance lasted two hours, being given on a draped but undecorated stage, and accompanied by the music of Glück's "Iphigenia in Aulis." For an encore she did a waltz to the strains of Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube."

Like Miss Allan, Miss Duncan dances in bare feet, and, beginning fairly well draped, ends her dances in a single garment with sheath-like gaps revealing visions of bare flesh, which are startling, not to say embarrassing, to some spectators. But, in justice to Miss Duncan, I will add that there is nothing of the sensuous in her dancing. It expresses gay, innocent abandonment to the joy of childhood, with no such repellent feature as that of the *Baptist's* head, which is exploited by the Allan, and imitated by Mme. Valéry, who floated into the London Colosseum on the uplift of the Maud Allan wave.

Genée, who was at the London Empire last summer, did "Coppélia," which I see is also announced for New York. I doubt if this ballet of Délibes's, which was given a few times at the Metropolitan three or four years ago, will please her American admirers. It is much more suitable for grand-opera patrons than for the people who took so readily to "The Soul Kiss." Furthermore, the inimitable Genée seems to have far less to do, even though this is a complete pantomimic play in two scenes, than she had in "The Soul Kiss," in which her four dances were most attractively diversified.

Apropos of dancing, on my return to New York I find that the *Salome* affair has invaded the vaudeville houses like a pestilence. The public will be so sick of the thing by the time Maud Allan could be brought over that her management is wise in deferring her American tour indefinitely.

GRAND OPERA VERSUS VAUDEVILLE

Vaudeville, by the way, still manages to survive the moving-picture wave. Just what are the demands of the variety theater is perhaps best set forth by what Zélie de Lussan says of the "two-a-day."

I happened to be one of the party when this erstwhile grand-opera prima donna was giving advice to a would-be participant in the vaudeville game—a young soprano who has sung at Covent Garden and is now doing concert work in England.

"In the first place, my dear," began Mme. de Lussan, "you should realize that you must give to vaudeville the very best that is in you. Because there are no grand-opera surroundings, and because the audience has paid, at most, one dollar a seat, you must not imagine that you can sing any old thing and get away with it, as they say on the Rialto. On the other hand, you will have to work far harder to make good in these theaters than on the opera stages, where you have the inspiration of the story and the companionship of other artists to inspire you. Yes, I thought as you do at the outset, that I merely had to sing two or three songs, that was all.

"To be sure, it seems no great hardship to sing for fifteen minutes; but vaudeville, you must realize, is a very different field from concert work, where your audiences are always composed of people who have come to listen to good music and nothing else. In vaudeville you may have a troupe of trained monkeys ahead of you, with a couple of buck-and-wing dancers to follow you; and you must be clever enough to make your audience forget the vanished monkeys as soon as you appear, and to keep them from thinking about the dancers to come.

"Again, I could not sing a simple ballad, except possibly as an extra encore. You see, I am billed as an artist from grand opera, and it is grand opera the people expect to hear from me—grand opera rendered just as well as I would do it on the stage of the Metropolitan or Covent Garden. For, mind you, the newspapers would not send their vaudeville reporters to notice my performance, but their musical critics, and if I fell short of my usual form in any way, be sure the public would hear of it in some such shape as 'Mme. de Lussan has lost some of her high notes,' or 'Mme. de Lussan evidently thinks she can give vaudeville any old thing.' No, my dear, vaudeville demands the best you possess, and that best is harder to give than in grand opera, for the reasons I have already stated.

"Again, you must take into account the fact that there are two performances each day, and in most parts of the United States for seven days in the week, for it is only in certain Eastern cities that the music-halls are closed on Sunday. And although your 'turn' may not take more than twenty minutes at most, you must be at the theater in plenty of time to dress and make up, which effectually breaks up your afternoon and evening, so that it is quite out of the question to make any social engagements during your period of work. I was forced to decline a great many pleasant dinner invitations, even though my would-be hosts insisted that they would dine early, so as to let me get away in season. You know what sort of work you make at singing after a heavy meal, and to sit at table nibbling at food like a canary-bird while everybody else is eating normally is not conducive to sociability. No, vaudeville is a very exacting mistress, and the big sums that are paid to us for deserting the legitimate in order to take up with it are earned, I consider, to the very last penny. Or, if they are not, we are politely told that there is no further booking for us."

In spite of her foreign-sounding name, Mme. de Lussan was born and reared in New York. She claims descent from a titled French family which has produced three generations of well-known singers. She is married, and her husband accompanies her on tour and plays her accompaniments. In their London home, on Victoria Street, she displayed with pardonable pride a framed collection of programs representing three "command" performances before the late Queen Victoria at Windsor and Balmoral, when she sang the leading rôles in "Carmen," "The Daughter of the Regiment," and "Fra Diavolo."

THE LAUNCH OF A NEW SEASON

If the last New York season closed earlier than usual, the present one more than made up for the missing nights by opening on August 3, when Wallack's threw wide its doors to admit "The

Girl Question," a Chicago product whose sponsors feared not to emblazon on the bill-boards an electric illuminated interrogation-point. I understand that this "latest musical comedy success," as the house-bill phrased it, ran three hundred nights in the Windy City, and the advance press-work for New York talked grandiloquently of an entire season on Broadway.

I also gather, from this same industrious disseminator of information, that the two young men responsible for the book—Messrs. Hough and Adams—are most sensible in their disposition of the fortune that their various Chicago hits have brought them. I am glad to hear this, as their bank-account is not likely to be augmented by the New York receipts from "The Girl Question," which was about the poorest apology for a first-class show that ever hit the Great White Way, even in the silly season. The more pity, as there were some very clever people in the cast — as, for example, John Drew's niece, Georgie Drew Mendum; Junie McCree, and that captivating soubrette, Isabel d'Armond, who has rapidly risen from a lowly post with Elsie Janis.

It seems that "The Girl Question" was subjected to some drastic alterations to fit it for Broadway, and this revision may be responsible for its present invertebrate condition. In the original, the entire action takes place in a small Indiana town with George Ade trimmings, and with the tenor's father as the local magnate. The scene is now laid in New York, with a prize-fighter substituted for a belligerent undertaker in one of the episodes that is said to have won the most laughs in the Chicago version.

Chicago, by the way, is very prolific in its output of musical comedy. "A Stubborn Cinderella," also by Messrs. Hough and Adams, with Jack Barrymore in the cast, is one of the latest to strike popular favor there, and "Three Twins" actually succeeded in hitting the summer taste of New Yorkers as well.

The first offering of the new season to win unqualified approval was presented on the same night as "The Girl Question," but hadn't a girl in it. This was Cohan & Harris's Minstrels, at the New York Theater, where George Cohan refused to book them for longer than two weeks, but was obliged later to concede them three.

"There is no minstrel following in New York," he told me, when I was chatting with him over the hit they had made. "We organized the troupe simply for touring purposes."

It's a wonderful company, all the same, including "Honey Boy" Evans, George Thatcher, Eddie Leonard, and Julian Eltinge, who makes the best *Salome* I have seen this side of the Atlantic. Cohan himself wrote a very entertaining after-piece, "The Belle of the Barbers' Ball," in which this same wonderful female impersonator, Eltinge, puts a fresh tint on a well-known ditty by kangarooing as the "Gibson Coon." But, after all, the real draft of this show lies in its gratification of one of the universal longings of humanity—a longing that finds expression in the oft-repeated demand for "the sort of pies mother used to make."

In "The Follies of 1908" there is a clever song sung by Nora Bayes. It is called "Since Mother Was a Girl," and it contrasts the sedate tempo of "In the Gloaming" with the up-to-date rush and bustle of "I Don't Care, I Don't Care." It introduces a bit of real merit into a hodgepodge of disconnected nonsense; but the whole piece moves with the rapidity of the Empire State Express, and that the public likes it mightily is all sufficiently proved by the thickness of the program given out on the New York Roof. For where your packed audiences are gathered, thither will the advertiser flock, too.

Another review of last season, and one that goes into the theatrical year with more thoroughness, is "The Mimic World" at the Casino. To enjoy this to the full, you need to have seen nearly all the shows on Broadway last winter. Lotta Faust, whose portrait is given herewith, plays—or rather played, for she has recently left the cast — two parts, that of the lively young woman who captivates the father of the boys in Crane's play of that name, and the inevitable *Salome*. Miss Faust, it may be recalled, first came into general notice when Montgomery and Stone made their ten-strike with "The Wizard of Oz," in

which she sang "Sammy" to the manifest discomfiture of any occupant of the upper right-hand stage box.

SOME PEOPLE IN THE WORLD OF SONG

Speaking of singers, Grace Van Studdiford returns to the boards this autumn in the first work turned out in collaboration by the writers of "Robin Hood"—Messrs. De Koven and Smith—since they prepared "Maid Marian," the unsuccessful sequel to that famous opera. Miss Van Studdiford, by the way, was *Maid Marian.* It is said that she goes back on the stage to retrieve the fortune lost by her husband in the panic of last fall.

A native of North Manchester, Indiana, her maiden name was Grace Quive, under which she made her first appearance in Chicago as *Minna* in "The Black Hussar." She had been studying there under Mme. Duff, the teacher of two other American girls whose careers have been widely contrasted. One of these is Mary Garden, of whose success at the Manhattan Opera-House all music-lovers know, and who is now on the roster at the Grand Opéra in Paris. The other is Fanchon Thompson, who, after singing at Covent Garden in London and at the Opéra Comique in Paris, was secured by Henry W. Savage for his ill-fated season of opera in English at the Metropolitan in the autumn of 1900.

I was present on the night of Miss Thompson's début as *Carmen,* and never can I forget the trying thing that happened during the card-song in the third act. The prima donna's notes suddenly died away, and she walked down to the footlights. From my seat I distinctly heard her say to the leader of the orchestra:

"I'm not singing. Don't you hear that I am not?"

With that she walked off the stage and left the opera to take care of itself.

Naturally, there was a sensation in the opera-house. Practically everybody in the audience knew "Carmen" and realized that this scene was not down in the score. An apology had been made for Miss Thompson at the outset, on account of a cold, but nobody had expected a crisis to develop mid-scene in this fashion. However, Conductor Seppilli leaped nobly into the breach and carried the music along with the aid of the orchestra and chorus until *Michaela's* solo was reached—the *Michaela* being Grace Van Studdiford.

Miss Thompson came back for her final scene in the act, and went through the opera to the end; and the next day's criticisms were very kind to her. But it was an episode I should not care to witness again. I believe she has since married and left the stage.

In 1903 Miss Van Studdiford became a star in "Red Feather," a comic opera with book by Charles Klein—who had not yet written "The Lion and the Mouse"—and music by Reginald de Koven.

The portrait of Valli Valli shows a young woman in England who has advanced rapidly of late years from melodrama, *via* the music-halls, to the prima-donna rôle in "A Waltz Dream," vacated by Gertie Millar to come to New York with "The Girls of Gottenberg." In spite of the adverse criticism of its book, and in spite of the fact that the English tenor was not as good as Edward Johnson, "A Waltz Dream" has had a much longer lease of life in London than it enjoyed in New York. In the London version there are four or five songs, most of them very attractive, that must have been cut out of the original score when the work was acquired for the United States. Had I been Herr Oscar Straus, I should certainly have protested most vehemently against this slaughter of my music to make a low-comedy holiday for Bigelow and his horse-play.

WHAT ONE WOMAN RISKED

Unless the dates are changed, just three days after the appearance of this number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE the New York verdict on Mr. Belasco's surprising change of policy will be registered. On September 21 Blanche Bates is booked to open at the Stuyvesant Theater in a new play which is not only *not* by Mr. Belasco himself, but is by nobody else of whom playgoers ever heard. Nor is this all in the way of a complete reversal of the Belasco traditions. Instead of the elaborate casts and expen-

sive settings with which this manager has come to be identified, "The Fighting Hope" has only five people in it, and one set of scenery for the three acts.

Possibly his business rivals may claim, as they did for his abolition of the theater band last winter, that Mr. Belasco has taken this radical departure from motives of economy; but assuredly it is not cheaper to take a play from an unknown writer than to write it himself. Possibly his new departure was suggested by the sweeping success of "Paid in Full," written by a practical novice, with only seven characters and without elaborate mountings.

Apropos of "Paid in Full," which is now being played by three or four companies in different parts of the country, its first leading woman, Lillian Albertson, figured in an odd interview that was published in a Los Angeles newspaper just a year ago from the day on which I am now writing—August 11. The article was headed "Ambition Sends Pretty Actress to New York at Reduced Salary," and went on to state that Miss Albertson was getting two hundred dollars a week as leading woman of a stock theater in the California city. The report had got abroad that she had been offered a part—not the lead—in "The Silver Girl," to be played in New York; that she would get only one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week for it, and must provide herself with a new wardrobe and pay for her journey across the continent. The reporter bluntly asked her why she was doing this, and her answer was —"Ambition!"

To be more explicit, she went on:

"That difference in salary is nothing. The salaries paid in New York are lower than those paid in many places—owing to competition, I suppose; but if I win I shall be of more importance than if I should stay here for years."

So Miss Albertson pulled up stakes in the City of the Angels and came to New York, utterly unknown. And then—the play failed; but out of the wreck she floated ashore with such notices as "The true artist of the night, so far as the women were concerned, was Miss Lillian Albertson," and "Lillian Albertson, in a rôle meant to be quite subsidiary, quite eclipsed her" (the leading woman).

Praise would not pay her board-bill with no play running, and Miss Albertson was considering vaudeville when Annie Russell's husband, Oswald Yorke, objected to the leading man's rôle in a play that had been procured for his wife. In this emergency the managers telegraphed to Los Angeles: "Do you consider Lillian Albertson sufficiently strong to create the leading part in a Broadway production?" and back came a strong indorsement.

This play was "Paid in Full." In the light of later history, it is of interest to glance back at a notice from a newspaper published in Ottawa, where the company played for its second week—the opening being in Montreal on Christmas eve.

"It is not a problem play," said the Ottawa *Evening Journal,* "in the proper sense of the word, because one may guess at the finish almost from the first act, and there is a disappointment in the close because the cur scoundrel of the cast has not grace enough to do a stage brain-storm with a revolver as one of the property pieces."

The odd part of it is that after the preliminary tour in the provinces, the play was laid aside, and poor Miss Albertson had many a sleepless night from the fear that once again she had unwittingly associated herself with a failure. But after that first performance at the Astor, in the last week of February, she justified herself in taking that hazardous trip across the continent to accept a smaller salary for the sake of playing in the metropolis. To be the woman who created the leading part in the biggest hit of the New York season is a distinction worth all it cost in the worry and hope deferred of those intervening six months.

A NEW STAR IN THE MAKING

Frank McIntyre, who has won the chief laurels in the new season's first big success, "The Traveling Salesman," was himself a failure as a drummer. After getting as far as philosophy in studying for the priesthood, he became a newspaper correspondent in his native town of Ann Arbor, Michigan, for one of the Chicago dailies. He was also studying in the conservatory of music connected

with the university. Here is how he relates what happened next:

"One day I was playing rag-time on the piano when a friend of mine said:

"'Mac, why don't you sell pianos for a living? You're fat, a good talker, and a good performer.'

"In fact, my friend quite persuaded me that I would become the greatest traveling salesman in America, so I started out. But I was a sorry failure. I did not sell a single instrument; so you see, failing in all other things, I decided to become an actor."

But oddly enough, the rôle, which turns out to fit him so well, was not written with McIntyre in view, but for Tom Ross, of "Checkers" fame, who played it last spring, when the comedy was tried on the road and failed to set any rivers on fire. But Ross is thin, while McIntyre gets as much fun out of the avoirdupois of *Bob Blake* as he did out of that of *Bobby Dumble* in "Classmates," with Robert Edeson last season. But McIntyre is by no means the only funny thing in "The Traveling Salesman," which has started off in New York even better than its author's "Chorus Lady" did two years ago.

DUPLICATING "THE DEVIL"

What will probably prove to be New York's biggest theatrical sensation of the season was sprung early—very early, in fact—as the real dramatic year usually begins on Labor Day, and "The Devil" appeared at two theaters on August 18. By the time these lines are read, the story of how Harrison Grey Fiske stole a march on Henry W. Savage, and announced his own "Devil" only one day in advance, will be an old one; but as I write, on the morning after the first performance, it is quite exciting.

Most of the dramatic critics went to the Belasco to see George Arliss as his satanic majesty, so that it might have been just as well for Mr. Savage to postpone his opening for at least one night, and let the Fiske version have the right of way. He had planned not to bring his show into New York until late September, but Mr. Fiske's *coup* drove him to perhaps the speediest work ever attempted in stageland.

But what about "The Devil" itself? Is it worth fighting over? I should say yes, very decidedly. This young Hungarian writer, Ferencz or Franz Molnar, is more than clever. His work suggests Bernard Shaw, but there is far more body in its brilliance. "The Devil" is daring, but never improper. It ends well from the satanic viewpoint—that is to say, this literal fiend in human shape succeeds in bringing about a criminal love-affair between two people who, in spite of sore temptation, have almost succeeded in banishing from their minds the thought of such a thing. Moral? Well, virtue has been triumphant in most plays that have been written since Shakespeare, and I have not noticed that theatergoers lead more righteous lives than those who have never darkened the doors of a playhouse. Possibly this insight into the compelling power that sends a man wrong may act as a more potent deterrent.

A word about the two *Devils* themselves. Edwin Stevens, of the Savage inferno, has reached Hades by a devious route, passing back and forth between musical comedy and the legitimate with a facility possessed by no other equally well-known player. Years ago he succeeded De Wolf Hopper on the road as *Wang*, previous to which he had been a member of the stock-company at Daly's. Anon we find him in "Nancy Brown" and "The Chinese Honeymoon," from which he passed to become the *Colonel* with Henrietta Crosman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" at the Belasco. Then, presto! a little later on he is creating the *Ancient Mariner McGinty* in "The Pearl and the Pumpkin."

George Arliss is an English actor, who first "made good" in New York with Mrs. Pat Campbell as *Cayley Drummle* in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." This was in January, 1902, at the Republic. Just about a year later, in the same theater—which had meantime become the Belasco—he again carried everything before him as *Zakkuri*, the war minister, or "Prince of Hell," in "The Darling of the Gods." Last winter he was with Mrs. Fiske, as *Ulric Brendel* in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." He is by far the better *Devil* of the two.

Matthew White, Jr.

STORIETTES

The Artist of Sound

BY MARIE BELDEN JAMES

RUSSELL KINSEY lived and worked in a red-trimmed studio in New York. He was an artist who had found neither success nor appreciation, but who possessed ideas and ideals—and a few friends.

In the evenings the crimson of the studio used to become scarred and obscured by thick white and purple curves of cigar-smoke. The pencil sketches of figures, thumb-tacked to the walls, would seem impossibly out of drawing, and the light from the red-globed electric bulbs would struggle through the smoke like winter sunlight breaking out at the close of a gray day. And the least important of the figures in the room — those which were not thumb-tacked to the wall—would sit in a group of two or three or four, and smoke and converse lightly upon such frivolous subjects as murders and earthquakes and warfare. Then, perhaps, a little later, their cigars would burn out unheeded on the edge of the mantelpiece while they held serious conference over the broadening of a line or the heightening of a tone.

A fresh theatrical season began, and brought Adèle. A new joy to a few, and a new interest to thousands, she danced before the footlights in some wonderful new gowns, with a pair of wondering, gray-blue eyes and a sweet, tiny voice all her own.

Kinsey and his friend Van Sythe went to see her from the second balcony on the second night of the run. Kinsey sat through the entire performance uncomfortably and impolitely, with his eyes closed and his face inexpressive of emotion. Van Sythe sat still more uncomfortably on the extreme edge of his seat, and still more impolitely moved his head with every motion of the little actress, greatly to the inconvenience of the fifty-cent crowd behind him.

On the following evening, Kinsey presented Van Sythe with his sketch of Adèle as "The Pond-Lily Lass." A few evenings later there was an introduction to the lass herself, which Van Sythe was overjoyed to obtain, and from which Kinsey carefully escaped. After that the studio smoke distorted two or three figures much oftener than four; and even when, in moments of conscientious friendship, Van Sythe was present, he might almost as well have been tacked to the wall along with the other outlined forms of people who were living lives beyond the power of Kinsey's art.

Therefore, when the Pond-Lily Lass had been appearing for some three months, Kinsey found himself surprised, on looking up from a long, lonely afternoon's work, to find Van Sythe, flushed and healthy, standing in the doorway.

"Kinsey," said Van Sythe in a tone of strained intensity, "I am going to—everlastingly love—and marry—Adèle!"

"Yes?" commented Kinsey in a tone of mild interest, as became the subject. "That's good. Your voice just now would make a good picture," he added with sudden increase of interest.

A look of anger passed over the face of Adèle's lover—anger that Kinsey should treat the subject so lightly, and show interest only for a picture-idea.

"Say, Russ," Van Sythe said in a sudden desire to hurt his friend, "why do you throw that awful bluff about drawing by sound?"

The pencil with which Kinsey had begun a tiny sketch of Van Sythe suddenly paused, and the artist's muscles stiffened.

"Bluff?" he uttered harshly.

"Why, sure it's bluff." Van Sythe gloried in the ease with which he had put Kinsey on the defensive. "I've known it was a fake ever since you did Adèle for me. I know you sat there at the theater all the evening with your eyes shut, and then came home and did her picture—dress, jewels, gloves, and all. But as for saying you got all that from the sound of her voice, without seeing her—why, that's rot, you know!"

Nothing remained of the cool calmness which had made the atmosphere of that studio for so long. Van Sythe had lost all his assumed carelessness when he let his mind go back to his love, and Kinsey had thrilled and roused as never before at this attack on his pet theory. For a moment the artist's eyes burned like slits in a curtain behind which a furnace blazes. Then he let his voice choke in his throat as he answered:

"I can prove it."

"Prove it, then," said Van Sythe.

Kinsey let his eyes wander about the room in search of proof. They fell upon the telephone.

"Ah!" he said exultingly. "Do you know where your lady is now? Call her up on the 'phone, and let me hear her voice for two sentences. Then go to her. Look at her. Note her dress—her hair. While you are gone, I shall draw her, just—as—she—is, just as she is!"

For a moment Van Sythe hesitated; then he stepped to the telephone and took down the receiver. In the pause that succeeded his mention of the number, Kinsey prepared a piece of drawing-paper and sharpened a pencil. His mouth was a deadly white line.

"Hullo!" Kinsey could hear the voice nearly as plainly as the man at the receiver could. Sweet, sharp, but very shrill, it sounded.

"Hullo, Adèle!" Van Sythe hardly steadied his own voice. "Are you engaged for this afternoon?"

"Why, no." This time the words crackled thinly. "Have you anything very nice you want me to do?" It lowered into harshness for a minute. "I'm just dying to do something."

"That's enough. Ring off!" said Kinsey, and he took his pencil.

"I'll come over right away—what's that? I can't hear you. Never mind. I'll see you soon. Good-by!"

Van Sythe rehung the receiver. He glanced at Kinsey, now deep in his work, and then went out without a word.

An hour later, when the grayness of evening was giving to the studio the same obscured, distorted appearance that the rings of cigar-smoke sometimes produced, Kinsey sat back, and, holding his finished drawing before him, regarded it through drooping lashes.

So little scope is left for the artist who works solely in dark and light penciled outlines that Kinsey had often despaired of producing anything that could make another feel what he felt himself—that color, form, light are all perceived and realized by the sense of sound—that even blindness is no reason why one should not see. But now he knew that he had succeeded, for as truly as he had seen every detail of Adèle's face and figure when he heard the tones of her voice, he could now, by gazing on his picture of her, hear every rise and fall, every note, every variation of her changing treble.

He drew a breath of happy satisfaction. With the relief this brought, his thoughts returned to the real Adèle and the claim which his drawing was to prove. He felt that he had, at last, the rare chance of making another know and believe in him as he knew and believed in himself.

Then, suddenly, as his eye rested again on his picture, he perceived a strange thing. There were two figures in it! Quite unconsciously he had drawn a man sitting close beside the Pond-Lily Lass, his cheek almost touching hers, his arm tenderly placed about her—a man with dark, bright eyes and a weak, demonstrative mouth. Kinsey sat staring, and his breath came faster.

What had he done? All that it would mean to Van Sythe rose slowly before him—the shattering of the ardent lover's ideal—the clouding of his dream. And yet, was it not almost as if this sudden increase of power had been given to Kinsey that he might save his friend?

He sat wondering for minutes until he heard Van Sythe's step outside. Then he rose suddenly.

The room had grown quite dark, and the light of the little fire in the grate made a golden background for Kinsey as he stood before it, with his hand, holding the sketch, thrust behind him. Van Sythe came in, bringing with him a breath of the autumn outdoors, a happy love-light in his eyes.

"Well?" he said.

Kinsey looked at him searchingly for a moment.

"Well?" he echoed finally. "Did you see her?"

"Just for a moment — just long enough to note how she was dressed," replied the other. "She came out into the hall to speak to me. She was very busy."

"Ah! Then there was some one else there?" said Kinsey.

"Yes," replied his friend. "She tried to tell me over the 'phone that she would be engaged for an hour, but I didn't hear her. I'm going back later. How about the picture?"

"Wait a second," said the artist of sound. "Do you know who was with her?"

Van Sythe looked with surprise at the unusually serious face of his friend.

"Why, sure," he said. "It was her manager. They were reading a new play together."

"And you came away and left them?" demanded the artist.

"Of course. Did you think I wouldn't trust her?"

"Oh," breathed Kinsey. "He loves her!" he said to himself. "The poor chap really loves her—and is a picture of mine going to make him stop? If she is the kind the picture says, he'll find it out soon enough!"

"But how about the drawing?" Van Sythe was asking impatiently.

A strained laugh came from the artist's lips.

"I couldn't do it," he said. "You were right, after all."

"I knew it!" grinned Van Sythe triumphantly. "Why, what's that burning?"

For a sheet of paper had dropped from Kinsey's hand into the grate, and blazed brightly for a moment before it became a smudge of white ash.

The Temptation of Father O'Flynn

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

FOR the third time the friendly red men from the unknown peaks had come to the desert mission with a hatful of lustrous virgin gold as a present to Father O'Flynn, in token of their gratitude for his many kindly deeds.

What a beautiful, exciting show it made—the flakes, the leaves, the wondrous forms, untarnished, gleaming, fresh from the workshop of the gnomes of earth! What treasuries of wealth must lie afar in those inaccessible hills for the Indians to bring it forth so readily! What tales had been told of the vastness of the riches there, denied to all save these, the dusky guardians of its secret source!

Old Scar-Face, weary with his many years, stood smiling in his silent way as the priest received the gift. For Father O'Flynn he entertained a genuine affection, grounded on ten years of more or less constant association. He spoke as the mouthpiece for the tribe.

"These is Injun's present," he said. "Heap good!"

His eyes twinkled as he watched the gleam reflected from the glinting gold in the churchman's kindly face.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" murmured Father O'Flynn. "Indians all my good brothers!"

For a moment he looked into the bleary old eyes of the donor; and then his glance stole away to the great gray slope of arid land whereon his one bright dream had always focused.

In imagination he saw the sage-brush acreage transformed by the magic of his powers. He saw a huge church of imposing masonry risen from the earth. He pictured the low stone houses of the mission, clustered near; he fancied the barren waste a curve of living greenery,

with orchards, vineyards, fields, and lowing kine, for a mile or more around. He saw the faint green waterway—the long canal to bring the precious water to the land, winding in a tortuous belt about the hills. He smelled the scent of clover in the air, where bees should hum at their plunder. Across some inward sense of his soul there crept the sweet chimings of the vesper bells.

This gold—this wondrously mountain-hidden gold that lay in some rock-vault, far from the white man's ken—how quickly such a mint as this could realize his dream upon the plain! The hatful already supplied by his friends was nothing but a hint of what he needed to attempt his mighty work. Perhaps, with what had been brought him before, he had a thousand dollars' worth; but waterways and planted fields, his church, his mission—all this would drain the resources of a wealthy mine within the next decade.

Why should the mountains guard from him the secret of their hoard? The Indians were his beloved friends, and in the end would be his beneficiaries. Theirs would be the missions; theirs the herds, the orchards, the houses, the fields of waving grain. What a wondrous exchange he could give them for the secret of their worthless, hidden mine! True life, true godliness, true plenty, true content—all for the yellow dross lying useless in the hills!

How sore was the priest's temptation no man may tell. His mouth was dry and his voice was hoarse as, with a new eagerness of purpose, he turned again upon old Scar-Face.

"My friends have never told me where they get the gold," he said. "I heap like to see where it comes from. Indians know I am their brother. Will you take me there to see?"

"Yesh, Injun take um," said old Scar-Face readily, pursing up his mouth as if to whistle, but making no musical sound. Then he added quietly: "Heap take to see um, but put um blindfold on the eye, all way up there, all way back."

The good father's heart gave a mighty leap in his bosom. They would take him there—blindfolded, to be sure, lest he note the devious trails by which the place was reached; but they would take him. That was enough; for the rest he was sure he could put his trust in Heaven.

His breath came fast as his hand fell upon his rosary.

"To-morrow I go. You take me there," he said.

"To-morrow," answered Scar-Face.

With all his gold hidden, and with many special prayers for celestial guidance in his quest, Father O'Flynn made ready for his trip that very afternoon. At four o'clock young Manuel rode over to see him from the valley far beyond. In the heart of the handsome young horseman were much love and much anxiety; in his purse were little money and even less of hope.

"My horse should be named Despair," he said, "for I live so much in his company. I fear my marriage with Papinta may be presently impossible, since I lack so much of the price to buy a ranch, and her father would wed her to a gringo."

"Then cheer up, lad," said Father O'Flynn. "Sure, to-morrow it's myself that's making a special pilgrimage to gratify the saints, and 'twill be no surprise if they smile upon your troubles."

"Where are you going?" said the visitor eagerly. "May you not need a friend to go along?"

"Not at all, at all. I shall be with my friends," the priest replied. "I've no permission to take along a guest—nothing at all but my rosary. But after that—perhaps next day—who knows, my son, sure it may be you and I must ride to the mountains together!"

On the following day, early in the morning, the Indians and Father O'Flynn set solemnly forth on horses to the barren mountains that held the secret of the gold. For an hour or more they made their way into the well-known passes. Then a halt was called; the good priest's eyes were carefully bandaged, and for many a rough and rugged mile he rode as one doomed to utter darkness.

But, ah, for the wiles that temptation may suggest! Playing upon his well-worn rosary, his fingers told off prayer on prayer, the while his patient horse was stumbling forward; and all the while he slipped bead by bead from the long, stout cord, to drop them by the way. He prayed for assistance, for light

in the gloom, for heavenly help in his labor. He prayed for special forgiveness of his sins, in case his actions should appear dubious or unacceptable in the sight of Heaven. He prayed for the Indians, and prayed for himself—all the while dropping his beads upon the earth. He prayed for nearly everything—a long, long chain of prayers—but mostly he prayed for guidance—guidance to the mines, which the telltale beads that blazed the trail would furnish on the following day.

It was a long journey, but the rosary was also long—and the father's prayers were exhaustless. Shortly after noon they arrived at the place, and the blindfold was lifted at last.

It was not much to see, that fabled place of gold. Such virgin deposits are never vast in size. In an ancient working, covered up with sand, was bedded the seam of gleaming metal—a narrow, crooked lodgment of the gold, where it seemed as if the lightnings of the gods had some time struck and then remained immobilized—forever prisoned in the adamant, a cold and solid stream of fire to glow in its matrix throughout all the ages of eternity.

Father O'Flynn felt beads of sweat creep out upon his ample brow. His church, fields, houses—all were here, reduced to sovereign metal! It was all he could do to contain his excitement. He tried to look about the place, and "mark down" the vital position; but, alas! in all that wilderness of bare and broken rock he was as helpless as a child. But then, thank the saints, the rosary beads were strewn faithfully along the winding trail, and on these and his prayers he could rely.

When, at last, he was ready to depart with his friends, and was once more made sightless for the trail, he carried away but a pocketful of gold, since he must not appear too covetous of that which was not yet his own. It was long after dusk when at length he was back at his meager little hut—a weary man, but inwardly aglow with pious content.

Young Manuel was waiting, in the shade of Father O'Flynn's vine, when the party rode up to the shack. Wholly at a loss to understand what such a proceeding as this might signify, he saw the bandage taken from the good man's eyes by the silent old Scar-Face, grown inordinately grave.

"Father—father—why, where have you been?" cried the young man eagerly, assisting the priest from the saddle. "You ride home thus; I cannot understand. Perhaps the sun has hurt your eyes!"

"Ah, give yourself no worry, lad," said Father O'Flynn, with his cheeriest smile. "Sure all day long I've been taking a ride with my friends and my brothers; but I'm pledged, my son, not to answer as to where we have been, at all, at all, or what has been blowing in the wind."

He stood on his old legs somewhat stiffly, since for many a month he had taken no such exercise. Old Scar-Face, near by, was fumbling in a pocket of his coat. He presently drew forth a grimy buckskin pouch that bulged out to generous plumpness. Then into a gourd that was hanging by the door he deliberately poured the bag's hoardings. The contents rattled out in a lively chase—a dusty lot of units, marble-like and round, all from Father O'Flynn's depleted rosary.

"You heap lose um beads," the wrinkled old red man said to the priest, without the least suggestion of a smile upon his face. "Injun heap find um—ketch um all."

Father O'Flynn nearly dropped in his tracks. Not a word would arise to his moving lips, but his weariness descended upon him like a shroud of lead, and he sank on the bench before his door.

Once more old Scar-Face dragged out a bag, this one containing a modest gift of gold. He placed it in the listless hands that had prayed off the beads along the trail; and from out his store of wisdom, culled for many weary years, he observed, laconically:

"Little bit gold pretty good; big pile gold pretty bad; damn big lot gold—all same hell!"

The vision of the greening fields, the great stone church, the clustered houses—all, all had faded from the gray and barren slope, leaving for the weary priest less than nothing, save a sickly thought of temptation too great to be resisted, and a conscience somewhat sore.

Later, when the Indians had taken his blessing and departed on their way, Father O'Flynn brought forth his hoard of gold and placed it all in the strong hands of the youth who was looking forward to his mating with Papinta.

"Take it and buy you a ranch," he said, in his old-time kindliness of spirit. "And remember, my son, it's myself that indorses what old Scar-Face remarked concerning the gold—though not, of course, precisely in his language!"

A Change of Heart

BY LOUISE ELIZABETH DUTTON

EVERYBODY knows that dreams go by contraries. If you wake up breathless from being chased down a long passage without being able to run, you can comfort yourself by expecting something pleasant to happen. If you dream that you are walking down the church aisle to the music of the wedding-march, with tan boots below your satin gown and a muslin curtain where your veil ought to be, you do not expect to be married when you wake; you will have a bad egg for breakfast, or be blocked in the Subway, or something worse, if there is anything worse.

Naturally, therefore, Martin was surprised when his most frequent dream came true. He received the surprise through his wife's desk-telephone, which —knowing that she was out, and secure in the confidence that she had no secrets from him—he had picked up to answer a call.

"Dorothy, you dear girl," his sister's voice began, hurrying on too quickly for him to check this unusual form of address, "I didn't get time to half thank you! Two people had dropped out at the last minute, and that crowd are so crazy about bridge that my life wouldn't have been safe if I'd asked any of them to cut in, or to give up their game. I'm sorry they played so high, but I'd never have known you for a beginner. Your partner said—"

What that unknown lady had said Martin did not hear, because he had dropped the receiver as if stung by a hornet. Bridge—the curse of the age, whose evil effects were his favorite after-dinner subject, and had forced a quarrel with his best friend! Bridge entering his life, as he had always dreamed it would — and through his wife, who, in spite of his warnings and her promises, had succumbed at last, and had pitted her inexperience against the skill of professionals, for high stakes! His wife, who had run noiselessly up the stairs, and was standing in the doorway now, flushed and young, in the gray gown which he had hooked for her only three hours ago!

"I've had the time of my life," she said, "and torn my skirt in two places. I must go and change before dinner."

She threw her withered violets at him, and vanished. Guessing the emptiness of the silver purse she had been trying to hide from him, Martin wondered how much she had lost, and how soon she would confess. After dinner he found her at her desk, inking her hands over a column of figures which, when he looked over her shoulder, she hid with her handkerchief.

"Dick, will you answer me one question?" she said.

Martin took her hands gently in his.

"I'll answer any question you want to ask, dear," he said, "or hear anything you've got to tell me. Don't be afraid."

"It's not as bad as that," she said. "I just want to know if you object to imitation jewelry."

Martin dropped her hands and stared. Besides her engagement-ring, his wife was wearing a brown diamond and the emerald he had given her for her last birthday. The rings were chosen at random from the box up-stairs. Suddenly he saw what she meant.

"Dorothy," he said, "don't be afraid. I only want to know the truth. How much money do you need?"

Dorothy dropped her head on the desk. Martin put a hand on the slender, shaking shoulders.

"Don't be afraid, child," he said. "Frankness is best. I'll raise it for you somehow, no matter how much it is. You do want money, don't you?"

"No!" gasped Dorothy. "No, no!"

Martin turned away. It was not her debts that hurt him — though, if they exceeded her allowance, or any sum she dared to ask him for, they must be large; it was her readiness to sell her jewels and substitute imitations rather than tell him the exact sum she owed and ask his help. He could not bear to hear more. He turned on the threshold for a last look at his wife. She raised her head and met his eyes. She was laughing.

Martin did not see his wife in the morning. She did not come down to breakfast. It was a day of painful foreboding. In the late afternoon he tried to steady his nerves by a walk. He swung down the avenue, pausing to glance at the shop-windows. Before one he stopped longest of all. It was a jeweler's window, and inside, bending over a tray of rings, was the figure of a slender girl. She looked up, and he saw that the girl was Dorothy.

Martin did not know where he walked next. She had not waited for his permission. She was selling the jewels already. He wondered which she had chosen—one of his gifts to her, or his mother's pearls. Whatever they were, he would buy them back, pay her debts, and forgive her. Marriage was marriage. It must go on, even after trust and love were dead.

He dined at his club with a man he particularly disliked, and, later, drifted into a theater. When he came home, the house was dark. No one answered his ring, and he had no key. He rattled the door-knob fiercely, attracting the attention of a passing policeman. The house had a French basement, so that the hall windows gave directly on the street. Martin turned the fastenings, and found one defective. Blessing Dorothy's carelessness, he pried at it with his pocket-knife, pushed it back, and slipped over the sill into his hall.

The house was very still. Dorothy had cried herself to sleep up-stairs. He would not wake her until morning. But the dining-room door stood open in front of him. Martin remembered that he was hungry. He pulled off his boots, and began to forage by the light of one of the candles from the dining-table.

He was interrupted by a creaking in the hall. He came to the pantry door, and stood listening, with a ham in one hand and a cheese in the other. The creaking came nearer. The hall door opened softly. A slender white figure slipped into the room, and stood peering into the dark. Martin could see that her hands were clasped on her breast. He could hear her breath come in panting gasps. He took a step toward her and stopped, startled and hurt by the anger of her voice.

"Put those things down!" she ordered.

Martin stood still in the dark.

"Burglar!" said Dorothy. "You're a burglar, and I have a gun!" Martin saw the glimmer of his little pistol in her hand. "Stand still," she went on. "Stand perfectly still, and don't speak to me. I have a gun, but I'm not going to shoot you. I'm going to give you something. Put those things down, and I'll give you this."

Martin clung uncomprehendingly to the cheese and the ham.

"Keep them, then," said Dorothy. Her voice was trembling, and she had begun to cry. "Keep them; only please, please take this, too!"

She held out her hand, and Martin saw that it was full of bank-notes.

"Don't you want it?" she said. "Perhaps you don't believe it's worth anything because I'm giving it to you. But it's money, real money, every horrid cent of it! At first I thought I wanted it, but I can't spend it, and it's parting me from my husband, and I hate it. I tried to leave it in a shop, but a sneak-thief got it, and they caught him and gave it back to me. I'd burn it up, if I didn't think the maids would catch me. I know you think I'm mad, but you're only a burglar, and I don't care what you think. Won't you please, please, take it away?"

Dorothy cast the money on the floor

and sobbed. Presently she was too frightened to sob, for the burglar had dropped his plunder and caught her in his arms, pistol and all. She struggled, but he held her close.

"Dorothy!" said the burglar.

"Dick!" gasped Dorothy.

"You poor darling," he began, but he did not go on, because Dorothy had fainted.

II

"But where did you get the money?" Martin asked, later, "and why didn't you pay your debts with it?"

"Debts?" said Dorothy.

"Yes, the money you lost at bridge."

"I didn't lose," said Dorothy. "I won."

Martin stared.

"I don't see how I did it," said Dorothy. "I only know two rules, and I didn't use those. I didn't know what the trump was, most of the time. Agnes said she'd pay my losses, and playing was just a favor to her, like spending money for her in the shops. But I didn't lose; I won three hundred dollars, and when I tried to give it back to her, she said it was an insult.

"Oh, Dick, at first I thought it would be fun to spend that money; but I didn't dare to tell you I'd played bridge, and I couldn't find one thing to buy that you wouldn't ask questions about. There was a sweet ring at Tiffany's I wanted to buy, and pretend it was a fake stone. That's why I asked if you liked imitation jewelry. But you didn't seem to like it, and you didn't seem to like me much, either!" She slipped down at his feet. "I've been so miserable all day," she said. "I don't know what I've done, Dick, but please forgive me!"

"What sort of a ring?" said Martin. "I'll get it for you in the morning."

"Then what shall I do with this?" said Dorothy, pleating the bills into a fan and flirting it in his face.

"Do with it?" said Martin. "Do with it? Why—pay for some lessons in bridge!"

The Inconstant Moon

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

"I THINK an elopement will be lovely," Evie whispered, as they stood together in the summer-house. "You know what you said about the river and the golden light—"

Richard smiled down at her adoringly.

"I'll have my boat at the landing," he said, "and we will drift under the moon to Willowbrook, where the minister will marry us."

"I think it will be lovely," Evie repeated. "I'll wear my white dress and my white hat with the roses."

The moonlight, shining through the vines, brought out the gold lights in her pretty hair. On the hand that lay in Richard's sparkled a little ring.

"My hand!" Richard murmured.

"I never expected to have a diamond," Evie said.

"It's the meaning that I care about." The boy's voice was reverent. "Until death parts us, Evie!"

The girl's lighter nature was uplifted by his earnestness.

"Oh, Richard," she said, and turned her face up to him. "Oh, Richard, I care that way, too!"

"I wish your mother knew," he went on, after a silence.

"I can't tell mother," the girl protested. "She won't hear of my getting married."

"I know," Richard whispered; "but I wish she could be at your wedding, Evie."

All the next day, Evie sang as she went about her work. Up-stairs on her bed lay the white dress and the white hat. In a closet was the suit-case with her dainty belongings, packed for the first time without her mother's supervision. Now and then she ran up and tried on the hat, laughing at herself in the mirror, picturing Richard's face when he should see her.

"If you are going up-stairs again," her mother called from the kitchen, "you might close the windows. There's a cloud in the west that means wind."

But Evie, ecstatically combing out her curls in preparation for the wedding coiffure, forgot the injunction until the flapping of curtains brought her out of her dreams.

"Evie, did you shut the windows?" Her mother was panting up the stairway. "What are you combing your hair again for?" she asked, as she noted her daughter's flying locks.

"I'm trying it a new way," said Evie, flushing.

"When I was your age," was the reproof, "I didn't think so much of my looks."

"When you were my age," Evie retorted, "you were married!"

"Well, you look like a baby—I seemed much older."

"Mother!" Evie pouted.

Her mother put her arms about the girl.

"Don't think of getting married for years. I couldn't let you go, child!"

Evie clung to her. "Oh, mother—" she began; but the other interrupted.

"For goodness' sake, go and put on something warmer than that dressing-sack—you're shivering!"

Evie lifted a pale face. "I'm not cold," she said; but her mother insisted.

Left alone, Evie listened to the beat of the rain. She put on a dark skirt and shirt-waist. When she looked at herself in the mirror, the thick dress was not becoming, and the gray light seemed to dull the brightness of her braids. As she went down-stairs, her father came in with the rain dripping from his hat.

"Will it rain all evening?" Evie asked anxiously.

"I think so," was his comforting assurance. "The wind's in the east."

Evie helped her mother set the table, but she did not eat much of the hot supper.

"Ain't you well?" her father asked solicitously.

"I'm not hungry," she replied.

"You've taken cold," her mother said. "I knew you would, in that thin sack."

Evie was to meet Richard at half past eight, and at eight o'clock she went up-stairs. In the darkness of her room she pressed her face against the window. She could see nothing. There were only the roar of the wind and the beat of the rain.

At the appointed time, wrapped in a big shawl, she descended the stairs stealthily, and went out of the side door. Her light figure bent to the wind as she sped down the walk.

"Richard!" she called softly.

Then she felt his arms about her.

"Where's your bag?" he demanded. "We couldn't go in the boat, so I have the buggy. I've put in a lot of rugs, and it's a soft nest for you, Evie."

She twisted away from him.

"I haven't any bag," she faltered. "I'm not going, Richard."

"You're not going!" he said sharply. "Why not, Evie?"

"Oh, how *could* I go on such a night? I couldn't wear my pretty dress and my pretty hat; and—and who ever heard of running away in the rain?"

He put his arms about her and bent over her. She could feel his wet cheek against her own.

"Evie," he murmured, "do you love me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Do you think I care what you wear, Evie?"

"It was all going to be so beautiful," she said, "with the moonlight and the river—and now there isn't any moon."

"The moonlight and the river were not the beautiful part," he told her. "The beautiful part was our life together! When I fixed that nest of rugs, I thought how I would drive you safe through the storm, and it seemed to me that that was the way I was to care for you through the storms of life, Evie."

"Oh," she sobbed, "I don't know what to do! Do you think I'd better go, Richard?"

"You leave it to me?"

"Yes," she yielded. "I'll go, if you say so, Richard."

"Darling!" the boy murmured, as he held her close. "I'm glad you said that. I couldn't bear to think that you didn't trust me enough to go. But I

don't believe I ought to let you run away with me; so I'm going in right now, and I shall ask your father and mother to let me marry you, Evie."

"Richard!"

"I can't go home without knowing something certain. It's the only right thing to do."

As the two young people came into the circle of lamplight, the father and mother stared at them in astonishment. The girl, wet and wind-blown, slipped to her knees beside her mother's chair. Richard walked up to the table, his rubber coat glistening with moisture.

"Sit down," said Evie's father, hesitating as he faced the uncertain situation.

"No," Richard said; "I'll stand. I've been talking to Evie, and—"

"I thought Evie was in bed," her mother interrupted.

"No," Richard said quietly. "She came to meet me—we were going to run away."

The mother uttered a sharp cry, and the father's fist came down on the table heavily. But as the boy told his love, the older man gazed at him intently, seeing a vision of his own youth and courtship. When the tale was ended, he said:

"I understand that if it hadn't rained to-night, you would have gone?"

"I think so."

"And what then?"

The boy's gaze met his, squarely.

"I should have kept her safe. She's very precious, sir!"

His voice was broken by deep feeling. Again the echo of youthful passion stirred the older man, and he turned to his wife.

"Well, mother?"

"I think it's ridiculous!" she flared. "I sha'n't let Evie get married for ten years."

"Oh, mother — I shall be twenty-seven!"

"You'll be old enough to know your own mind," her mother said.

"I *do* know it!"

"You run up-stairs," her mother directed.

With a despairing glance at her lover, Evie obeyed. Then the mother turned to Richard.

"I haven't anything against you," she said; "only you mustn't come courting Evie."

"I might have taken her," was Richard's answer.

The boy's eyes were on Evie's father. The man, recognizing a challenge, saw dimly the necessity for compromise.

"Perhaps we'd better talk it over, mother," he said.

"No," was the firm response. "I'm not going to let Evie think about such things."

Her husband held out his hand to the boy.

"I guess mothers know best," he apologized.

They went to the door together. It had stopped raining, and through the scurry of clouds the moon sailed like a silver boat. The boy stood looking at it for a moment; then he stiffly said "Good-by," and went down the path, and they watched him until the sound of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance.

As he drove slowly homeward, Richard gazed out upon the night. The smell of wet earth came to his nostrils, the vagrant winds caressed his cheek; suddenly he began to take quick sobbing breaths.

"Evie!" he murmured brokenly.

As if his cry had brought her, he heard an answering note:

"Richard!"

The horse reared as he was brought to a sudden stop. Evie laughed nervously as she clambered over the wheel.

"Quick!" she urged. "Here's my bag. I took the short cut across lots. They are arguing in the sitting-room. Mother will go up and find my door locked, and that will keep her for a few minutes; and, oh, Richard, I climbed out of my window—"

With one hand he was making her comfortable among the rugs, while with the other he urged the horse to a run.

"I can't believe it!" he said, as Evie nestled close. "I can't believe that you have really come to me at last!"

"Well," said the girl, "father was almost ready to give in, and mother will make up—she always does; and I wasn't going to wait until I was twenty-seven to get married, Richard."

"OH, CONRAD!" SHE CALLED AS SHE OVERTOOK HIM AND PUT HER HAND ON HIS ARM

(See Story, "The Dutchman," page 296)

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THE SONS OF THE PRESIDENTS

BY LYNDON ORR

THE question whether great fathers beget great sons is an old one, and it is easy to cite examples both for and against the theory. A more representative group for this purpose could not well be found than the twenty-five men who, from Washington to Roosevelt, have won and held the Presidency of the United States. A very few of them, such as Presidents Polk and Hayes, were "dark horses," securing the nomination by something very much like chance; and four others — Presidents Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, and Arthur — succeeded to the headship of the nation only by the accident of death. But of the whole twenty-five there are not many who did not fight their way by sheer force of character and intellect up the heights of political power, until they towered so far above their fellow citizens as to make their promotion a reward of unquestioned merit.

This is why a special interest attaches to the sons of these conspicuous men. How often have they reached something

DR. HARRY AUGUSTUS GARFIELD, PRESIDENT OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE, ELDEST SON OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, SECOND SON OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

From a photograph by Pach, New York

ABRAM GARFIELD, YOUNGEST SON OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD

From a photograph by Edmondson, Cleveland

of their father's eminence? How often, on the other hand, have they been overshadowed by their inheritance of a distinguished name?

Perhaps the first thing that one notes is the fact that a large proportion of the Presidents had no sons at all, or were wholly childless. Jefferson, for example, had two daughters, whose mother died when they were very young. They saw little of the White House, but they were carefully watched over by Jefferson himself, who looked after the most minute details of their education. Queen Victoria once asked the American Embassy to secure for her an autograph letter of President Jefferson. In response to this request, the queen received a charming little note which Jefferson had written to his daughter Martha, often called Miss "Patsy" Jefferson, afterward Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph. It was a letter full of tender solicitude and friendly advice, as from an elder brother rather than from a father.

Miss Patsy, who was a very beautiful girl, was educated in a Paris convent while Jefferson represented the United States at the French capital. With the enthusiasm of a young girl she longed to take the vows and become a nun. Her father's tact was shown by the way in which he treated this petition. He said not a word against it, but quietly invited the young enthusiast to come and stay with him for a while at the brilliant court of King Louis XVI. She did so, and somehow, after that, she never mentioned the nunnery again. She became, indeed, a most beautiful and brilliant woman of the world, and married very happily. Her portrait has come down to show us by her very looks that she was a worthy descendant of her illustrious father, and that, had she been a boy, she might have carried on his greatness to another generation.

A POSSIBLE SON OF WASHINGTON

It is well known that the wealthy widow whom Washington married bore him no children. There still exists, however, as there existed during his own lifetime, a legend that he was the father of a natural son, one Thomas Posey, born in Virginia before Wash-

COLONEL WEBB C. HAYES, SON OF PRESIDENT HAYES

From a photograph by Endean, Cleveland

ington was married, and about whose parentage nothing definite can be ascertained. Taking into account the customs and morals of that day, the fact of such a relationship would commonly have been regarded as no more than an excusable incident in the life of a young soldier; but there is no positive evidence to support the tradition, which may be purely fiction. Those who have inclined to accept it have relied mainly upon two facts, neither of them at all conclusive—the remarkable physical resemblance of the men, and the great favor which Washington constantly showed the young Virginian. To these one may add, as a third circumstance, Posey's striking military prowess; though perhaps the latter was really the reason why Washington showed Posey so much favor.

At any rate, when eighteen years of age, Posey enlisted in a force of loyalists raised by Lord Dunmore, the last Colonial governor of Virginia; but after the Declaration of Independence, he followed the example of Washington and cast his lot in with the patriots, fighting stubbornly against the very troops among whom he had but lately served. He was with Washington in New Jersey, and later fought at Saratoga, witnessing the surrender of Burgoyne. Under "Mad Anthony" Wayne, he was present at the storming of Stony Point. This was one of the fiercest hand-to-hand struggles of the whole Revolution. When the word to scale the breastworks was given, Posey leaped forward at the head of the American column and was one of the first men upon the ramparts. If he really had in him the blood of Washington, he united the steadfast courage of that commander to a more fiery strain inherited from his unknown mother. He saw Lord Cornwallis give up his sword at Yorktown; and then betook himself to the pursuits of peace, settling successively in Virginia, in Kentucky, and in Louisiana. He was one

ROBERT T. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE PULLMAN COMPANY, ONLY SURVIVING SON OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

From a photograph by Gessford, New York

DR. LYON G. TYLER, PRESIDENT OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, SON OF PRESIDENT TYLER

From a photograph by Davis, Richmond

of the first United States Senators from Louisiana, and did much to pacify the Indians of the West. A county in the State of Illinois still bears his name.

A FAMOUS NEW ENGLAND FAMILY

Just one President, John Quincy Adams, was himself the son of a President, besides being the father of a statesman who could probably have had the Presidency had he cared to accept the nomination.

John Quincy Adams, who was born in 1767, was perhaps the most thoroughly trained statesman, and the most scholarly and intellectual man, who ever held the office of President of the United States. The son of President John Adams, he was bred in an atmosphere of statecraft and high cultivation. Though he nominally held the chair of rhetoric at Harvard, the demand for his public services was so great that he practically had a perpetual leave of absence from the university. President Monroe made him minister at The Hague, whence he was transferred to the American legation in Portugal, and later to the more important mission to Prussia. Returning home for a time, he entered the United States Senate; but soon took charge of the legation at St. Petersburg. From it he was summoned, in 1815, to arrange the Treaty of Ghent, which put an end to the War of 1812, and which was distinctly a diplomatic triumph for our country. Great Britain had great advantages of position, and her envoys, so to speak, held the best cards in the game; but Adams and his colleagues outplayed them, and went home while the cannon were still thundering to celebrate Jackson's victory at New Orleans, fought after the treaty had been signed. Soon he was made minister to England, and after his service in London he returned to become Secretary of State under President Monroe. There is little doubt that Adams had much to do with formulating the Monroe Doctrine.

Then he became President, and in the eyes of his countrymen his Presidency was a failure. Looking back upon it now, we read his record differently. His principles were almost too lofty for such a country as ours was at the time. Adams was infinitely able,

JESSE R. GRANT, YOUNGEST SON OF PRESIDENT GRANT

From a photograph by Alman, New York

but he also had an infinite scorn of popularity. He would not raise a finger, or move an eyebrow, or speak a pleasant word, to gratify a single human being. When he was reviled in the press, and when his motives were grossly misinterpreted, he seemed to take a grim pleasure in it. Naturally, he was not reelected; and when he left the White House his enemies declared that this austere, inflexible incarnation of integrity had carried away with him the gold spoons from the White House pantry!

One might think that his career would then have ended. On the contrary, he accepted an election to the House of Representatives, and there, for eighteen years, he served his country—a sturdy, picturesque, and inspiring figure. He championed stubbornly the right of free petition as against the upholders of slavery, and this old man eloquent used to be the storm-center of debate when all the ablest of his opponents hurled themselves on him alone. He had a racy wit; he loved a fight, and he fought so well that at last even his political foes respected him, not alone because he was the son of a President and had been a President himself, but because of the bulldog stubbornness that made him so formidable in debate. It was he who was stricken down by death while in his place in the House, and was borne into one of the anterooms, where he uttered the memorable sentence: "This is the last of earth. I die content!"

ULYSSES S. GRANT, JR., SECOND SON OF PRESIDENT GRANT

From a photograph

MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT, ELDEST SON OF PRESIDENT GRANT

From a copyrighted photograph by Rockwood, New York

Great as was the service which John Quincy Adams did his country, it perhaps was equaled, if not surpassed, by that of his son, Charles Francis Adams, the brightest name since Franklin's in the history of American diplomacy. Mr. Adams was remarkably like his father in appearance and temperament. He was a member of the House from 1858 to 1860; but in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War, Secretary Seward selected him for the English mission. What he did there, and what he *was*, availed more to the Union cause than an army in the field or a battle-fleet on the open seas. He had to move amid a society which was distinctly hostile to our country. He had to read in the English newspapers, and to hear in the debates of Parliament, continual gibes

about "Yankee cowardice"; and he had to deal with ministers like Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, who either hoped that the South would win, or who believed, like Mr. Gladstone, that it was sure to do so. Finally, he had to watch the proceedings of the Confederate emissary, Mason, and to keep a keen eye upon the formidable vessels which the Lairds of Liverpool were building, nominally for the French government, but actually for the Confederacy.

Through all this trying period, Mr. Adams bore himself with a fine tact, a high sense of duty, and a firmness of character which appealed especially to Englishmen, since these are traits which Englishmen themselves admire in their own statesmen. Carl Schurz, who first met him at this time, wrote:

> He had neither that vivacity nor that racy combativeness which made his father, John Quincy Adams, so formidable a fighter. But his whole mental and moral being combined to bring it about that every word he uttered had an extraordinary weight; and in his diplomatic encounters, his antagonists not only feared the reach and the exactness of his knowledge and the solidity of his

RICHARD F. CLEVELAND, ELDEST SON OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

From a stereograph—copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

COLONEL RUSSELL B. HARRISON, SON OF PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York

reasoning, but were anxious to keep his good opinion of them. He would not trifle with anything, and nobody could trifle with him.

He showed his quality in the dark days of 1863, when one of two powerful rams was launched in the Mersey, and might at any moment, under cover of darkness, slip away to receive offshore an armament that would help it to break the blockade of the Southern ports. Mr. Adams had already let it be known that for Great Britain to recognize the Confederacy would be equivalent to a declaration of war upon the United States. But this equipment of cruisers under false pretenses was more difficult to deal with. Nevertheless, the American envoy felt that now the time had come for action, and that Great Britain must make her choice. Lee's invading army had already been hurled back at Gettysburg, while Grant had opened the Mississippi by the capture of Pemberton at Vicksburg. With a stern resolve which his father might have envied, Mr. Adams sent to Lord John Russell documents to show that the rams were intended for the Confederate navy, and then wrote that famous despatch

Theodore, Jr.

THE FOUR SONS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

From photographs by Pach, New York

Kermit

ending with the incisive sentence which rings like the clang of steel on steel:

It would be superfluous in me to point out to your Lordship that this is war.

Two days later, Mr. Adams received a note from Lord John to the effect that steps had been taken to prevent the departure of the rams. From that day to the end of the war, there was no more danger of British intervention or of the escape of new Alabamas.

How much of an Adams this particular Adams was may be seen from his conduct in 1872. Many adherents of the Republican party had risen in revolt against President Grant's administration, and were willing to join hands with the Democrats. What they lacked was a leader upon whom both factions could unite, and whose character and standing were known to every one. Such a man was Mr. Adams, and had his name been placed at the head of the opposition ticket, it is very likely that he would have won. But some of the proceedings of the Liberal Republicans in their convention did not please him, and he contemptuously telegraphed to a friend:

Take me out of that crowd, please.

Naturally, "that crowd" was no longer enthusiastic for Mr. Adams. They nominated the erratic Horace Greeley, with disastrous results which are a part of our political history.

"PRINCE JOHN VAN BUREN"

President Van Buren was a widower during his term of office, and his two sons by a former marriage were already quite well known. One of them, Major Abraham Van Buren, was a graduate of West Point. He afterward fought valiantly at Monterey, and also under Scott in every engagement from the shelling of Vera Cruz to the capture of Mexico. For his gallantry at the battle of Contreras he was brevetted. He was perhaps even better known, however, for his conquest of Miss Angelica Singleton, one of the most beautiful and wealthy heiresses of that time.

It was his brother, however, John Van Buren, who became a really national figure. He was a showy, handsome, florid man, who professed to be a leader of fashion, while practising at the same time the profession of law.

Archie

Quentin

His elaborate clothes, his famous dinners, and his rather free-and-easy jokes were known everywhere, and he was popularly styled "Prince John." Unfortunately, he was something of a braggart and ruffler, and his clients were not always persons of good repute —or, if so, their cases were not always savory.

Thus, in 1851 he undertook to act as counsel for the famous tragedian, Edwin Forrest, who had brought suit for divorce against his wife. Against this refined and honorable woman, Forrest, who was crazed with jealousy, made the most odious accusations, connecting her name with those of many prominent men. In the ensuing trial, which lasted for six weeks—an unheard-of time for those days—Mr. Charles O'Conor made his reputation by his defense of Mrs. Forrest. Among the persons brought into the suit was the well-known writer, N. P. Willis. There was no shadow of proof against Willis; and the trial ended by the complete overthrow of Forrest and "Prince John." In his summing up, however, the latter had let his tongue run on so virulently that Willis soon after wrote him a letter asking for an apology. "Prince John" was about to make a journey through the South, and Willis added:

> If you decline to write me this apology, I am willing to meet you with such weapons as you may name at any place in the South.

It did not suit "Prince John" to fight. He published Willis's letter in a newspaper, styling it "a scurrilous and silly document." Willis, though physically frail, was by no means lacking in courage. Years before, in England, he had wrung an apology from the famous Captain Marryat; and he now published a brief card in which he said to "Prince John":

> I pronounce you a coward, as well as a proper companion for the blackguards whose attorneyship constitutes your career.

"Prince John" tried to turn this off with a joke, but he had distinctly had the worst of the encounter; and from that time his prestige was much diminished. It may be added that he still acted as Forrest's counsel, and with others kept Mrs. Forrest waiting eighteen years for the money which the court awarded her.

Later in life, having become more serious, John Van Buren joined the Republican party in its early days, and did much to bring about the nomination of Frémont in 1856. Ten years afterward, he died at sea.

OTHER SONS OF PRESIDENTS

General Zachary Taylor, whose Presidency was so speedily cut short by death, had a very able son in the person of General "Dick" Taylor, who was an effective cavalry officer on the Southern side during the Civil War, and who gave General Banks many an unhappy moment along the lower Mississippi. Other Presidents who have had soldier sons were Lincoln, Grant, Harrison, and Hayes. To-day, the only son of President Lincoln who grew up to manhood, Robert T. Lincoln, is best known as having been minister to England and Secretary of War, though he is now a lawyer and president of the Pullman Company in Chicago. In his first youth, however, he served on the staff of General Grant during the Civil War.

Grant's eldest son, Major-General Frederick Dent Grant, graduated from West Point, served in the regular army, and retired to civil life, becoming minister to Austria in 1885. When the Spanish War broke out, he offered his services, and was made a brigadier-general of volunteers by President McKinley. In 1901, President Roosevelt transferred him to the regulars. He has held important commands both in this country and the Philippines. President Grant's other two sons, however, Ulysses S. Grant and Jesse R. Grant, have led uneventful lives and have not turned to warfare.

The son of President Hayes, Colonel Webb C. Hayes, after graduating from Cornell, acted for a time as his father's secretary. Later, he entered business life, but on the outbreak of the war with Spain he volunteered for the field, was ordered to Cuba as a member of General Young's staff, and was wounded in the fighting before Santiago. In the following year he went to the

Philippines as lieutenant-colonel of a volunteer regiment, and before returning from the East he saw plenty of hard service. He won a medal of honor for personal gallantry in the action at Vigan in December, 1899.

President Harrison's son, Colonel Russell B. Harrison, now a lawyer and mining-operator, also went to the front in 1898, and served in Cuba and for two years in the Philippines.

President Arthur's only son, Alan Arthur, neither sought nor achieved any special distinction. As a student at Columbia and Princeton, he was an amiable youth with a tendency to get into trouble of the sort that comes easily to undergraduates. After leaving Princeton, he married a young lady of considerable wealth and made his residence abroad.

Two Presidents have had sons who devoted themselves to literary or scientific pursuits, and who finally governed colleges as their fathers had governed the nation. Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, son of President Tyler, is still living as president of that venerable institution, William and Mary College, in Virginia. He is also known for his valuable historical researches. President Garfield's eldest son, Harry Augustus Garfield, after studying at Williams, Columbia, Oxford, and at the Inns of Court in London, became professor of politics at Princeton, and last year was called to the presidency of Williams College, his own *alma mater* and that of his distinguished father. His brother, James Rudolph Garfield, also a Williams man, has done brilliant service in public life, and is now President Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior.

PRESIDENTS WHO HAD NO SONS

Out of the twenty-five statesmen who have been at the head of our Republic, more than one-third have had no sons. Washington, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, and Johnson had no children at all, while Jefferson and McKinley had only daughters. The sons of Fillmore and Pierce died while quite young. The only President who never married was Mr. Buchanan, who is said, to the day of his death, to have cherished an unhappy love-affair of his youth. The only President who was not married until after he became President was Mr. Cleveland, who made his happy union with Miss Frances Folsom during his first term.

Thus, out of twenty-five Presidents, only eleven have had sons whose careers can be studied; since those of Mr. Cleveland and of President Roosevelt have not yet arrived at manhood. On the whole, a review of the eleven families tends to strengthen the theory of inherited genius. It would be difficult to take at random the sons of eleven average men and find any such marks of note among them; but the Presidents' sons number successful soldiers, diplomats, statesmen, scholars, and men of practical affairs. The Adams family and the Harrison family gave two Presidents to the nation. Here is a remarkable list of sons who have well sustained the distinction of their fathers, and among them there is not one of whom the nation may not be proud.

GENIUS

What is this thing that God has given you—
This subtler sense, so delicate and true
That you can see in every single star,
In every flower, all the things that are—
In every human life, in every stone,
A song, a poem, a story of its own?

What is this fairy gift, this magic light,
That gilds your thoughts—this mystic inner sight,
This drop of something in one human heart,
That lifts you from the world and us apart,
And leaves you on the peaks of sun and snow,
While other men plod onward far below?

Helen Rowland

WASHINGTON, OUR BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL—ITS SEAMY SIDE

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

VISITORS to the American capital have so long and so uniformly agreed in characterizing Washington as the best-ordered city in the United States that he who would suggest that there is a seamy side to the picture undertakes an ungracious task. Residents, however, know only too well that there are other aspects than those which impress the tourist who "sees Washington" from the front seat of a "rubber wagon"—aspects which this cursory observer doesn't want to see, and which the voluble guide doesn't feel it worth while to display.

In a peculiar way, Washington is the national city. No other of the world's capitals is this in quite the same way. In most cases, the capital is also the metropolis. London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Peking, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, and so on, are the great cities of their respective countries; their political status is more or less incidental. Washington, on the other hand, is simply and almost exclusively the capital. Not only was it founded expressly to be the capital, but it was named for the Father of His Country, and its location, on the dividing line of the two sections, was determined as part of the great compromise between the Federalists and the Democrats which was necessitated by factional differences at the very beginning of constitutional government in the United States.

Still more than this, the national government, recognizing its peculiar relation to its political headquarters, generously contributes from the Federal treasury one-half the total expense of the city government. For every dollar that the citizens of Washington pay in taxes, Uncle Sam goes into his pocket for another dollar. Therefore, the people of the whole country have a financial as well as a sentimental interest in knowing the truth about their capital; in seeing its blemishes as well as its beauties; in learning whether it is economically and properly administered.

A CITY UNDER ALIEN GOVERNMENT

Furthermore, the people of the United States owe a peculiar duty to Washington and to the people of Washington. They are bound to give the capital a good government, because they have taken away from it the right to govern itself. Washington is in this regard an anomaly among American cities. Congress is its town council. The President might have added to his title that of "King of Washington." Congress being

the municipal legislature, the President is the real executive; for in him is vested the power to appoint the three commissioners of the District of Columbia, who administer the laws passed by Congress.

Washington, therefore, has an alien government. It is subjected to taxation without representation. The citizen with a grievance can't get out on the corner and denounce the aldermen. He gets no chance to appear at the polls on election day and "work against" the offending functionary. He can't draw up a platform of protest and announce himself as an opposition candidate. All he can do, if he is convinced that his town council isn't running the town properly, is to appeal to the people of Tombstone and Kalamazoo, of Pontiac and El Paso, of Tallahassee and Seattle, of Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, and all the rest of these eighty-five million patriotic Americans who want Washington to be a model city, and beg them to elect a council that will be intelligent enough and disinterested enough to do better.

It is quite apparent that the protest of a comparatively small city of three hundred thousand people, spread all over this big country, and competing with the national interest in multifarious national issues, is likely to have very little effect. That is why Washington has rather got discouraged and benumbed. "What's the use?" it asks helplessly.

Washington has some very real and very concrete grievances, and the editor of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE having opened the way for a brief statement of these grievances, it is proposed here to make use of the opportunity. There is no purpose of calamitous lament. It is recognized that the whole nation is anxious to deal more than fairly with Washington, and that in many ways it is generous with its ward. It is proud of Washington, and wants to feel that its pride is justified.

Washington is not entered in competition for the pitiful distinction of being the worst-governed city in the country; but it is about the most expensively governed, and the results do not justify the cost. Everybody's business is notoriously nobody's business; and in a most literal way, Washington's government is everybody's business.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF WASHINGTON

One fundamental difficulty with the government of Washington by Congress has been the disposition of our legislators to manage the city too much for the nation and too little for the people living in it. Splendid sweeps of asphalt avenues lined with glorious trees — for Washington has more trees than Paris, and vastly finer ones — constitute the front view which everybody admires; in the rear, too often, are squalid alleys in which insanitary hovels serve as the miserable shelter of wretched families. This is the seamy side—a side which the casual visitor does not take the trouble to see.

In these unsightly and unhealthy surroundings, packed together in their poverty-breeding poverty, live the unfortunates who, falling easy victims to consumption and typhoid and pneumonia, make Washington's record of deaths by these diseases one of the worst in the land, and a standing reproach to the government which veneers the front of things and doesn't look behind the veneer.

To this the unsatisfactory answer may be given that all large towns seem fated to have their slums. Perhaps; though nowadays the war on the slum is being waged relentlessly in cities where conditions are far more inherently difficult than in Washington, and the total extinction of the slum is no longer a dream of senseless idealism. And until the national pride in our capital shall have remedied existing conditions, the responsible powers have no right to point with pride to the municipal administration of Washington as a model for other cities.

Again, the condition of the public schools in Washington must make effective appeal to the average American who regards it as a first duty to every village, town, or city to establish the very best system of education that the community can afford.

Washington's public schools have been in turmoil for years. The laws have been changed so often and so funda-

mentally that no one organization gets its bearings worn down to the point of smooth working before a new scheme is legislated into being—and a new form of turbulence and disorganization results. There is always the most frank and cheering willingness to admit that things are wrong; but the remedy is likely to be worse than the disease. When the patient needs rest, he gets medicine. So the schools go on and on, costing enough to justify expectation that they should be the best, but failing sadly to realize that expectation.

How does it strike the self-satisfied American who is sure that his capital is a well-ordered city to know that when the public schools opened last year, there was overcrowding to the point of danger in many buildings, and to the extent of making good work impossible in more? In some cases it was necessary to go outside and rent structures erected for other purposes, in order to accommodate the pupils at all. In the last ten years the appropriations for erecting school-houses have been two million dollars less than the amount for which the school authorities have asked to meet their requirements.

A POLICY OF MISTAKEN ECONOMY

This suggests a niggardly policy at the point where economy should last be contemplated. Yet this, even, is not quite fair. The point is that Congress has utterly failed to take a comprehensive view of the situation. In other cities, where the government is close to the people and responsive to them, the budgets for current expenses and extraordinary charges are carefully separated; here there is no such wise and proper distinction. Congress seemingly feels that the veneer must be kept fresh and attractive, because Washington is a national show town; if to keep it thus takes too much money, why, something else must be lopped off to make the account balance.

In another city, bonds would be issued to meet extraordinary expenditures, such as buying a park which posterity will enjoy, and for which it may fairly be expected to help to pay. Washington doesn't issue bonds, which is right; with the United States behind it, bonds ought not to be needed. Washington pays cash, and is retiring the small amount of bonds issued under a former dispensation as fast as possible.

But there is one advantage about issuing bonds in such cases. It enforces a differentiation between current and extraordinary expenditures. It guards against borrowing from the current expense pocket in order to pay into a depleted extraordinary expense pocket. The fact that the city needs two million dollars' worth of new school-buildings is not an argument that the new city hall should not have been built, or that Congress, last session, should not have appropriated two millions and a half to buy land for an extension of the Mall; but it is an argument in favor of a system under which a lopping off of the current expense fund will not be made to pay for any special increase in extraordinary expenses.

The reorganization in this regard of the financial system of the city has been repeatedly urged upon Congress by the commissioners of the District of Columbia; but without results. Congress, apparently, feels that if it pays half the expense of running things, and is reasonably liberal, and if it keeps up the polish on the nickel-plated front, so that visitors will exclaim about the beauties of Washington—why, the slums, and the death-rate, and the lack of school-buildings can be looked after some other time.

Right here is illustrated the weakness of the Washington system of government. Congress proposes to conduct its little experiment in city government in quite the right way—no bonds, no vague and dangerous floating debts, and so forth. The thing looks exceeding well. But the time comes when a few millions are wanted for some permanent investment—to buy a park, or to develop the system of boulevards connecting the parks, or to install a filtration plant for the city water. What happens?

Too frequently the disposition of Congress has been to keep the annual total of appropriations down to something like a traditional average. That means that to provide for these special expenditures the demands for current administration must be pruned down; that

necessities of the schools, of the penal system, or of the sanitary establishment must await consideration till some later time.

Back in 1900, at the time of the centenary of the founding of Washington, the Senate Park Commission scheme for the development and beautification of Washington was tentatively adopted. In truth, it was simply bringing together the best things in the plans of Washington and of L'Enfant, the great French engineer who made the first plat of the city. It involved a magnificent mall from the Capitol to the White House, the Washington Monument, and the State, War, and Navy Building; the completion of the system of great parks around the city, and their connection by parkway boulevards; the improvement of the Anacostia River basin — whose present condition is another reproach to Washington which the sightseer doesn't investigate; and the extension of Rock Creek Park from Washington down to the mouth of the beautiful Rock Creek, at Georgetown.

The commissioners of the District have ever since clung as closely as possible to this ideal in making their recommendations to Congress. It was impossible that so magnificent and expensive a scheme should be adopted at one stroke of the legislative pen; but the administrative authorities have worked persistently to secure the essentials of the scheme by piecemeal. They have made progress, too.

SPECIAL FAVORS TO THE RAILROADS

Part of the project involved the removal of the Pennsylvania station from land which the railroad never owned, in the Mall. Congress gave the company fifteen hundred thousand dollars to leave that land and join in the erection of the splendid new Union Station. There has been bitter criticism of that legislation. The Baltimore and Ohio demanded equally liberal terms for evacuating the public ground its terminal occupied, and got them. Thus three million dollars was voted away, one-quarter of which was contributed by the taxpayers of Washington, to pay, as has been charged, for that which the railroads never owned.

There are strange stories of the devious methods by which this legislation was passed; still stranger ones of the means by which, many years before, after the Pennsylvania was permitted to lay tracks in the Mall subject to the will of Congress, clauses were clandestinely inserted into enactments giving color to the railroad's claim of legal title to the privilege. These stories are characteristic. Washington people believe there has been all too much of kindly consideration for favored interests, the favors being ultimately charged against the capital city in its account with the public treasury and with its own tax-payers. They believe that Congress has thoughtlessly and good-naturedly — and sometimes, as to some influential members, corruptly—permitted special interests to exploit Washington and the national treasury, to their own enrichment, but to the grave disadvantage of the city and to the despoilment of Uncle Sam's treasure-chest.

Washington is expected to take what it gets without complaint, because Uncle Sam pays half the bills. But let's see about this. France—not Paris, with its millions of people and its immense commercial interests — has paid to make Paris what it is, the gayest and most delightful capital of Europe. Germany —not the huge population of Berlin, eight times as great as Washington's— foots the bills that represent the cost of making Berlin a true imperial city. Russia—not alone the property owners of St. Petersburg—has contributed most lavishly to make the seat of the Czars what it is. And so with others of the national cities. After all, the United States is only doing what other nations are doing for their capitals—vastly less than some of them do.

In Washington, things must be done on a national scale. The streets must be wide; there must be numerous parks, large and small; trees from all parts of the world must be brought and coaxed to grow here; every possibility of natural beauty must be developed; every blemish with which nature marred the prospect must be removed. All this, that the American citizen who on his bridal trip or his anniversary tour includes Washington in his itinerary, may

feel a due thrill of admiration and pride. National feeling demands all this. It must and ought to be done. But in frescoing the front of a noble building, there should not be neglect of the interior. The people who live in Washington ought to have the necessaries and the utilities, as well as the adornments and the luxuries.

What does this allusion to the necessaries mean? Well, a city of three hundred thousand people must have street-car service. Washington has it. It has a street-car system controlled by several companies. On the authority of a gentleman who made a careful computation for publication, which has never been questioned, it is stated that the aggregate capitalization of these lines is something over thirty millions of dollars—which is more than two-thirds of a million per mile of double-track line. Compared with other cities of the size and class of Washington, these are exceedingly high figures. Yet Washington is saddled with the necessity of paying returns on this huge sum. It would be impossible here to go into the marvels of finance by which these lines have been organized and reorganized into their present condition of inflated capitalization. Suffice it to say that that condition is a monument to the laxity of Congress — to its easy willingness to acquiesce in the purposes of prominent citizens who have "little bills" which would be "a good thing" for them.

THE GAS SCANDAL

Again, take the case of the Washington Gas Company. It started more than half a century ago, with an authorized capitalization of fifty thousand dollars. That limit has been raised from time to time till the company now has outstanding $2,600,000 of stock, an equal amount of certificates of indebtedness, and $600,000 of bonds. The stock is worth about three dollars to one of its face value; and now the company is in court with a proceeding, under color of a law of 1896, to double or treble its capital. If permitted, the increase will simply mean that for all future time the gas-users of the city must pay returns on so much more capital. It is a repetition of the easy process of stock-watering by stock dividend. In a good many cities which regard themselves as none too well governed, that sort of performance is frowned upon, and in recent years it has been forbidden by law in many States.

The law of 1896, under which authority is claimed for this inflation, was forced through Congress in return for a reduction in the price of gas, then conceded to be excessive. The price was fixed at one dollar per thousand feet, with twenty-five cents penalty if bills be not paid within the first ten days of the month. To-day the dollar price is excessive by from twenty-five to fifty per cent, if comparison be made with other cities of Washington's size and circumstances.

Something like a year ago, the gas interest set about to have the courts make a valuation of its property, announcing its purpose, under the terms of the 1896 statute, to increase its capital issue up to the limit which a judicial valuation would fix on its property. The court took the procedure in hand, and it is still pending there, on an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

To understand what this inflation process means, it is necessary to explain that the original capital of fifty thousand dollars was never paid up in cash. Part of it was actually put into the company's treasury; then the earnings paid not only extremely profitable dividends—one hundred per cent in one year, and repeated dividends of fifteen to fifty per cent—but also the cost of extending the plant and keeping step with the city's requirements. The issue of $2,600,000 of certificates of indebtedness was simply a device, of doubtful legality, to increase the nominal capital. The certificates were distributed *pro rata,* free of charge, to stockholders. They draw six per cent interest.

But the earnings have continued to grow until another huge increase of capital is necessary to hide their exorbitant character; wherefore the movement to expand the company's capital by five or ten millions of dollars.

AN APPEAL TO CONGRESS

When the gas company filed its petition reciting the law of 1896, and asking

that the court make a valuation, the commissioners of the District of Columbia protested, and instructed the corporation counsel to oppose the proceeding. Then, while the motion was still pending, the commissioners earnestly petitioned Congress to repeal the inflation act and to stop the scheme of injecting water by which to float the present excessive price of gas.

The consideration of this measure in Congress illustrates just what is the matter with Washington's government. The commissioners asked two things—that the inflation law be repealed, and that the price of gas be reduced from one dollar to seventy-five cents per thousand feet.

There was a long and hard fight over these propositions in the House Committee on the District of Columbia. The civic organizations of the city unanimously indorsed both proposals. Three of the four daily newspapers of Washington strongly advocated them; the fourth is owned by the president of the gas company, and is recognized as the organ of that corporation.

The fight over these two simple and manifestly reasonable proposals occupied the attention of the committee during most of the last session of Congress. The Senate and House Committees on the District of Columbia are the real legislative bodies for the city of Washington; for Congress commonly indorses whatever the committees recommend. So it early became apparent, as the contest had centered in the House committee, that if that body would only report the bills, they would in all probability pass.

The session wore away, with the people and the unfettered press clamoring for the proposed legislation. Experts were produced who demonstrated, to the confusion of the gas company's agents, that the terms of the bills were reasonable and fair. President Roosevelt himself took a hand to the extent of sending for at least one member of the House committee, and asking him to investigate and to do what he could for the two bills.

At length the committee voted on the bills, and ordered them reported to the House. It looked as if victory had been won; but here there arose an unforeseen obstacle.

THE GAS BILLS AND CHAIRMAN SMITH

When a committee has ordered a bill reported, the chairman must report it to the House and call it up for consideration. Samuel W. Smith, Congressman from the sixth district of Michigan, is chairman of the House Committee on the District of Columbia; and as such, under the procedure of the House, he was still the guardian and custodian of the gas bills. He flatly declined to call them up.

From the beginning, Mr. Smith had been opposed to the gas legislation. He had thrown every possible obstacle in the way of the two bills. He didn't want to interfere with "vested rights." Apparently he had never heard that vested wrongs sometimes need correction, quite as much as vested rights require protection. He was angry and disgusted when, over his head and against his protest, his committee instructed him to report the bills.

So Chairman Smith declined to call up the bills on the floor of the house. He invented various excuses, and finally settled down to the allegation that Speaker Cannon would not recognize him to call them up; there was too much business of greater importance.

Speaker Cannon was seen in the interest of the bills. He declared flatly that Mr. Smith would be recognized to call them up. Mr. Smith was told what the Speaker had said. The membership of the House was almost unanimous in favor of them. The newspapers had aired the situation thoroughly, and Congress recognized that they ought to pass. In the case of the bill repealing the inflation act, it was of pressing necessity to secure immediate action. Failure might result in the courts sustaining the old law, allowing the inflation, and authorizing the issue of millions of watered stock. Once issued, and in the hands of "innocent" purchasers, it would be beyond attack.

Nevertheless, Mr. Smith stood firm against his committee, against the House, against the people of Washington—and in favor of the gas company. He was still standing firm when Congress ad-

journed at the end of May—the bills still in his inside pocket, the price of gas still exorbitant, and the inflation procedure merrily moving toward consummation in the courts.

Unfortunately, Samuel W. Smith is a typical example of the men who get into positions where, as legislators, they have to choose between the public and the private interest in Washington affairs. Out in his Michigan district they say that he is a stupendous success at getting garden-seeds and pensions; that he is an excellent letter-writer, and an admirable "mixer." He has been in Congress for nearly twenty years. So far as is recorded, he never served any especial purpose there, aside from his seed-distribution and pension-procuring functions, till he became chairman of the House Committee on the District of Columbia. In that capacity he has served the purposes of the Washington Gas Company—and also the purpose of illustrating for this article, "What's the matter with Washington?"

The people of Mr. Smith's district would defeat him at the polls in November if they knew and appreciated his attitude toward the franchised and privileged monopolies of Washington. They would do it because they would want to rid themselves of the discredit of furnishing a Representative willing to rivet the shackles of monopoly on a community defenseless against an alien government; they would do it, especially, because they would be moved by the same pride in the national capital which has inspired so many millions of loyal Americans who have seen the veneer but not the inside.

Mr. Smith should certainly be defeated. All Congressmen and Congressional candidates of his class should be defeated.

THE GATEWAY OF DEATH

I HEAR a garment's rustling sweep,
  The flutter of a wing;
Another and a sweeter voice
  Takes up the notes I sing.

Beyond the light the shadows dark—
  Fall faith and trust between:
Beyond the limits of the known,
  The boundaries of the seen.

And lo, against a fast-locked door,
  I beat my bruised hand.
"Help me to know!" in vain I cry;
  "Help me to understand!"

I cry in vain. That fast-locked door
  No alien touch unbars:
Its key lies lost in peopled space,
  Beyond the frontiered stars.

I hush my cries, lest *that* beyond
  Come faring back to me,
From hidden, hideous, unknown paths
  No mortal eye may see.

"Unbar the door!" instead I beg,
  "I weary of the plain;
Show me the road that lies beyond
  The turning of the lane!"

In vain I beg! The silence vast
  Flings back no sound to me;
Beyond the portals of the dark
  I trust, but cannot see.

Helen Tompkins

JIMINY'S CORNER IN THANKS

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY AND TURKEY DINNERS

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "THE STANDING ALIBI OF H. STANLEIGH STORME"

Some hae meat wha canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit!

JIMINY, general all-round epicure, sat at his ease and ate. A young woman volunteer waitress bent over him.

"Have you got enough?" she queried. "Do you like it? Isn't it great?"

She said this with an air of vivacity and cheerfulness that Jiminy slightly resented. Besides, her manners were bad. It was all well enough to feed folks, but it was pretty bad to tell them in addition just how good it was.

"It's fair," conceded Jiminy, gobbling a bit of the second joint; "but say, it ain't a marker to—" Then he stopped himself. "Gee," he thought, "I came near making a break that time! I was going to tell her it wasn't near as good as the Second Church blow-out. Say, if I had, she'd been on to me, and no mistake. And these here church folks is so blamed jealous, too. She'd 'a' jumped on me for that!"

He seized a piece of pumpkin-pie and made short work of it.

"Well, bo," he said to the boy next to him, "take care of yerself. I'm off. So long!" He hastened on. "I've got to hustle my stumps," he assured himself. "That is, if I'm goin' to make the honors even. It's up to me to do it."

He tore down one street and up the next, leaving the Stone Church Mission far behind. He hauled up, panting, almost at the other end of town; and here he stopped before the door of a long, low building and fumbled in his clothes.

"Now for me Second Church ticket!" he wheezed breathlessly. He found it, presented it at the door, and entered boldly. "All O. K." he told himself. "I'm just in time. It's lucky they was just a little late. Say, missus, if you don't mind, just a teeny weeny good big piece off the breast. Yes'm, and some skin. You know the kind. Sure! I'm hungry as a bear."

"Are you all right, little boy?" queried a bespectacled matron, watching Jiminy as he disposed of his allowance of turkey. "Are you enjoying yourself, my son?"

"It ain't so good as last year," magnanimously responded Jiminy; "but it's as good as anybody could expect from this here Second Church, an' that's a fac'. Say, but you ought to see the feed put up by the West End. Say, they got millionaires over there. They don't do a thing but throw it into youse!"

"Have you ever been there?" queried another waitress, just to make Jiminy feel at home.

"I'm going there," gulped Jiminy. Then he stopped. This time he *had* made a break. "I'm going there—some time." That bettered matters. He improved them still more. "Maybe," he added doubtfully. Then he changed the subject. "Some o' that jelly like that feller has over there, miss. An' say, could you get me one of them napkins with them turkey pictures on? I'd like to decorate me room. Aw, say,

you're the goods! T'anks. That's fine. Well, fren's, it's me for the corner o' Main an' Market, ter sell the evenin' issues. Gee, but I'm rushed these days! So long!"

He disappeared from the immediate vicinity of the Second Church Mission. Whither he went, no one could exactly say, but a young man whose weight had liberally increased, and who looked turkey from his eyes, exuded turkey from his skin, and breathed it through his nose, waddled, almost gobbling, up to the West End Mission, half a mile away.

"Ticket!" said a man at the door.

"Say, I don't lose me ticket," said Jiminy, the boy who was largely human, but who was mostly bird. "I have hard enough time gettin' these tickets, I'm tellin' you."

"*These* tickets, did you say?" ventured the man.

"*This* ticket, bo," returned Jiminy; but he trembled, nevertheless. "May they never get on to the graft!" he murmured, as one who would say grace before meat.

"Aren't you the little boy who sells papers at the Main Street corner?" asked the clergyman of the West End Mission. "I've often seen you down there."

"I ain't the *little* boy," answered Jiminy, "but I'm the boy, all right, all right. And," he added to himself, "I'm growing right along."

"You look hungry," said the clergyman. "Now, don't be afraid—fill up! Eat all you can, my lad!"

"All I *can*," repeated Jiminy with a soulful sigh. "Gee, I could fly," he told himself later.

He was glad, after all, that he had had only three tickets; but he was also glad that he had at least that number.

Great things are not accomplished over night. It had taken Jiminy a matter of years to arrive at the period of three Thanksgiving tickets. He remembered well the time when he could not get even one. Then he also recalled the days of his extreme youth, when he attended a mission every Sunday for a year, just to get a ticket. And now—well, there was just one boy in town who knew how to divide up half a dozen October and November Sundays among three distinct missions in order to accomplish the desired result. That boy was Jiminy; and he had never been caught.

"Jiminy," he said to himself when he reached his room that night, "yer got cause to be thankful. Yer ought to be thankful. Ye're good-lookin' an' ye're smart, and—say, Jiminy, yer idiot, whenever yer get down on yer luck, yer just wants to think how many poor chaps in this here town there is that only has *one* Thanksgivin' dinner in the year. Hooray!"

II

WELL, that was last year. This year, the providence that graciously watched over Jiminy had again given him a square deal. Jiminy was happy. For the second time, his three church missions coughed up a Thanksgiving dinner-ticket apiece — for Jiminy. Life seemed very rosy as the glorious day approached.

But, suddenly, an untoward event occurred.

Jiminy, as has already been intimated, was the newsboy at the corner of Main and Market Streets. He had held his ground there ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper. They had tried to freeze him out in divers ways, but Jiminy had them all beaten—"to a frazzle," as he admitted to himself. If bigger boys turned up, Jiminy would dodge under them, and land a sale; if smaller, Jiminy would jump over them and do the same. And if Jiminy found that his rival was as good a salesman as he was himself, why—well, the field of honor was red with the victories of Jiminy.

But of all the thin ones and the small ones in the newspaper line that Jiminy ever saw, the lad that popped up a week before Thanksgiving was the thinnest and smallest. Jiminy would make about ten of him—especially after three Thanksgiving dinners, which, for the current year, Jiminy was holding in anticipation, vivid, joyful, and mouth-moistening.

"Now, where did this young guy blow in from?" thought Jiminy, as he watched the tiny specimen of humanity

dodge the street-cars and the teams. "An' who in thunder is he, anyhow? Say, kid," he announced, "you'd better skiddoo. This here's my beat, yer know."

"*Evening Star!*" returned the youngster, selling one to a customer of Jiminy's.

"There's going to be trouble pretty soon, kid," went on Jiminy, racing neck and neck to make a sale. The youngster made it.

"*Post* — yas, sir; and *News* — yas, sir."

"I mean it," muttered Jiminy.

"*Express!* Three an' two is five, sir," piped the young one.

For three days he kept it up, this interloper; and the worst of it was that people liked to buy of him. Jiminy's thoughts flew back to the days when he was about the size of this shaver, and when he froze out the regular boy on this corner.

"He don't freeze me out!" thought Jiminy. "Not much!"

But how was he to prevent it? The boy was too small to fight a duel; he was too irresponsible to argue with. He was not amenable to reason. He had only one answer to any rebuke; and that was to sell another paper.

Finally, on the third day, when ten of Jiminy's regular customers had been landed, right under his eyes, by this insignificant rival, he decided upon a course of action.

"If he's got a mother, er a father, er a sister, er a brother, I'll give *them* a change o' heart about this here! I'd like to run up agin some big bloke of a brother o' his! Oh, say," sighed Jiminy, humming a snatch from his favorite musical comedy:

Go to them gents up by them tents,
An' tell 'em this from me—
I'll knock their livers and lights to shivers
At twenty minutes to three!

Accordingly, after business hours that evening, being still more than half a week before Thanksgiving Day, Jiminy set forth upon the trail of the small one. The small one took notice of the pursuit.

"You leave me alone," he whined.

"I'll leave *you* alone," answered Jiminy, "but I'll reserve decision on whether I leave the rest of your fambly alone. Come on, now—no hangin' back! You're goin' home with me, an' I'm goin' home wit' you."

The small boy escorted him up one street and down another, and then the two dodged in among the alleys down on the Neck.

"If he takes me to his gang," thought Jiminy, "the Lord have mercy on the gang, fer I won't! That's what!"

"We're gettin' there," the kid commented, as they went.

"What's yer name, kid?" queried Jiminy.

"It's Flanagan," answered the small one.

"Sure!" replied Jiminy gleefully. "Ye're Mr. an' Mrs. Flanagan's young boy. To be sure—Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan!"

"Know 'em, did ye?" asked the boy, in some surprise.

"Did I?" answered Jiminy. "I *do!* I seen 'em both last night, walkin' arm an' arm, on Main Street, right here in town."

The small boy looked scared.

"Was it after dark ye seen 'em?" he inquired.

"On my own corner—after dark," admitted Jiminy.

"Gee!" said the lad. "I won't be goin' there long after dark, then—not if I can help it. I don't want to run into no ghosts!"

It became evident to Jiminy that Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan were, in Jiminy's vernacular, uncompromising "has-beens."

"Here's me home," said the boy.

Flanagan, the small one, entered. Jiminy followed. Instinctively, Jiminy rolled up one sleeve and spat viciously upon one hand.

"We'll see," he said.

He didn't see. There was nobody there but another small boy and a girl —a girl of Jiminy's own age, with, as Jiminy told himself, a wonderful sort of an eye.

"What'll you have?" queried the girl in a pleasant voice.

Jiminy explained the business situation as it then existed at the corner of Main Street and Market, there in town.

The girl listened. She smiled upon Jiminy.

"Aw, now," she said, "don't let it trouble you at all. It's on'y temp'rary, it is—that's all."

Jiminy melted before those smiling eyes.

"Oh, if that's all—" he conceded.

"It's only for a blow-out," went on the girl.

"As to how?" asked Jiminy.

"We want a blow-out on Thanks givin'," the girl answered. "I work down to the thread-works — you know 'em. I'm tryin' to keep these here kids off the street. They always wants to sell papers. Sich a business!" said the girl, laying Jiminy low with a word. "But I promised 'em," she went on, "that they could sell papers until turkey-day, an' then we'd have a bit of a beef-steak an' somethin' good. You see? It's only temp'rary. After next week they won't bother you no more. The other boy's doin' the same thing on the avenue. You see?"

It was all satisfactory to Jiminy. So long as his business career was not to be undermined in its prime, he was quite content.

"And," he said, with some show of gallantry, for that girl's eyes were certainly winners, "I hope you have plenty of turkey and lots o' cranberry-sauce."

"Where would *we* get turkey?" said the girl. "You talk like you was a millionaire. Plenty o' round o' meat an' plenty o' puddin' for me. Turkey for the millionaires. Good-by."

Jiminy sighed as he went back.

"Turkey!" he thought to himself, just as if he *were* a millionaire. Trouble had dropped from him, as rain rolls from a duck. "I'm thankful all O. K. this year," he told himself. "Three turkey tickets an' me business troubles all cleaned up. They certainly is good to me!" "They," in this instance, being Jiminy's general designation of the providence that hovered over him.

III

Next morning the small Flanagan was not at his post. Nor was he there next evening; nor the next day. Jiminy was glad of that, for the kid had no right there, he told himself; but he had supposed the lad was coming, every day, until the holiday. It worried Jiminy somewhat.

It was on Wednesday evening, the night before Thanksgiving, that he made up his mind that he must find out about it. It wouldn't hurt him to swing around by that there alleyway, anyhow, he told himself. As he went, he thought of his three meals, and wondered in just what order he would take them.

"Will it be West End first, I dunno?" he speculated.

Jiminy and his digestive organs were great friends. "Nothin' ain't ever lost that you puts in yer stummick," he had assured himself. He was an eater—a born eater. Eating had ever been his delight. If he had ever made a show of generosity, it was not in the eating line. He would have divided marbles, dice — pennies, almost — with a friend, but he wanted all his fruit and candy for himself. And those three meals, that superabundance of turkey, that he was to get to-morrow! Gee whiz!

He reached the remnants of the Flanagan family almost before he knew it. They were all there—the two boys, such thin chaps, and the girl.

"What's the matter with the small one? He hasn't been down?" asked Jiminy.

"Didn't you make a kick up here?" answered the girl. "Ain't that enough? We're no hogs, the Flanagans, I guess. I told him to quit, an' he quit. You got to make a livin' down there; while for us, that was only a game—to get somepin' extra for Thanksgivin'."

Jiminy looked at the two young ones.

"Have you got yer dinner yet?" he asked. He didn't know why he asked it, but he did.

"We're goin' out to-night, late," answered the girl. "The later it is, the cheaper things is," she explained.

The small boys seemed to lick their chops.

"Gee!" they said. "Wait till we get out and buy it!"

And then, before Jiminy knew what he was doing, he had done it.

"Say, bo," he said to his erstwhile rival of the corner—"say, here's a

couple o' tickets fer a turkey dinner. You can give one to her, an' keep one yerself. I don't need 'em." He stopped and gulped. It was a hard pull. "That is, I don't think I do. You take 'em. An' say, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll come around ter-morrer an' show you where to go. Take 'em, kid. Say, you're batty. Take 'em, you young stiff!"

A turkey dinner! The girl's eyes bulged. It was plain that she had never heard of the missions and their holiday feasts. Besides, it would have been difficult for her to qualify. She had to rest on Sunday. With her family cares, and her week-day weariness upon her, she had no strength left to go out on Sunday. It was her day in bed.

"Such a rest I have!" she would say.

They took the tickets.

"But say," argued Johnny, the other young Flanagan—"say, where do I come in? Say, you! Those is for you an' sis. Say, where am I?"

"You keep quiet, Johnny," said the girl to the rebellious one. "I'll get you a good dinner, never fear. You can have all ours, see?"

"I'll come around in the morning and show you where," said their benefactor. He walked off, deep in thought. "Gee, I'm a jay," he thought. "Only one dinner for me to-morrer! Gee, what a scald! Three missions? Say, I ain't good enough. I ought to go to four or five, an' then I could invite me friends O.K. But think of it! One little dinner for me—oh, joy!"

The next day he found himself once more at the Flanagans'.

"We're ready," shouted the two Flanagan boys. "Come on, bo! We're waitin' fer you!"

"But—but," stammered Jiminy, "one o' these here was fer *you!*"

He nodded to the girl. She held up her hands.

"I got sich a crick in my back from that there thread-works, mister," she said, "that I couldn't get to go. I got to rest. It's all right—you run along. It's just the same as if you was doin' it for me."

Reluctantly, Jiminy started off with the small boys. When he had turned the corner, he had half a mind to seize their tickets and run away. He looked them over. Turkey—why, it would make boys of those two little scarecrows, he reflected.

"They look like spiders," he said to himself.

They went, all three, their mouths watering as they sped. Jiminy showed them their respective feeding places. He had kept the best ticket—the West End—for himself. Having seen them safely inside, assured that they would have the feast of their lives, he made tracks for the other mission.

The way to the West End Mission was to turn to the right, and go up the avenue. Strange that he should go to the left, turning in the other direction; but he did, driven by some impulse he could not understand.

"It's you again!"

Jiminy started. He was back at the Flanagans', and the voice was the voice of the girl. Still acting under that strange impulse, Jiminy found himself drawing forth his third ticket—that for the prize dinner at the West End. He passed it over.

"Say," he said, "I didn't do a thing but swipe another ticket just for you. Gee, you oughter see how easy I got it! It was like rollin' off a log. Here, catch hold!"

The girl gasped with pleasure.

"It's good I didn't put them things on yet. I ain't even built a fire!"

Jiminy took a look at "them things."

"Corned beef and cabbage!" he said to himself. "Gee—fer Thanksgivin'!" He considered for an instant. "But say," he thought, "I don't know but I could stuff away some corned beef an' cabbage in meself. I'm hungry as a bear."

The girl took the ticket, and they set off, this time toward the West End Mission.

"You're just in time," said Jiminy. "You go through that there door, and hand out to the chap at the fence—that's all."

"Ain't—ain't you comin' in?" gasped the girl.

"Not on your life," gulped Jiminy, for it *was* a hard pull. "I'm dining to-day at the parlors o' the Newsboys' Pleasure Club, I am."

"Where's that?" she asked of the retreating Jiminy; but Jiminy did not answer, save to himself.

"Blessed if I know," he told himself. "First time I ever heard of the place. Gee whiz—just smell that turkey!" He sauntered down toward the corner of Main and Market Streets. He waved his hand into the air. "Oh, yes'm," he assured himself; "plenty of breast, an' some crisp skin an' a gob o' onion dressin'—to be sure!"

How hungry he was! He dodged into a beanery.

"Ham and!" he shouted. "Get a move on! Bring it right away!"

Late that night he sauntered into the Flanagans' once again. They were seated on the floor, telling one another about the time of their lives. Jiminy sat and listened.

"Gee," he thought, "if they don't stop talkin' turkey, I'll die o' starvation! Say, kids," he remarked, as he left them, "you come down on the corner o' Main an' Market an' sell papers all you want. Say, I'll tell you what—we'll form a partnership, and freeze everybody out for blocks around! A word to the wise—are you on?"

He held out his hand to the girl. She pressed it silently.

"I'm thankin' *you* this day," she said.

Jiminy rolled away, intoxicated by the girl's wonderful eyes and by the way she had looked at him. He reached his little room, and sat down on a box to think.

"Gee whiz, Jiminy," he said, "there's lots of chaps can have turkey and all that; but think of all them duffers what hasn't got no—*girl!* Gee, I'm owin' thanks for that, all right! What's turkey? You don't think turkey when you're thinkin' *girl*—not much!"

He seized a lighted candle. Across the wall in smoke he wrote the name of Kitty Flanagan.

But, sleeping, he dreamed turkey.

"Yes'm—some more of the dark meat, please—an' some skin—an' dressing—an' just a teeny weeny great big piece o' pie!"

TREASURE

An ebon case with ivory bands
In her sanctuary stands,
And all the gems of Ind are there,
Costly, beautiful, and rare:

Beryl with its springtide sheen,
Summery emerald's sun-shot green,
Topaz with its autumn glow,
Wintry diamond's ice and snow,
Turquoise of Italian skies,
Sapphires blue as naiads' eyes,
Pearls from out the orient sea,
Royal ruby's majesty,
Opal's ever-shifting shade,
With the duller sard and jade—
Fragments of a rainbow feast!
Essence of the glowing East!

Yet when dainty hands shall turn
Gleaming gems that beam and burn,
None, though prized at e'er so much,
Shall be worth her lightest touch;
The rarest, rated by the book,
Worth less than her level look:
Not all could buy the smallest part
Of her devoted, loving heart!

Warwick James Price

THE KAISER AS A RESTORER OF OLD CASTLES IN GERMANY

BY EDWARD T. HEYN

IT has often been said of the German Kaiser that he is a curious combination of modernism and medievalism. This is true enough. His modernism has become more marked with every year of his reign. In whatever relates to the progress of his empire, he is as radical as any American. He eagerly studies the very latest appliances of science. His battle-ships and his battalions are equally equipped with the very latest devices which human ingenuity has contrived. He has an open mind. He is strenuous, impulsive, almost avid in his desire to be in the forefront of modern progress.

All this affords an odd contrast with his medievalism. At one moment he speaks and acts like a person who has outrun the present, and lives wholly in the future. At another moment he is seen glittering in armor, surrounded by the pomp and pageantry of the fourteenth century, and speaking words which might fitly have fallen from the lips of an old-time monarch who ruled haughtily and absolutely by the grace of God.

This seeming contradiction of character is not really so contradictory as one might think. If we remember certain facts, the paradox disappears.

In the first place, the Kaiser is head of all Germany with the consent of the other German princes; and this is because he inherited the throne of Prussia, the most powerful of the German states. But Prussia was not originally German. In the twelfth century, its people were Slavs and Wends and other non-Teutonic tribes. Even Berlin, in its beginning, was a Slavic and not a German city. At that time the Order of Teutonic Knights made a vow that they would gradually overcome this heathen race and Germanize it. In the course of centuries they succeeded, and Prussia became German. Yet even to this day Prussians are not viewed by the other peoples of the empire as absolutely German, but as representing a mixed race with which Bavarians and Saxons, for example, are by no means in full sympathy.

Now, it is this feeling of aloofness on the part of the other German states which the Kaiser longs to overcome. There is a barrier — indefinable, impalpable, but very real—which must be broken down in order that all Germany may be truly one, and that the Kaiser himself may be in every sense the head of the whole Fatherland. In the fifties there was a song which German stu-

dents used to sing with intense enthusiasm, and which had this line for its refrain:

Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!

This refrain voices very well the ideal which the Kaiser has most at heart; and it is here that we are to find the explanation of much of his medievalism. He seeks in every way to lead the minds of his people back from the divisions and bickerings of recent years to the splendid deeds of their ancestors, to the noble achievements which are the heritage of every German all over his great empire. It is an ideal worthy of a poetic mind which is also intensely patriotic.

Here, too, we may find the reason for the Kaiser's constant allusions to the old Teutonic mythology, to the legends that are known to every German. This is why he has himself restored so many of the ceremonial forms of past ages. It was this that led him to compose his famous "Hymn to Aegir." It is the reason why he has adorned the beautiful Siegesallée in the Tiergarten at Berlin with the statues of his ancestors. It is an even stronger reason why he should interest himself so ardently in restoring the ancient castles of Germany. These superb memorials of a great past have to him not only a historic but a symbolic value. They speak to all men of German blood of the splendor of their country's past, and serve as an inspiration for the future with German unity accomplished.

THE FORTRESS OF MARIENBURG

Quite appropriately, the first castle to be restored by William II was the famous Marienburg, in the province of West Prussia, not far from the ancient city of Danzig. Founded in the thirteenth century by the knights of the Teutonic Order, the Marienburg was their earliest stronghold on Prussian soil, and the most splendid medieval castle in all Germany. Built to withstand assaults, it consisted of three portions—the Hochschloss, or main castle, the Mittelschloss, or middle castle, and the Vorburg, or outer castle.

The last named, which guarded the

MAIN ENTRANCE-GATE OF THE SAALBURG, THE ANCIENT ROMAN CASTLE IN THE TAUNUS MOUNTAINS RESTORED BY THE KAISER—IN THE CENTER IS A STATUE OF THE ROMAN EMPEROR ANTONINUS PIUS

THE SAALBURG—COURTYARD, WITH STATUES OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS HADRIAN AND ALEXANDER SEVERUS

chief approach to the fortress, was devoted to workshops and arsenals for munitions of war. The two inner buildings, to which the visitor is admitted by a drawbridge, contain the quarters of the knights, the chambers of their grand master, and the stately halls in which the order held its meetings. They are surrounded by massive walls, pierced only here and there by narrow windows; but the interior is rich with Gothic decorations, with fine paintings and wood-carvings.

For some two centuries, this splendid fortress was a center of German power and a radiating point of German culture. The order, however, lost much of its influence in the fifteenth century. The Marienburg was assailed again and again by Polish armies. It suffered siege, and at last was taken by the Poles. Neglect and carelessness, fire and endless looting gradually wrecked the noble buildings. In 1772, when Frederick the Great reconquered West Prussia and retook the castle, very little of its former glory remained.

Like the Colosseum in Rome, this mighty structure was used as a barracks, and later as a place of deposit for sand and corn and salt. Its refectory, where once the champions of chivalry had gathered in stately pomp under gilded carvings and panels of fretted gold, became a drill-room for raw recruits. Horses were stabled in its chapter-hall. The apartments of its grand master were occupied by paupers and rude weavers.

Not until 1803 was any check put upon this vandalism. In 1817, the castle was externally restored, but there seemed to be no hope of repairing the ravages from which the interior had suffered. Nevertheless, money was collected for this purpose, and the income from the Prussian state lotteries was devoted to it; but not until the reign of the present Kaiser was the work on the Hochschloss finished, so that now the castle appears in all its former beauty and impressiveness.

The restoration was finally completed in 1902, and the great pile was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies. Not since the days when it was the center of German power had so brilliant an assem-

bly met within its stately halls. The Kaiser took up his abode there, with a glittering retinue. Representatives of the Order of St. John, from England, Austria, Italy, and France, came to the Marienburg as invited guests. At the dedication, the grand master of the German Order of St. John, the late Duke Albert of Brunswick, led the array to the court of the Hochschloss. Here the knights defiled before the Kaiser, while the sound of trumpets thrilled again through the vast corridors, and chiming bells welcomed the procession to the castle church, where a beautiful and impressive religious ceremony was performed. At the banquet which followed, the Kaiser made one of his characteristic speeches, closing it with an ardent appeal to the people of West Prussia to remain firmly united for the welfare of the Fatherland.

BODO EBHARDT, THE ARCHITECT WHO SUPERINTENDED THE RESTORATION OF THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG

From a photograph by Klinger, Strassburg

THE CASTLE OF THE SAALBURG

Unique among the castles which the Kaiser has restored is the Saalburg, which lies among the Taunus Mountains, not far from the well-known watering-place of Homburg. This imposing structure carries one back, not to the Germany of the Middle Ages, but to that remote period of German history when the fierce blond warriors from the northern forests hurled themselves with fury against the Roman legions, sometimes routing them with terrific slaughter. Rome pushed its farther boundaries to the Rhine, but beyond that even the indomitable soldiers of the Cæsars were unwilling to go. Hence it happened, about the year 70 A.D., that the Roman emperors began to construct the enormous chain of fortifications extending from the Rhine to the Danube—that is to say, from Cologne to Regensburg. It was to be a barrier against invasion from the north, and consisted of formidable stone walls, broken and surmounted here and there by forts and castles of great strength. This chain, which in a way resembled the Chinese Wall, was three hundred and fifty miles in length, and was known as the Limes Germanicus, or German frontier. Much of it has been leveled by neglect and time; but here and there great masses of stone remain and are viewed with superstitious awe by the peasants, who call them "The Devil's Walls."

The Saalburg was the best-preserved relic of this line of Roman fortresses. Tradition ascribes its building to Germanicus, the son of Drusus, but this is only legend. Around it, excavations have brought forth a remarkable number of weapons, statues, chariots, and bronzes belonging to the Roman period. Visitors to the Exposition of 1904 at St. Louis will remember a fine model of the castle which was shown there, together with a collection of antique weapons which belonged to it.

The ceremony of its dedication occurred in 1902, and was carried out entirely in the Roman fashion. The Kaiser, like a Roman Cæsar, came in state to the Saalburg, where he was greeted by the inhabitants very much as Titus or Hadrian would have been received. He entered the great gate of

the castle and was conducted along the Triumphal Way to the innermost sanctuary, where the foundation-stone was laid. In this stone had been placed a scroll written in Latin by the historian of Rome, Theodor Mommsen, the most

THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG—ONE OF THE MASSIVE GATEWAYS WITH ANCIENT ARMORIAL BEARINGS

learned man of modern times. His words may be translated thus:

The Roman Cæsars, for the protection of their boundaries, established this frontier castle; and now, after sixteen centuries, its remains have been restored with faithful adherence to the old traditions. To them a museum has been added, built in the thirteenth year of his reign, newly erected in memory of his father, Emperor Frederick III, by William II, on the eleventh day of October, 1902.

The museum mentioned above was placed in the restored prætorium of the castle. It contains some of the precious relics that were found there. By order of the Prussian minister of education, two bronze statues, one of the Emperor Hadrian and one of the Emperor Alexander Severus, were placed in the Saalburg. There is also a statue of Antoninus Pius, on the base of which the Kaiser has set a brief but stately inscription coupling his own name with that of the old-time Cæsar in sonorous Latin—"*Imperatori Romanorum . . . imperator Germanorum.*"

THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG

The very latest restoration of an ancient German castle took place as recently as last May, when the Kaiser dedicated the famous Hohkönigsburg, a castle situated in Alsace, or, as the Germans prefer to call it, Elsass. The ruins of this stronghold were presented to the emperor by the neighboring town of Schlettstadt in 1889. Dilapidated though they were, they bore eloquent testimony to the architectural glory of the sixteenth century. They tower high in the Alsatian Mountains, commanding an admirable view of the beautiful Rhenish valley, of the Black Forest, and even of the distant Alps.

Until the Franco-Prussian War, the castle was, of course, in the possession of the French. The famous French architect, Viollet-le-Duc, said of it: "One can have no idea of the majestic grandeur of its battlements unless one has actually seen them. The great banquet-hall is one of the noblest conceptions of its age." Because of his enthusiasm, Napoleon III seriously considered rebuilding the ancient castle. The fortune of war gave it into German hands, and the Kaiser has been tireless in his efforts to have it restored precisely as it was four hundred years ago.

To this end he drew heavily on his private fortune, and every year wrung from the Reichstag a large appropriation for the work in hand. He consulted the castle-restorers of other countries, and gave his architect a free hand, urging him to make extensive journeys to Switzerland, France, Austria, and Italy. He had sketches and drawings of foreign castles laid before him; and almost every year he personally visited the Hohkönigsburg, making a careful examination of the work as it progressed, and receiving reports from the architects and engineers. It delighted him to see the electric cranes hoisting enormous stones

THE KAISER VISITING THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG IN APRIL, 1907, TO INSPECT THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK OF RESTORATION—ON HIS MAJESTY'S RIGHT IS THE ARCHITECT, HERR EBHARDT

to the top of the castle. He was entranced when a Roman floor was discovered, and he went in and out of all the subterranean passages and cellars.

This castle, indeed, like most of the great fortresses in Germany, was not built at once, but represents an architectural growth. Its oldest parts are in the Romanesque style—corresponding to the Norman in England—with the heavy round arches, of which a type appears in the engraving on page 176. Elsewhere there are traces of Gothic influence; and as a whole, the impress borne by the imposing structure is that of the later period of the Middle Ages.

For centuries great masses of earth concealed some of the finest portions of the building. It has gone through every kind of battle shock. In 1472 the cities of Basel and Strassburg joined forces with the Austrians to bombard and destroy it. Rebuilt by the counts of Tierstein, it again suffered severely in the Thirty Years' War; and during the French Revolution it passed through yet another period of destruction.

THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG—A COVERED WAY AT THE BASE OF THE LION TOWER

The Kaiser's object has been to let it

THE HOHKÖNIGSBURG—GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SOUTH

represent exactly a castle of the early sixteenth century. The smithy, the saddle-rooms, the powder-vaults, the armories, the living quarters of the inmates, the kitchens, bakeries, sleeping-rooms and dining-halls, together with the chapel, have all been skilfully restored to their original condition in accordance with an ancient inventory made at a time when the place was still inhabited. Even the trinkets, the rugs, and the embroideries have been restored. Upon the walls there hang more than two hundred suits of armor. The purpose of the emperor was declared in a speech which he made at Vienna while a guest of the famous Austrian castle-restorer, Count Wilczek:

> We wish to show the present generation how, in the old times, their sword-bearing fathers rendered faithful duty and showed their knightly respect for women.

And again, in a telegram, he declared to his architect:

> I am sure that you will aid in executing this work in a manner worthy of the German Empire. This fine castle shows us in the twentieth century how our forefathers built their homes. May this structure be a faithful reproduction of the old castle, and a source of pleasure to those who visit our beautiful Rhineland, reminding them of mighty ancestors, who there cultivated German thought and the virtues of German knighthood.

These sentences explain what is called the Kaiser's medievalism. He invokes the memories of the past in order to stimulate the patriotism of the present. And so, last May, when the castle was completed, the emperor approached its gate and gave the key to the Baron von Bulach, whom he had appointed its custodian. The gate flew open, and the Kaiser, with his guests, entered the castle court, to find himself in a scene which recalled in every feature the Germany of four hundred years ago.

The wife of the architect received him and offered him a mass of flowers. Her two sons, dressed as pages, presented him with a silver helmet filled with wine, from which he took a deep draft of welcome. Then he was conducted through the castle. Everywhere he was greeted by men and women in sixteenth-century garb. Wine flowed freely in the huge cellars. Old German chorals sounded from the distant chapel. In the gardens, lovely women listened to the music of a troubadour. On the ramparts, groups of soldiers, clad in leather, sat beside their drums and ancient cannon, playing cards and throwing dice, after the fashion of the *lanzknechts* of long ago.

Of all the restorations which have been made in Germany during the past twenty years, that of the Hohkönigsburg is the most remarkable because it is the most complete. Nor is it the whim of an eccentric monarch. It is only one evidence of a far-reaching policy of patriotism which appeals to sentiment as well as to reason.

DON JAIME
DE BOURBON

From a recent photograph

THE CARLIST PRETENDER TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN

THE most formidable pretender to a European throne is the head of the Carlist line, Don Jaime de Bourbon, Conde de Molina, who not only passively asserts his claim to the Spanish throne, but who at any moment may lead an open insurrection; for the rough mountaineers in the north of Spain are loyal Carlists and also indomitable fighters. Don Jaime is a trained soldier, a general in the Russian army.

The beginning of the Carlist claim dates from early in the last century. King Ferdinand VII of Spain was childless, although he had been three times married. His younger brother, Don Carlos, naturally expected to succeed him. Moreover, Spain still held to the so-called Salic law, which excludes women from the throne. Nevertheless, by a fourth marriage, King Ferdinand had a daughter who afterward became Queen Isabella; for at her birth, the Spanish Cortes revoked the Salic law. Then came the first of several Carlist wars; for the Carlists claim that the succession could not be altered. A long struggle took place, and this has been followed, since 1830, by repeated uprisings intended to restore the Carlist line to the throne.

Don Jaime's father, grandnephew and namesake of the first Don Carlos, is still alive, but he lives in retirement at Venice, and has relinquished his claim to his son.

DESMOND O'CONNOR*

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS," "JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

DURING the siege of Bruges by the allies, a part of the garrison that holds the Flemish city for Louis XIV is the Irish contingent in the French service. Desmond O'Connor, a captain of these gallant mercenaries, has fallen in love with a young Flemish noblewoman—Margaret, Countess of Anhalt—whom he has chanced to see in the church of St. Agnes. He has since called at the house where the countess is living with her foster-sister, Anne Van Rhyn, and has offered to help the two young women to escape from the beleaguered city.

Captain O'Connor speaks of his love-affair to Gaston de Brissac, a French officer, who, for a selfish reason, encourages him to press his suit. The countess has fled to Bruges from Paris in order to escape from the Vicomte de Louville, whom the king has ordered her to marry; and Gaston, being her cousin, would gladly see her defy the royal command and wed O'Connor, so that her fortune might be forfeited and might pass to himself.

Captain O'Connor volunteers to attempt to pass through the allies' lines with a message to the Duc de Vendôme, informing him of the desperate condition of the besieged city. Enlisting the assistance of an old retainer, Con Quirk, now a sergeant in the Irish Brigade, he plans to slip away at night, taking Margaret and her foster-sister with him, in a boat, by a canal leading from Bruges to the river Lys. Calling at the countess's house, the garden of which borders the canal, O'Connor is just in time to save her from the murderous attack of an unknown assailant. He grapples with the man and throws him into the canal; then, after a narrow escape from the guard-boats of the besiegers, he succeeds in reaching the open country, though on the way he becomes separated from Sergeant Quirk, whom he supposes fallen into the hands of the enemy. Arrived at M. de Vendôme's camp, he has an audience with the duke, who praises O'Connor's gallantry and promotes him to the rank of major, besides assuring him that a force will speedily be despatched to the relief of Bruges.

XIII

MARGARET was resting in her room after supper. A few hours' sleep had sufficed to restore her young and healthy frame to its wonted strength. Her interview with M. de Vendôme had ended more favorably than she had dared to hope. It was his duty, he said, to return her to Paris under escort, but she had cast herself at his feet and implored, and wept, and implored again, with such piteous earnestness that the duke was touched. Send her back to Paris he must, but it need not be immediately. It would be time enough at the end of the campaign. At present he had no men to spare; and Margaret recognized with gratitude the kindliness of heart that offered this flimsy pretext.

She returned to her apartments somewhat comforted, for in the harrowing anxiety she had undergone since she had entered the French lines, a reprieve, however short, meant much, and the campaign might last for months.

The room to which she had been assigned was full of memories for her. A large, sunny chamber, chosen, no doubt,

* *This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August*

for its brightness, it had been her nursery as an infant, and, later on, her schoolroom. Here she had tasted childish joys, shed childish tears. Here she had faced the first great sorrow of her life when her mother's coffin was borne from the door. And it was yonder, on the broad sofa, that she and Anne had sobbed themselves to sleep, locked in each other's arms, on the day her father died. That was a vivid and always a painful memory. How would she have felt could she have foreseen all that was to follow? How could she have borne it?

In her mind she went over the events of the last few weeks—the king's pitiless decision, M. de Louville's visit, and his uncompromising rejection of her conditions. How thankful she felt that he had rejected them! Then, he had seemed to her but a young man, much as other men, separated from her only by an unworthy love-affair. Now, her very soul revolted at the thought of becoming wife to him or to any other. Before her arose that one figure which, through all her recent troubles, had stood to her as the representative of hope and truth and courage and loyalty. How brave he was, how noble, how gentle! She longed with all her heart to speak to him, if but for a moment. She had not seen him all day, but surely he must be still in the castle.

"Anne," she called, and her foster-sister hastened in from the adjoining room. "Anne, will you go below and see if you can gain any tidings of Captain O'Connor? If you see him, ask him to come hither. I—I would fain have his advice."

Anne departed, and for some time Margaret harkened to every sound from below, hoping that it might herald the approach of her knight — so she loved to think of him. But as the minutes passed, she grew lonely. She regretted that she had despatched Anne on the errand. She might have summoned a page.

There was a knock at the door, and she started to her feet, alert and eager.

"May I be received, *madame?*" said a man's voice.

She returned a joyful assent. He had come at last!

The door opened, and the Vicomte de Louville entered.

Her whole thought had been of Desmond, and she was shaken and startled by the appearance of this stranger, for in the hurry and confusion of her mind she did not recognize him.

He bowed and spoke, and then she knew him.

"I heard you were in the castle, *madame.* I am extra aide-de-camp to M. de Vendôme. I have ventured to intrude that I may learn if I can serve you in any way."

"Thank you, *monsieur,* in none."

"Much has happened since you quitted Paris, *madame.* His majesty was deeply incensed at your evasion."

"I am sorry," she faltered. "You were in part to blame. You told me your love was fixed elsewhere, and—forgive me, *monsieur,* I say it in no unkindness—unworthily fixed."

De Louville cast down his eyes.

"Louis has persuasive ways, *madame.* He is also clement. He is prepared to treat your flight, although in defiance of his commands, as a mere girlish whim, and forget it, if—"

He paused and looked her in the face.

"Well, *monsieur?*"

"If you become my wife."

Margaret caught her breath. "You have forgotten Marie Corbeau. Do you fancy I have forgotten her, too?"

"No, countess. That is why I am here—to say that I am ready to give her up. I told you Louis has persuasive ways. We can be married when you please."

"Never!" cried Margaret passionately.

"The king knows you are in Flanders, and I am the bearer of a message from him. If you return as my bride, he will forgive your defiance of his will."

"And if I refuse?" she answered with spirit. "The Bastile, I suppose!"

"*Madame,* be warned, I implore you," urged the viscount. "There are worse punishments than the Bastile at the king's convenience. I have been forced to bend to his will, and surely it cannot be worse for you."

But her mind had not traveled beyond his opening words.

"Worse than the Bastile!" she gasped.

"Aye, much worse," he answered. "You have heard of the Man with the Iron Mask. The steel visor, forged to hide the features of a troublesome prince, can easily be duplicated to fit the face of a rebellious woman."

"Heaven pity me!" she moaned.

"Do not visit the blame on me, countess," he implored. "The same fate would be mine if I failed to obey the king. He has sworn by St. Denis that we shall marry, and from that oath nothing can free his majesty, save your death or mine; and we are both too young to die."

Margaret did not reply. She stood silent, wringing her hands in unutterable misery. At that moment, without warning, Anne burst into the room.

"It is but now I found him," she cried, and then, seeing the viscount, checked herself. "Your pardon, *monsieur,*" she faltered.

But O'Connor, following close behind her, was already in the room.

"You sent for me, *madame,*" he said. "Can I have the happiness of being of any service to you?"

Glances, keen as rapier-thrusts, passed between M. de Louville and the young Irishman. Neither could understand the presence of the other in this apartment. The countess went pale and red by turns. She might deal with the situation in many different ways, but she chose to be wholly frank.

"*Monsieur,*" she said, addressing Desmond, "may I be permitted to present you to the Vicomte de Louville, the gentleman to whom I am affianced by command of his majesty Louis XIV?"

The viscount bowed. Anne, wringing her hands, breathed a hasty prayer. O'Connor, pale as ashes, carried his hand to his head, and reeled as from a physical blow. Nevertheless, he was the first to speak.

"I am answered, *madame,*" he said. "May I be allowed to kiss your hand and withdraw?"

"There is my hand, *monsieur,* if you would so far honor it; but I beg you to remain."

Dropping on one knee, with all the respect he might have shown to a queen, Desmond kissed the white hand his lady extended. De Louville looked from one to the other, in doubt what to make of the scene.

"Who is this gentleman?" he demanded curtly.

"This gentleman," replied the countess, as Desmond drew himself erect, and, hand on hip, prepared to deal with the antagonism he detected in the viscount's manner—"this gentleman is Captain O'Connor, of the Irish Brigade, to whose skill and courage I owe it that I am in a position to receive you here this evening."

"Indeed!" the viscount sneered. "Truly an Irish paladin!"

"And this gentleman, *madame?*" inquired Desmond. "I think you mentioned his name, but my thoughts were otherwise engaged. Will you be so good as to repeat it?"

"The Vicomte de Louville, aide-de-camp to the Duc de Vendôme," replied Margaret steadily.

"And within three days to be the husband of the Countess of Anhalt," added the viscount.

"It was for me to add those words, had it seemed good to me," said Margaret with dignity.

"They are true, however," affirmed De Louville.

"That I shall ever be your wife? I think not, *monsieur,*" Margaret replied coldly.

"It is false as hell!"

It was Desmond who spoke, not hotly or impetuously, but with a cold, determined emphasis far more convincing. De Louville turned on the speaker with the quickness of a panther, and his sword was out. O'Connor faced him, hand on hilt, but did not unsheath his weapon.

Margaret stepped between them with an imperious gesture.

"Recollect yourself, viscount!" Her calm tone of command asserted itself above the sound of Anne's convulsive sobs. "Since when has it been the custom to draw sword in a lady's apartment? Put it up, *monsieur,* and you, Captain O'Connor, take your hand from your hilt. I have but to complain to the officer on duty, and you will both

be haled before the duke to answer for this outrage!"

De Louville bit his lip, but he obeyed. In that moment he realized the immensity of the gulf that separated his humble mistress from a daughter of Anhalt. Desmond bowed to his lady's bidding.

"My sword is yours for the asking, *madame,*" he said, "without troubling a comrade to arrest me. But while it remains in my keeping, I can but use it to assure your safety and assert your dignity."

"You shall hear more of this, *monsieur,* at a fitting time and place," whispered the viscount.

But Margaret overheard him.

"If you have any respect for me, this affair will go no farther. I have a right to ask that it shall not. Your promise, gentlemen!"

"You have mine with all my heart," answered Desmond with all his accustomed breeziness. "I have no quarrel with *monsieur le vicomte.* Why should I want to fight a gentleman for trying to peep into heaven, especially when I have just seen the door slammed in his face?"

De Louville started. He had been touched in his vanity, O'Connor in the heart. The latter wound was far the deeper, but the former smarted more.

"Now, viscount," the countess urged. "Nay, I insist," she continued, seeing him hesitate.

"This gentleman shifts the ground of the quarrel," he objected, "and so adds to the insult."

"Nay, *monsieur,*" retorted the Irishman, "I have no quarrel with you. You have my views. Take them or leave them."

"This will not do," Margaret persisted. "You are both soldiers of France, and France needs your swords. Be more conciliatory, Captain O'Connor, for my sake."

"For your sake, *madame,*" O'Connor replied, "I am ready to love my enemies and keep my sword for those of France."

"And for your sake, fair Margaret," said M. de Louville, "I am willing to say no more till after the next battle—when, I hope, France's enemies will have ceased to exist, and I can turn my sword to other uses."

He bowed slightly to O'Connor, profoundly to the countess, and quitted the room.

"Well, Desmond?" she said.

"At your service, *madame,*" he replied.

She had not noticed that she had addressed him by his Christian name, but he observed it.

"I am to go to Paris, it seems," she continued. "I have had an interview with M. de Vendôme, and it appears he was instructed to send me thither under escort—as soon as he caught me," she added with a wan little smile.

"To Paris, *madame,* and against your will?" Desmond cried, aghast.

"You heard the gentleman who has just left us. What he said is true—the king has promised me to him."

"But you will not wed him! You said you would not," he pleaded passionately.

"Margaret of Anhalt will only give her hand where her heart has been given before it," she uttered proudly. Then, as the viscount's threats came back to her, she added, with a shuddering sigh, "Cost what it will!"

Desmond regarded her with consternation. He could only guess at her position, and his surmises fell far short of the formidable reality. He was tempted to open his heart to her as she stood there, her sweet face full of the horrors of her thoughts. Might it not be that she would find comfort in the love even of one so lowly as himself? Perhaps Anne, in her corner, guessed his purpose, for she rose very quietly and stole toward the door. But her mistress saw the movement.

"Do not go, Anne," she said. "I will detain Captain O'Connor but a very few moments, and when he leaves I shall need you. You had an interview with M. de Vendôme, did you not?" she went on, turning to him.

"I had that honor, *madame*—after you had retired."

"Did he say anything of me?" she asked quickly.

"Nay, our talk was all of Bruges and the possibility of assisting it. And he gave me promotion," the young man

added with a pride he could not conceal. "He dubbed me major with his own lips."

"I congratulate you most heartily, Major O'Connor," the countess replied, frankly extending her hand. "Never was promotion more gallantly earned." He bowed his thanks, and she continued: "And now, what of yourself? You go on service again, I presume. By the way, how is your arm? I should have inquired sooner."

"Almost healed; I was but scratched, as I assured you. You might have made wounds as deep with your bodkin, and assuredly I should not complain if you dressed them as tenderly as these." The color mounted into Margaret's cheeks. "I was casting about how I might come by speech of you when Anne found me. I wished to make my adieus. To-morrow morning I return to Bruges."

"To Bruges!" She gazed at him, horrified.

"Nay," he smiled, "I go not to hide under bushes and slink through the darkness. I ride thither with a goodly company."

"To rescue the garrison?" she asked.

"To help them to their own rescue, if we are in time, and, at the worst, to avenge them," he answered. "Is there aught you would have me do if we enter Bruges?"

"Find M. de Brissac, my cousin, if you can," she replied. "Tell him where I am, and that I would fain see him. He helped me once; perchance he may help me again."

"I will do your bidding, *madame,*" Desmond answered, but his voice showed he was hurt. "I had hoped that if you needed assistance you would not have forgotten one poor Irishman who would gladly die for you."

"Indeed I have not forgotten him," the countess rejoined, doing her best to speak lightly. "I reserve him for great occasions. The present matter is one in which I can best be served by a kinsman."

"Farewell, then, *madame,*" said Desmond. "I know not if I shall see you again. Perhaps you will be on the road to Paris ere I return."

"Heaven forbid!" she uttered fervently. "I think there is no question of my leaving so abruptly. M. de Vendôme cannot spare men to furnish my guard."

"If I were in command of that escort, *madame,*" said O'Connor earnestly, "you should never go to Paris save by your own good-will."

She flushed at his words with hope and pleasure. Then she fell grave again as she reflected on the consequences to himself should he act as he had hinted. She could not sacrifice him.

"No, no," she cried hastily. "Remember your oath of allegiance—your duty as a soldier."

"My allegiance is yours, *madame,*" he replied, "and my duty is to serve you."

"Come back safe from Bruges," she whispered, "for—for the sake of all your friends." She detached a rose she was wearing at her breast, and offered it to him. "Adieu, Desmond, my faithful knight," she said. "Wear this for Margaret."

He grasped the token eagerly, kissing the hand that gave it.

"Adieu, Margaret, my sovereign lady," he said, and was gone.

"There are none of them like him, Anne," she said, turning her swimming eyes on her foster-sister.

"None, *madame,* nor ever will be," the weeping girl answered.

XIV

As O'Connor descended to the hall, his brain was in a ferment. The rose he held in his hand was almost a confession that Margaret loved him. At least it was an invitation to him to confess his love.

But she was affianced to the Vicomte de Louville, not by her own will, but by command of Louis; and in defiance of that command she had openly refused to wed him. God keep her in that spirit! Desmond thought. Then came the recollection that she was to be carried a prisoner to Paris.

"Not while I have a head to plan and an arm to execute," he muttered. "Much may happen between the Lys and the Seine!"

Lost in reflections of alternate hope and despair, he entered the great hall,

and was instantly hailed by a familiar and most welcome voice.

"Here's himself! By St. Patrick, Masther Desmond, it's myself's glad to see you! They tould me ye had got here safe and sound."

"Sound as a pippin," replied Desmond heartily, clasping Sergeant Quirk's rough palm. "But how did you get through, Con? We had given you up for lost."

"I'm worth two dead men yet," responded the sergeant. "I come here by wather mainly, an ilimint I have no likin' for. More betoken, the only time iver I come near dyin', it was wather give me my death."

"You fell in, I suppose, and were half drowned," remarked O'Connor, who was in haste to make an end of Con's reminiscences, and learn how he had escaped.

"Ye're wrong, sir. It was the wather fell into me. I drank some one day for lack of anything better, an' it give me an inward chill I'd like to have died of. Maybe I drank out of a damp can," he added reflectively.

"Well, you didn't die, anyhow," said O'Connor, "and you didn't die this time, either, which is more than any of us ventured to hope. How did you escape?"

"It's soon tould, sir, though it was mighty tadious in the doing. I'd no trouble fixin' the petard to the boat at all. I got round on the far side of her, an' every soul aboard was busy looking afther you. Well, when I touched off the fuse I just set me heels north an' me head south, an' swum for the far bank as if the divil was half a yard behind me."

"You didn't make an attempt to regain our skiff, then?" asked O'Connor.

"Not a bit o' use, sir. They were sarching that side good with their light, an' they'd have seen me afore I'd got quarter ways. I'd only have brought them on you, and, anyhow, I'd never have got climbin' into that rotten little cockboat without upsettin' her. I seen that an' I lavin' her."

"Well?" prompted Desmond impatiently.

"I got to the bank an' jouked in undher it, and held tight, an' it's well I did; for I wasn't hardly there when, bang! the ould guard-boat went up with a roar fit to raise the dead, an' sent a wave across that pretty nigh washed me away. With that there was such shoutin' and confusion as ye never seen—men runnin' an' torches flarin' an' one axin' another what the blazes had happened, anyhow. I knew there'd be boats out in no time to pick up the remains—though I doubt if there was left enough of that water-guard to be worth howldin' a wake over—so I just made me way down the canal with all convaynient speed, keepin' well in undher the bank, till I thought I was clear of the hullabaloo. Then I climbed out to rest for a few minutes, first makin' sure the coast was clear."

"And was it?" inquired Desmond, deeply interested.

"So far as I could see—on the land side, anyhow. But I wasn't there above ten minutes, an' had just got me breath, when, swish, comes up from beyant me two more guard-boats, one afther the other, an' pullin' as if it was a race they was rowin'. I just slipped into the wather again, as quiet as an otter, an' lay there till they were past me."

"We saw them," observed Desmond.

"I misthrusted ye would," the sergeant resumed, "an' I was only that thankful to obsarve that they hadn't seen you. An' that's the heft of me story. I crept along, sometimes in the wather an' sometimes out of it like a rat, dodgin' an' joukin' accordin' as there was occasion. I struck across country for the Lys as soon as I considhered it safe, an' picked up a bit of a canoe on the bank that saved me legs for a while, till the bottom dropped out of her. But she left me on the right side of the river, anyhow, and from that to this it was just fair heel-an'-toe walkin' till I got here."

"How long ago was that?"

"A matther of four hours, maybe five. I've been sleepin' the most of it," replied Con. "I was had up afore the gineral himself when I got here, but when he heard I was out of Bruges, and had come with yer honor, he couldn't do enough for me—ordered me a new pair of boots, for mine was droppin' off me feet, an' other compliments."

"He gave me a step, Con. I'm a major from to-day."

"Yer humble sarvint, Major O'Con-

nor, sir," said the sergeant, saluting. "Long may ye live to wear it. He didn't promote me that high, but he put his hand in his pocket an' give me a pistole, an' said I was a brave fellow, an' other nonsense o' the sort. I'd enjoy an hour with that same pistole in the Golden Fleece this minute, for divil a drop can a man get to buy in this place at all at all, if he was made of goold."

"And didn't you have any refreshment at all?" Desmond asked.

"His excellency ordered me a dram when I come in," the sergeant replied. "More betoken, I made bould to ax for it, or I couldn't have answered all the questions he had to put to me. An' I got a few glasses of wine with me supper, but, barrin' that, it's only a thirsty place."

"Con, here is a secret that must not be breathed till the orders are out. There is a detachment to march in the morning to the relief of Bruges. I am going."

The sergeant's face fell.

"Oh, *wirra,* isn't that like my luck?" he complained. "The very day that me feet is that sore an' battered I can hardly put them to the ground!"

"You need not. We ride," replied O'Connor. "Would you like to come?"

"Would I? Would a duck swim?" cried Con. "D'ye think they'd let me?"

"I am to see the duke before we start. I'll speak to him. I have no doubt he'd let you volunteer."

"Hurroo for sport, Masther Desmond, eh? This is betther nor bein' shut up in a stinking town."

"No more now. You need rest, and so do I," said O'Connor. "We have all the same ground to go over again tomorrow."

"Good night, yer honor," replied Quirk, not sorry to hobble off to the quarters assigned him.

But it was long before sleep visited the eyes of the newly made major, tossing and troubled, and seeking vainly for a clue to the labyrinth in which the day's events had plunged him. His last waking thoughts were of Margaret.

Despite his restless night, O'Connor was astir early, ready and eager for the work of the day. He had just finished dressing, and was buckling on his sword, when an orderly arrived to summon him to the Duc de Vendôme. Desmond followed the man, and was at once received by the marshal, who had newly risen.

"Early and prompt," the latter remarked with approval. "After your fatigues of yesterday I had expected to be before you this morning. I was not mistaken in you, Major O'Connor."

Then the duke proceeded to explain, in some detail, his plans for assisting the garrison of Bruges. He relied on the young officer's local knowledge, and often deferred to the latter's modestly expressed opinion as to the exact route to be chosen or the manner of the final approach.

"I think that is all," the marshal said at last. "The force will be under the command of Colonel de la Colonie, a brave soldier and a hard hitter. You march in an hour."

Desmond saluted and was about to withdraw, but the duke called him back.

"Apropos, O'Connor," he said, addressing the young man in an easy and familiar tone, "concerning the lady whom you brought out of Bruges. Have you seen her again?"

M. de Vendôme's eyes were upon him, and Desmond moved uneasily. He felt the blood climbing into his cheeks, and it annoyed him.

"I had that honor, excellency," he replied. "She received me last evening, and I made my adieus."

"See that they are final, my man," the duke said, somewhat sternly, his penetrating gaze still on the Irishman's face. "You know who this lady is, I presume?"

"Surely, *monseigneur.* I have known her for a month or more. She is the Countess of Anhalt."

"That is to say," resumed the duke, "one of the greatest ladies in Flanders, one of the richest heiresses in France, and a ward of his majesty King Louis XIV, whom may God preserve! You, *monsieur,* are a foreigner—noble, I doubt not, as most of the Irish Brigade seem to be—but unknown in France save as a gallant soldier. Have a care, my friend! Those who strive to climb too high meet with ugly falls."

Yesterday Desmond would have an-

swered to this warning, at once minatory and kindly spoken, that he was but the Countess of Anhalt's humble servant, and had never dared to nourish the lofty pretensions at which the marshal hinted. To-day, with Margaret's parting words in his ears, with her rose hidden in his breast, he felt that, great lady though she might be, she was still but a woman to be wooed—aye, a woman, his heart told him, more than half won. He answered firmly, but with deep respect:

"I will not affect to misunderstand your excellency. I am not noble, but I am gently born. You seem to have penetrated my secret, *monseigneur;* I do love this lady."

"That is your misfortune, then," the duke replied dryly. "Learn to forget her. She is beyond your reach. I know the king's purpose regarding her, and I tell you, O'Connor, she is not for you."

"And yet, *monseigneur,* her nearest kinsman, Captain Gaston de Brissac, does not resent my pretensions. He even favors them."

The duke had meant his last words for a dismissal. Desmond had so regarded them, and saluted as he replied and turned toward the door; but at the mention of Gaston's name, the marshal started as one who suddenly descries a glimmer of light in a dark place.

"De Brissac!" he repeated. "Wait, man. I know something of this M. de Brissac. The duelist, is it not?"

"He is said to be a good blade, *monseigneur,*" said Desmond, wondering what was coming.

"Aye," the duke mused. "A deep plotter, a dangerous man. So he has favored your suit to his cousin?"

"I had never had a hope save what he gave me," Desmond replied, and then he added, in lower tones, "till yesterday."

"Aye! your knight-errantry might well have stirred any maiden's heart," remarked the marshal with a smile. "But have a care! You are being made a pawn in a game which can only end in shame and ruin for both you and the countess."

"I do not understand your excellency," stammered Desmond, impressed by his commander's manner.

"Do you know that Margaret of Anhalt is betrothed to the Vicomte de Louville?" asked the duke.

"I have been told so, excellency, but she does not love him."

"Pshaw! Love! That is a toy for boys and girls. This is a matter of state policy. How came you to know of this betrothal? Did M. de Brissac tell you?"

"No. Perhaps he is not aware of it."

"He is well aware of it, and that is why he has favored your pretensions. Can you not see through a plot so transparent as this? If the countess thwarts the will of her sovereign, she will be stripped of her estates, which will devolve upon her next of kin. You know who that is?"

"Captain de Brissac," replied Desmond mechanically.

The duke had given a fresh turn to his thoughts, and he was not slow to put them into words.

"When she is poor," he went on exultingly, "there will be nothing between us. To a portionless girl I can speak my heart freely. Thank you, *monseigneur!*"

The duke regarded him pityingly.

"At least you are no fortune-hunter, Major O'Connor," he said. "But the loss of her estates is the least of the evils that will overtake the lady if she runs counter to her sovereign's will. Louis has sworn by St. Denis that if Margaret of Anhalt thwarts him in this matter he will so order it that she shall envy the lot of the meanest prisoner in the Bastile, and that is an oath his majesty has never yet broken."

"My God!" Desmond murmured.

He was stricken to the heart. All his world seemed crashing in ruin around him. Margaret in the Bastile! The bare idea was profanation; the thought was madness.

The duke was still speaking. Desmond heard his words, and he remembered them, but it was only later that their full meaning came to him.

"You are embarked on an impossible adventure," the old soldier was saying. "It is a selfish quest. It can only end in the ruin of all concerned."

"What would you advise, *monseigneur?*" Desmond said at last.

"Forget her!"

"Impossible! Not while life lasts."

"This touches your honor, and honor is dearer than life."

The duke spoke very kindly. He was moved by the young man's manifest despair.

"I will do what I can, excellency," said Desmond. "This—this plot is M. de Brissac's, you think?"

"Since you tell me that he forwarded your suit. He alone can be the gainer. If he succeeds in separating her from M. de Louville and entangling her with some one else—you or another—he has an almost certain prospect of inheriting her fortune."

"Thank you, *monseigneur,*" said Desmond, but there was no life in his tone. "I will try to find a way to balk this villain."

"Do nothing reckless," commanded the marshal, eying him keenly. "Your life belongs not to yourself, but to France, and especially you owe a duty at this moment to your comrades in Bruges."

"Reassure yourself, excellency. I will not shirk my duty."

"Away, then," said the duke. "I have detained you longer than I had intended."

Already the bugles were sounding in the castle yard. Desmond saluted and withdrew.

XV

In the event, the elaborate plan devised by M. de Vendôme and Colonel de la Colonie for surprising the allies could not be carried out. While the relieving force was still on the march, the assault was delivered and Bruges fell. Tidings of this catastrophe reached the advancing column, and the cavalry pushed on at speed, leaving the infantry supports, with the artillery, to follow as quickly as they could.

It was evening when De la Colonie's squadrons sighted the burning town. O'Connor led the force in the direction of the North Gate, remembering that M. de la Mothe's plan had been to break out on that side while the assault was being delivered on the other. But the enemy had been on the alert, and the gate had not been left unguarded.

As the dragoons came in sight, a desperate struggle was in progress. The garrison, held in front by a strong force, were being pressed in the rear by the division of the allies which had entered the town, and the result was a confused mêlée under the walls, fitfully illumined by the light of the burning city, which had been fired in several places. The French seemed totally demoralized. Some were still resisting; stragglers were breaking away in all directions, seeking safety in flight, and flinging down their muskets as they ran.

De la Colonie took in the situation at a glance. Rising in his stirrups and waving his sword, he gave the order to charge. Over the besiegers' entrenchments swept the French dragoons, sabering the few defenders, for no diversion from without had been expected, and the enemy's lines were weakly held.

O'Connor rode with the joy of battle in his brain, but his heart was full of anguish and despair. All through the long day he had marched—silent, sullen, pondering. He had exchanged words with none save the officer in command, when the latter sought his advice as to the best route to follow, or the tactics to be adopted when their goal was reached. Now, he thrilled with the wild spirit of the fray, but his greatest hope was that blade or bullet would speedily end his misery.

He exposed himself recklessly to both, but neither touched him. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Yet even in the depths of his anguish he exulted, as they clove their way like a thunderbolt into the thick of the fight, when he saw the Irish Brigade, the only regiment that had kept its organization in the confusion, holding together with ranks unbroken and colors flying, and winning its way, inch by inch, through the masses of its assailants.

The success of the French charge was but momentary. The allies, taken by surprise, were driven back to the walls, but, strongly reenforced, they resumed the offensive, and the dragoons were compelled to retire. They fell back, contesting every foot of ground stubbornly. De la Colonie's heart stood still as he reached the entrenchments they had recently passed, and saw a line of in-

fantry drawn up behind them, barring his retreat.

"The devil!" he hissed through his clenched teeth. "We are trapped, it seems!"

Already the foremost troop had drawn bridle, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. Then Desmond's voice rang out like a trumpet-call:

"Forward!" he shouted. "These are friends. The trenches are held by the Irish Brigade!"

Colonel O'Brien, having taken advantage of De la Colonie's charge to extricate what remained of his regiment, had manned the enemy's deserted entrenchments, prepared to cover the cavalry's retirement, which he foresaw was inevitable.

A wild cheer broke from the Frenchmen as they rode forward. The infantry opened to let them through, and then poured a withering volley into the ranks of their assailants, momentarily checking the pursuit. O'Connor, who had reined back till he was almost the last, was about to ride through when a cry reached him from behind.

"A moi! A moi! France!"

He pulled up short and turned in the direction whence the appeal had come. There was a clear space to the rear, for the allies had halted when they found the trenches were held against them, and were replying briskly to the fire of the brigade. The bullets sang round him. A little to the right he could make out, through the obscurity, a man on foot battling with three or four assailants. As the flames soared upward from the burning town, Desmond could see the sword-blade flicker in their light. Then they died down, and he could barely make out the struggling figures.

He wheeled his horse and rode straight at them. He was conscious that one of the troopers turned as he did, and was riding after him, but he did not wait for his support.

O'Connor noted, even as he charged, that the solitary man was a magnificent swordsman. His blade played like lightning, turning with marvelous certainty and skill the thrusts aimed at him by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. A third assailant had received the point full in the chest and lay where he had fallen, coughing blood. A fourth was working round to take the unsuspecting swordsman in the rear. Against this man Desmond rode. Struck by the horse's shoulder, he was dashed to earth as if hurled from a catapult.

"France!" the young Irishman shouted, and passed his sword through another of the assailants.

The third man now turned to fly, but Sergeant Quirk, who had kept close to his officer's bridle-rein from the first, rode him down.

"Mount, *monsieur,*" cried O'Connor, reaching his hand to the redoubtable swordsman, who grasped it and sprang into the saddle. "Mount, there is no time to lose!"

Indeed, the air was vocal with the whistle of bullets, and the allies, rallying from their temporary check, were again advancing. Sergeant Quirk rejoined his leader, and the three rode straight for the entrenchments. Just before they reached them, O'Connor's horse, weary and overweighted, stumbled and came heavily to the ground. Desmond fell clear of the saddle and was on his feet in an instant.

"Are you hurt, *monsieur?*" he asked, once more extending his hand to assist the stranger to rise.

"Not in the least," came the reply in accents O'Connor instantly recognized. "*Monsieur,* I owe you my life to-night."

It was Gaston de Brissac.

They were in the trenches, and the bullets were passing harmlessly above their heads. All around him O'Connor saw his old comrades, powder-stained and fierce. They were under perfect control, and were firing steadily.

"Take my horse, Masther Desmond," urged Quirk. "I'm back in the ranks of the brigade, and by the blessin' of St. Bridget, I'll stay there!"

"So will I," responded Desmond. "Captain de Brissac, will you take the sergeant's horse? M. de la Colonie and the dragoons are but a little way in front."

"Death of my life, it is O'Connor!" cried Gaston, recognizing the Irishman. "Well met, comrade! You have saved my life. Command me at all times."

"Then, *monsieur,*" the other answered very gravely, "so soon as you reach the

castle of Anhalt, where M. de Vendôme has his headquarters, pray seek the Countess Margaret. She desires speech of you."

He turned away as he spoke, not heeding Gaston's eager questions. The latter shrugged his shoulders and mounted the horse so opportunely placed at his disposal. As he rode away, he heard the vociferous cheering with which the Irishmen welcomed the appearance of their favorite officer, who was already known as "the Lion of the Brigade."

The French retirement was cautiously conducted in the face of superior numbers. Colonel O'Brien withdrew his men as soon as the cavalry were safe, leaving a rear-guard of fifty to keep the enemy in check till his regiment had gained a sufficient distance. A similar number of dragoons also remained behind, and, at the proper time, the mounted men took the foot-soldiers behind them on their horses and regained the main body.

Colonel de la Colonie fell back on his infantry supports, which he met a couple of leagues from Bruges, and the whole force hastily entrenched itself to await the issue of the morrow. Couriers were despatched to Anhalt to acquaint the Duc de Vendôme with the event of the expedition, which, though officers and men had spared themselves in nothing, could only be regarded as a failure. Bruges had fallen into the hands of the allies, and almost all the French garrison had been cut to pieces or dispersed.

De Brissac, at his own request, went with the messengers to Anhalt.

The relief column lay encamped and entrenched during the remainder of that night, and all the following day. Neither men nor horses were fit for another long march without rest, and Colonel de la Colonie—with many misgivings, for his force was small—halted for thirty hours.

The enemy observed, but did not molest him. No doubt the besiegers, too, had suffered no small losses in the assault and the succession of skirmishes which had followed. Neither the Duke of Marlborough nor M. de Vendôme attempted any movement.

The following night, as soon as darkness had set in, the camp was broken up with every precaution, and by noon on the ensuing day the little column had regained headquarters.

XVI

Soon after his return to Anhalt, Desmond was sought by Anne with a message from her mistress requesting him to wait on her. He pleaded duty, and postponed obedience to an invitation which, a few days earlier, would have brought him hot-foot to Margaret's side. Much as he longed to see her, he dared not risk a meeting till he had settled what course to pursue.

His impulse was to throw himself at her feet, declare his love, and urge her to dare everything and fly with him. He would have sacrificed his career without a pang, were it only his own fate which was in question; but M. de Vendôme's warning had filled him with a horrible dread for Margaret. It were better to avoid her; better to seem to slight her, till she had time to forget him.

The mere idea of her ceasing to think of him stung him like a whip-lash. He paced the little turret chamber, in which he had been lodged, with angry, impatient strides, now almost yielding to the impulse that drove him to speak and so risk all, and anon reproaching himself with the selfishness that set his own happiness above the life and liberty of the woman he loved.

And so Gaston de Brissac found him. The scheming captain felt that he owed it to O'Connor that he had ever seen the sun again, and he was anxious to testify to his gratitude. Desmond, on the other hand, felt that he owed it to M. de Brissac that he was stretched on the rack of incertitude whereon he writhed, and his reception of his visitor was anything but cordial.

"You saved my life the night before last," said Gaston. "Believe me, I would not willingly have let all these hours pass without acknowledging such a service, but you eluded my gratitude."

"You owe me no thanks, *monsieur*," replied Desmond coldly. "I would have rescued a rat had it worn the uniform of France."

Gaston stiffened. "You receive me strangely," he said. "At another time I would demand an explanation of your

words; but you have saved my life, and I am here to thank you, not to quarrel."

O'Connor bowed.

"If you will not accept my gratitude," Gaston went on, "perhaps you will listen to my advice. I have waited on my kinswoman as you desired. Ah, O'Connor, had you been more frank with me in Bruges yonder, perhaps the poor girl would be in better case to-day. At least, I could have warned you to take her anywhere rather than into the French lines. But you never so much as told me you had seen her."

"And how do you know now that I ever did?" inquired Desmond, resolved to admit nothing.

"*Pardie,* I had the whole tale of your escape by canal from my cousin's lips yesterday," Gaston replied; "and even in Bruges I knew she and you met. My lackey told me."

"The faithful Otto, eh?" sneered the other. "Is he with you still, or did he perish with better men in the sack of the town?"

"He did not live to see it," the captain replied. "He was foully murdered. His body was found floating in the canal the very night you left. There were finger-marks on his throat, and his neck was broken. I shall never have such another servant," he finished regretfully, as he recalled the dead man's fertile invention and readiness of resource.

But Desmond was thinking quickly. A body in the canal—finger-marks on the throat—on the very night he had taken the countess out of Bruges! So it was Gaston's servant who had raised a knife against Margaret, and Gaston was Margaret's heir! O'Connor answered immediately, however, and without showing a trace of emotion:

"Yes, I can well imagine that such a follower would be a loss to you in many ways."

"But it was not of Otto I wished to speak," Gaston went on, "but about my cousin. You love her?"

"God help me, I do!" Desmond answered, the cry wrung from the bitterness of his anguish, in spite of himself.

"He will help you," the other answered briskly. "You are thinking of the Vicomte de Louville, I see. But she does not love him—nay, she hates him, and God will never suffer youth and innocence such as hers to be forced to wed misery. For she loves you, O'Connor. I will swear she does!"

O'Connor looked at the speaker attentively. The impassioned words seemed to ring true, and ended with an assertion that was as balm to the young man's wounded heart; but Anne's warning came back to him, terribly reenforced by all the marshal had said. He answered slowly, for they were discussing that which stirred the very depths of his soul:

"She loves me, you say? It may be so. But to what purpose?"

"To what purpose does love tend?" cried Gaston, astonished at the answer. "Since you love her and she loves you, wed her, and bless the stars for your good luck! What else?"

"There is the Vicomte de Louville."

"Tush, you are not afraid of a viscount!"

"Not of all the viscounts in France!"

"Then, push your fortune, man. It is not like an Irishman to hang back. You have all my good wishes."

"You are greatly interested in my success," said Desmond, watching him narrowly. "Why?"

"Why?" repeated Gaston with unshaken good-humor. "Because you saved my life."

"You were interested before I had that misfortune," insisted the Irishman.

De Brissac started, but it was not his cue to take offense. He affected not to have caught the last word distinctly.

"Well, if you like, because you are a good comrade and a gallant soldier—because I like you, in short, and would see you happy."

"Thank you. So much for me. And are you concerned that the countess should be happy, too?"

"Surely," Gaston replied. "Is she not my cousin? And I verily think she will be happy only with you."

"You are forgetting the king, I think," said Desmond, speaking with deep meaning.

The other refused to see it.

"Pooh!" he answered lightly. "Louis is in Versailles—two hundred leagues away."

"The king is never away from his army," returned O'Connor sternly.

"Where the flag flies, the king rules; and the king's will is all-powerful."

"So you fear Louis?" Gaston said, with a sinister smile.

"I fear for her. What would be her fate?"

"Her estates might be confiscated," replied De Brissac. "Those in France, at least, where Louis's arm can reach. But he is not omnipotent. Suppose the issue of the coming battle disastrous; suppose our armies flung back beyond the frontier—of what weight were King Louis's wishes in Flanders then?"

"God forgive me!" groaned Desmond. "I had all but wished that it might happen!"

"It may," Gaston said.

"It will not; it shall not!" cried O'Connor. "Every soldier in all this host would die before such a disgrace overtook us—you and I among the first. And, with the fleur-de-lys waving above every fortress in Flanders, where would Margaret of Anhalt seek sanctuary from Louis's vengeance?"

"In that case, my cousin would lose her Flemish estates as well as her French. Does this give you pause? I had thought your love more disinterested," sneered Gaston.

"I would you cared for her estates as little as I do," cried Desmond hotly. "God forgive me if I wrong you, but I think you have not forgotten that you are her heir."

"I would take this from no man but yourself," Gaston retorted, with equal heat. "But I will show you how unjust you are. If my cousin's estates were confiscated, they would go to the crown."

"Aye," rejoined Desmond, "if they were confiscated merely. But what if your plot reaches deeper? Oh, I see things with clearer eyes. Defying the king, her fate will be perpetual imprisonment; and she, being civilly dead, her estates will pass to her next of kin—to you. Ha, that went home!" he cried exultantly, as De Brissac changed color.

"Malediction!" shouted Gaston furiously. "That cur Otto must have betrayed me!"

"You have betrayed yourself!" cried Desmond, the man's indignation mounting as he spoke. "Oh, what a vile plot! The Bastile! Picture that fair, pure life withering away within stone walls. It has been my fate to lie in a dungeon and curse the hour I was born, but that was only for six months. I tasted of bitterness to the dregs. I learned what it was to welcome the rat as a friend, to caress the spider as a pet, out of sheer loneliness; and all the while the sun shining without, and the world pulsing with life and love. Six months, and I a man—a soldier. And you would condemn that fair girl—your own cousin—to such a fate for life!"

Gaston had in vain attempted to stem the indignant torrent of the young Irishman's words. Now he broke in:

"You are talking wildly. Reflect, how would it profit me—"

O'Connor furiously interrupted him.

"Profit you? It would damn you to all eternity; but when did a money-seeker stop to think of that? Begone!" he thundered, flinging wide the door. "You are detected and disgraced!"

De Brissac descended from the turret without a word.

XVII

When the relief column marched, early as it was, Margaret was at her window and watched the ordered procession — horse, foot, and artillery — defile before the castle. She saw Desmond in conversation with M. de la Colonie, and noted, as he reined back to allow the colonel to precede him, that he was dejected. His usually buoyant spirits seemed clouded, his face was grave, and he rode with a preoccupied air. The countess saw in this unusual aspect of the young Irishman the outward token of a premonition of approaching death, and betook herself to her prayers, beseeching Heaven to watch over her knight and bring him safely through all perils back to her side.

It was late the following day ere couriers arrived at Anhalt with tidings of the expedition. Only the fact that it had failed, without details of any kind, reached the countess, and she spent some hours in an agony of suspense. Then a page came, announcing that Captain Gaston de Brissac was in the castle and craved permission to pay his respects to his kinswoman.

She received Gaston gratefully, for she craved for certitude. He was newly come from Bruges, and could dispel or confirm the fears that had tortured her so long.

Gaston told her all he knew, and dwelt especially on the courage and skill displayed by O'Connor. Perhaps he even magnified these, for his purpose was to interest his cousin in Desmond. He represented the young Irishman as a veritable hero of romance; and Margaret, listening with parted lips and shining eyes, kept him to the subject with question on question, long after his memory, and almost his imagination, had been exhausted.

"So he saved your life, cousin," she said when he had made an end.

"As I have told you," replied Gaston, a little weary of the tale of the Irishman's perfections. "And the moment he recognized me he charged me to wait on you as soon as I arrived here, saying you wished to see me. I am here accordingly, hoping that there is something in which I may be able to serve you."

"He remembered my message even in that scene of turmoil and carnage!" cried Margaret rapturously, clasping her hands. "He thought of me!"

"And therefore, as I have said, I am here, *madame,*" repeated Gaston a trifle impatiently.

He had learned all he wished to know. It was plain that his kinswoman loved the Irishman.

The countess came back with a start to the realities of her position.

"You have been very prompt, cousin, and indeed I am grateful," she said; "for I am in sore straits. M. de Vendôme has received instructions concerning me from the king, and he purposes to send me back to Paris."

De Brissac knit his brows.

"Immediately?" he asked.

"No, not immediately—perhaps not till the end of the campaign," she answered. "But be it soon or late, it will be too soon for me. Gaston, you saved me from this peril once. Save me again!"

"This is a more difficult matter," he mused. "I suppose Louis calls you back that he may see you wed."

"But M. de Louville is here," she said timidly.

"Aye, and he can be sent for as easily as you. I do not see that I can do anything. Why does the duke detain you, instead of returning you at once as the king commands?"

"He says he cannot spare men for an escort."

"Pshaw!" cried Gaston impatiently. "That is a mere pretext! Half a score of troopers would be escort enough. There is some other reason. What if he is keeping you till Louis has learned that you and M. de Louville are under one roof? It may well seem to his majesty waste of time to fetch you both two hundred leagues for a marriage that can as easily be celebrated here."

This was a new light to Margaret.

"Then you think—" she began tremulously.

"I think a couple of weeks will see you Mme. de Louville, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you have found another husband ere Louis's answer comes back."

With this significant suggestion Gaston bowed and withdrew, leaving Margaret speechless.

She passed that night in reviewing all the circumstances of the dilemma in which she found herself, and in discussing them with her foster-sister. Anne's advice had ever been the same, and it did not vary now.

"Distrust M. de Brissac; trust O'Connor."

By order of her mistress she was early in the hall, seeking the young major; but she could not meet with him. The column had not arrived. Many times that day did Anne descend on the same errand; and when at last she found O'Connor, to her dismay she was obliged to return with the reply that he presented his respects to the countess, but begged to be excused, since his military duties detained him.

Then Margaret almost despaired. Indeed, for days together she did despair. She rallied later, pride coming to her aid, as Desmond, poor soul! had calculated it would.

"What?" she thought, with a toss of her head. "Is the Countess of An-

halt to be flouted by this foreigner after showing him such marks of favor?"

She owed it to her name, she told herself, she owed it to her dignity, she owed it to herself, to meet the cavalier treatment of this foreigner with an indifference equal to his own. But to flout him she must see him, and she was puzzled for a space to think how a meeting was to be brought about, since he chose to disregard her summons. At last an idea occurred to her, and she proceeded to act upon it without stopping to consider the risk involved.

The repositories of Anhalt, such as she could reach, were ransacked for fineries long laid by; robes once worn by her mother, dresses of her own girlhood. The countess and Anne, both skilled with the needle, cut and shaped these to the fashion of the day, till they had in large measure replaced the wardrobe perforce abandoned at Paris and in Bruges.

"I shall mope here no longer, Anne," Margaret would say as they stitched industriously. "There are brave doings here since his royal highness arrived, and why should I not bear my part?" And at another time: "It were but policy for me to conform to the wishes of the Duke of Burgundy and try to please him. God knows how sorely I may soon need a friend in high places!

But sometimes a tenderer, a more wistful mood possessed her, and her true thought declared itself.

"If I descend, Anne, and mingle with the company, who knows but I may meet my knight? Surely he cannot have forgotten me."

So an evening came when Anne decked her mistress in all the braveries she could muster, and hung diamonds on her neck and in her hair—those famous jewels which had accompanied the countess in her flight, first from Paris, later from Bruges.

"I am glad, *madame,*" the faithful girl cried, as her deft fingers wove the gems in Margaret's golden tresses—"I am glad you will go down. These are sorry days and nights you have spent in this room—weeping and praying and dreading. They say it is a real court his royal highness holds."

The Duke of Burgundy had indeed reached headquarters a few days since, in such state as only a prince of France would have dreamed of assuming at such a time. Gay courtiers and fair ladies were in his train, and each evening the old walls of Anhalt echoed the music of the dance or the laughter of the mask.

What M. de Vendôme thought of these gaieties no one knew. The old soldier expressed no opinion. If he considered the presence of perfumed ladies and gallants of the court inopportune at the crisis of a momentous campaign, at least he endured them with a smiling face, and mingled nightly with the giddy crowd—with it but not of it. But among those over whom his authority extended, discipline was enforced with a strict hand. Guards were set, scouts were sent abroad. So far as the marshal could insure it, King Louis's army slept in safety.

At first the Countess of Anhalt declined to appear at these revels. In vain the Duke of Burgundy represented that she, as chatelaine, was doubly bound to grace her own salon. She pleaded fatigue or indisposition, and smilingly denied her right to be regarded as hostess, since his royal highness was master now and she but a tolerated guest.

But on this evening she consented to show herself in the great hall, commanding Anne to don her finest and accompany her.

(To be continued)

DREAMS

What though our dreams can ne'er come true?
What matters it to me or you?
Live well each passing day, and then
When night comes, sleep—and dream again!

Blakeney Gray

NEW YORK A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH MERCHANT WHO VISITED AMERICA IN 1809

A NUMBER of travelers recorded their impressions of the United States in the early part of the last century. All of them, however, from Captain Marryat and Messrs. Fawkes and Fearon to Captain Basil Hall and that very clever woman, Mrs. Trollope, were consciously writing for publication. Inevitably they indulged in many literary touches which augment the immediate interest of the reader at the expense of truth.

The passages which are selected for publication here were never intended to see the light in print. They are taken from the manuscript diary of a Mr. Samuel Bridge, an English merchant who visited the United States in 1809, at a time when, under President Madison's administration, all commerce between the United States and Great Britain had been suspended by the Non-Intercourse Act.

Mr. Bridge, who was apparently engaged in the exportation of turpentine, sailed from Portsmouth on May 10, and landed in Quebec on June 29. He remained in Canada until October 15, when he entered the United States at Rouse's Point and pursued his way through Lake Champlain and down the Hudson River to New York. Part of his narrative, which is given here, relates to this particular expedition. It comprises, indeed, almost his entire stay in the United States, as he presently returned to Canada.

In his neatly written pages we have a series of off-hand impressions which are very interesting, even though they are not developed as they would have been had their author written them for publication. The difficulties of travel, the extreme discomfort of the inns, and the general crudity of country life in America a hundred years ago, are made very clear. Mr. Bridge's description of the pioneer steamboats on Lake Champlain and the Hudson River—or "steam boats," as he calls them, the term being then a new one to the language—is amusing, and what he has to say of New York itself is a perfectly spontaneous and uncolored narrative.

It is worth noting that the Mrs. Poe whom he heard sing at the theater in New York was the mother of Edgar Allan Poe. Her distinguished son had been born only a few months before this time.

The extracts from Mr. Bridge's diary begin with his arrival at the northern frontier of New York State.

OCTOBER 15, 1809. — Rose at half past six. The wind having abated, I hired a three-oared boat and set off at nine. It being a fine day, we had a tolerably comfortable voyage, and arrived at the line at half past five, over which no vessel is permitted to pass, the Non-Intercourse [Act] being now in force. We, therefore, landed at Rouse's Point, within a few yards of the division-line, which is pointed out by a stone. Before quitting the territory of King George, we did ourselves the honor to drink his health in a little rum and water, the only liquor to be had.

We had to walk about half a mile to a small hut or inn, kept by one Rouse —from whence the place takes its name —a captain of militia. Near it is the custom-house, or ballroom, for in the evening four Yankees—a judge, a colonel, a captain, and a squire—had a jig, notwithstanding the day—Sunday. It is necessary to observe that colonels, majors, captains, etc., are to be found, we are informed, among tailors, barbers, publicans, and tinkers. In short, they appear to be the spontaneous production of the American soil. We slept at Rouse's. Three beds were prepared for all my company in one room —a small garret. My companion and self had taken possession without being

aware of this sociable arrangement, and Mr. and Mrs. Bell were obliged to put up with a truck-bed placed in an adjoining landing, or cockloft.

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

October 16.—Rose at seven and hired a boat for the day. After proceeding about seven miles in the lake, we turned into the Great Chauze [Chazy] River, and after going six miles, were obliged to land on account of some rapids, and walked on a mile to Champlain town. Called on a Mr. Silas Hubble, attorney, and Judge Moore, on Mr. White's business. We were detained by them near three hours. While we were at Mr. Hubble's, the judge asked Mr. and Mrs. Bell to his house, and they went. When we had finished our business, we called there for them, and he then thought proper to ask us in to tea; but as he had neglected it at first, we refused, and walked down to the boat, where P. and self dined on a piece of cold beef and a bottle of cider, which we luckily had left from what we brought from St. John's yesterday. As we had not eaten since morning, and it was then six o'clock, I need not add we wanted no sauce.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell soon joined, and we returned down the river and a little way up the lake, till we arrived, at half past ten, at the town (a few scraggling houses) of Little Chauze, and put up at one Chandonet's, innkeeper and captain. After partaking of a light supper, consisting of tea, beefsteak, stewed fowls, potatoes, preserved plums, pickles, buttered toast, etc., and washing it down with a glass of sling, we retired to our nests about twelve.

Upon the whole, we have enjoyed

THE FOOT OF CORTLANDT STREET, NEW YORK, AS IT APPEARED IN 1809, WITH THE DOCK AT WHICH THE STEAMERS PLYING BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ALBANY MADE THEIR LANDINGS

this day very much, weather being fine. The river Chauze is beautiful beyond description; not more than a quarter of a mile across in the widest part, and covered with trees to the water's edge, chiefly pine. It scarcely runs one hundred yards without winding. There are some few log houses here and there on its banks, inhabited by people employed in clearing the land. Champlain is a small, neat, and apparently flourishing place, settled by Judge Moore. Within these few years, here is a large water grist-mill and a woolen manufactory.

On our return we were favored with a fine moonlight evening, which enabled us to enjoy the scene, and to avoid the numerous logs of trees which had fallen from the bank in all directions.

October 17.—Rose at six. After taking some rum and milk to keep out the lake fever, which is frequently taken by strangers, went to see Mr. Glennie's land, about three and a half miles. About one mile on our way we had to pass an unfinished bridge, hardly worthy the name, about twenty foot high and sixty yards over, composed of large single logs, at a distance from each other, a little flattened on the top with an ax. I found myself incapable of passing this place in an upright position; so, copying for once from the brutes, I e'en crawled on all fours.

SAMUEL SOUTHBY BRIDGE. AUTHOR OF THE DIARY QUOTED IN THESE PAGES

From an old miniature

An inhabitant took us in his canoe some distance up the Little Chauze, and landed us on Mr. Glennie's land. After viewing it and seeing the people on it, we returned by a different route, to avoid my awkward namesake, to Chandonet's about eleven to breakfast, Mr. P. having consented to accompany me farther. It was his and my intention to have got on to Plattsburg this night, but after every inquiry, we were not able to procure any conveyance. Indeed, we walked out upward of three miles, but without success. On our way back we stepped into a hut to rest, and the good woman treated us with some beer brewed from pumpkins and hops, not unlike small table beer.

FROM PLATTSBURG TO ALBANY

October 19.—Rose at eight, and after a good Yankee breakfast went to county clerk's office kept by Judge Platt, and then hired a single-horse chaise to go to General Moore's on Mr. White's business. While it was getting ready, went to the court-house—a very neat building. The court-room is made use of as a place of worship. We were introduced into the jail and black hole — two very snug, little, comfortable, dark apartments. No prisoners at present.

At twelve rode to General Moore's, about three miles, situate on the side of the bay. As my business detained me full three hours, we accepted his invitation to dinner. Dined on pig and plum sauce, and also partook of some home-made currant wine — very good. General Moore appears to be a very hospitable gentleman. He has a large family—nine children. Returned to town at five, and took a ride another way out for about an hour. At home the remainder of the evening.

In the morning we met the boatmen who brought us here, and whom our lying landlord persuaded us had left a potash-work on purpose to bring us, and that it was absolutely necessary they should return before morning. They, however, confessed they had been hired to come here to play the violin all night, and that they would have been glad to have taken anything we chose to give them to bring us, instead of making us pay them four dollars.

In Plattsburg is an iron forge for making bar iron, worked by water; as well as a fulling-mill adjoining. A river runs through the town and empties

itself into the bay. Over it is a neat wooden bridge, about one hundred yards over. A short distance from it the river is dammed up for the purpose of working saw and grist mills erected on its banks. This, causing a kind of a fall in the water, has a beautiful and pleasing effect, contrasted with a small rapid below the bridge. It is a straggling town. Has several apparently good inns, and many stores, among which is one of both descriptions designated thus: "Cheapest Store and Tavern, by Caleb Nicholls, *Attorney at Law.*"

October 22.—We were awakened about half past five with an account that the steam boat was arrived, on board of which we embarked at eight, after breakfasting, and I was rather surprised, and no less pleased, to find two of my quondam companions at Mrs. Baberty's among as pretty a set of Yankey Doodles as perhaps ever met together.

The STEAM BOAT is one hundred and twenty feet long and sixteen broad. The fire boiler and machinery is placed in the center, rather toward the bow, and turns two wheels, one on each side the vessel, similar to a water-mill, which impels her forward against wind and tide, at from three to five knots an hour; or according to the attention paid to the fire. There is but one mast, and that on the forecastle, on which occasionally a sail is hoisted when the wind is favorable. The stern cabin of twelve berths is appropriated for ladies; one in the waist for gentlemen, consisting of sixteen berths, eight of which are intended to carry double, or a pair of Brother Jonathans. Mr. P. and self were too late to claim even half a one.

Among the tolerable part of our company were a Mr. Ogden, wife, and family, and a Mr. Armstrong—a Jamaica gentleman—who had come from thence for his health, and Judge Moore of Champlain, so that in point of company we passed the day very pleasantly; but in provisions we were so ill provided that had it not been for Mr.

ROBERT FULTON'S PIONEER STEAMER, THE CLERMONT, WHICH MADE ITS FIRST VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO ALBANY IN AUGUST, 1807

Ogden, who had laid in a small stock of provisions for his family, we could scarce have made a dinner. I mean the select part, as the rabble dined first, having for that purpose placed themselves at the table long before it was ready, so that in fact we had their leavings. The last set at tea, or supper, had to complain of the want of two essential things—bread and butter.

About twelve o'clock a *select* party set down to an elegant supper, cooked by themselves, consisting of roasted potatoes and onions, with Yankee cheese. About one o'clock A.M., Mr. P. and self, with our greatcoats for our beds and trunks for our pillows, invoked the sleepy god.

October 23.—I was awakened with an account of an almost total eclipse of the moon, which I went on deck to observe, and had scarcely laid down again when I was informed our vessel had stopped, and it was discovered she had run aground in the fog. Every method was resorted to, in which all hands occasionally assisted, to get her off; but in vain. She was completely fast in the mud. Neglect was the occasion of this disaster, as our pilot had been made tipsy by one of the passengers, and the captain had been in bed nearly all day, *unwell.*

Our situation was made still more disagreeable by finding we had nothing to eat but cheese. And they thought themselves uncommonly well off who could find a potato. One Yankee, indeed, about twelve o'clock, ate with great relish a large piece of cabbage, which he found on the deck, and a bit of cheese. Our only boat was sent four miles off in hopes to procure some conveyance, and we had every prospect of passing a complete banyan day,* when fortunately a sloop hove in sight, and about four o'clock P.M. took most of us on board and landed us at Stony Head, a distance of four miles. Here again we were indebted to Mr. Ogden for a small slice of ham, a piece of bread from a house near the spot being all we could get.

Mr. Ogden, who came on shore first in the steam boat's boat, had hired four wagons; two for himself and family, one for Mr. Todd, and one for myself and friend. Mr. O.'s arriving first, he set off, as we did half an hour after.

October 25.—Rose at four, and a quarter before five continued our journey. Passed through Lansingburgh, a town on the North or Hudson River, and at eight o'clock put up at Titus's Inn, Troy, to breakfast.

This is a tolerably large and flourishing town, situate on the east side of the North River, three miles from Lansingburgh. There are many neat brick houses, and it carries on some considerable trade both for New York and Albany, from which latter place it is not distant more than six miles, and we had been in hopes to have reached it time enow for the steam boat, which we were informed sailed at nine o'clock. We, however, now found that impracticable.

We therefore took our time, and after crossing the North River in a boat called a "scow," proceeded along its banks and entered Albany about twelve o'clock and quartered ourselves at Lewis's Hotel, or City Tavern, in State Street, not a little pleased to quit our neat post-carriages. After dinner, Mr. P. and self walked about the town, and then to the court-house. As the court was then sitting, remained there about an hour and then returned home.

The courts of justice in America are conducted without that appearance of solemnity and order so observable in England. The judge is frequently seen during a trial smoking his cigar with seeming unconcern. Indeed, was it not for his seat, it would be difficult to distinguish him from an ordinary spectator, as neither he nor council wear any gown. From the filthy habit of smoking cigars by all ranks, at all times, we may fairly imagine their wisdom is in them, instead of the wigs, as jocosely said in England.

October 26.—Rose at half past eight. After breakfasting, went to different State officers on Mr. White's business, after which Mr. Poindexter, Mr. Armstrong, and self went to see a museum, where we remained near three hours, and were much pleased. It is a collection made by a few individuals.

Albany is a city—the capital of the State of New York—a large and tolerable well-built place. It was originally a

* Banyans, or banians, are a class of Hindu traders, one of whose principles is abstinence from flesh food. Hence, in the British navy, those days on which the sailors had no meat ration were called "banyan days."

Dutch settlement, as is plainly perceivable from some of their original houses which are still standing. The streets are spacious, paved, and lighted. The pumps, here and there placed in the middle, have a curious appearance. The town is pleasantly situated on west side of the Hudson River, about one hundred and sixty-six miles from New York, with which place it carries on an extensive trade by water, it employing near fifteen hundred vessels, chiefly sloops. The houses are chiefly built of brick, and many of them three and four stories high, large and handsome.

The court, or State House, is a good, handsome building, erected in the year 1805, of brick, at the top of and overlooking the principal street, State Street. It is faced with stone and ornamented with a portico supported by four handsome, fluted marble pillars, and you enter the building by a flight of twelve or fourteen steps of the same material into a hall, or saloon, paved with alternate blue and white marble. At the upper end are the rooms appropriated for the Senate and House of Assembly.

FROM ALBANY TO NEW YORK

October 27.—Rose at eight. After breakfast walked to steam boat and engaged our passage for New York. Walked till dinner. Afterward Mr. P. and self visited the burial-grounds of the different religions, for which purpose several lots of ground are appropriated about a quarter of a mile from the town; which method appears to be adopted in most of the places we have seen. We saw several specimens of beautiful marble, of which, and the reddish-gray stone of the country, the monuments were in general composed. Among many, I cite the following inscription on one of the tombs, as a curiosity:

Here lies the best part of my Heart,
A Woman that's worthy of Praise;
For her Affection and Industry was such
That it certainly shortened her Days.

BROADWAY, FROM THE CORNER OF WALL STREET, AS IT APPEARED IN 1809—ON THE LEFT IS THE OLD BUILDING OF TRINITY CHURCH, WHICH WAS DEMOLISHED IN 1839

THE OLD PARK THEATER, WHICH STOOD ON PARK ROW, OPPOSITE THE PRESENT SITE OF THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE—HERE MR. BRIDGE SAW WILLIAM TWAITS ACT AND HEARD EDGAR ALLAN POE'S MOTHER SING

October 28.—Rose at half past six. Breakfasted and went on board the steam boat at eight; and in half an hour afterward we left Albany, with the wind against us. This boat* is much larger than the one on the lake, being one hundred and seventy-five feet long and thirty broad. In the middle it has two masts, and the wheel which steers is placed in the center, over the boiler, and communicates with the rudder by means of ropes passed through pulleys for this purpose. Along the side of the vessel, by this contrivance, the man at the helm is able to see her way.

She is handsomely fitted up, and great attention is paid to passengers. The provisions are good and plentiful, and the beds clean. There are three cabins: one aft for ladies, containing twelve berths; the center one, twenty-four; and the fore one, eighteen. Half of these are intended for double ones. Cards and smoking are only permitted in the fore one. The center or principal cabin is used as the dining-room.

About seventy of us set down to our meals at two tables, which were laid out very neatly, without being incommoded. Chairs and rush-bottomed settees form temporary beds for those who came too late to procure berths. Fortunately, myself and friends were not of the number. Our passengers were for the most part decent people, and we passed our time tolerably agreeable. The fare is seven dollars, including victuals. Wine is, of course, made a separate charge.

We arrived at New York about eleven o'clock in the evening of the 29th, but being so late few of us left the vessel till morning. The river from Albany affords some delightful views, and there are several towns situate on its banks, the most considerable of which are Newburgh and Hudson. At the latter we stopped about a quarter of an hour, but did not go on shore. The river in general is as near as possible the breadth of the Thames at Gravesend, now and then wider and narrower for a few miles. It

* If Mr. Bridge's figures are correct, the steamer on which he traveled was not the Clermont, but a sister vessel. The Clermont was only sixteen feet beam; her original length was one hundred and forty feet, but she was lengthened in 1808.

is computed that two thousand small craft, mostly sloops, are navigated on it. We passed some high, stony land rising perpendicularly from the side of the river, supposed to be a mile high. I think it exaggerated. A Mr. Livingston* has the patent from this State (New York) for the exclusive privilege of navigating all rivers by steam boats. It is said he has been twenty-five years bringing them to perfection. This one cost thirty thousand dollars, or £6,750 sterling.

IN NEW YORK CITY

October 30.—Rose at seven, and took our baggage to the City Hotel in Broadway, where we had our breakfast. After which Mr. P. and self went in search of lodgings, and engaged one at a Mrs. Lewis's in Pearl Street, and removed our trunks about twelve. The day turning out wet, I could not deliver what few letters I had. After dining at two, Mr. P. and self endeavored to take a walk, but the rain soon obliged us to return. To bed half past nine.

Our fellow lodgers are chiefly captains of ships, and perhaps we might have found ourselves more comfortably situated elsewhere; but indeed we are as much actuated from a principle of economy as anything, the price of boarding and lodging being in general from ten to twelve dollars per week, and here we pay seven dollars. Our companions not drinking wine, gives us an opportunity of saving that expense, without appearing singular, the common price of Madeira being two dollars per bottle. Therefore, I conclude it makes a difference of at least seven dollars per week to us.

October 31.—Rose at eight, and after breakfast Mr. P. and self employed ourselves in viewing the city and delivering the letters I had promised to do personally. I had two recommendatory from Mr. Harkness; one to a Captain Smith, and the other to a Mr. A. Gracie, a merchant.* The latter I have called on twice without seeing, and the former's residence I cannot make out.

November 1.—Rose at eight. After breakfast was directed to a Mr. Knox in Murray Street, on whom I called several times without seeing, as well as Mr. Gracie.

At six we went to the theater, in the boxes, and saw the play of "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Children in the Wood." The house is nearly the size of the Haymarket, very neatly fitted up. There are three tiers of boxes, and but one gallery. It is observable that no female is ever seen in the pit here, for what reason I could not learn. The house was tolerable full. There are separate porter, punch, and coffee rooms for the use of visitors. The latter is carpeted and fitted with sofas and every requisite accommodation. The scenery is tolerable good, and pretty well managed; and as far as I can judge the acting is not to be found fault with. A Mr. Twaits and a Mrs. Mason are the

WILLIAM TWAITS, A FAVORITE ACTOR OF THE EARLY YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY — THIS ENGRAVING SHOWS HIM AS SIR ADAM CONTEST IN "THE WEDDING-DAY"

* Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of New York from 1777 to 1801, and Fulton's associate in the promotion of steam navigation on the Hudson.

* Archibald Gracie was a shipping-merchant, and one of the leading citizens of New York during the early part of the nineteenth century. His town house in 1809 was No. 15 State Street, at the corner of Bridge Street; a few years later he moved up-town to No. 629 Broadway. He had a country place at Gracie's Point, on the East River. Born in Scotland in 1756, he died in New York in 1829.

leading characters here at present, and we had two or three songs from a Mrs. Poe, which in my mind was middling. The performance was over about eleven o'clock.

November 2.—Rose at eight. Again called on Mr. Gracie, and, not seeing him, left my note and address. I likewise found out Captain Smith's residence, but he was at sea. Mr. P. and myself again took the tour of the town.

THE NEW YORK STATE PRISON AS IT APPEARED IN 1809—THIS BUILDING WAS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, AT WHAT IS NOW THE CORNER OF WEST TENTH AND WASHINGTON STREETS

New York is, I believe, the largest city in the Union, except Philadelphia. It is pleasantly situate on the south end of the Island Manhattan, or York, which is fifteen miles long; in some places upward of two and a half wide, though the end where the town is built is not more than a quarter. On its right runs the Hudson, or North River, and on its left another known by the name of the East River, from its shaping its course in that direction, and it empties itself into the sea at about one hundred miles distant, forming an island called Long Island, which prevents the inhabitants of New York from having a view of the open sea, from which they are not distant more than twenty-five miles.

The streets of New York are spacious, tolerably paved and lighted. The footpaths are chiefly paved with brick, though some are flagged. The principal streets —Broadway, Greenwich, etc.—are upward of a mile long. Indeed, the town is planned out near nine miles, and the buildings are increasing very fast. The houses, which are chiefly of brick, are lofty and very neatly built. Almost every one is painted on the bricks, which gives them a very lively appearance. There are also some very neat, and indeed handsome, houses belonging to the citizens a short distance out of town. There are very few public buildings that attract the attention of a traveler, with the exception of one now erecting* on apparently a large scale, of brick, but faced and with all the ornaments, pillars, etc., to be composed of white mar-

* This was the existing City Hall, begun in 1803 and opened in 1812. It superseded the ancient City Hall on Wall Street, which occupied the present site of the United States Sub-Treasury, and in which the first Congress met in 1789.

ble. It is, I believe, intended for State offices.

In this town likewise is the building where the first Congress of the United States was held. It is a poor building, and is now appropriated for a court of justice. The Hall of Congress is now the Court of Chancery.

The churches are numerous, and many of them large and elegantly built of stone —particularly St. Paul's and Trinity, both English. The latter is the metropolitan. In the former is a neat marble monument to General Montgomery, who fell before Quebec. In Beekman Street is a small Episcopalian chapel,* at present remarkable for bearing as a vane the crown and scepter, said to be the only remains of royalty in the State.

The custom of planting trees—in general, Lombardy poplars—on each side of the streets adds very much to their appearance, and is universally practised. Some few years since, the magistrates, during the continuance of a pestilential fever, ordered them to be cut down, but were but partially obeyed. It is now considered that they add to the health of the place by the waving of their branches creating an air during the extreme heat of the summer months.

In the center of a small area, before the custom-house—formerly the government in the time of royalty—still stands a stone pedestal on which there was once a statue of his present majesty, † cut in lead, which during the Revolutionary War was taken down and converted into bullets.

The town and neighborhood are said to contain near ninety thousand inhabitants. Business, as may be supposed, is very slack at present on account of the non-intercourse.

November 7.—Mr. P. and self having procured tickets, went about two miles out of the town to see the State prison, at Greenwich. The punishment of death in this State, as each State is governed by its own laws, is never inflicted but in case of murder.

We were very much gratified with this place, as the greatest order, cleanliness, and regularity is observed throughout. Every prisoner, if a mechanic, is obliged to work a daily task allotted him, and whatever he can earn further he is permitted to appropriate to himself. Those who have not been bred to any trade are permitted to make choice of one, or otherwise are set to pick oakum. There is at present a German count employed in this way for forgery. There are separate workshops for each craft, among which are blacksmiths and nail-makers, shoemakers, tailors, coopers, weavers, turners, spinning, toy-makers, etc. The building is of brick, and apparently well arranged to promote the health of its inhabitants, of whom there is at present about eight hundred. It is surrounded with a wall, on which, at proper distances, are placed sentinels.

There are very few females, whose employ is to wash and mend the linen. One of the keepers attends strangers through the different workshops, and is not permitted to take any fee. No one is allowed to converse with a prisoner without having first obtained the consent of the head keeper.

November 9.—While strolling along the Broadway I met Mr. G. Twaits, of London, whom I had been introduced to in Montreal. He has been here a fortnight, though we had not been fortunate enough to meet before. He is a very genteel, conversant young man, and seems to wish to cultivate my acquaintance.

I dined with him on the 10th at the hotel, when he invited four or five gentlemen to meet me, among whom were a Mr. Fisher and Proctor, two pleasant gentlemen, and pressed me very much to pass another week with them, and politely said they were sorry we had not met sooner, as they would have endeavored to have made me pass my time more pleasantly, and requested if I should visit New York again I would not forget them, and they would endeavor by their attention to make up for the dull time I had passed here. Indeed, I almost regretted I had taken my place in the steam boat to-morrow.

November 11.—Mr. P. and self again embarked in a steam boat to retrace our way to Montreal, about five o'clock P.M.

* St. George's (now on Stuyvesant Square), originally organized in 1751 as a chapel of Trinity Church.

† This equestrian statue of George III stood in the Bowling Green. It was demolished by a mob on July 9, 1776, and the metal was afterward used for molding bullets.

THE DUTCHMAN

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "THE STRIKE OF THE DERELICTS," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING (FRONTISPIECE) BY H. G. WILLIAMSON

"ISS an architect lifs here?"

Mr. Brandon Meade, deep in his continuous plans for booming the live little city of Holden, stopped abruptly, jerked his black cigar from between his teeth, and surveyed the youthful stranger through the gently falling flakes of snow.

"Fellow here calls himself one; he's a contractor, and runs a planing-mill besides," he replied.

The other made an indescribable little gesture with his hands and shoulders and head, not exactly of contempt, but more of pity and sorrow.

"Then iss no chance," he said with weary resignation.

"Are you an architect?" asked Meade in his turn.

"What you call—draftsman," replied the other. "Designer, to originate; cathedral, ressidence, anything; details, perspective, water-color, everything."

"Good," approved Meade with awakening interest. "We need something like that in Holden. Tramp, ain't you?"

The other flushed.

"Maybe; yes," he replied slowly. "I haf got not any home"—again that outward gesture of the palms—"I got not any friends"—another gesture—"I got not any money!"—and this time the gesture was all-expressive. "Tramp; yes. How you know it?"

Meade laughed.

"That's easy," he chopped out. "Busted shoes, soiled linen, no overcoat, no shave, cinders all over you. Hungry, too, I'll bet. Had breakfast?"

The other shook his head and tried to treat the matter as a polite joke, with the more difficulty that there were two breakfasts missing, together with the meals in between.

"I thought not," said Meade, unbuttoning his overcoat and ramming his hand into his pocket. When he drew it forth it held a shining half-dollar, and from another pocket he produced a card. "See that white restaurant sign?" he went on. "Go in there and get your breakfast, then come up to my office. The number is on the card."

"I gif you thanks," said the young man, reddening, his eyes wistfully straying to the coin, nevertheless, "but I cannot take any beggings. What I feed me, I must first earn it."

Mr. Meade glared with impatience upon the slight figure before him.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"Conrad Höhler."

"Well, Conrad whatever-your-last-name-is—Hayler's as near as I can get to it—you ought to starve. I have to see a man in ten minutes." He snapped open his watch, looked at it, snapped it shut, snapped it open once more, took a second look, and jammed it back into his pocket. "You can't expect me to miss a business engagement because you're too haughty to eat when you're hungry. Come along with me."

The boy—he was scarcely more than that—looked at him in solemn perplexity, but followed as he was told to do. Notwithstanding his announcement that he had no time to waste, Meade turned with his quick, nervous stride down the side-street, at right angles to the direction in which he had been hurrying, and wheeled into the hallway of an old, rickety, frame building. Up one flight of stairs he stalked into an office where,

near the window, a big rough table, littered with paper and drawing materials, was tilted upon rude trestles. A cheerful wood fire was burning in an old-fashioned stove; but there was no one in the room, and Meade plunged into the next office through the communicating door, which was open.

This was a lawyer's office, if one might judge from the yellow-backed books which filled three cases, and here sat two men with their feet on opposite sides of a flat-top desk, chatting lazily.

"Where's Harper?" Meade briskly demanded.

"He's out of town, Brandy," drawled the lean-faced man at the far side of the desk. "Harper's gone to mortgage his immortal soul for another new machine, and I'm keeping up his fire so this room won't be so beastly cold when he opens our door to-morrow morning."

"Harper's an ass; tell him I said so!" Meade retorted, and turned back into the architect's office.

He found Conrad, his hands clasped behind him, inspecting the materials upon the table with greedy eyes.

"Nice pickle you've got me into," fussed Meade. "I suppose I have to stand around now till you earn your breakfast; and my time's worth money. Where are my plans, I wonder?"

With a ruthless hand, he began to open and scatter about the office several small rolls of tough manila-paper drawings, until he found the ones for which he had been searching. They were the first and second story plans of a moderate-sized house, arranged side by side upon one sheet; and this he spread upon the table in front of Conrad.

"There," he said; "see what you can do toward designing an outside for that house; just a rough free-hand sketch."

Again he looked hastily at his watch and popped it in his pocket. Young Höhler, who was studying the plans with absorbed interest, shook his head.

"The architect, it iss his property," he gently remonstrated.

It is a wonder that Meade did not do him bodily harm. Fortunately for young Höhler, he only became sarcastic.

"Your scruples do you credit, young man," he observed icily, "but you'd better take them back to Germany. They will only get you as far as an early and a narrow grave here. Why, you obstinate cuss, that's my house-plan, which Harper's let drag along here for two months because he can't design a decent exterior! He's building a dozen houses for me on my West Hill addition, besides, and I'll run his whole shop if I like!"

The draftsman still looked unconvinced. Meade fairly spluttered.

"Come here," he said suddenly, and led the way into the other office. "Eastman, you and Hyde take your feet down and lend me that desk and some paper a minute," he ordered. "Conrad, sit down in that chair. Here is Mr. Eastman's block of paper and my pencil. I release all claim on the pencil. Eastman, tell this young man he may have the use of the desk and paper."

"I turn it over freely, sir," drawled Eastman with a courteous bow, "to your heirs, assigns, and executors, forever and ever if need be."

"I gif you thanks," responded Mr. Höhler gravely, and sat down to the desk. Mr. Meade brought the plans in to him, but he waved them aside. "It iss the architect's," he insisted. "I haf enough seen," and he tapped his head significantly. "Haf you here most winter or most summer?"

"Too much of both," replied Meade. "In the summer it's hot as blazes and in winter cold as the devil!"

"So-o-o!" commented Mr. Höhler, and asked other questions about location, topography, environment, and the like; after which he nodded his head gravely and became lost in a profound study, entirely oblivious to the three men who stood grouped expectantly about the desk.

In spite of the draftsman's apparent deliberateness, they had not long to wait; for presently he put pencil to the block of paper, and, with deft, sure strokes, not one mark wasted, sketched, in perfect perspective, a house fitting the plans that he had seen; its roof simple to avoid snow-pockets, its eaves and porches wide to afford shade in summer, its lines simple and squat for the flat grounds. The ornamentation, massed against broad, plain surfaces, was exquisite in its suggested detail and placed with consummate art. Meade, as the last strokes were put down, could scarcely wait.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed in triumph to his friends. "Harper couldn't make a drawing like that in two years!"

As young Conrad added a chimney and lined in the wide porch-steps, Meade was for jerking the sketch from under his fingers, but the artist held up his right hand solemnly.

"You shoult wait," he calmly commanded; and, with a few deft lines, suggested a sidewalk, a lawn, some trees and clouds; then, having drawn a waving line about it to circumscribe the plane of his picture, he detached the sheet from the block and handed it over, with the pencil upon it.

The three bent over it in profound respect.

"That is certainly some house," pronounced Hyde.

"I don't know how to say lovely," drawled Eastman, "but I'm willing to pronounce that a mighty decent design."

"Decent?" repeated Meade. "It's great!" And with a quite natural retention of his original idea, he once more produced the shining half-dollar and clapped it upon the desk. "Now go ahead, Hayler, and carry out that little program over there where the white sign hangs out, and afterward come up to my office. If I'm not there, wait till I come."

Mr. Höhler looked at the money, but he did not touch it.

"Iss the sketch accept?" he queried.

"Certainly," replied Meade. "It's just the ticket. I'm going to have Harper carry out this identical design, and he's going to get you to do the work. Consider yourself hired."

"Then iss not enough money," objected Mr. Höhler quite calmly.

Meade looked at him for a second with open mouth. Then he grinned; in fact, they all grinned.

"You're right," he admitted. "How much, then?"

"Such a sketch like it, if it iss accept, should be five dollars worth."

It had hit Meade's funny-bone, and he was laughing heartily as he produced a five-dollar bill and offered it. Mr. Höhler, his hands still clasped behind him, made no move to take it.

"The money comes not by me," he observed in his monotonous, even voice. "It is the architect's. I work it for him; then to me he pays—"

"Oh, thunder!" interrupted Meade, and wheeled for the door. With his hand upon the knob, he turned. "Say, Eastman," he requested, "take that five on the desk and settle with him, will you?"

"Wait a moment," insisted Eastman, holding up his right hand. "Mr. Brandon Meade, do you, in the presence of the witnesses here assembled, formally constitute me your attorney-in-fact for this transaction?"

Meade, however, had slammed the door behind him, and was by now pounding down-stairs, two steps at a time. Mr. Eastman, entering with absurd solemnity into the business, settled with Mr. Höhler for two dollars — all that Conrad would accept — deducting with the utmost gravity his commission of five per cent, and insisting upon a receipt in full.

In the morning, Conrad presented himself, rested and fed and shaved, his shoes shined, and wearing a clean collar, at the earliest hour compatible with the opening of a professional office.

II

Of course they called him "the Dutchman" after he had become an intimate part of the life of Holden, for there was almost no foreign element in the town. Eight dollars a week and his board Harper paid Conrad, and the boy was satisfied.

"I am more worth," he said, adding philosophically, "but it iss not here the money. If you have not profit of my work that I do, then I am—what you call it?—no goot."

Harper, with whom economy was a stern necessity, brought a cot into the office, and for a week Conrad slept upon this cot, taking his meals at a near-by restaurant. During that week Harper studied his draftsman closely, and Mrs. Harper made two unobtrusive trips to the office for the same purpose. On Sunday, Conrad was taken to the Harper home and formally installed.

"He's simply a revelation, Sam," Mrs. Harper pronounced in surprise after the first week. "After you get used to the dialect, you begin to discover that he's well educated; he's artistic to his finger-

tips, a poet in feeling, a lover of severely good music; he sings divinely, and little Elsie fairly loves him. She makes him rock her to sleep every noon before he goes back to work."

"I am afraid I'll have to get him out of my house," said Harper, smiling indulgently.

"You'd better," she cautioned, pinching his ear. "I might fall in love with him myself!"

"I wish that were all I had to worry about," laughed Harper, passing his arm about her waist and walking with her to the door. "Seriously," he added, "my business isn't going right. I'm doing an immense volume of it, and handling a lot of money, but none of it seems to stick in my palms."

It was the good-fellowship of this couple, together with their unwavering affection, which made Conrad turn his admiration of them to the same degree of worship that he had already bestowed upon four-year-old Elsie. His lines were cast in pleasant places, indeed, and he thrust his roots deeply into the soil.

At first he had to overcome the same contemptuous prejudice that had bestowed upon him the title of "the Dutchman." Mrs. Harper introduced him to some nice girls, but secretly they laughed at his broken English; and Blanche Reynolds, by whom he was at once speechlessly smitten, openly flouted him; whereat Mrs. Harper wanted to shake her. With the young men he was in somewhat less constraint, though even here he was still an alien until one evening when, in passing the library, one of a group of young men made some laughing remark, loud enough to be overheard about "the Dutchman." Conrad wheeled immediately and came back.

"Not Dutchman—German!" he declared, marching directly up to the one who had spoken. It was Price Reynolds, *her* brother. "It iss not disgrace to be Dutchman, either, but it iss disgrace the way you say it. I am Dutchman no more; and you hear it!"

The other laughed.

"Keep your collar on, Dutchy," he admonished with amused tolerance.

"I am not Dutchman, I haf said!" insisted Conrad. "I challench you!"

Mr. Eastman was sauntering past the group in time to hear the challenge.

"Now you have it, Price," he observed. "It is strictly against the law, of which august power I am, I trust, a respected member; but if my friend Conrad's challenge is accepted, I offer myself as his second in any combat from swords to cannon."

Price and his companions were of a younger set than Eastman, and stood somewhat in awe of his keen tongue.

"We don't fight with anything but fists in this country," one of the boys mumbled.

"I challench mit fists!" interjected Conrad.

"Speaking for my principal, the honorable gentleman from abroad," formally supplemented Mr. Eastman, "I would say that any natural weapons, with the single exclusion of finger-nails, are acceptable to us. Shall we repair to my friend Hyde's new barn?"

They repaired. Heretofore fights in Holden had been swift, unexpected, spontaneous affairs, and they had been fought out with great vigor in an entirely impromptu manner; but this was a decided novelty, at which even the sworn officers of the peace winked complacently. When the battle was waged, an hour later, Hyde's barn was full to overflowing with enthusiastic spectators. Candor compels the admission that Conrad was worsted in the encounter, but that was not the point. He had fought gamely from beginning to end.

That was his initiation. From that day he was admitted to be a man among men, without any regard whatever to nationality or habit of speech; and where the boys led, followed the girls. Through them he patiently plodded to Blanche Reynolds, and having secured her frank favor there was nothing more in this world that he wanted. He was the acknowledged suitor of the handsomest, the most brilliant, the most wonderfully endowed girl in all the world; he lived in a home atmosphere that to him was divine; his work was not only congenial, it was his life, and his employer — a precious thing to this vivid emotionalist—trusted him implicitly.

The boy had been spending his pay as he got it—first, in fine instruments of

his profession; then, when that need and craving was sated, in books upon the same art; but no sooner had Blanche Reynolds shown him favor than he looked upon money with a different eye. It was to be saved to buy him a home in which she might reign as queen, after the "American style," as he termed it, displayed by the Harpers in their home. Until he had this accumulation he could not, according to the standard of ethics he had set up for himself, speak to her about it.

The actual saving of money, however, was not so easy to accomplish now, for his employer had begun to skip payments and was several weeks in his debt. Things had been growing from bad to worse with Harper. He had taken contracts on very narrow margins, and had bought the machinery for his planing-mill on close time, the payments on it keeping him drained so that to make them he permitted his local bills to accumulate and his local credit to suffer. Constantly pinched for ready cash, he was harassed day after day until his round face took upon itself deep lines that contrasted strangely with its habit of lazy good humor.

Both to save expense and to concentrate energy, the office had been moved down to the mill, where Conrad became not only designer and draftsman, but timekeeper. This was well on in the spring, and they were building Meade's house now. Harper was also erecting several cottages for him under a contract price, but Meade wanted a more flexible arrangement upon his own residence, so that he might be free to alter its details as he chose while the work progressed. To that end he had Harper supply workmen at an agreed price per hour, and it fell to the duty of Conrad to keep account of the separate time upon this job.

One evening Harper asked for this time-book. For the past two weeks he had pushed the work on Meade's house, pressed to finish it by his desperate need of money. For two or three hours he pored alone over the book, that night, and when he had finished he had turned worn and haggard. He had drawn money from Meade whenever driven by necessity, and now, when he came to count up, he found that he had not only received every cent that was due him for this job, but was a trifle in Meade's debt.

For the first time in his life, the temptation that could not be conquered assailed Sam Harper. How many miles he walked back and forth in the confines of that little twelve-foot office he could not have told, but when he had turned out the light and emerged upon the street his teeth were gripping into the stem of his pipe so that he bit it clean through.

He was nearing the house when he met Conrad sauntering home from Her in quiet bliss, looking at the moon, and dreaming such dreams as lovers have indulged since the world began.

"I was just looking for you," said Harper. "Do you mind coming down to the factory for an hour or so?"

"Surely no," replied Conrad contentedly, and together they paced back to the little office.

"You have another blank-book like this, haven't you, Conrad?" asked Harper.

Conrad produced it with alacrity.

"Well, we must make a copy of the time on Meade's house, day by day and workman by workman. I'll read you the items, so the job can be finished quicker; and, by the way, don't say anything to Meade about our having done the work to-night. He asked me, in the first place, to keep this in duplicate, one book for him and one for me, and I forgot to speak to you about it. I don't want him to think that we have neglected him."

"Surely no," agreed Conrad, and sat down, pen in hand.

Perched on a high stool, Harper read him the items one by one; that on such a date one workman had put in nine hours, another six, another two, and so on through the spring and the early summer.

"That cannot be," objected Conrad at one point, raising his head; "Wright haf not work nine hours by the 29th. That day he haf been hurt."

"That's so," admitted Harper, confused. "I'm looking at the wrong line. It was on the 28th he worked nine hours."

"*Ja,* but on the 28th you haf read it seven hours."

"That was a mistake, too," said Harper impatiently. "Make it nine."

Conrad looked troubled. The whole time-list had an unfamiliar look to him, and it bothered him that his usually photographic memory should be confused. It did not occur to him for an instant to suspect that Harper was reading the items wilfully wrong; that he was deliberately adding several dollars a day to Meade's account.

III

When they were through, after three solid hours of toil, Harper sent Conrad home ahead of him while he counted up the new record. As revised, the book showed over a thousand dollars still due him from Meade—enough to tide him over this desperate pinch in which he found himself. Musing in pallid-faced self-loathing over this, his first departure from rectitude, he did a thing inexplicable even in one of his careless habits. He destroyed the old book, abstractedly tearing it up page by page and dropping it in the waste-basket.

In the morning came Conrad, and recognized those scraps at once. On the table lay the new book where Harper had left it the night before. Mechanically obeying the inexorable logic of the situation, Conrad picked some of the scraps from the basket and compared entries. Every legible word was damning. Here, on the 16th, was Turner, on the old book three hours, in the new book nine. Wright was in the new book for nine hours on that date, and in the old one his name was not written down at all, for he had been at work on another job.

When Conrad had read enough, he stood staring out of the window more white, more drawn, more haggard than Harper had been when he had decided upon this thing. The starting whir of the shafting in the mill aroused him. First of all he packed up his bright new instruments in their cases, and put his drawing-table in immaculate order; then he hurried out of the office and to his home. Harper had left the house, and Conrad was glad of it. Without being seen, he was able to slip up to his own room, where he packed his few clothes and his precious books in some tough paper that he had brought along, tying them with stout cord into a big, tight package, to be sent for.

Leaving the bundle upon his table, he slipped down-stairs again. Elsie was not awake yet, but Mrs. Harper, back in the kitchen, heard him, and called out to know who was there.

"It iss nobody," he answered, whereat she smiled, and then he hurried out. He could not have met her just then, could not have looked into her clear eyes, or listened to her kind voice, without an utter breakdown.

At the office he found that Harper had been in during his absence, for the book was gone and the waste-basket had been emptied, no doubt into the fire under the boilers. A miserable hour he put in, walking restlessly up and down in that twelve feet of space, in the same track that Harper had so nervously paced the night before. Then Harper came in, strangely shaken, though trying to preserve an air of easy nonchalance.

"I have just had a settlement with Meade," he began in a voice intended to be quiet and cheery; "and what do you think the fellow did? Offered me a five-hundred-dollar bonus for the good work we have done!"

His chin quivered a trifle in spite of him. Conrad was white and silent, gazing constrainedly out of the window and thrumming nervously with his finger-tips upon the table. Harper interrupted him after a bit by handing him a check which had been written with a hand that persisted in trembling.

"Here's your back pay, Conrad," he said. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

Conrad backed away from the check as if it were an unclean thing.

"No, no!" he cried. "That money, I want it not! It is not goot money. I saw in the basket this morning the book where you tore it up. You haf been a t'ief; I am part t'ief;" and slipping his instruments into his pockets, he started toward the door. "Goot-by," he said brokenly.

Harper was ash-white under the accusation that he could not resent.

"Where are you going?" he stammered.

"I do not know. Away like I came," answered Conrad. "I could not to stay here. Could I see Mr. Meade that haf been my friend and not tell him? Could I tell him, and upon you and your wife and your baby bring disgrace? *Ach Gott! Es ist schwer!* It is sorrowful how I haf lofed this little city. I have lofed Mr. Meade and you and your wife and your little one and—and Her; and from all that I haf lofed I must go away forefer because you haf been a t'ief and haf made me part t'ief. I forgif you," and he was gone.

Harper was still sitting rigidly upon the stool when Meade came bustling in, five minutes later.

"Got a new job for you, Sam," he said. "I've made Parsons consent to tear down the rickety old buildings on his corner and put up a good business block. Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

Harper had not moved. He had been gazing at Meade with fixed eyes, like one in a horror-stricken trance; but now he drew from his pocket the check that Meade had given him but an hour before, and proffered it.

"I stole it," he numbly confessed. "I falsified the time."

Suddenly the nerve that had sustained him went to pieces, leaving him limp. He buried his face in his hands, and his shoulders heaved in silent, dry sobs that burst within his breast and tore savagely at his throat. Commiseratingly, Meade put his hand upon the other's shoulder, but Harper drew back as if he had been struck, and with an effort held up his head and squared his shoulders.

"Oh, climb down from your perch!" Meade whipped out with no abatement whatever of his crisp manner. "Now, what's all this about? Tell me like a sane man."

Bit by bit he dragged from Harper the whole story—the difficulties that had beset him, the straits into which he had been thrown, the temptation, how he had succumbed to it.

"I thought so," said Meade. "I knew you had too many irons in the fire. Trouble is, you've let the machinery people soak you for rapid payments, and you haven't saved back enough money to run on. Now, you buck up! You're all right, and I'm not going to let one of Holden's valuable men break. I'll see you through, and I'll keep an eye on your business, too, to save you from making such a plumb fool of yourself. Say, if you don't stop your sniffling, I'll have you arrested. Haul out your books and let's see 'em."

Half laughing, in spite of the tornado of emotion that had just passed over him, Harper turned to lay his accounts before the man whom, succumbing to a momentary weakness, he had tried to rob. But Meade was struck by another idea.

"You say you falsified those time entries," he remembered. "I glanced them over while you were at my office. They were all in Conrad's writing."

"Gad!" exclaimed Harper. "For the moment I had forgotten him. I read off those items to him from the old book last night, changing them as I went along. He found out this morning what I'd had him do, and he called me a thief and left. God knows what it cost him. There's a girl here that—well, after he went away I had to renege."

"Away?" yelled Meade. "What do you mean by 'away'? Not that he's going to leave Holden?"

"Just that," affirmed Harper. "He said he couldn't look my wife and me in the face and tell on me, and couldn't look you in the face and not tell."

"Put away your books! We've got to stop Conrad. He's going to come back here, and I'm going to buy him an interest in your business. Why, he's a prospective customer of mine! I'm going to sell him and the girl a house. Oh, he's got to come! He's a good citizen. Lucky there isn't a train leaves here in either direction for over an hour."

"A train!" repeated Harper blankly. "He won't wait for a train. He hasn't a cent, and he'll go away just as he came—afoot. He intimated as much."

Only for a minute did this nonplus Meade.

"That's all right," he said. "We'll go down to the depot and telegraph to the next station both ways to have him stopped—to arrest him, if need be

then you start north, and I'll start south. We've got to overtake that Dutchman, I tell you!"

IV

THEY were just about to leave the office, when suddenly the door opened, and Blanche Reynolds, a trifle pale and much too anxious for frivolous embarrassment, stood before them.

"Is Mr. Höhler here?" she asked, glancing swiftly about the office. It was notable that, though knowing no German, she pronounced his name with a perfect mastery of the difficult sound of the modulated vowel.

Harper shook his head and glanced at Meade with a miserable sense of guilt.

"He is gone," he faltered. "He left about half an hour ago."

"I got such a curious note from him," she explained. "He met my brother on the street and gave it to him. Why did he go?"

"It was a—a point of honor," Harper lamely told her.

It was splendid to see the way the girl squared her shoulders, and how her eyes flashed, though she grew paler still.

"He has done nothing wrong," she declared. "I *know!*"

"Bless your heart, no!" exploded Meade. "He couldn't if he tried. Now, don't you worry about Conrad, because his friends are not going to let him get away," and he bustled outside with his usual spluttering energy.

Bewildered, not able to understand any of it, the girl went out upon the street, scarcely reflecting that she was going with them. Walking at the side of Harper, with Meade forging nervously on ahead, during the next four blocks she lost herself in the knowledge of how much, how *very* much, she cared!

As they turned the corner toward the station, Meade, who was in advance, gave an exclamation of surprise, for there, but half a block ahead of them, and going in the same direction, was Conrad. He was walking slowly along the shady street, his head down, his shoulders drooped, his pockets bulging with his portable possessions. Blanche, all thought for conventions swept away in this overwrought moment, flew swiftly after him.

"Oh, Conrad!" she called, as she overtook him and put her hand on his arm.

He whirled, and a passing teamster, with a jovial cast of countenance, stopped his horses and looked backward with a grin, for it was quite unusual in the streets of Holden to see a young man sob and clasp a young lady in his arms.

"*Ach, ich sterbe für dich!*—I die for you!" cried the young man, stopping even then, in his consideration of her, to translate; but when Meade and Harper came up, he drew her arm within his own and turned his back upon them to walk away. She was going with him, quite contentedly. She did not know what these men had done, but if Conrad held them in contempt she scorned them!

"Wait a minute!" commanded Meade, and caught Conrad by the shoulder, instantly understanding his quandary. "Everything's all right, my boy. Harper told me all about it. Look here," and he thrust before Conrad's eyes the check that Harper had returned to him. "Harper's an honest man. So are you; so am I; so's Miss Reynolds. Let's all shake hands. Now, we're all four going back to the office and talk it over. By the way, Conrad, what are you doing here? We expected to find you four miles down the track by this time."

Conrad smiled through his tears.

"I could not to go, and I could not to stay!" he exclaimed. "Four, five, six times I have walked from that corner to the station and back."

Tears were in Blanche's eyes, too; but now she, too, laughed.

"And now none of us, not even yourself, will ever know whether you would really have gone away or come back," she said, with the faintest trace of jealousy, which, however, was lost at once in sympathy for the distress to which he had been put. "Poor boy, you must have been in an agony of perplexity. Look at this!" and, proud of him for his very error and the perturbation that had caused it, she displayed his note.

"*Mein schönes Liebchen,*" it began, "from all happiness I am going away;" but that was as far as Meade or Harper—or Blanche herself, for that matter—could read it, for the rest of it was all in most tumultuous German.

THE BYSTANDER

A STORY OF ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

HE had seen Broadway, that afternoon, for the first time; and now, at night, he did not recognize it. He had seen it thronged with men and women who had passed him—as they had passed one another—without so much as looking at him, without showing any of the natural curiosity about him which he had felt about them, with an indifference that did not even seem to acknowledge their common humanity. He had been reminded of the ants he used to watch as a boy, in the fields at home, hurrying past one another, scrambling over one another, without stopping for a moment to assist or direct, or in any way recognize one another as members of a community engaged in a common task.

And now, suddenly, they had dropped all that indifference as if it had been a pretense. When a young man passed a young woman, he tickled her chin with a bunch of feathers fastened to a small stick; and she replied by doing the same to him, by throwing in his face a handful of chopped paper, or by catching the feathers of his "tickler" and struggling to take it from him. It was as if they were intimate friends in some Christmas game that allowed them everything but the freedom of the mistletoe. They blew tin horns in one another's faces, or beat one another on the heads and shoulders with little bladders tied to the lashes of toy whips. Boys with cow-bells, with watchman's rattles, with calliope whistles, with military bugles, and automobile horns, fought their way through the crowds in rough squads. Men wore placards on their hats—"I told you so," "Now will you be good?"—and were as solemn-faced under these absurdities as a labor parade. Brass bands tooted and blared on hotel balconies; fireworks detonated in the public squares; red-lights on the street-corners cast the stage glare of a witches' orgy on the riot. From a distance it sounded like an uprising of the people and a battle in the streets.

It was the public larking of election night in New York; and Fasken walked through it as if he had intruded on a neighborhood "party" to which he had not been invited. When a girl thrust her feather tickler in his face, he nodded and blushed at her as she went by. He passed the men with an apologetic smile that was intended to be ingratiating without being too forward. He wanted to join in their pranks, but he did not quite dare; and he struggled against his own stiffness, self-consciously, afraid of looking like a fool, of smiling at some one who would stare him down, of taking a liberty that would be resented.

He was not old enough to have acquired any heavy-waisted dignity, but the arid monotony of his clerical work in a railroad freight-office had somewhat dried up his youthfulness, forming upon him that exterior crust which grows in solitude like a shell on the spirit and a mask on the face.

A woman pelted him with confetti, and surprised him into a laugh. A trio of girls, who followed, had the faces of young bacchantes, their innocent eyes at once daring and timorous, giving the invitation to license only to flee from it.

He eased the pinch of his stiff felt hat on his forehead, pushing it back from his brow.

Then a young woman, with a white automobile-veil thrown over her hat and loosely knotted under her chin, put her feather tickler in his eyes, and he caught at it and grasped her hand. She was crushed against him by the clogging of the opposing currents of movement on the sidewalk, and she laughed up at him, her cheeks flushed pink against the white chiffon.

"Please!" she said. "*Please* don't break it!"

She had an effect of wholesomeness and animation, of a certain slender sort of young beauty that associated itself in his mind with the tennis-court. A sudden onslaught of roughs in the throng behind her threw her into his arms, and he protected her as best he could while they were jostled together and forced aside. He was rigidly conscious of their bodily contact. She yielded to him softly, smiling with as little embarrassment as if she were enjoying her first waltz.

When the young hoodlums had shoved by and the pressure of the crowd had eased again, she was claimed by a man in an automobile-cap and a woman, who was apparently either French or Jewish. Fasken released her, still holding her hand. The current took her. She drifted away from him, smiling back over her shoulder until another feather tickler was thrust into his face and he lost sight of her.

And now he found himself as intoxicated as were all around him with the spirit of carnival. He wanted to follow the girl, to make love to her; to kiss her. He even made as if to turn back, but the impatience of those whose progress he opposed swept him away, and he went on, bewildered by his own agitation, his hands full of feathers that he had torn from a stick, catching at the girls who attacked him, and determined that if another were forced into his arms he would not let her go so easily.

It was in this condition that he came to the entrance steps of his hotel, where he could stand to have a view of the sheet of a cinematograph—with its moving pictures, cartoons, and announcements of "returns"—and still have the carnival streaming by on the sidewalk before him. He climbed upon the pedestal of a bronze electric lamp, that raised its great arms above his head like a seven-branched candlestick. He looked about him, his heart thumping, his hands trembling, in a shaken repression of the excitement that was hot in his eyes.

"PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T BREAK IT!"

On the lowest step there were half a dozen young men with upturned faces,

who pretended to be interested in the pictures on the sheet. As soon as any girl, in passing, dared to take advantage of their absorption and poke at their chins, they attacked her in a body, with a wild yell, dragged her from her escort, rushed her up the steps to the hotel doorway, and left her there, imprisoned by the others who were in the game—until her escort, having forced his way in after her, released her again. Fasken, as soon as he saw what was going on, joined in the fun, half-strangled with suppressed laughter, his face showing his state of mind only in the wrinkles of a hysteric grin.

And then the girl in the white veil, with whom he had had his first encounter, reappeared on the sidewalk, returning toward Madison Square; and with the same audacious demureness as before she whisked her stick of feathers into the faces of the five conspirators on the lowest step. Immediately they pounced upon her like a band of Indians. Fasken shouldered down into the scrimmage to help her. She was shot into his arms, her mouth open, her hands limp, helpless with laughter; and he was carried up the steps with her and pinned against the hotel door.

"Are you hurt? Are you hurt?" he whispered.

She had her hands up to her face, shaking.

"N-no," she answered, in a low voice invitingly.

She did not draw away from him. He looked down over the heads of the others, and saw the man in the automobile-cap fighting his way up the steps after her, in a temper. There were curses and laughter and angry cries. Fasken threw open the hotel door.

"Come in—inside!"

He almost carried her. As soon as they were under the brilliant lights of the main hall, she released herself and began hurriedly to retie her veil, which had been pulled down from her hat. Behind the muffling chiffon, she asked, under her breath, in a sort of daring aside:

"Is there a door—another door?"

"Yes, yes. This way. Over here!"

He spoke in the tense voice of an excitement at once hushed and hurried. She started forward, pinning her hat as she went. They crossed the tile-floored lobby hastily. When they had turned down a plush-carpeted hall, he steadied his tone to add:

"This will take us out on the other street."

She did not reply. In the deserted silence that had succeeded the uproar outdoors, he heard the swish of her skirts beside him, and a slow beating as if of a drum that kept time with their steps; and he did not recognize this last as the pulse of the blood in his ears. He did not look at her, although he noticed that she had dropped behind a pace to look at him.

He drew open the swinging glass door for her. As she passed in front of him she startled him with her smile—the smile of a girl who has surrendered to a bold impulse which she does not quite understand, and of which she is half afraid.

The street was dark. The noises from Broadway rang in it hollowly. She said:

"You see, I lost it — the feathers — after all," and showed him her empty hands.

There was something appealingly unarmed and unprotected in her gesture. It told him that she had recognized him and trusted herself to him again.

"You can get another," he said hoarsely.

"They were taking me home. I didn't want to go."

"Oh, was *that* it?"

His laugh was nervous and uncertain. It convinced her, evidently, that she need not fear him. She looked back through the glass doors.

"He'll follow us!" she cried, and catching Fasken's arm, she turned toward Fifth Avenue and began to hurry him along, almost at a run, with little inarticulate murmurs and bubbles of mirth, as if they were partners at some boarding-school dance innocently escaping from a chaperon.

II

Fifth Avenue was as dim and empty as behind the scenes of an opera stage—echoing distantly with music and voices, and catching glimpses, down the cross-streets, as of a massed chorus and calcium lights. The quick pace and the girl's high spirits had broken the last restraint of Fasken's awkwardness. He began to

talk in a gay voice, with all the freedom that comes of anonymity.

He told her, first, of a memory that had been recalled to him by his meeting with her. As a boy, he and his school companions used to go to the railroad-station in the summer evenings, to see the New York express "go through" his native town, to watch the travelers at the car-windows, and smile flirtatiously at the girls. One night, one of the latter—although she had not more than glanced at him before—just as the train pulled out, threw him a kiss.

"She looked like you, I think," he said breathlessly. "You reminded me of her, anyway."

She replied, with a sedateness that seemed to him all the more bold:

"Perhaps it *was* I, and they wouldn't let me speak to you. Where was it?"

He named the city. He still lived there; he had never been able to get away, although he had taken a position in the railroad offices in a vague desire to be at least in touch with travel.

"I'll have to go back in a few days," he said. "And watch the express trains again," he added.

"If I ever go past," she promised, "I'll watch at the window for you!"

He laughed as if it were a famous joke. He was almost handsome now that his natural boyishness had found expression in his face. He wore a new paddock overcoat, which he had bought ready made that morning, and he was simply conscious that he looked well. He found himself uplifted to the level of a romantic adventure, and he beamed on the girl.

"Will you, really?"

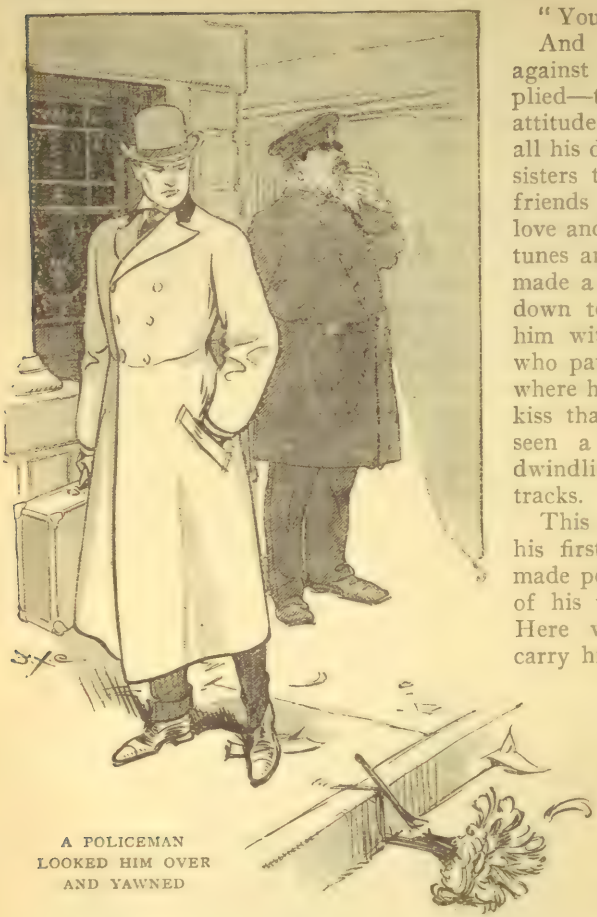
"If they let me."

"Who are 'they'?"

"Who are you?" she replied pertly; but her voice had already a tone of being bolder than her spirit, and he was aware that in the quiet of the avenue the carnival impulse that had carried her off with him had almost spent itself.

He tried to put her at her ease with him by making an open confession of his name, and of the fact that it was his first visit to New York. He told her that he had been lost in the crowds, and ignored, and lonely, and that the meeting with her had been doubly delightful because of all this. He did not foresee that his confidences might have the opposite effect from the one he had intended; that they stripped him of the anonymity which was half the romance of the situation; that they put him among the commonplaces of life as a provincial in no way distinguished—not even by being a part of the large gaieties of the night; that they might alarm her by so patently expecting a return from her in kind.

"GOOD-BY. DON'T COME IN WITH ME!"



A POLICEMAN LOOKED HIM OVER AND YAWNED

"I think I had better go back now," she said suddenly.

"Why?" he cried. "You don't have to. Can't you—"

She had turned.

"They'll be frightened."

"Can't you telephone? Tell them you're safe—that you'll join them later. The fun—on Broadway—has only just started."

"I can't. I don't know where they are."

"Telephone to your home—to your hotel."

She shook her head.

"Father doesn't know I'm out. I'll go back down Broadway with you, but I must go back."

She turned into a cross street, walking quickly in her long tan coat.

"And I'll never see you again," he said helplessly.

"You forget the car-window!"

And that reply put him into revolt against the attitude of life which it implied—the attitude of the bystander—an attitude that had been forced upon him all his days. He had had his mother and sisters to support; and while his school friends had enjoyed the adventures of love and marriage or of seeking new fortunes and seeing the world, he had been made a drudge to family duty, and held down to his desk. Life had gone past him with glimpses of smiling travelers, who paused for a moment to watch him where he stood. Love had thrown him a kiss that he could not follow. He had seen a hundred inviting opportunities dwindling like express trains down the tracks.

This present trip to New York was his first real holiday, and it had been made possible by the wedding of the last of his unmarried sisters. He was free. Here was an opportunity that might carry him anywhere.

"Don't go," he said. "Please don't go! This is the first fun I've had in years. Or, let me see you again here. I'll be in town. I'll stay. I'll be all alone. I'm — why did you come with me at all if you were going to turn back in five minutes?"

She shook her head, as if in denial of his plea; but he saw that she was smiling.

"Every one seemed to be having such a good time," she said. "I wanted to join it. I can't stay away any longer, or perhaps I would."

"But to-morrow?"

"They wouldn't let me. I had to coax Frances to let me come with her to-night."

"Is she your sister?"

"She's the maid."

"You live in New York?" he ventured, undiscouraged.

"Sometimes. I was here at school."

"A boarding-school?"

"I'm not there now. I'm a graduate."

She laughed; and he felt that he was playing blindman's buff and she eluding him.

"All right," he said bitterly, and ignored her in a silence that was sulky.

They were approaching the roar of Broadway.

"I'm sorry," she said, but he did not reply; her manner belied her words.

They forced their way into the downward stream of celebrants, and she took his arm to save herself from being separated from him. He received a blow on the top of his hat with a bladder; they were showered with confetti, like a bride and groom. A man reached across him to brush her face with a tickler. Fasken snatched at the stick, got it away from its owner with a sudden turn of the wrist, and gave it to her. She could not make herself heard above the noise, but she thanked him with a pressure on his arm and with an intimate, bright smile when he looked down at her.

It goaded him to a new determination. He did not see that she was too girlishly young and irresponsible to be bound to any serious issue of her escapade; but he saw that if he lost her now he would not be able to conceal it from himself any longer that he had always been less the victim of fate than of his own futility.

They turned from Broadway into the cross street on which the side door of the hotel opened. They did not speak. She stopped him on the steps and held out her feather tickler to him as if it were a flower.

"Good-by," she said. "Don't come in with me! I'll find them."

"You know my name," he broke out. "I'm in the freight-office there. Won't you write—just to let me know?"

"I haven't told you," she said gently. "We can't. *I* can't."

He had her hand in both of his.

"It's the first time I ever asked any one," he pleaded. "It isn't much to ask. Oh, *please!*"

Her face softened to a temptation.

"Do you like me?"

He nodded, choked, looking up at her as if clinging to her with dumb eyes. Her whole expression was transfused with a girlish emotion, at once yielding and triumphant.

"Will you always remember me?" she said.

"Yes, yes—always!"

She stooped down to him. He caught and held her.

"Good-by, then," she whispered. "You're nice, too. I like you. If you'll promise not to follow me—"

She was blushing hotly. He understood that she was going to kiss him.

"I promise!"

She wavered, her lips trembling. He waited as if he had been pinioned, as weak as a condemned man whose emotions have left him numb; and while he was still waiting—she slipped out of his grasp and turned. The door was thrown open and the man in the automobile-cap appeared.

"Where—" he began.

She pushed him back violently into the hall; the door thudded shut against its weather-stripping; and she was gone.

Fasken remained a long time, silent, standing in the shadow, with her tickler in his hand. Suddenly, he stepped into the light, raised the stick of feathers above his head—in a convulsive despair of himself and his lot in life—flung it on the sidewalk before him, and ground it into the stones with a murderous heel.

III

THE morning came to Broadway like daylight to the room of an all-night debauch; and Fasken descended the front steps of his hotel, with a cheap, yellow suit-case in his hand, dusty to the knees, his hat jammed down on his eyebrows, as dull-faced as the day. He walked to the corner slowly, and saw the confetti blown with the dust into the gutters; the pavements strewn with papers and feathers, with broken horns, torn banners, and the wreck of a stuffed effigy scattered in rags. The early workers, hurrying to the Elevated Railroad, passed him without a glance. Three girls, coming around the corner, brushed against him and forced him aside. A policeman looked him over, incuriously, and yawned. Life had resumed its mask of civilization, its conventional indifference, its public disavowal even of his common humanity.

He turned into the cross street, came to the side door of the hotel, hesitated at the sight of her feather tickler hanging broken over the curbstone—its feathers waving feebly in the wind—and then passed on, with the blank face of a bankrupt who sees his last penny still lying where he had flung it in the mud.

He was going home.

THE WEDDING-GIFT

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

WITH A DRAWING BY E. M. ASHE

ONE of Barbara's reasons for accepting me was the fact that I was not prosperous.

"If you were," she said, "we should have to live on the West Side, with a velvet carpet in the parlor, two maids, and a mission dining-room. The parlor and the mission dining-room would bore me to tears, and I'd about as soon keep a rubber-plant as two maids."

I assured her there was no immediate prospect of my having any of these commonly prized adjuncts. Art, as she knew, was long; its votaries must find their happiness not in gross material wealth, but in the finer coinage of ideas, of the creative fancy—

"Exactly," interrupted Barbara, warmly. "We are *not* like other people. The conventional things of life, such as houses and furniture and—and regular meals, you know—would hamper us. We must live for our art. Nothing else matters."

And on this basis we set up our gods in Greenwich Village, at the top of a rambling old house. The good north light attracted me, and the irregularity of the rooms pleased Barbara. We covered the walls with burlap in a sad, artistic tint; made a kitchen out of a screen and two biscuit-boxes; thinly disguised our steamer-trunks under a bit of Flemish tapestry, and hung our Hokusai to the best advantage.

Our housekeeping was of the lightest. It was positively airy on those days when Barbara wooed her muse; but, as she said, who would be the slave to a breakfast or luncheon hour? As long as one was at peace with one's artistic conscience, what mattered meals? At night we rubbed from our brows the wrinkles of work and dined out, with other demi-celebrities and demi-semi-celebrities, in a soothing atmosphere of pink-shaded candles and artistic shop-talk.

Our impromptu suppers, when Benson, the artist, or the clever Fenways, or Jimmy Dick dropped in, were hilariously successful. Of course, the next morning was apt to be rather disagreeably untidy, with sticky dishes all about the place and empty olive-bottles in the bathtub. And there was usually the janitor to pacify—on account of Jimmy Dick's noise.

But Barbara liked it. She said it appealed to her imagination—"like living one of Mürger's stories, you know." I think she knew how pretty she was in my painting-smock.

She made a joke of the inconvenience of keeping one's best clothes in boxes under the bed, and declared, even as she groveled in search of her hat with the pink plumes, that the life exactly suited her.

We worked hard, and happily. If we were sometimes a little crowded, we were at least not dull. And then there came Uncle Peter's wedding-present.

I had never quite believed in Barbara's Uncle Peter. He lived in a vague limbo, known as the Northwest, and there was a tradition in Barbara's family that he was vastly wealthy; but inasmuch as none of them had seen or heard from him in years, it seemed to me highly probable that he was one of those pleasant myths no household should be without. Barbara was specially fond of the Uncle Peter tradition. She had sent him an announcement of our marriage, addressed in simple faith to "Nome"; and when a lean week was upon the Greenwich flat, she cheered herself by

"I'LL NOT LET HIM HARM YOU, BARBARA"

considering what she would do if Uncle Peter should send us a gold nugget or some mining-stock for a wedding-gift.

I had lifted the voice of scorn so often against this relative of Barbara's that when she telephoned me one day that there was a letter from Uncle Peter I told her I had no time for fairy tales.

"But it's true!" she cried over the telephone. "He's written, and he's sending a wedding-gift. And he says, 'Take good care of the present I'm sending, and it will reward you.' Now doesn't that mean nuggets or mining-stock?"

"Sounds like a Bible to me," I said, and Barbara rang off sharply.

But in spite of myself, I was curious about this revival of Uncle Peter, so I put away my drawing-board—I was at work in the Zoo making sketches for Headley's "Wild Animals in Their Native Haunts"—and went home early.

I found Barbara sitting on the floor, and about her there billowed a sea of steamship literature. I should state here that Barbara cherished a dream of a year in Europe; and whenever she sold a tale, or I drew a successful beast, our flat was flooded with booklets setting forth the allurements of every place on earth but home. When I saw her thus surrounded, I concluded that she must have landed a serial; but, on inquiry, I found it was Uncle Peter's letter that had so uplifted her.

"I feel it in my bones," she cried, "that he's sending nuggets, or a cunning bag of gold-dust!"

Such is the infection of Barbara's optimism that I scoffed but weakly, and that night we celebrated on our expectations. After a dinner that we could not afford, we came home and spread out all the steamship epics on the table. We decided on Florence and Fiesole for the winter, with a few weeks in Paris; we got out "Italian Backgrounds" and somebody on "Medieval Towns," and we had altogether a joyous evening.

II

Next morning the present came. It took two strong men to drag it in. It was in a box about the size of our bathroom, with slats across the front. Through these there peered the bloodshot eyes of a huge animal.

"You've made a mistake," I said sternly to the men; but Barbara, who had been reading the card on the box, cried out that it was the wedding-present from Uncle Peter, and fell into a chair.

I cannot classify the sort of seizure Barbara had when the men were gone. It seemed like hysterics mixed with a fit of temper.

"Barbara, calm yourself!" I besought her.

"I c-can't—it's so funny, and I'm so m-mad!"

"Well, then, I'm going to let the beast out," I said.

The threat had instant effect. Bab stopped gurgling and jumped up.

"He may eat us alive!" she cried.

But I had been peering through the slats at the wedding-gift, and I felt much braver.

"I'll not let him harm you, Barbara," I said, and began to pry the slats from the box.

Barbara armed herself with a Tanagra figurine and climbed into the Morris chair. When the last slat was off, I stepped aside hastily; for the beast, with a roar, precipitated itself into the room.

I may as well get over this painful portion of my narrative as rapidly as possible. It is sufficient to state that to us—to us in a New York flat—our dear Uncle Peter had sent a Siberian bloodhound. The beast gamboled about with the airy grace of a rhinoceros, knocking over chairs and Barbara's tea-table with the wagging of his tail.

"I shall offer him for sale," I said disgustedly, "but what shall we do with him in the meantime? He's too big to be imprisoned in the bath-room, and the police won't allow him on the fire-escape."

"Oh, oh, look at him now!" cried Barbara.

Over his pendulous chops and his fierce red eyes a smile seemed to pass. He began a mincing shuffle toward Barbara, the droop of his tail seeming to say, "Don't be afraid, little girl," and laid his great head softly on her foot.

"Why, he's *taken* to me!" cried my wife, and I knew from her tone we were going to keep the beast.

There is no use urging expediency where Barbara's affections are concerned.

She had fallen in love with her wedding-present; the dog had the tact to adore her, and keep him we must.

We sadly put away the steamship literature and the guides to Italy, and did some extra pot-boilers to keep Little Sunshine in food. What it cost me to silence the janitor, I am ashamed to record; and as for the nice old lady in the next flat, she has never been the same since. It was a darkish day when she met Sunshine in the hall. I heard her shrieks and rushed out. In the corner she was dancing a wild fling of terror, while Sunshine, looking as pleasant as a hungry hippopotamus, frolicked about her, trying to be friends.

This will illustrate his general reception. The poor dog had a perpetual craving for friends; but his appearance was against him. When Bab walked down the street with him, people whose hands he tried to lick fell away from him with shrieks, and mothers snatched their babies out of his path. As Barbara kept explaining, he had the gentlest nature; but no one believed her, and we were in a fair way to be sacrificed on the altar of our loyalty to Uncle Peter's gift.

Coming home from the Zoo one day, I was met in the hall by Barbara.

"Thank Heaven," she said as she seized me, "that we kept Sunshine!"

"Why?" I asked. "Has he bitten a book-agent?"

"No; but Uncle Peter has come all the way from the West to see if we are good to the dog!"

"I hope he realizes now," I said, somewhat bitterly, "the inappropriateness of his gift."

"I can't make him out," said Barbara.

But I could. He was evidently a man with a subterranean sense of humor. He saw the joke of what he had done; also, I suspected he saw a joke in us and our ménage. He was an apple-cheeked old fellow, with keen blue eyes and a dry smile always hovering about the corners of his mouth.

He was as much interested in us and our manner of living as if we were Aztec cliff-dwellers. We gathered that he had supposed Greenwich to be a rural community, and that he had sent us the dog to protect Barbara from tramps while I was in the city.

"I s'pose," he said with a quaint twist to his smile, after we had shown him all our clever, space-saving schemes, "there's lots of people livin' like this—with their best hats under the bed and the cheese on the window-sill?"

"Plenty of them—and geniuses, too," we assured him.

"But," he persisted mildly, "if they'd move out into the country they'd have room to stretch in, and a dooryard and posy-beds and shade-trees and—"

"We don't *care* for the conventional way of living," interrupted Barbara. "Art absorbs us. The true artist would not be hampered by houses or furniture. Of course, it would be nice to have a little more room, on Sunshine's account; but, as for ourselves, we are *quite* happy, and the flat is *quite* big enough!"

"Mebbe, mebbe," Uncle Peter chuckled as he rose to go; "but"—and he turned to look slyly at her—"you'd be hard put to it to find room for a youngster or two, now wouldn't you?"

"Vulgar old man!" said Barbara when he had gone, and then she dimpled. "But he's lovely, too—so naive and primitive!"

I was not so rash in my classification of Uncle Peter; for it occurred to me, as he dined or lunched with us during his stay in town, that he listened to our theories with a humor which was not entirely unsophisticated. We were sincerely sorry when the old gentleman came finally to announce his departure for Nome.

He had had a mighty good time, he said, and had learned a number of things. With this he chuckled, and laid upon the table an oblong slip of paper.

"That's my wedding-present," he explained. "It's a kind of bet with myself, too. You see, I've always said that if you go deep enough we're all pretty much alike, and right down at the bottom we're all after the same thing. But mebbe geniuses are different—I dunno," and he grinned slyly. "Anyway, you c'n hit the trail for Italy now—if you want to. Good-by, and let me know how you get along."

After he had gone, it was several minutes before Barbara or I had courage to look at the oblong piece of paper. Then Barbara made a little rush and held it up.

"Italy!" she cried. "I should say so—and Japan and Norway, if we like!"

Uncle Peter had certainly done handsomely by us. For the rest of the day we were in a state of dizzy excitement. We knocked off work, and went for a walk with Sunshine between us. We blessed the day that Uncle Peter had sent us a dog and Barbara had fallen in love with him; but we were in far too exalted a state to puzzle over what our generous relative had meant by his parting speech to us.

The next morning, after I had deposited the check, I should have gone to the Zoo to work, but instead I strolled around town, thinking incoherent and affluent thoughts. I meant to go to the steamship offices; but I met an acquaintance who was in real estate, and he persuaded me to go out and look at an old country place he was offering for sale. He said the trip would do me good, and I might find some bits worth sketching.

I knew I was wasting my time, but the country appealed to me—one gets a little stuffy tucked up in a Greenwich flat—and I went.

As I turned in at the gate and moved up the gravel walk, between rows of fine old maples, I was aware of something like a pang of desire. How roomy and cool and peaceful the old place looked! I went around to the back and sat down on the door-step.

After a long time I remembered poor Barbara. I gave a farewell look at the lovely, tangled old garden. I should be late for luncheon, but I'd appease Barbara by bringing her a fresh crop of steamship literature. I turned the corner of the house briskly; and there, on the front door-step, sat Barbara and Sunshine! Sunshine drooped his great head close to Barbara's; for Barbara was crying.

Deep down in my heart something unaccountably hurt me. I stole up softly and put my arm about her. She looked scared at first, and then ashamed; and then all her most defiant brightness came back to her. She began to tell how she had taken Sunshine out for a fresh-air excursion, and they had just dropped in there for a rest.

At this point I shook her gently.

"Be honest, Barbara," I said sternly. "What are you doing here? Are you interested in real estate?"

"Well," she said, "I heard the old Standish place was for sale, and I got to thinking what a nice home it would make for Sunshine. He's seemed rather droopy lately, and—"

"What about Fiesole?" I hinted.

The words seemed to arouse in her a sudden tempest. She jumped to her feet and stretched out her arms to the quiet old trees and the lovely, tangled garden.

"I want a house!" she cried. "I want a really, truly home! I'm tired of keeping my clothes behind the piano and eating chafing-dish food. I'm tired of a janitor and people above and below me. I'm tired of the Fenways and all poseurs. I know I'm common and bourgeois, but I want a place where there's room for something besides art—flowers and a kitchen-range and dogs and plenty of clothes-presses and—and—children—"

Ah, dear little Barbara! The old trees looking down on us must have thought we were lovers long estranged and reconciled at last. The leaves seemed to rub their hands softly as if something pleased them.

"I know my nose is red," said Barbara after a while. "And where is Sunshine?"

Sunshine was discovered cooling his nose in the garden-mold, having been stung by a bee. We were making a soothing poultice of mud for him when Bab looked up at me soberly.

"I don't believe we're so different from other people, after all," she said, and then suddenly sat down in the onion-bed. "Why," she cried, *"that's what Uncle Peter bet the ten thousand dollars on!"*

"And he's won!" I shouted.

We sat side by side in the onion-bed and felt the burden of being different from other people roll from our shoulders. We were just commonplacely happy, till finally the whiz of a distant trolley roused us.

"If you're bent on buying this place, Barbara," I said, "we'd better hurry back to town before some one gets in ahead of us."

And clapping the mud poultice on Sunshine's nose, we joined hands and ran for the car.

SHOULD FLESH-EATING BE ABANDONED?

BY IRVING FISHER

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WERE I to answer the above question in a single word, that word would be "no"; but the qualifications needed to make the answer correct would almost turn the "no" into a "yes." Studies in diet made during the last few years point strongly to the conclusion that the consumption of flesh foods, especially in the United States and England, is excessive. There is also evidence that many persons — probably the majority of persons—are better off without flesh foods at all. To this last statement, however, a qualification must in turn be attached; for if flesh foods are given up suddenly, or in such a manner as to leave the diet "unbalanced," the result is likely to be disastrous.

The vegetarians assert that their contentions are proved by the researches of modern science. To a certain degree this is true; but the older vegetarianism was utterly unscientific. It was based on sentimental or religious grounds, and repelled rather than attracted those who were seeking a diet for health's sake. The present movement toward the abandonment of flesh foods is so different from the older vegetarianism that those who are taking part in it decline to be enrolled under the vegetarian banner. With them the question is purely one of hygiene.

THE EVILS OF FLESH-EATING

The physiological objections to flesh-eating as commonly practised are two. First, flesh-eating tends unduly to increase the "protein" element of food, and thereby creates an unbalanced ration; and secondly, flesh foods contain and produce poisons.

We may consider the protein question first. Food serves two purposes — one to build and repair the body tissues, and the other to furnish fuel for heat and energy. Protein is that element of food which repairs tissue. In this respect it differs from the other two main food elements — carbohydrates (starch or sugar) and fats—which do not form muscle, bone, or sinew, but only supply energy and heat by being burned up in the body, or else are stored as fat, which is merely a reserve of fuel. Most foods contain all three elements—protein, fat, and carbohydrate. But various kinds of food differ greatly in the proportions in which the three elements are combined. Lean meats consist mostly of protein, though partly of fat; cream, nuts, and bacon are mostly fat, though partly protein; bread and cereals are mostly carbohydrate, though partly protein.

Protein food is indispensable. If an insufficient amount is supplied, tissue will not be repaired as rapidly as it wears out, and the person who should persist in a diet too low in protein would waste away and ultimately die. But while an insufficient supply of protein is suicidal, too much protein is also harmful. If more is supplied than is necessary to nourish the tissues properly, the excess will be treated like the fat and carbohydrate. In other words,

EDITOR'S NOTE—For some interesting particulars of Professor Fisher's work as originator of the Health League, and for a brief account of the practical experiments in dietetics that have been conducted at Yale, we refer the reader to an article on "The Prolongers of Life," which appeared in last month's issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

if the body cannot use the protein for repairs, it will use it for fuel. But it is a very bad form of fuel, for it leaves behind what might be called "clinkers." Fat, starch, and sugar make good fuel and produce no clinkers. The results of their combustion are only carbonic-acid gas and water, which are very easily eliminated. Carbonic-acid gas is exhaled through the lungs, and water is excreted through the kidneys. Protein, however, when burned, leaves in the blood not only gaseous and liquid but also solid material. This solid residuum is far more difficult to dispose of, even when dissolved in the blood, and may, if in undue quantities, cause deposits within the body.

In order to reduce the quantity of protein to that amount which is now recognized as normal by Professor Russell Chittenden and other high authorities, it is necessary to eat far less meat than is commonly eaten by Americans and Englishmen. It is safe to say that in the ordinary American diet, the protein would not be unduly diminished if the meat element were reduced to about the equivalent of one small chop per day.

"HIGH PROTEIN" AND "LOW PROTEIN"

Meat, however, is not the only food element which is high in protein. Eggs are quite as high, and white of egg far higher. The yolk of egg contains a great deal of fat, and is relatively low in protein. Milk, cheese, peas, beans, and peanuts are, like yolks of eggs, only moderately high in protein. Any or all of these "high-protein" foods may be used with advantage so long as they do not predominate. They should be balanced with a corresponding amount of "low-protein" foods, such as fruits, sweets, butter, cream, and fats. Cereals, bread, potatoes, most vegetables, and nuts are intermediate, containing protein in about the normal proportion.

We can now partly understand why those who adopted vegetarianism a generation or more ago met sometimes with failure and sometimes with success. In a general way, it is extremely probable that those who succeeded, and who became enthusiastic on the subject, like Benjamin Franklin, were those who happened to reduce their protein to the normal level, and that some of those who failed owed their failure to the fact that, dropping out meat and using only low protein foods, they had insufficient protein to nourish their tissues. In consequence, they became anemic, and many of them died. Others failed because their protein, after the exclusion of meat, remained just as high as before, or was even increased, especially by the too free substitution of eggs.

THE POISONS IN FLESH FOOD

The second objection to meat-eating found by modern physiology is that meat contains poisons, and increases the production of poisons in the body. It is well known that animal tissue is a "factory of poisons." Even the purest foods produce some poison when consumed. The liver and the kidneys, in fact, are organs the chief work of which is to destroy and eliminate poisons. The flesh of an animal must necessarily contain a certain amount of these poisons on their way toward elimination. When, therefore, flesh is used for food, our bodies have to deal not only with the poisons which are manufactured by us in consuming the flesh, but also with the poisons already manufactured by the animal whose flesh we eat.

Furthermore, it has recently been discovered that meat encourages the growth of bacteria in the large intestine, and that the poisons produced by these bacteria are very likely to be absorbed into the system, producing depression and other disagreeable symptoms—at times, it is believed, causing acute diseases such as rheumatic gout and pernicious anemia. In a recent experiment it was found that without meat the feces of the person experimented upon contained from twenty to fifty million bacteria per gram. The same person, after two days of meat-eating, excreted feces containing no fewer than twenty-five billion bacteria per gram — or five hundred times as many as when abstaining from flesh food.

THE BACTERIA IN MILK

We are now learning that the virtue of milk is greatly injured by bacteria. As a consequence, we are, by greater

care for cleanliness, reducing the bacteria from several million per cubic centimeter to a hundred thousand, or in the best milk to ten thousand, and in some cases even to one thousand. The result is that where the cleaner milk is used, there has been a great decrease in children's diseases.

In exactly the same way, it is probable that the effort of dietitians in the future will be directed largely to reducing the number of bacteria in the feces. This can be accomplished in various ways. One, suggested by Metchnikoff, is by using sour milk, buttermilk, or lactic-acid kumiss—not yeast-made kumiss—as a disinfectant for the intestines; another is by reducing the quantity of meat consumed, or, still better, by wholly excluding flesh food.

It must not be forgotten, however, that with all the objections which are now being offered to meat, it possesses one virtue which will make it very difficult for some persons to dispense with it entirely. It is "peptogenic"—by which is meant that it stimulates the secretion of gastric juice. Eggs are not peptogenic, and people who need, either from habit or possibly from some constitutional idiosyncrasy, the daily stimulus of meat in order to set their stomachs going, will no doubt find it wiser to eat meat in moderation—at least, until they no longer miss it when it is withdrawn from their diet.

DIET AND PHYSICAL STRENGTH

What has been said summarizes in a very rough way the recent conclusions of physiology in respect to the problem of meat-eating, so far as I have been able to follow them. My own interest in dietetics has been from the standpoint of economic science, not that of physiology. I scarcely need point out that the nutrition of the worker is one of the important economic problems of the day. In solving that problem, the theories of modern dietetics will find their best practical application.

An Italian economist, Nitti, over ten years ago, after a wide statistical survey of dietetic habits among working men, reached the conclusion that those who used meat in greatest abundance, and whose supply of protein was the highest, had the greatest endurance. Doubt has been cast on the correctness of his conclusions, however, by the researches of modern physiology. During the last two years I have been engaged in going over the statistics compiled by Nitti and adding to them, in order to find wherein, if at all, he was at fault. This study has not yet been completed, and until it is completed no final statement of conclusions can be made. It is fair to say, however, that tentatively the results obtained harmonize with the theories of Professor Chittenden and of modern physiology, rather than with those of Nitti and of the physiology of ten years ago.

Two studies in endurance have already been published. One experiment, described not long ago in the *Yale Medical Journal,* was based on the relative physical working-power of flesh-eaters compared with flesh-abstainers. The flesh-eaters were largely men in training for athletic contests at Yale; the flesh-abstainers were such Yale students as I could find who did not use meat, or used it very sparingly, and nurses and physicians of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Forty-nine subjects were tested. The results of the comparison were certainly surprising, and showed almost conclusively that those who used low protein and little or no flesh not only had greater physical endurance, but *far* greater than those who were on a so-called "training diet."

Very few of the flesh-eaters, for instance, could endure holding their arms horizontal for more than a quarter of an hour, whereas it was common among the flesh-abstainers to hold them for more than an hour, and without as much pain or discomfort as the meat-eaters experienced in half the time. In one case a flesh-abstainer held his arms out for three hours and twenty minutes, and then stopped merely because he had reached a round number of minutes—two hundred.

One of the most severe tests was in deep knee-bending, or "squatting." Few of the meat-eaters could "squat" more than from three hundred to four hundred times, and it was almost impossible for them to walk down the gymnasium stairs, after the test, without

falling, so weakened were their thigh muscles. On the other hand, one of the Yale students who had been a flesh-abstainer for two years did the deep knee-bending eighteen hundred times without exhaustion, after which he ran without difficulty on the gymnasium track and walked several miles. Another subject, a nurse at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, did the deep knee-bending twenty-four hundred times; after which he proceeded with his regular work without serious inconvenience. Another nurse has recently accomplished the surprising record of five thousand times. One remarkable difference between the two sets of men was the comparative absence of soreness in the muscles of the meat-abstainers after their tests.

A TEST OF THE FLETCHER THEORY

The other experiment—the results of which have already been published in the *Transactions of the Connecticut Academy*—was an experiment in thorough mastication, in order to test the claims of Mr. Horace Fletcher. Nine Yale students volunteered for this purpose. It was found that the practise of thorough mastication tended toward a gradual reduction in the use of flesh foods. At the end of the experiment many of the men had given up flesh foods entirely, without missing them in the least; and the average consumption for the nine men had fallen to one-sixth of their original amount. At the same time it was found that the physical endurance of eight of the nine men had actually doubled in the course of the five months! The ninth man had not gained, but lost, in endurance. This was especially interesting, as he had not been so faithful to thorough mastication as the others, nor did he reduce his flesh foods as much as they.

In its present state the science of dietetics is far from complete. "We are only just beginning to know a little on the subject," as Professor Chittenden recently said to me. It will be years before a complete science of nutrition can be established. In the meantime, it cannot be considered advisable for the ordinary man, with almost no knowledge on the subject, to prescribe for himself any special diet. Fortunately, there is a simpler and more natural way of attaining the benefits of diet reform than by "dieting" in the ordinary sense. This simpler method is that indicated in the latter of the two experiments above described. The only rules, therefore, which one would be justified in recommending for general adoption are the following:

TWO RULES FOR HEALTH

The first rule is — *thoroughly masticate* each morsel of food up to the point of involuntary swallowing. This does not imply the forcible holding of food in the mouth. One should neither force it to stay in the mouth nor forcibly swallow it. It should simply be *chewed* and *enjoyed*. If chewed long enough, it will disappear of itself. The swallowing will take place, but will be like breathing—involuntary. Another caution should be emphasized. Mastication should be practised, not as an unpleasant duty, but with the attention always on the taste and enjoyment of the food. If eating is made a mere mechanical act, it becomes a bore, instead of the pleasure it should be. Without enjoyment, there is no "appetite juice" formed in the stomach, and the result of mere mechanical mastication, however faithful, is worse than useless.

The second rule is—in choosing food, *follow the food instinct* implicitly, eating as much as the appetite calls for, and stopping as soon as it is fully satisfied. If one's food instinct is allowed to have a chance, it will usually develop and guide one to an almost unerring choice, not only in respect to the amounts of food required, but also in respect to the kinds.

Depending thus on instinct combined with thorough mastication, the ordinary man can safely trust himself without fear of having an "unbalanced" diet. He will need to devote more time to his meals—at first, at least; but he will be repaid over and over again for this loss of time. After a few months his health and efficiency will probably reach a point that he never dreamed possible. The quick-lunch counter and the hurry habit are not economy of time. On the contrary, they are sources of inestimable waste.

THE LION AND THE LAMB

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "A PRIVATE CHIVALRY," "THE GRAFTERS," ETC.

XXI

WHEN Tregarvon recovered consciousness, he knew at once what had happened to him. In his blind gropings for the body of the man whom he had doubtless shot, he had fallen from the cliff-edge; how far was still problematical, but far enough, as a curious roaring in his ears, a tightening agony in his head, and wrenching pains in his right ankle sufficiently testified.

His first thought was, generously enough, for his enemy. The black-coated man might not have been killed outright — in which case he might be dying for the lack of a little timely help. The thought was insupportable, and Tregarvon tried to rise. But the ankle, broken or twisted—he could not determine which—gripped him like a fanged wild beast, and he had to give it up.

Helpless himself, it still remained for him to devise some way of bringing help from the glade of disaster. With the hammer of pain beating in his brain, he could form no idea of the distance he had run, or of the location of the particular cliff-edge from which he had hurled himself. Guessing at the distance, however, he thought he must be about half-way from the glade to the old mine-opening at the tramhead. Between these two points, which were a half mile apart, the line of cliff described a segment of a circle, and the direction of the flight and pursuit had been roughly along the chord of this curve.

Tregarvon felt in his pocket for matches. With a small bonfire to light up the surroundings, he could probably place himself. A heap of dry oak-leaves furnished the kindling, and a clear flame leaped up at the match-striking, hollowing out a little cavity of light in the misty gloom. Then the fire-lighter saw where he was—at the bottom of a deep cleft running back from the cliff face proper, and almost at right angles to it; a cleft that was little more than a crevice, save that it had trees and shrubs growing in it.

Tregarvon knew the cleft, although he had never explored it. It was almost exactly at the half-way point between the tramhead and the glade. He was by this time too good a mountaineer to waste his breath in vain shoutings under a cliff, knowing that the sound would carry outward and downward, but never upward and backward. The alternative was a fire signal. If the cloud would but lift a little, and he could gather enough of the dry leaves to make a glow, the light would guide those who must certainly by this time be searching for him.

This was his thought when he nursed the handful of fire and added more leaves to it. The blaze rose higher, and the cavity in the gloom grew larger until it became a hemisphere with the black face of the cliff for its flattened side.

A matted vine ran up the smooth wall of the barrier, and at its roots the leaves were bedded a foot deep. He was reaching for the mass of fresh fuel when the fire licked out and caught it first. There was a puff of dense smoke, a fierce blaze shot up at the foot of the cliff, and the climbing vine outlined itself in a network of short-lived flame.

All this was normal enough, but what followed was curiously abnormal. As the leaf-bed glowed hotter, small fragments of the cliff began to split off, and, falling into the fire, to burn with hissings

and sputterings and much pungent smoke. Tregarvon, the blood pounding in his veins, dragged himself an agonizing foot or two nearer and secured one of the fragments. *It was coal!*

Almost beside himself with excitement, he heaped more leaves upon the fire, and by the light of the fresh upblaze he could see the upper line of the great coal-seam. It was at the height of a tall man's head above the glowing leaf-bed — level, well defined, unmistakable—the roof-shale of a vein fully six feet thick. Here, discovered in the moment of disaster, defeat, and woundings, was the Ocoee's lavish answer to all the costly questions of a decade.

"My Heavens!" gasped Tregarvon; and a voice, apparently at his elbow, said:

"Yes, they are yours, Mr. Tregarvon —first by right of inheritance, and now by the right of discovery."

Tregarvon twisted himself into a sitting posture, gritting his teeth upon the ankle's protest and holding his head in his hands. A little distance below him sat the professor of mathematics, one leg jack-knifed to support him and the other stretched awkwardly on a makeshift cushion of fallen leaves.

"You!" ejaculated Tregarvon. "Did you fall over the cliff, too?"

"I think it was I who showed you the way," was Hartridge's amendment. "You are a very apt pupil, Mr. Tregarvon. I was scarcely well down here before you played the part of *Jill.*"

"Are you—are you hurt?"

"Not by your pistol-ball; but my leg is broken. And you?"

Tregarvon winced. "I have a cracked skull, I think, and an ankle the worse. But about that pistol-shot—I didn't fire at you; I shot in the air to make you stop. Just the same, you gave me a fit of the horrors. When you yelled I thought I'd killed you. What made you run?"

The professor's smile was rueful and a little shamefaced.

"What made you chase me?" he inquired.

"Because I was hot—angry enough to want to drag you to an accounting on the spot. You were caught red-handed, you know."

"I seem to have a weakness for getting caught that way," commented the culprit, still smiling ruefully. "Of course, nothing I could say would make you believe that I didn't fire the dynamite and blow myself up?"

"Nothing," said Tregarvon crisply.

"Very well," assented the mathematician patiently; "we'll call that the problem undemonstrated. The other one you have demonstrated for yourself, as we demonstrate so many problems—by a happy accident. You have found the value of '*pi*,' Mr. Tregarvon."

"Then those marks on the trees are yours?"

Hartridge nodded gravely.

"I chanced upon this, the outcrop of the true Ocoee vein, one day ten years ago, just a few short months after the man Parker had put Judge Birrell and the remainder of us local owners to the wall. I wished to mark it in some way that would be intelligible only to myself, or to those to whom I might give the key; so I used the old mathematical problem of the squaring of the circle. If you will measure the distance between the two trees, multiply it by '*pi*,' or 3.1416, and use the product as a measure around the curve of the cliff from the lower tree as a starting-point, you will drive your final stake just about where you are sitting now."

Tregarvon heaped more leaves upon the fire, which was threatening to die out.

"You are miles beyond my poor understanding, Mr. Hartridge," he said. "On one hand, you stop at nothing to keep me from finding out what you've just told me; and on the other, you make what appears to be a very worthy and earnest effort to keep me from flinging myself headlong into the maw of Consolidated Coal. How are we to reconcile these two things?"

"We can't reconcile them, from your present point of view," was the quiet answer. "As long as you hold me responsible for the bushwhacking—"

"But even without the bushwhacking," persisted Tregarvon. "You knew of this outcrop; you've known of it all along. And yet you let me go on spending my good money. You can't deny that part of it, anyway."

"When you are older, Mr. Tregarvon, and come to know human nature a little better, you will apprehend the truth of that worldly wise beatitude, 'Blessed are they that expect little, for verily they shall not be disappointed.' Consider a moment. You came here the legal owner of the Ocoee, to be sure, and the innocent, inasmuch as your father was the unknowing purchaser of stolen goods; but you were no less the legitimate successor of the financial bandit who looted us. You wouldn't expect much in the way of sheer friendliness from those who had been defrauded, would you?"

"Since I was not even constructively to blame, yes," said Tregarvon stubbornly. "Your motive went deeper than that, Mr. Hartridge."

"It did," said the other very gravely. "We are speaking as man to man now, Mr. Tregarvon, as possibly we never may again. There was a deeper motive for my silence. Day by day I have seen the slight chance of a happiness, the attainment of which has been the one thing desirable in a rather drab-colored life, slipping away from me; taken away from me in wantonness, as it appeared, by you. It was not in human nature to be entirely unresentful."

"Still, you leave many things unexplained," was the reply. "If you wanted to do me up, why didn't you let me sell out to Consolidated Coal?"

"More human nature," smiled the professor. "That would be like taking your enemy's breakfast away from him only to throw it to the dogs. Besides, if there were the barest chance that, through you, a certain young woman might come to her own again—"

Tregarvon dismissed that phase of the subject as irrelevant. He made sure he knew the professor's standing with Richardia, if the professor himself did not.

"There are a good many more puzzles," he broke in; "more, and more mysterious ones."

"Yes. There are things which, until to-day, have been as mysterious to me as I dare say they have been to you. For example, I could understand how one of the defrauded original owners—let us say Judge Birrell—might, in the heat of resentment, say something which would inspire one of his loyal but possibly lawless followers with a holy zeal for your discomfiture. That might account for the lesser hindrances, but hardly for the attempt to wreck your automobile, or for the dynamite found a day or two since in your engine-boiler. Notwithstanding, I may confess that I leaned so heavily toward this explanation that, for Miss Richardia's sake, I—"

He paused, and the hardness went suddenly out of Tregarvon's eyes when he took up the unfinished sentence.

"That you took no pains to turn suspicion from yourself, though you might easily have done so. Mr. Hartridge, I should ask you to shake hands with me if I could get to you. I won't deny that we charged the automobile attempt to you. Carfax says you signaled to somebody as he drove you to Highmount."

"I was to blame, in some measure," admitted the professor. "I saw a man hiding beside the road, or thought I did, and turned to make sure. But by that time the man had disappeared, and I fancied I was mistaken. My fault lay in not telling Mr. Carfax to be watchful on his return—and that was hardly necessary, since I did not recognize the man or suspect his object."

"I used the past tense, Mr. Hartridge, as you may have noted. It was only circumstantial evidence, at best. But you said a moment ago that to-day had straightened out some of the puzzles for you. How is that?"

Hartridge shook his head.

"If I should attempt to explain, it might raise a painful question of veracity. I don't mind figuring as a dynamiter in your scheme of things, Mr. Tregarvon, but it would distress me greatly if—"

"If I believed you would lie to cover it up? Let me assure you that I don't believe it, Professor Hartridge."

"Thank you. Then I don't mind telling you of a thing that happened this afternoon. I had been over in the Pocket to see the broken-headed McNabb's little daughter, who is ill of a fever—doctoring people being one of my many half-learned trades. On the way out I stumbled upon two men talking very earnestly about your mine; or,

rather, I should say I overheard them without seeing them, or being seen by them. As nearly as I could make out, they were sitting upon a rock ledge just below my path."

"Go on," said Tregarvon, skilfully spreading the leaf fire until it began to creep toward the head of the cleft.

"In a moment." The answer was more than half a groan. "This leg—of mine—grows—a bit insistent—now and then."

Tregarvon waited and listened. The searchers, if any there were, were not yet within hearing. There was no sound other than the soft sighing of the vapor-laden wind through the summit forest. When the paroxysm of pain had passed, Hartridge went on:

"As I was saying, I listened. One of the men was insisting that you must be discouraged in some more decided way. He did not indicate the way, but he demanded thoroughness and haste. The other replied that there would 'be something doing'—I think I quote him correctly—to-night. This second voice I recognized at once. It was that of Luke Sawyer, a member of your drilling-gang. Am I credible thus far?"

"Quite so."

"Then I may venture to tax your good-nature a little farther. On hearing this, I retraced my steps to the McNabb cabin in the Pocket, and asked Morgan to do me the favor to report my news to your man Rucker, or whoever might be doing watchman's duty at the plant. Still believable, am I?"

"Entirely. I am beginning to have an idea or two of my own. If they develop much farther, I shall have to confess myself the greatest blockhead that ever lived, Mr. Hartridge."

The childlike smile sat in the professor's mild blue eyes until it was extinguished by a fresh spasm of pain.

"McNabb promised," he said, continuing his narration, "and I went on my way to Highmount. You may ask why I didn't take the message to Rucker myself. To be frank, I didn't care to be seen at your place after what had already occurred. But later, fearing that the warning might possibly have miscarried, I put all scruples aside and walked over to the old burying-ground. I was just in time to see my messenger captured and rather roughly handled by your two watchmen, and I confess that the incident made me unreasonably angry—so angry that it asked for an hour's tramping through the wood to convince me that, in spite of all, you must be warned. I went back to the glade and saw a ghost. The ghost was doing something to your machinery; but before I could intervene the time for intervention was past. I think you know the various sequences."

"All but one of them," said Tregarvon; and then he went back to his earliest question: "Why did you run?"

This time the professor's smile ripened into a subdued laugh.

"Still more human nature. I am not very brave, Mr. Tregarvon; or, at least, my legs are not. They ran away with me without waiting for definite instructions, I think. And you will pardon me if I say that you looked extremely fierce and violent as you charged upon me with the brandished pistol."

Tregarvon nodded gravely.

"I made a bally ass of myself at the wrong moment, as usual. But another point or two; and then, if our rescuers don't come, I'll set this pine-tree afire for a signal. How about the little steel cubes to dull our drills?"

"Circumstantial evidence against me, I'll admit—of the kind that now and then hangs an innocent man. From a word or two which had drifted to me that day, I was led to believe that Judge Birrell's henchman—you see, I myself was then in the thralls of misapprehension as to the source of your troubles—I was led to believe that this man, whoever he might be, would pay you a visit that night. I went to stand in the breach for Miss Richardia's father; not at all for your sake that time. After a long vigil, which, it seems, you and Mr. Carfax were sharing with me, I saw a man creep up to your derrick. I tried to stalk him, but he was too wary. He ran, scattering his bits of steel as he went. I had just picked one up to examine it when you surprised me."

Tregarvon was holding his head again. The throbbing misery returned only at intervals, but it threatened to blot him out when it did return.

"Let us go all the way through with it, if we can," he said, when a supreme effort of will enabled him to draw back a little way from the threatening pit of oblivion. "Who were those two men whose plotting you overheard this afternoon?"

"One of them was Luke Sawyer, as I have said. The other I did not recognize by his voice, and I had no other means."

"Sawyer — Sawyer — what could he have against me? Do you know anything about him, Mr. Hartridge?"

"Only by repute. He has an unsavory reputation. He was a strike-breaker in the employ of the C. and C. last summer, and he has served a term in the penitentiary."

"Somebody's tool," mused Tregarvon. "But whose, Mr. Hartridge—whose?"

"Haven't you guessed yet, Mr. Tregarvon?"

"No, I haven't."

"Then let me lead you a step farther. On Wednesday night last week your man Rucker saw certain phenomena which he was quite unable to explain. He was also unable to hold his tongue about them, and the story of his experiences came to my ears in due course. It was Judge Birrell who shook his fist at your drilling-plant, wrathful because you had desecrated the burial-ground of his old house-servants; it was Miss Richardia who was with him."

"But the others," said Tregarvon; "the two who came later with the surveying instruments?"

"You must draw your own conclusions. I can only say that I have long suspected that the C. and C. people know about the existence of the true Ocoee vein — that they possibly know better than I do how far it extends. In that case the hasty survey might have been for the purpose of determining whether your latest test-hole would find it. I merely suggest this."

"You've hit it," said Tregarvon, smiting his fist into the leaf-mold. "I know my man now, and I'll put him in jail for all this, if it takes every dollar I can dig out of the Ocoee."

The man with the broken leg smiled again.

"No," he said gently, "you'll do nothing of the sort, Mr. Tregarvon. If I may venture to prophesy, you will not be at all inclined to make a personal matter of it with this man when you have finally traced these little unpleasantnesses to his door."

"Why won't I?" Tregarvon demanded.

"Merely because you will be much too busy fighting the impersonal matters," was the quiet rejoinder; and after that they sat in silence during the few minutes which elapsed before the welcome shout from the cliff above told them that help was at hand.

It was something of an undertaking, getting the two injured men out of the deep cleft—this though the freed McNabb was added to the four others of the rescue-party. Once on the plateau, however, a litter was quickly improvised for Hartridge, and Tregarvon made shift to help himself a little, with Wilmerding and Carfax to shoulder him on either side.

On the slow progress back to the burial-ground glade, Tregarvon realized vaguely that his companions were silent and abstracted; and he was rather glad than sorry, since his brain was again reeling confusedly.

When they reached the glade he saw the cause for silence. The auto-car had been repaired and backed down to the little opening among the trees. One of its head-lamps had been removed and placed so that its white glare funneled upon the door-space in front of the tool shanty. Judge Birrell was sitting on the doorstep with his gun between his knees, and on a rough plank trestle within arm's reach lay the figure of a man covered with one of Rucker's blankets.

"Who is it?" muttered Tregarvon, leaning more heavily upon his helpers.

"It's Sawyer," replied Carfax, and his voice seemed to come from the illimitable distances. "We found him when we were searching for you, and brought him in to do what we could for him. That's what kept us so long."

"Is he — dead?" asked Tregarvon; and now his own voice seemed to come from afar.

"Yes; he miscalculated on the fuse,

and was blown up before he could get away. He lived less than half an hour, but the judge got him to make a dying statement. We know now who has been behind all this deviltry."

The curious roaring in Tregarvon's brain had grown to the thunder of a thousand cataracts, but he flogged the failing senses into line for the supreme effort.

"I know," he whispered; "I know. But go on—tell me—"

"It was Thaxter—otherwise the Coal and Coke Company. You've got a mine, a big one, Vance, and they know it. The order came down from the big bosses to worry you till you'd sell. Sawyer took the blame for the tree in the road and for the dynamite; confessed that he might have been overrunning his orders a bit, but—"

"Let up," said Wilmerding, almost savagely. "Don't you see he's gone off his head?"

XXII

It was a month before the Birrell family physician, who had been summoned hastily from Hesterville and driven at cup-racing speed up the mountain in Wilmerding's runabout on the night of woundings, pronounced Tregarvon out of danger and in a fair way to recover.

Whatever the lapse of time meant to others, it had little significance for the young man who rolled and tossed in the big four-poster bed in the guest-room at Westwood House. Dim pictures there were of people coming and going; of grotesque attendants lifting him about, these sometimes parading as liveried Merkleys with Uncle William heads, and sometimes with the conditions reversed; of a face, loving but sorrowful, bending over him, now hopefully and again with sharp anxiety in the wistful eyes.

But for the greater part, what with the thundering cataracts to attend to, and a thousand dancing lights which had to be wheeled in vanishing spirals, checked, stopped, and wheeled the other way precisely three hundred times a minute, he was so pressed for time as not to be aware of the lapse of it. Hence, when he finally opened eyes of full consciousness upon the walls and ceiling of the guest-room, he was sadly out of touch, not only with his surroundings, but with the date of them, his latest clear remembrance being of a cloud-banked night, of a glade in the forest, and of a huge white eye of artificial light staring down upon a rude bier with its blanketed corpse.

At first, he thought he was alone in the great high-ceilinged room; but at his earliest conscious stirring, Richardia came and stood beside him.

"Do you know me, Mr. Vance?" she asked in low tones, laying a cool hand on his swathed forehead.

"Know you? Why, sometimes I think I do; and at other times I'm not so sure. Last night, for example, when you called me a dog in the manger—oh, Richardia, dear, that hurt! My head aches from it yet."

Either the eyes looking down into his filled suddenly with tears, or his own did, he could not tell which; and out of the indistinctnesses the low-toned voice said:

"Don't—please don't! It wasn't last night, you know."

"Wasn't it? Isn't this Monday morning? Surely it is—and I'm keeping you; you've stayed away from Highmount on my account. What will the young ladies do without Miss Dick?"

He could see better now, and the blue eyes were smiling.

"This is Wednesday, quite late in the afternoon. And the young ladies have got along without Miss Dick for three weeks and a half."

"Three weeks and a half!" he murmured faintly. "Is it possible that I have been—heavens and earth!—three weeks monkeying with those blessed lights and listening to the waterfalls, when all Poictiers asked for was a clear fifteen minutes? Tell me, Richardia, as you hope to be forgiven—has he proposed to you?"

Her clear, sweet laugh was a panacea for all heartaches; a balm; wine and oil poured into a wound.

"Of course he hasn't," she said, to give the laugh its proper credentials. "What an absurd idea! It belongs to the period of the lights and the waterfalls, doesn't it?"

"No; it goes back beyond the Flood. But why is it absurd? Didn't he swipe my car last night—no, three weeks and a half ago—to—"

"You are talking too much and exciting yourself," she said, and now the voice was that of the professional nurse. "The doctor won't allow it, and I mustn't."

Tregarvon attempted a smile, but it was only a grin.

"Wants me soothed, does he? All right; say that again about Poictiers."

"He hasn't—proposed—to me."

"But he is going to—as soon as he can do it without taking advantage of a man with wheels in his head?"

"No; I think I can assure you that Mr. Carfax will never propose to me—or to any other woman again. But you are still talking too much."

"The remedy is in your hands; if you'll just go on talking, I'll stop. But you're drawing it too strong about Poictiers. He's no woman-hater."

"Decidedly not," she said; and in the little silence that ensued he pointed weakly toward a chair.

"Please sit down," he begged. "I seem to have let my manners get drowned in some of the numerous waterfalls." And when she had drawn up a chair: "How is Professor Hartridge?"

"He is doing very well indeed; much better than we dared hope."

The cataracts began to murmur again, ever so faintly, and his hand sought and found hers.

"Tell me something, Richardia, before I go whirling off into space again—are you in love with Mr. William Wilberforce Hartridge?"

She tried to withdraw the hand he was holding, but he clung to it with a sick man's tenacity.

"There are some things I can't permit you to say to me—not even if you are sick," she protested, flushing faintly.

"I know; but I've got to be brutal, just this once. You were very anxious that nobody should be hurt in our tussle over the Ocoee; were you worrying about the professor?"

She was looking away from him when she said:

"No; I—it was nearer home, Mr. Vance. My father was very angry about your going into the old burying-ground. You see, he didn't know you then at all—"

"I see," he interrupted. "I feel better now. That is why you said last night—no, that Sunday night so long ago—that you were glad and happy and thankful. That was because he was going with us, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'm climbing out to daylight, a little at a time," he said thoughtfully. "Now, if you'll please tell me why you likened me to the ill-tempered stable-dog—"

"I'll make you tell yourself," she countered, with something like a return of her light-hearted vivacity. "Elizabeth had told you she couldn't marry you, hadn't she?"

"Yes."

"And she told you why?"

"Yes."

"You didn't love her the way you should have."

"I know it."

"And it wasn't breaking your heart in the least to have to give her up?"

"Not the most fragile part of it."

"Very well, then; why did you make Mr. Wilmerding bring you up here that night?"

Tregarvon took a long breath, shut his eyes, opened them again, and found her still there—her hand still in his.

"I think you know all about it, but I don't mind putting it into words. I was a widower—a brand-new widower; and in common decency I couldn't say a word—not then. Poictiers knew it, and so he came up to say his word first—only now you say he didn't say it."

"I didn't; I merely said he didn't say it to me."

He rose on one elbow.

"Where is Poictiers now?" he asked.

"He is in Coalville."

"And where is Elizabeth?"

"She is there, too."

He sank back with a satisfied groan.

"Some people are born blind, some acquire blindness, and some have blindness thrust upon them," he misquoted. "I think I'm all three kinds rolled into one. Go on, please, and tell me all about it. Nothing can excite me now."

"They were married, very quietly, of course, as soon as the doctor said you

would get well. They both wanted to wait; but Mr. Carfax couldn't leave the mine, and Elizabeth wouldn't leave him. We lent them Aunt Phyllis temporarily—"

"Just as you lent me Uncle William," put in Tregarvon.

"Yes; and they've gone to housekeeping in your old office-building — also temporarily."

"Elizabeth and Poictiers keeping house in that old tumble-down shack of mine, when they could rent the Villa Borghese if they felt like it," he laughed weakly. "Isn't that rich? But go on and tell me some more. The C. and C. lion hasn't swallowed my poor little lamb of an Ocoee, has it?"

She rose and stood beside him again, with her free hand on his forehead.

"Mr. Vance, I wonder if you know how to value a good friend when you have one. Do you remember one evening on the veranda at Highmount, when we were talking about Mr. Carfax? I retract every word I said. You can imagine the situation when Mr. Thaxter was exposed, and it became known that the great Ocoee vein was found at last. I don't know all the things that the trust did, but I do know that Mr. Carfax hardly ate or slept until he had the mine open and running—until he had beaten everybody into line and set the poor little lamb firmly upon its feet."

"Oh, that's Poictiers all right," murmured the sick man. "It's been in him all the time, only there has never been anything to bring it out before this. But you haven't told me everything."

"Yes, I have; and now you must try and sleep. Mr. Carfax will be up later; he comes every day, and sometimes twice a day, in spite of all the things he has to do; and so does Mr. Wilmerding."

"Wilmerding! Is he still the 'good enemy'?"

"Mr. Wilmerding is superintendent of the Ocoee. Fancy your not knowing it!" she laughed. And then, anticipating his question: "No; I don't believe he came over to you wholly because of his falling out with Mr. Thaxter. You see, the Ocoee is much nearer to Highmount, and Miss Farron—"

"Never mind Miss Farron, please, or Wilmerding, or the Ocoee—which is going to be reorganized, by the way, taking in all the original stockholders that Mr. Parker slew. Never mind any of these things; they're secondary, tertiary, or even farther removed. What I'm perishing to know is if you've forgiven me, Richardia, dear!"

"For what?" she asked softly.

"For—well, for bungling things so that I have to come to you with crape on my arm—as Elizabeth's widower, you know. Do you think—you could get your own consent to marry a—an unincumbered widower, Richardia?"

She smiled down upon him. "Are the waterfalls coming again?" she asked.

"They will come, if you don't say yes. I'm beginning to hear them already."

"But didn't you say it was just a frank, open friendship? A—"

"Oh, please don't!" he groaned. "You knew better at the time—you knew that I loved you, and that I was feeling like two curs because I couldn't honorably tell you so. Please don't break what little heart I've got left, Richardia, dear; especially when you were so wicked as not to tell me that you knew Elizabeth! I—"

The interruption took the form of the bald and venerable head of old Uncle William framed in the crack of the opened door.

"Marsteh Poictiers comed over in de ought-to-be-a-mule, en he's askin' kin he see Marsteh Tregarbin," he said.

Tregarvon looked up into the slate-blue eyes with something of his old masterful determination.

"Not till you say yes, Richardia," he whispered, tightening his hold upon the hand that was ineffectually trying to free itself.

She bent quickly till her lips touched his forehead between the crossed bandages. When she looked around, Uncle William's back was turned, and he was apparently engrossed in a deep study of the wall-paper pattern.

"You may bring Mr. Carfax up, Uncle William," she said. "Mr. Tregarvon is very much better now."

THE END

THE REMARKABLE ADVANCE OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

MARCHING thousands of men and women, marshaled under crimson banners, with arms bared, heads erect, eyes flashing, and throats roaring:

> We'll raise the scarlet standard high!
> Beneath its shade we'll live and die!
> Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
> We'll keep the red flag flying here!

This is the vision that haunts the conservative people of England to-day.

Wherever men are gathered, for whatever purpose, in counting-room and factory, in royalty's drawing-room and worker's slum, in country mansion and village inn, in patrician hunting-field and popular music-hall — everywhere, even in the churches and schools, always obtrudes that vision.

Marching thousands of men and women under the red flag! Marching—whither?

"To freedom and plenty," cries Hope.

"To wide-spread ruin and disaster," retorts Fear.

Thus the vision—to one a dream, to the other a nightmare. But what of the reality?

It is night at Westminster. The House of Commons is in session. More than half the members are lounging in the lobbies and smoking-room. Those that remain are either dozing on the benches or listening but indifferently to the member who is droning out a speech on the floor. Over all, drowsiness and gloom settle like a pall.

Suddenly the speaker stops and sits down. There is a stir in the midst of a little group in a corner of the chamber. A member of the group arises and is recognized. The man is of medium height, stockily built, plainly clothed, with serious face, earnest eyes, square jaw, and a sprinkling of gray in his hair and beard.

Instantly the somnolent members wake up. A murmur runs like an electric flash out from the chamber into the lobbies and rooms where men are lounging and chatting. There arise a noise of feet and a sudden clamor of voices as the chamber fills. Gone is the atmosphere of gloom and stagnancy, and in its place are curiosity and expectancy. All faces

are turned toward the resolute man who addresses them.

The man who speaks is Keir Hardie, and the cause for which he speaks is that of the Labor party. His voice is the voice of a million men, and his audience includes every man and woman who reads a newspaper in the king's dominions.

When the eighth annual conference of the Labor party was held in January last, at Hull, it represented, in round numbers, one million out of the two million trade-unionists in Great Britain —the birthplace of trade-unionism. That conference startled the world as well as its own country by adopting a resolution declaring for socialism — a de-

JAMES KEIR HARDIE, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR MERTHYR TYDVIL SINCE 1900, AND FORMERLY CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOR PARTY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

velopment unlooked for even by some of the leaders of the party.

It was this action which caused the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, former prime minister and leader of the Tory party, to declare that "the Labor party had definitely hoisted the red flag and announced itself the advocate of a scheme of social reconstruction which would not only carry with it ruin in the great commercial centers and destroy the country's commercial and manufacturing position among the nations of the world, but would be the greatest calamity that had ever happened, to rich and poor alike."

Truly a dire prediction! Without considering the merits of the issue thus promulgated, it is worth while to analyze the elements that have precipitated an unparalleled political situation in England.

The Labor party was born nine years ago. Its rapid growth into a formidable power is unprecedented in British politics. Organized under the name of the Labor Representation Committee, with delegates from trade-unions, cooperative societies, and socialist organizations comprising nearly three hundred and fifty thousand members, it attracted but little general attention at first. Within a year, however, the Labor Representation Committee had elected two members of Par-

JOHN BURNS, ONE OF THE FOREMOST FIGURES IN THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT, NOW A MEMBER OF THE ASQUITH CABINET AS PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD

From a photograph by Russell, London

liament and increased its total membership by more than one hundred thousand. Far-seeing politicians began to give warning of what was inevitably coming, but most of their colleagues paid little or no heed.

Circumstances worked toward progress for the Labor party. For twenty years the trend of the British labor movement had been making for just such a culmination as this new organization offered. Let me briefly recapitulate.

After the bloody collapse of the ill-fated Chartist outbreak, in 1848, the British trade-unionists lay dormant as a political force for forty years. Even the more liberal suffrage granted them by the law of 1884 did not arouse them. Their energies were devoted almost entirely to the economic field. The unemployed agitation of 1886 and 1887, however, was the real beginning of the present extraordinary situation. Then came the successful strike of the dock-

VICTOR GRAYSON, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE COLNE VALLEY DISTRICT OF YORKSHIRE, AND AN ACTIVE SOCIALIST ORATOR

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

laborers in 1889, and what was called the New Unionism received a tremendous impetus.

This was short-lived. In the nineties, trade-unionism met with a series of sharp reverses. Strike after strike was lost, notwithstanding that the unions had considered themselves impregnable with their large treasuries. A crushing blow was the defeat, in the lockout of 1897, of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, one of the most powerful of the international bodies of working men. Support from unions all over the world could not prevent the employers from gaining a victory. The Penrhyn quarrymen's strike in Wales, lasting more than three years, ended in another signal defeat.

ARTHUR HENDERSON, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE BARNARD CASTLE DIVISION OF DURHAM, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE LABOR PARTY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

From a photograph by Haines, London

In the year following the birth of the Labor party, the famous Taff Vale decision was handed down by the courts and sustained by the House of Lords. This declared that picketing during strikes was illegal, and that unions were liable for damages incurred by employers through the acts of striking employees. Such a far-reaching decision startled the trade-unionists as never before. Under it their most effective weapon for conducting strikes was taken from them, and their union funds could be levied upon by employers whenever damages could be shown. Efforts to have a bill passed through Parliament—the Trades Disputes Bill—to legalize picketing, and to limit the specific acts for which trade-union funds could be mulcted, were blocked. So was other legislation demanded by the unions.

Meanwhile the unemployed situation — perhaps more acute in England than any other country — was growing in intensity, and the agitation over it becoming more bitter. Charles Booth, an eminent and impartial social statistician, holds there are ordinarily in England thirteen million people on the verge of actual want. There are in England and Wales about nine hundred thousand paupers. The official figures for July 1, 1907—the latest at hand — show 868,276; and since that date the decline of commercial activity must have caused a considerable increase. In London alone it is estimated that no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand children go to school without breakfast. At the end of last year, out of every thousand trade-union members in England, sixty-one were out of work. These

PETER FRANCIS CURRAN, OF THE GAS-WORKERS' UNION, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE JARROW DIVISION OF DURHAM

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

few figures give but a faint idea of the appalling condition of the English labor market.

LABOR MEN IN PARLIAMENT

At the last general election—that of 1906 — the Liberals swept into power with a great majority; but another significant result of the voting was the appearance of twenty-nine representatives of the Labor party. A revolution in British politics was inaugurated. The political world was aghast. The success of two additional Labor candidates at by-elections held last year has caused still more concern.

Most of the thirty-one Labor M.P.'s are leading officials of trade-unions—representing almost as many different trades. There are other working men in Parliament, but these were elected as "Liberal Labor" men, or simply as trade-union candidates, without the co-operation or indorsement of the Labor party, and they act either with the Liberals or as individuals.

In the Commons, the Labor group has its own chairman and its own whips, like the older parties. The spectacle is thus presented for the first time of a body of working men—miners, laborers, longshoremen, machinists, and so on—acting as an organized, independent, and distinct body in the Mother of Parliaments. When it is considered that heretofore membership in the British legis-

WILL THORNE, SECRETARY OF THE GAS-WORKERS' UNION, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR WEST HAM

From a photograph by Calvert, London

lature has been practically restricted to the wealthier and aristocratic classes, is it any wonder that the ancient traditions that cluster around Westminster have been rudely shaken?

The Labor members consider their proposals eminently practical, but their opponents freely use the adjectives "paternalistic," "demoralizing," "confiscatory," and "unpatriotic" to express their opinion of the newcomers' demands. Relief for the unemployed; old-age pensions; free feeding of school-children; better factory inspection; a shorter workday for miners—these are the chief economic measures advanced. Woman suffrage and railway nationalization also get some attention.

The Labor party has forced through Parliament its Trades Disputes Bill, and thus neutralized the Taff Vale decision; secured an amendment to the Education Act, providing meals for school-children; inspired a workman's compensation law which makes employers liable for injuries sustained by employees; and compelled additional grants for the unemployed. A modified system of old-age pensions has also been adopted by Mr. Asquith's government, and will come into operation with next year, admittedly in deference to the demands of the Labor group.

Notwithstanding this, all is not serene within the ranks of the new party. There is dissatisfaction with the work of the

members in Parliament, and they are constantly being called upon to be more radical and outspoken. To this they reply that they are hampered by the antiquated rules governing parliamentary procedure, and they have frequently expressed their disgust at the cumbersome methods which, as they claim, retard political progress.

There are also factions in the Labor movement itself. The trade-unions have at least two national federations, and the relations of the several socialist parties and groups to one another are bewildering and confusing. Of these socialist bodies, the Independent Labor party and the Fabian Society are affiliated with the Labor party. The Social Democratic Federation, the oldest socialist organization, withdrew when the Labor party, a few years ago, refused to make socialism a test of membership.

One great bar to labor representation in Parliament, heretofore, has been the non-payment of members. The British government, unlike those of almost all other countries, pays no salaries to its legislators. As a result, working men—even if they could bear the necessary costs of a campaign for election—could not afford to serve at Westminster. To meet this difficulty, the affiliated unions of the Labor party levy special funds to support candidates while seeking election and while sitting in Parliament. All the Labor members are financed in this way. The system has met with some opposition within the unions, and individual members have tested in the courts the legality of funds raised and used for political purposes.

The claim is also made that trade-union funds are used to advance the propaganda of socialism. However this may be, the agitation of the Labor party never stops. Pamphlets expounding its principles pour from the press literally in millions. It is estimated that the Labor and socialist groups hold fifteen hundred public meetings in Great Britain every Sunday. The Labor members are engaged unceasingly in public speaking, and debates between advocates and opponents are frequent.

An element of picturesqueness is added to the movement by the so-called

WILL CROOKS, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR WOOLWICH, AND A PROMINENT LABOR LEADER

From a photograph by Russell, London

ROBERT BLATCHFORD, FOUNDER OF THE CLARION, AND AUTHOR OF WIDELY CIRCULATED SOCIALIST BOOKS

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

Clarion Vanners, who keep vans traveling with speakers and literature while seasonable weather permits. They derive their name from the *Clarion*, a weekly labor newspaper. The Clarion Vanners have had some exciting experiences. Their vans have been ordered out of certain towns, and have had to pass on in a hurry. In other places they have been attacked during their meetings, their speakers have been routed, and their vans dumped into the ditch. More recently, other vans have been sent out, equipped with antisocialist speakers and literature, and these, too, have met with unfriendly receptions in various places.

Such a movement as this of the Labor party cannot but be full of dramatic features. Arising out of existing social and industrial conditions, its character is reflected in the careers and personalities of its leaders. Their lot cast in unpleasant places, battling with poverty and hardship from their birth, these men have the characteristics naturally acquired in the struggle to survive under unequal conditions of caste and privilege. Nearly all of them are self-educated, children of the slum, the workman's cottage, and the poorhouse. And yet, two years ago, when they were asked by a London newspaper to tell what books had specially influenced them, the names most frequently mentioned were those of the Bible, the works of

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR LEICESTER, AND SECRETARY OF THE LABOR PARTY

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Dickens, Shakespeare, Karl Marx, and Darwin.

THE CAREER OF KEIR HARDIE

Picture to yourself a little boy down in a coal-mine, away from the sunlight and fresh air, holding a piece of slate over the smoke of a lamp, and then tracing the alphabet upon the smoke-stained surface with a pin. That was how Keir Hardie, foremost leader of the Labor party, learned to write. He never had a day's schooling in his life.

At eight years of age Hardie went into the mines, working there twelve hours a day. Before he was thirty he had organized the miners of Lanarkshire and was subeditor of a weekly newspaper. At thirty-six he was elected to Parliament by one of the East End districts of London. At Westminster he attracted attention by wearing the same cloth cap that he always wore in his Scottish mining-town, thereby shattering the tradition which made the silk hat the proper legislative headgear. The controversy that arose over this act of Hardie's was almost as serious and profound as if an enemy had fired upon the British fleet.

Defeated for reelection in 1895, he was returned again in 1900 from Merthyr Tydvil, the coal-mining center of South Wales, which he still represents. Meanwhile he had founded the Independent Labor party and started its organ, the *Labor Leader*. He visited the United States, in 1895, as fraternal delegate to the American Federation of Labor, and was enthusiastically welcomed by trade-unionists in the principal cities. During his recent tour of the world — undertaken on account of ill health—his letters from India aroused the British press to fierce discussion and government supporters to fresh invective. This year he has visited the United States again, principally to study the national campaign and the political methods employed here. He has urged American working men to unite for action as an independent party.

Hardie is a unique combination of practicality and sentiment. A strong poetic vein and a streak of dry Scottish humor relieve the deep seriousness of his nature. Thoroughly acquainted with labor conditions in Great Britain, he has nevertheless found time to acquire an extensive knowledge of literature and the classics.

JOHN BURNS, CABINET MINISTER

John Burns has been an important figure in the British labor movement of the last quarter of a century. Beginning as a socialist, he has gradually drawn farther and farther away from his old associates until his acceptance of a position in the present Liberal cabinet finally sundered their relations. The socialists now delight in taunting him with his speeches of twenty years ago, in which he eulogized the red flag. To-day he has changed many of his views. Much of the prevailing poverty in England he charges to intemperance, and he constantly calls upon the working people to stop drinking.

Burns began work in a candle-factory, then served as a rivet boy, was apprenticed to an engineer, studied at night-school, went to South Africa, there read Adam Smith, and on his return to England threw himself into the labor movement. During the unemployed agitation of 1886-1887 he was imprisoned for resisting an officer. He has represented the Battersea district of London in Parliament since 1892.

When Burns became a cabinet officer, and had to hold audience with royalty for the first time, there was much curiosity as to whether, in view of his old-time ridicule of the "flunkies" of the court, he would wear the traditional knee-breeches and the rest of the state dress used on such occasions. It was rumored that an effort was made to have the king excuse Burns from appearing in costume; but Burns donned the regalia nevertheless, and his enemies are still scoffing at him about it.

OTHER LABOR LEADERS

Will Crooks has had a romantic and stormy career. Reared in the poorhouse, amid the most degrading poverty, he emerged from the surrounding wretchedness to learn his trade as a cooper, and to teach himself to read and write. Blacklisted for his trade-union activity, beaten from pillar to post, snatching a

precarious livelihood, he entered local politics in his native district of Poplar, in the East End of London, and was elected to the London County Council. Four years ago, Woolwich sent him to Parliament by a majority of nearly two to one. He is a blunt, rugged character of great popularity among the working people.

Two able members are Will Thorne and Pete Curran, both of the Gas-Workers' Union. Thorne started as a boy worker in a brick-field, educated himself, founded his union in 1889, and has remained its chief officer ever since. Curran was elected from Jarrow last year. He is Irish, was born in Glasgow, and began agitating in the Irish Land League. He served six weeks in jail, in 1890, for "intimidation" during a strike. Both he and Thorne have visited the United States as fraternal delegates to the American Federation of Labor.

Arthur Henderson, who recently succeeded Hardie as chairman of the Labor party, is a molder, a prominent union official, with experience as a member of various municipal councils.

The secretary of the Labor party is J. Ramsay Macdonald, who differs from his colleagues in that he was successively a school-teacher, a clerk, and a journalist. He is the chief Labor whip, and an eloquent speaker, who is considered the leading "opportunist" of the party.

Of the distinctly socialist group, Henry M. Hyndman and Robert Blatchford perhaps stand out the most prominently. Hyndman was one of the founders of the Social Democratic Federation in 1881. He belongs to a rich family, and is a graduate of Cambridge. A journalist and traveler in his early life, he was always a radical. He says himself—though it sounds a little strange to American ears—that in becoming a socialist he was largely influenced by his visits to the United States between 1871 and 1880. Although efforts have been made to elect Hyndman to Parliament, these have so far failed.

Robert Blatchford, formerly a sergeant in the British army, novelist, short-story writer, and all-around literary man, founded the *Clarion* and is the author of the most widely circulated socialist book in the English language—"Merrie England." He is perhaps the best drawing card that the Laborites command, although he is not a good public speaker.

Victor Grayson won a memorable victory at the by-election held in July of last year in the Colne Valley district of Yorkshire. Practically unknown up to that time, he made a great impression as a speaker, and, running as an avowed and uncompromising socialist, he defeated both a Liberal and a Conservative candidate. Grayson is less than thirty years old, a college graduate and a trained journalist; and since his election to Parliament he has not been able to fill half the demands made upon him for public addresses.

William Morris, poet, artist, and craftsman, was a noted socialist in his day. He attributed his socialism to his hatred of the ugliness and dirt and misery which he charged our present civilization with producing. Walter Crane, the artist, in his recently published reminiscences, credits his conversion to socialism to his association with Morris. In yet another group belong Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Sydney Webb, economist and labor historian, and other noted people who are organized into the Fabian Society, which promulgates socialism among the middle class, with Shaw as its shining light.

These are only some of the leaders of the new movement, but they typify the various elements that center around the Labor party. In the face of this combination, party lines are being readjusted, ancient political landmarks swept away, antiquated issues forgotten, traditional animosities obliterated.

Some profess to see in the movement a revival of the ideas of Jack Cade and Wat Tyler. Others point out that, instead of ignorant medieval peasants, the agitators of to-day are mainly dwellers in cities, intelligent artisans, graduates of the public schools.

And ever arises that vision of marching thousands of men and women, and ever projects itself the question—whither march they? To freedom and plenty, or to wide-spread ruin and disaster?

Only the future, under the guidance of mutual sympathy, patriotism, and public spirit, can make answer.

STORIETTES

The Universal Angle

BY VINGIE E. ROE

SPREAD out on a desolate flat of barren land was a mighty, far-circling structure whose grim gray walls it was impossible to mistake. On the wrong side of those walls three men sat talking quietly in the comparative freedom bought by "special first-class good conduct." They all wore the conventional garb of the commonwealth—dull gray with white stripes—and none of them bore a noticeable hirsute burden.

These three had as inevitably drawn together as they had emerged from the mass to the more distinctive plane of "trusty." They were all men of intellect and a certain brand of refinement. Just now, in a corner of the open yard, where they had been detailed on some small matter of a water-pipe, they were discoursing on the relative merits of love, maternal and conjugal.

"Mother love," said the oldest of the trio—a slender man whose calm brown eyes and unbending carriage still retained a distinction of individuality after nine years of the lock-step—"mother love is the one basic, unchangeable principle of humanity, the one dependable passion. It transcends all others as day dominates night. It animates all nature, from the most minute creations up."

They had been digging, and they sat on the dump to rest a moment under the lenient eye of the guard. The youngest prisoner—a boy of twenty, in for the best ten years of his life—picked up a clod of clay, breaking it in his fingers. His eyes clouded so quickly and heavily that he finished the operation carefully before looking up.

"I guess *I* know that," he said tensely.

The third—a man in the very prime of life, a handsome fellow with a haughty, well-bred face and an indescribable air of decency—had kept a comparative silence. Now he spoke, and there was a hardness in his low voice that was not habitual.

"Neither of you, I think, is married," he said. "I am."

The older man interrupted him. "I was," he said simply.

The other, whose name in the prison parlance was "No. 1822," went on:

"There are things that one must experience to discuss with any certainty. The idea that a thing must always be so because it is commonly so is a blind prejudice. Men talk, as you are talking, from a universal acceptance of a rule; and until they experience the exception to that rule at brutal first hand, they swear, in their ignorance, that it is incontrovertible. You have seen the universal angle; I have experienced the possible exception."

The other two were silent—the older man because he understood, the boy because he didn't. Presently No. 1822 went on:

"Although we three have become such friends as men may be in such a situation, none of us has told his story. Mine is a direct refutation of your theory. I am here because my mother put me here. Not but what it was my just due—I am still man enough to take what I deserve under my own colors—but there is the exception to your rule.

"It is a very commonplace story, like the history of hundreds of others here. It had to do with a banking-house in which I held a responsible position, a rather fast set of companions, a careless disregard of my income, debts, more debts, an awakening, the usual chance of retrieve of funds secretly borrowed for a few days, a sudden slump, a sickening loss, disgrace, ruin, and no avenue but flight. My wife, a delicate, wild-

flower thing, was prostrated, utterly overwhelmed, when I was forced to tell her the brutal truth. I left her"—the speaker turned deliberately and sat looking at the blank gray wall for several minutes, then he turned gamely back, though his face was white with the cruelty of the memory—"I left her broken-hearted, because she loved me. In her anguish she cried only that she loved me, and that I had broken her heart.

"I went to my mother for help in my proposed flight from the city. She was in a room hung with family portraits, and I remember how her face, set in its frame of iron gray hair, seemed suddenly to age, to congeal, to mold like wet clay into the lines of those that lined the walls on either side. Our ancestry is an upright one; I am the only divergent streak. But its chastity is set with inflexible spikes. It is a stern goodness. My mother heard my hurried words, stumbling out incoherently—for I had always held her in a certain reverent awe—and I know that she suffered more in that one moment than she had ever suffered in all her life. She gazed at me, transfixed. When she could move, she looked along that line of pictures, seeming to implore help from their silent strength. Then she walked down the long room, without a word, and rang a bell. She was my only source of help, so it followed inevitably that within an hour I had been turned over to the authorities.

"My trial was of no moment. There was no extenuation for me. I saw my wife once; then I came here. It has been part of my punishment that I should have no communication with the outside world. That was three years ago. In one week, with ten months off for good conduct, I shall leave here to take up what there is left of life. Do you wonder that with my wife's sobs ringing in my ears, and with the memory of her trembling lips clinging to mine, of her arms holding to me to be fairly torn loose at the last moment, I should place her love—weak woman that she was—above all other? The city, roaring away not so many miles from here, holds them both; but which do you think will receive me—a man with the prison-taint upon him, disgraced, dishonored—back into the old life? You may draw your own conclusions."

No. 1822 rose abruptly, picked up his tools, and returned to work. The boy's blue eyes were wide with wonder. The older man sat a moment, sighed, shook his head, and fell to his task in silence.

A week later No. 1822 stood in a certain room of the grim settlement. The gray-and-white stripes were gone, and in their place he wore a dark suit of ready-made clothes, every line of whose palpable mediocrity was a worse offense to his sensibilities than the prison garb had ever been. Several of the authorities were present, and the words that passed were strangely more like those between man and man than were usually accorded the departing guests of the place. A few formalities, and the convict who had served his time was taken down the long passage toward the heavy doors that opened to the outer world.

A wild panic of emotions surged through his heart. A very storm of uncertainty seized him. His hands felt cold and his knees trembled. Then the big doors were before him, and he turned to shake hands with his two friends, the older man and the boy, who, through a special indulgence—perhaps a breach of prison rules—had been allowed to see him off. An official swung a great key into an oiled lock, touched a knob, and with a smooth motion the doors swung open, the blessed sunlight poured in, and No. 1822 stepped forward, once more a free man.

He was about to strike out with the uncontrollable rush of a boy when something gave him pause, and he stood rigid on the top step.

Just at the bottom was a dark-colored automobile, and behind the liveried chauffeur there sat a woman—an old woman whose haughty head was crowned with iron-gray hair, and on whose upright, uncompromising face an unspeakable anguish had set its seal. Her drooping lips did not quiver as she swung open the door of the car and held out a gloved hand.

"Come, my son," she said gravely.

Helplessly, as if drawn by an un-

known force, the man on the step descended. He leaned against the door, catching at the outstretched hand.

"Mother!" he cried.

There was a terrible silence. The woman's face twitched.

"Agnes?" he said, breathlessly.

"Divorced and remarried—in Europe." She gently drew him inward, and he stepped into the car. The mother closed the door. "Home, Steffins," she said steadily.

The group in the big door was shut in, but there was a tender light in the gentle eyes of the older man as he fell into step.

Seventy-Seven's Coward

BY ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

PATRICK lay miserably on his cot in Engine Seventy-Seven's quarters, trying to be a man; but it was no use. He had flinched—not at a fire, not from danger of the terrible sort that fascinated him, but before a mere runaway horse, and the man he might have saved lay in the Morgue. Try as he might, the boy could not forget the silence with which the men had greeted him on his return to quarters, the story having somehow preceded him.

"I was off duty! I was off duty!" he kept whispering to himself, vainly attempting to crush the sense of cowardice that filled him with shame. He could never hold up his head again—the disgraceful tale would go the rounds of every fire-house in the city. Grim and severe, Seventy-Seven's captain had said nothing to the new man—merely stared at him savagely; but the wordless contempt of a veteran who twice had been medaled for heroism ate into the sturdy young Irishman's soul.

Banging out its imperious call, the great gong at the desk below cut short his agony. Instantly the sleepy house was alive. Men sprang to the pole and shot through the floor to the engine. The horses were in their places, pawing and eager. Quick hands snapped the harness fast, the engineer fired his oil-soaked kindlings, the driver caught up the reins, and engine and tender rolled out together, red-headed Patrick clinging with one hand to the rail of the tender as he pulled on his boots and rubber coat with the other. Above him, on the accurately piled hose, straddled the captain, cursing the hot weather, the slippery asphalt, and fires generally, his white mustache all a bristle, his blue eyes hard.

Shrill and terrifying, the whistle demanded right of way as Seventy-Seven thundered down the avenue, her three splendid grays at a panting gallop. Through a side street the crew could hear Fifty-Four's whistle, and knew that she, too, was clamoring and straining for first place at the dangerous turn a block ahead.

"Hit it up, Tom!" yelled the captain. "We can make it!"

Leaning forward with cutting lash and pleading voice, the intrepid driver answered by urging his plunging team on, and Seventy-Seven took the corner on two wheels, Fifty-Four's horses nosing the men on the flying tender.

Just ahead the fire roared through the roof of a large paint-store, menacing a restaurant on one side and a wholesale chemist's on the other. Already the battalion chief had rung in a second and a third alarm, and for blocks the city thrilled to the wild shriek of the racing engines.

Seventy-Seven halted beside the nearest hydrant, and before the chief could give an order the coupling was made smartly, hose led out, and the nozzlemen staggered toward the inferno with their heavy line, Patrick and the other pipemen dragging the weight of the writhing hose behind. The boy's eyes widened as he gazed at the belching fury before him, thought of the watching thousands behind, for the noon-hour crowd had gathered like magic. Recruit that he was, he knew he was experiencing his first great conflagration, and shivered as he wondered disgustedly

if he would flinch here as he had flinched at smaller peril.

A hatless man rushed excitedly to the battalion chief, who instantly rang in two more alarms, and, running forward, began shouting, waving to the men, who could not hear anything but the gruff voice. Glancing quickly back as he helped with the hose, Patrick saw his captain beside him, white as paper, and felt the veteran's hand on his arm.

"Back, men! It's full o' chlorate! Back out! She'll go up in a minute!" the captain yelled, jerking each man as he shouted in his ear.

"The chemist shop, you mean?" roared Patrick.

No attention was paid to him, and he stood dumbly staring at the smoking drug-warehouse, from whose interior, though as yet scarcely fired, small explosions were already popping.

"Tons of it! Git back!" he heard the captain bellow at the nozzlemen, who dropped their brass tube and ran back. Fifty-Four's men sprang back, too. Up on the Elevated structure the crew of a hook and ladder were rapidly picking their way to safety over the deadly third rail. Only Patrick stood immovable as comrades and commander dashed toward security. It was one of those rare moments when terror incarnate melts the hearts of the bravest; and notwithstanding their records for undaunted courage, both crews fled from the intangible spirit of fear.

"Come back, you fool!" roared the officer. "Can't do nothin' till she blows up. She'll go in a second!"

The boy looked around. Inside the fire-lines there was no one but the grizzled veteran and himself. The sudden panic had seized upon crews and crowd alike. His face brightened.

"I'm goin' in! You think I'm a coward. I'm goin' in! Help me git that nozzle!"

Furiously the captain struck at him, but Patrick dodged the blow and darted forward, his big frame suddenly endowed with berserker strength and determination. Turning as he wrestled with the spouting serpent, he called to his comrades across the street:

"Seventy-Seven! Seventy-Seven! Come on in!"

Only the flames and a volley of terrifying little explosions answered him. Gritting his teeth, he fought with the hose, falling headlong as it suddenly flattened out with the cutting off of the water.

"Good old cap!" muttered the young recruit, jumping up and plunging desperately into the smoking cellar.

Across the way, the firemen watched enthralled as the pipe-line writhed its way into the darkness inch by inch, until the staccato alarm of a gong proclaimed the arrival of the chief himself.

"What's this?" he demanded angrily, struggling into his white rubber coat.

Seventy-Seven's captain caught the battalion chief's sign, and told him.

"She's full o' chlorate—blow up any second—called back crews to—"

"Who's in there?"

"Only a recruit—first coward Seventy-Seven's ever had. Guess he didn't understand. Too risky to go after him now. Might lose my whole crew!"

"Coward!" exploded the chief. "Gimme an ax. Darn the chlorate! Turn on your water full there, Seventy-Seven. Come on, boys, follow me!"

The panic was gone. With a yell the men sprang after the disappearing white coat and helmet and the bobbing lantern. A minute later, Patrick, deathly sick on the floor of the cellar as he lay face downward over the nozzle spouting a torrent against the barrels of chlorate of potash, upon which he had stumbled by mere luck, felt his heart leap as the lantern approached and he heard a muffled voice say:

"Good boy!"

While the ambulance surgeon worked over him on the sidewalk, the irate chief heard the whole story. The big man's face grew blacker and blacker as the uncomfortable captain told it, shifted his helmet uneasily, and waited.

"Do you know what would have happened if that chlorate had exploded?" the chief asked.

"No, sir."

"Why don't you? It's your business to know! You, the oldest captain in the department! Report to me at headquarters after you wash down!"

Without a word the chief strode over

to Patrick, his face still dark as the recruit struggled feebly to his feet and saluted.

"What is your name?"

"William Patrick, sir—Engine Seventy-Seven," hiccoughed the half-suffocated recruit.

"Don't you know you were a fool to disobey orders and go in there?"

"No, sir."

"Eh?"

"No, sir. I knew what would happen if she ever blew up," he said haltingly, as the crews of Seventy-Seven and Fifty-Four gathered about in respectful curiosity, "an' I thought I could stop her. Was I wrong, sir?"

The entreaty in the lad's voice stirred the chief's tough old heart, and he made his voice very gruff to conceal its tremble.

"Wrong—no! It was the only thing to do. Report sick and go home for a day. You've done enough."

"Please, chief, I'd rather stay in the house. I don't want to go home!"

Gazing hard at the grimy, shamefaced heroes surrounding him, the chief laughed harshly.

"Anybody think bad o' the boy?"

"No, *sir!*" shouted the crews in chorus.

"I got a vacancy, chief, an' if you'll let me have him, the boys'll be only too glad to have such a partner," broke in Fifty-Four's captain, extending his hand heartily to Patrick. "We need all the brave men we can get."

"D'ye hear, lad?" the chief asked kindly. "You're transferred. Fifty-Four, you're in luck!"

And both crews answered with a cheer, completing the mystification of the uncomfortable Patrick.

The Princess and the Leopard

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

MISS MARIETTA BAILEY—"Princess Perdita, the Queen of the Leopards," she was called in the posters—sat in the waiting-room of the Magnet Museum, sewing at a new shirtwaist until the time came for her "turn."

Marietta could hardly have told you how she came to be an animal-trainer. As a farmer's child under the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains she had been fond of animals, trapping them in the woods, and making herself a juvenile menagerie. Then, when she had had to go out in the world and make her own living, there had come an opportunity to train bigger and more ferocious creatures. A visit to a friend who knew a showman, a meeting with the showman, an offer of employment if she could "make good" in the arena—and Marietta Bailey became the Princess Perdita.

Like most trainers, she loved her animals, severely as she must occasionally discipline them. Grimness had settled about her mouth and chin, and she looked older than her years except when she forgot the animals and laughed at the adventures of Punch and Judy.

In one thing she deceived her mother. The good old lady imagined that leopards were as harmless as kittens if one knew how to handle them. She knew nothing of Nero and Betsy, who were kept in separate cages, and were allowed in the arena with the others only when Marietta was there to control them. If she had, she might have guessed why Marietta was ill sometimes, and wrote home from a hospital. The farm was far away from museums, and the deception was likely to continue unless—but that was something a good trainer doesn't let worry her. Meanwhile, the money went home regularly and made the farm more comfortable.

Marietta glanced at the clock, picked up her bar and whip, and went to the long looking-glass to take a final survey of her appearance. Down-stairs the restless movement of many feet abruptly ceased. There was a second of tense silence, then came cries of terror, the shrill scream of a woman, the rush and clatter of people running. Something terrible was happening in the exhibition-hall.

Her first thought was of fire, her second of the safety of the leopards. The door was thrown open before she could reach it, and her assistant stood on the threshold. His face was white, his hands trembling, but he did his best to control himself.

"Nero's out!" he gasped. "Out of his box! I don't know how it happened—all at once there he was out, and—"

"Never mind that," answered Marietta sharply.

She brushed past him and stepped out on the landing overlooking the exhibition-hall. At first glance the place seemed empty, and she breathed a sigh of relief. Nobody had been injured. The audience, despite its panic, had taken quick advantage of the several exits, and somebody had had sense enough to close them.

On the platform, the conjurer's table was upset, the fat lady's chair empty. In the big arena three leopards prowled stealthily back and forth, back and forth, brushing their big, soft bodies against the bars. From her private cage Betsy's great, cat-like head looked out with serene indifference. Beside it Nero's cage stood tenantless. Save for the padding footsteps of the three leopards in the arena, the room was so silent that Marietta's heart jumped violently as one of the side doors opened cautiously and the terrified face of the manager peered in for an instant—and then promptly vanished.

Gaudy in its decorations and heavy with disinfectants, the exhibition-hall was completed at one side by a few rows of upholstered settees in front of the Punch and Judy booth. There was little chance here for a leopard to hide himself, and Marietta shivered at the thought that Nero must have managed to follow the audience. A wild animal loose in the streets, a human being probably mangled or killed, Nero almost certainly shot to death by the police!

But now something waving to and fro over the seats of the Punch and Judy theater caught her attention, and she knew it for Nero's tail twitching with excitement. On a ledge beyond the seats a long-handled feather-duster, left there by some careless attendant, stirred softly in the breeze created by an electric fan, and the motion had attracted the leopard's attention. Even as she came quietly down the stairs there was a low growl, a spotted body shot under the electric light, and Nero rolled over and over on the floor, grasping the feather-duster between his paws.

In the arena, the captive leopards stopped their restless pacing and roared with excitement; but Nero paid no attention. Stretched at length on the floor, he patted his victim, tossed it away from him, and then reached out a huge paw and gathered it in again with kittenish satisfaction.

"You stay here," whispered Marietta to her assistant. "When I've got Nero's attention, you get over by the arena and unlock the door for me."

She handed him the key and walked deliberately toward the leopard. At sight of her, Nero raised his big head and bared his teeth. He was used to the princess, and really thought no more of her presence than of that of another leopard; but he warned her frankly that just now it was his pleasure not to be tampered with. The red spark of suspicious anger gleamed in his eyes as Marietta stooped and laid her fingers on the long handle.

"Having a good time, old boy?" said Marietta.

She spoke cheerfully, as if nothing unusual were happening. Holding her bar and whip in her left hand, she knelt on one knee and gently moved the duster. She made no effort to take it away, but smiled into Nero's round, shining eyes, and played with him as a child plays with a kitten. Now she advanced the duster; again she drew it away ever so little, the shining eyes watching intently and the big paws following with swift, powerful jabs. Once the great paw, reaching beyond its plaything, struck her hand and left three bleeding lines behind it.

It was a long way to the arena. She drew back a foot or two, dragging the duster; and the great cat moved its crouching body a foot or two after it, stretched out a paw, and pinned it down firmly. A full minute she waited, the animal watching her. Then she snatched it away from him and whisked it boldly in front of his cruel jaws. The leopard slapped at it, the duster swiftly eluded him; and he followed its movements with deep, low growls and purrs of feline excitement. The attendant took a step

toward her, but she waved him back and went on with the game.

So, bit by bit, she led the leopard nearer the arena, until at last she dropped the duster for an instant, threw open the door with her free hand, and entered. Her back was turned toward the three leopards within, but the hand holding the bar and whip was behind her, and the beasts were too near to spring. They slouched away from her, snarling at the whip, and Marietta snatched up the duster and threw it lightly into the arena. For a long moment Nero crouched outside, looking at the motionless object; then he bounded lightly after it. The snap lock of the door clicked behind him.

Marietta, whip in hand, went straight to the three leopards, and one after another ordered them into their corners. The creatures obeyed, snarling and grumbling. Then she turned to Nero, but the beast was in no mood for obedience. His great body sank close to the floor, his tail swung back and forth viciously. A gentle undulating motion ran along his back and through all his muscles, and he sprang straight at his mistress.

Equally quick, Marietta stepped aside; the lithe body flashed harmlessly past her, and before the beast could gather itself for another spring the point of the wooden bar was against his chest, the thin whip curling biting about his body. He retreated, trying to gain space enough for another spring; but Marietta followed him, driving him steadily toward the door of the arena, which her assistant had unfastened and blocked by the open box from which the leopard had escaped. Her eyes, hard and shining with excitement and tense power, began to frighten him, and the repeated sting of the lash hurt him cruelly.

The alarmed face of the manager again peered cautiously into the exhibition-hall. He saw Nero rise straight on his hind legs, reaching his great paws toward the girl's face. Involuntarily the watcher closed his eyes; but the paws swept through empty space. Marietta was beyond their reach, and the whip cut savagely into the leopard's flanks until he dropped back on all fours, roaring with anger and defeat, and, with a final snarl, crawled into his own box to escape further punishment.

Marietta leaned exhausted against the side of the arena, and the three other leopards, cowed by the punishment of their comrade, crept from their corners and laid themselves at her feet.

When the Princess Perdita came out of the arena, she brought the feather-duster with her.

"What you goin' to do with the duster?" asked the attendant. "Goin' to keep it as a souvenir?"

"Souvenir nothing," said Marietta. "I'm just going to give it back to old Nero. Poor brute! He was having such a good time with it!"

Mike's Boss

BY ROBERT RUSSELL

THE boy realized something of the novelty of his present position long before he opened his eyes. As he began to be aware of the fact that he possessed a body with its attendant senses, there also came the knowledge that his head rested on a fresh pillow, and that there was something strange about the sheets which enveloped his ninety pounds of humanity.

At length the blue Irish eyes opened, and he saw a long room bordered by numerous small white beds similar to the one he occupied. His freckled forehead assumed perplexed lines, but was almost immediately smoothed by remembrance, as a sharp pain shot through his left leg.

"A 'orspital," came from the thin, expressive lips.

"Yes, dear, a hospital."

Mike's head turned quickly to the girl sitting at his bedside, and a great wonder filled him at the nearness of such beauty.

"I was on horseback," she continued gently. "I was just going into the park when you dashed around the street-

car and" — with a shudder at the thought—"under my horse's feet. Oh, I ought to have been more careful!"

"Sure, miss, 'twasn't your fault," replied Mike.

"But I shall never forgive myself. I will come to see you every day while you are laid up, and we must get to be good friends."

A dim suspicion that she was talking to some one else caused Mike to make another secret investigation of his surroundings; but an incredulous searching of the girl's eyes, which were looking intently into his, finally convinced the boy that this wonderful creature was addressing him.

"I will tell the house-surgeon that you are conscious," she continued, "and he will send word to your home."

Mike's eyes twinkled.

"He'll have er job ter find it," said the boy; "but I've got ter let de boss know," he added suddenly.

"All right, I will send the doctor to you at once, and he will do anything you want, dear—or get you anything. Good-by until to-morrow, and—and do forgive me!"

Alice Denton rose, but turned to the sufferer again as the apologetic inquiry reached her ears:

"Don't s'pose you er de doc'll know who won de ball game?"

"No, but I will read all the sporting news to you to-morrow."

II

THE weeks that followed had seemed interminable to Mike, but there had been compensations. Miss Denton's daily visit was an hour eagerly anticipated, intensely appreciated, and proudly dwelt upon. And the thrilling stories his other visitor had told him!

But to-day the boy's intelligent eyes watched the tall figure of his employer with perplexed anxiety as the young man passed between the rows of beds and through the distant door. Mike's head dropped back on the cool pillow, and a sigh of momentary physical peace escaped him. His active brain was very busy for some time, and at last there came the expression of a firm determination:

"If Miss Denton heard him tell me 'bout Red Radigan de Roarin' Rover's bein' converted in de midst o' his wicked ways an' savin' de goil's life, why, she wouldn't b'lieve dat he's t'reatened ter fire me from me job. De tears sure hung round de corners o' his eyes wen he talked 'bout de goil. 'Pictur from life, Mike,' says he, kinder laffin' at hisself. But I'll have ter tell her how in-ex-plic-table is de workin's o' de minds o' bus'ness men like me an' him."

The eyes closed; but soon, to a consciousness slowly succumbing to sleep, there came another voice.

"Better to-day, Mike?" asked Miss Denton, taking his hand.

The boy was instantly alert, but his slight movement caused a barely perceptible twitching of his mouth.

"Ain't goin' ter whine, Mis' Denton; but de present bulletin can't encourage de waitin' t'rongs much."

The girl bent over him, her cool hands bringing a wonderful peace.

"Tell me, is anything worrying you?" she said.

"Say, Mis' Denton, *you* got hair dat looks shimmery in de sunlight, too, ain't ye?" Mike's eyes glistened with the recollection of the man's description of "de goil"—the cause of Red Radigan's return to grace. "An' eyes dat makes a feller who's never seen 'em know what violets look like growin' in de fields."

"Oh, Mike," and dew gathered in the depths of the violets, "I do hope you are not going to have a relapse!"

The boy became serious at once.

"Sure not," he said reassuringly; "I'm lots better. I was on'y t'inkin' 'bout a goil somebody tole me 'bout wunst." And then, with a quick appreciation of the effectiveness of his position, he continued: "But I'm awful worried 'bout me bus'ness. 'F I don't git to de office Saturday I loses me job. De boss — de boss sent woid—an' it's Toisday a'ready."

"That's ridiculous, Mike. Don't worry about that; I will get you another place."

"Oh, no, Mis' Denton"—with a patient smile — "females can't 'preciate wot an awful bad beginnin' t' a bus'ness c'reer it is ter lose yer job. It marks ye. I wouldn't lose mine fer nothin'."

"Then I will write to your employer.

Who is he? You simply cannot go to work by that time."

"Does seem kinder hard," said the boy pathetically, "an' me leg gettin' hurted in de performance o' me duty."

The girl was indignant now.

"It's outrageous! I'll go and see him, Mike. What is the address?"

"De Paulton Buildin', Wall Street, room ten twenty-four." Mike winked knowingly. "I allus ask him favors 'bout five-tirty in de afternoon; he's alone den, an' he's a man what has his good points."

"All right, Mike. Don't think about it any more. Good-by, and I will tell you about it to-morrow."

His blue eyes never left the graceful figure as the girl passed from the room.

"Sunshine an' violets, an' trees an' shade," he mused. "Gee! I'd like ter be in a place like dat." And the contented brain was quiet.

III

MIKE knew to-day, as she sat by him, how the hair looked with pure gold glistening through it, and how violets glowed softly when life was in them.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "The 'boss' says you can stay till you are absolutely well."

"I tole ye he had his good points," but the voice expressed no surprise.

"And Mike"—she was not looking at the boy now—"you did not tell me his name; but I found that—that I had known him very well. He said he did not understand about your fear of losing your place. What did you mean, dear?"

"I dunno' 's it's anythin' ter brag 'bout, Miss Denton; but I wanted ter do somethin' fer him. Yer see, he used ter tell me a story every day when he come ter see me, an' bring me t'ings; an' every story had a goil in it. Can't 'member all he said 'bout her, but 'twas allus de same goil, dough. An' one day I says: 'Dat's like Miss Denton.' 'What you know 'bout Miss Denton?' says he; an' den I tole him 'bout yer comin' here. He looked kinder's if he seed sompin' 'way out de windy. 'I used ter see her, too, Mike,' says he. 'Not now?' says I. 'If ye'd seen her wunst, I'd t'ink ye wouldn't wanter stop.' 'I didn't,' says he. 'She won't see *me*.' He didn't say nothin' more, but he kept comin' an' tellin' me 'bout de goil in de story. An' den, Miss Denton, I lied to ye. He never told me I'd lose me job if I wasn't at de office Saturday. But I kept t'inkin' 'bout all he done fer me, an' I guessed he wanted ter see ye bad. An' so I lied to git ye to see him again—him, me boss."

The big Irish eyes closed. Gentle lips pressed the anxious brow and soft arms crept about the boy's body. In her voice was the old, dear tone—the tender love of a mother.

"He's *my* boss now, too, Mike!"

Courtship by Absent Treatment

BY W. D. WATTLES

CARTWRIGHT was a bachelor, moderately young, very good-looking, and with plenty of money. Mrs. Cora Payne was a widow, a little younger than Cartwright, much better looking, and also possessed of money. Three times within a year he had asked her to marry him, and three times she had refused to do so, being careful, however, to couch her refusal in such terms as should insure his asking her again. She liked Cartwright, but was not sure she loved him well enough to marry him. Besides, she was young, a widow, rich, and free. What need to change her condition for one that might possibly prove worse?

It was the first day of June, and Cartwright had called on her; and they were chatting comfortably in her cozy sitting-room.

"You don't really believe in that nonsense?" asked he.

"To be sure I believe in it," she answered warmly. "Why, Billy, it's something that everybody admits. Telepathy is an established fact; and if the thoughts of one person can reach the

mind of another, then there must be something in mental treatment. Look at little Mrs. King. She was an invalid for ever so many years, and now she's the picture of health, just by taking absent treatments. And Mrs. Long—her boy was going completely to the bad, and she gave him mental treatments, and he reformed without one word being spoken to him."

Cartwright whistled.

"I — should — say!" he ejaculated. "How do they do it?"

"Why, you just concentrate your mind on the person you wish to influence and give him the right mental suggestion. You tell him continuously that he is strong, healthy, successful, or whatever it is you wish him to be. You pay absolutely no attention to any adverse things he may write, say, or do, or to indications or symptoms. You just hold the thought of what you want as true, and when the vibrations reach his mind it *becomes* true. In a little while he will think the same thoughts that you are thinking; and 'as he thinketh in his heart, so is he,' you know, Billy."

"Are no outward or visible means to be used at all? Wouldn't it make it a more rapid process to convey the suggestions orally or in writing, also?"

"Perhaps it would. It might help if time were lacking."

"I can begin to understand it, and I see great possibilities in it. If I fell in love with a woman, for instance, couldn't I give her mental suggestions until she loved me? Court her by absent treatment, so to speak?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"But wouldn't that be possible, if your theory is true?"

"I suppose so."

"Don't you think, though, that in such a case the—er—present treatments would be pleasanter to take?"

"No. I think I should prefer the absent kind. The vibrations would be more easily checked, I think. Must you go, Billy?"

Cartwright had left his chair and reached for his hat.

"Yes. I am going to commence practising concentration at once. You may expect to have your first treatment tomorrow."

She laughed merrily as she accompanied him to the door.

"Is it your intention to confine yourself strictly to the absent variety, Billy?" she asked tantalizingly as he went down the steps.

"Absolutely," he answered calmly, without looking back. "You will not see me again until the work is done."

The next morning she found in her mail the following note, written on fine note-paper, but unsigned:

DEAR CORA:
You are going to marry me June 15. Am sending the rest of this by vibrations.

Mrs. Payne astonished her cook and housemaid by frequent outbursts of laughter during the day. At night, when she went to her bedroom, she saw a large sheet of cardboard lying on the floor, as if it had been thrown through the open window; and on picking it up she found painted upon the under side, in large letters:

DEAR CORA:
You are going to marry me June 15.

She tore it up, and retired for the night, still laughing.

The next morning her mail contained two duplicates of the first letter. In the afternoon a small box arrived by express. Opening it, she found a neatly folded paper, conveying the information that she would marry the sender on June 15. She flushed a little, and then laughed, not without a slight feeling of nervousness; but after due reflection she concluded to take no notice of the anonymous communications.

On the following morning she found that sealed notes had been tucked under each of the doors during the night; there were five more of them in her mail; and during the day two were delivered by express and one by carrier. This continued without abatement for an entire week. Dozens of notes came to her in various ways, each conveying the same assurance, with the information that further particulars were being forwarded by vibration.

To crown all, on the 8th of June some men erected a huge bulletin-board on a vacant lot across the street, directly in front of her windows; and a painter

traced upon it in large black characters the following cabalistic message:

D. C.: 6, 15.

She did not laugh at this; she was growing angry. Late in the afternoon of the same day her telephone-bell rang, and she placed the receiver to her ear.

"Dear Cora," said a well-known voice, "you will mar—"

She hung up the receiver with a snap.

"Choked off that vibration, anyway," she muttered in triumph.

She sat down and wrote the following note:

DEAR BILLY:

Your joke is becoming annoying, and is attracting the notice of the neighbors. Please do not send me any more notes, and take down your sign. It is quite useless, as the treatment is having no effect. I have not the slightest intention of marrying you at any time, and I certainly shall not do so on June 15. Sincerely,

CORA PAYNE.

No notice was taken of this, except that the first note delivered to her on the following day read as follows:

DEAR CORA:

In giving mental treatments, pay no attention to appearances; do not be disturbed by symptoms; never mind what the subject writes or says. Hold the thought you wish her to get, regardless of adverse manifestations. You will marry me June 15.

The bombardment of notes continued unchecked, but on the next day—the 10th of June—a startling variation occurred. She received by registered mail a small package, and on opening it found a beautiful solitaire diamond ring, with this note:

DEAR CORA:

Here's the engagement-ring. Been trying for a week to send it by vibrations, but she won't vibe, so I fall back on the physical mail. So glad you are going to marry me June 15.

She wrapped the package up again and addressed it to William Cartwright; but upon second thought retained it, and sent the following note:

MR. CARTWRIGHT:

Will you please call, and let me have a few moments' conversation with you? This foolishness must be stopped. You are annoying and distressing me exceedingly.

CORA PAYNE.

No heed was paid to this note, and on the 12th she received a flood of "suggestions," one being specially marked to secure attention:

DEAR CORA:

Engaged our passage on Kronprinz Wilhelm, sailing June 16 for Europe. Wedding trip last six months. Go everywhere, see everything, have high old time. Leave here right after wedding. Best girl in world, and love you very much. Same by vibrations every day. You are going to marry me June 15.

She tore this up, threw the pieces on the floor, and set her heel upon them; and for an hour she walked the floor of her room with flashing eyes and a very red spot on either cheek.

"Suggestions" of similar tenor were exceedingly plentiful on the two succeeding days, and about six o'clock on the evening of the 14th the following note was delivered by carrier:

DEAR CORA:

Got license, and arranged with clergyman. Will call with auto to-morrow, 11 A.M. sharp. Go parsonage, get married, live happy ever after. Love you tremendously; see vibrations. You are going to marry me.

On the following morning, at eleven o'clock, Cartwright's automobile rolled up to Mrs. Payne's house; and Cartwright, immaculately dressed, sprang briskly up the steps and rang the bell. The door opened promptly, and Mrs. Payne, in a bewitching traveling-suit, stepped out and slipped her hand within his arm.

"I'm all ready, Billy," she said, her voice trembling between laughter and tears, and she gave his elbow a little squeeze.

He promptly helped his bride into the car, and, sitting down beside her, imprisoned one of her neatly gloved little hands in his own.

"Blessed be mental science!" he said softly.

"You might have spared yourself the labor of writing all those letters, Billy," she said. "It was the vibrations that did it, really and truly!"

And perhaps it was; who knows?

LIGHT VERSE

'TIS THIRTY YEARS SINCE

OLIVIA dreamed
That in a dusk and fragrant wood
At eve she stood;
When round her swept a cloud of wings
Of lovely, tiny, dancing things,
Half angel, half fairy—
Alas, they spied a mortal near!
Hushed was their elfin chorus clear;
The charming airy
Quadrille they danced was broken;
But as the bashful creatures fled,
A voice of melody was heard—
No earthly voice to her it seemed—
"These are the spirits," so it said,
"Redeemed,
Of every harsh and bitter word
Olivia leaves unspoken."

Sarah N. Cleghorn

A SEX PROBLEM

WHAT a puzzling sight is this—
Sight one's wonder to arouse!
Do you call it "bub" or "sis"?
Is that garment frock or blouse?

Those are trousers—or what then?
Such uncertainties annoy!
I can only ask again
Tomboy girl, or sissy boy?

From its clothing none could tell,
Or its long hair floating wild.
See it romp and run! Well, well!
What *is* Mrs. Simpson's child?

George Jay Smith

A DISTINCTION

FAME 's very sweet, yet we should careful be
That it is fame, not notoriety;
'Tis satisfaction small, none can deny,
To be a cinder in the public eye!

Carlyle Smith

THE MUSIC OF ERIN OF OLD

SWEET as the sound of far-away bells,
Ringing and chiming over the dells,
Deep in the heart of memory dwells
The music of Erin of old.
A smile and a tear, a zephyr of June,
An evening of love, a wreath and a rune,
Soul of a song and life of a tune,
Rose and shamrock, girdled in gold—
The music of Erin of old!

Strong as the roar of thundering seas,
Soft as the rustle of leaves in the breeze,
Light as the wind over blossoming leas—
The music of Erin of old;
Voice of a hero and prattle of child,
Gentle and fierce as the wail of the wild,
Flashing and crooning, caressing and mild,
True and tender, pleading and bold—
The music of Erin of old!

William Lightfoot Visscher

GOOD-FELLOWSHIP

OF all good gifts the gods bestow
On weary mortals here below—
Health, wisdom, laughter, riches, rest—
Good-fellowship, I vow, is best.

And granted that all earthly good
Were mine, along with solitude,
How gladly would I change the whole
For one congenial, friendly soul!

Let sages calmly prate the bliss
Of lofty, lonely height; I'd miss
Eternal fame writ large in stone,
If I must walk those heights alone.

Let poets sing, with rapturous praise,
The joys of love in ardent lays;
Let others cry, in accents bold,
The pleasures bought with glistening gold.

Give me a pleasant friend or two
To walk with me the journey through,
And, though I miss the flame divine,
The best of living still is mine!

Mary Stuart

ENOUGH

POOR Crœsus! Doomed, alas, is he
To failure dire and deep!
He seeks rich treasure constantly,
And dreams it in his sleep.

His coffers bulge with massy gold,
His chests with precious stones;
His palaces the riches hold
Of all our earthly zones.

His ships are speeding o'er the main,
His acres gird the shore,
And yet, despite these stores of gain,
He's ever seeking—more.

In spite of all his vast estate—
Gold, gems, and silken stuff,
The chiefest of all wealth elate
He'll never win—enough!

John Kendrick Bangs

AN AWAKENING

WHEN Phyllis fair I first espied,
"She's good enough to eat!" I cried.
I thought of it the livelong night;
And later, in the morning light,
And at all hours I'd oft repeat:
"By Jove, she's good enough to eat!"

Last night—the merry play was o'er—
We stood at Mr. Rector's door.
We hesitated and were lost—
Who at such times would count the cost?
We entered, chose a table near
The center, 'neath the chandelier.

"Pray choose," said I; and Phyllis chose—
Clams first, with some Château la Rose.
A lobster next, and then, alas!
Mushrooms on toast, and under glass.
A ruddy duck next followed on,
With hot-house artichokes anon.

A salad, alligator pear,
Came next upon her bill of fare,
And then some peaches burnt in wines
Named for some one at Hammerstein's—
Melba, perhaps—at any rate,
Those peaches cost four eighty-eight.

An ice came next, with petit four,
A demi-tasse, and then the score!
Well, what's the use? On no pretext
Will I rehearse what happened next,
Except to say though good she be
To eat, no more she'll eat with me!

Wilberforce Jenkins

A SONG OF MANHATTAN

DIM, misty vistas in the park,
A song—the organ-grinder's, not the lark!
Milady radiant in her Easter frock,
Whose tints the glories of the lily mock;
Pledge me with Venus, bring an ivy crown;
The world is young—the bloom is on the town!

A sound of music from the turret roof,
Salome dancing—not the devil's hoof!
And pictured mirth beneath heaven's starry floor
Beguiles the night like Babylon of yore.
Pledge me to Pan, his pipes shall memory drown;
The world is free—the heat is on the town!

A coat of brown upon milady's cheek,
A lobster sizzling—not the biped freak!
Pegasus prancing in the tanbark's glow,
Chained to the chariot of a fashion show!
Pledge to Diana! Toast her fair renown!
The world is ripe—the tan is on the town!

A chime of sleigh-bells, like a wind-swept lyre,
A spark—the lovers kissing—not a fire!
Jewels of Ind and gems from purple seas,
In diadems that grace milady's ease!
Pledge me with Bacchus! Scoff the storm-king's frown!
The world is gay—the frost is on the town!

Mary C. Francis

A WINTER SONG

WINTER, and splinter of leaf-barren bough;
Never a thrush with its lyrical vow;
Down in the garden-close everything sere;
Oh, for the rose and the prime of the year!

Eery and dreary the night and the noon;
Gone all the glamour that girdled the moon;
Gone all the glows from the mead and the mere;
Oh, for the rose and the prime of the year!

Whirling and swirling of ominous cloud;
Waves in a welter and earth in a shroud;
Yet through the snows, love, the dawn will break clear;
Oh, for the rose and the prime of the year!

Clinton Scollard

RECOLLECTION

HAND in hand we walked together
Down the winding moonlit way,
Loving in the love-filled weather
Of the mating month of May.
Close at hand a night-bird singing
From its perch among the trees,
And the breath of blossoms clinging
To the warm, caressing breeze—
Oh, my love, thy spirit dies
Wandering under southern skies!

In this land of chill unending,
Where the snow eternal drives,
Thine the tragedy of spending
All the winter of our lives:
Thine the tragedy, the yearning,
Since thou canst not understand
How I find the May returning
At each pressure of thy hand—
In the love-light of thine eyes
Find the stars of southern skies!

Channing Pollock

THE STAGE

WHY BEST-SELLERS FAIL AS PLAYS

THERE is probably no field of artistic endeavor which arouses so much discussion as the theater. Where ten people may cautiously admire or criticize a new painting or a fresh poem, a hundred will freely say what they think of the latest play or the most recently created star.

In this matter of criticism the theater is unique. The labor of months and the expenditure of thousands of dollars may be nullified in one night. A new novel is criticized—yes, but it is never simultaneously condemned by every newspaper in the only town where it has a chance of being sold. Yet this is what may happen to any play that is brought out; it is what did happen very frequently last autumn in New York, and it has happened again there this season in the very August week in which I am writing these lines.

Suppose a new restaurant should be opened in your city, and the newspaper men should all be invited to dine there on the first night of its existence. Suppose, further, that they should go back to their offices and write in their various styles, clever or otherwise, that the soups were cold, the meats bad, the bread sour, and the desserts unspeakable. That restaurant would not be likely to be overcrowded in future, would it? Well, this is exactly the position of the manager when he has the bad luck to pitch on a poor play.

"But why does he invite the critics to come?" you ask.

Because, if he has gambled correctly—for every manager, if he tells you the truth, will admit that play-producing is a gamble—these same newspapers are invaluable to him in disseminating quickly the news that he has a popular attraction. If he waited for those who were present the first night to carry the tidings, it might be weeks before he could gain the same following that a concerted chorus of praise from the press will bring him the day after a *première*.

"But why not advertise that it is a success?" you suggest.

Ah, yes; but who will believe his unsupported word?

The aid of an author who has made a previous hit cannot be counted on to lure people to a show approved only by those who have put it on. Last season was thickly studded with failures by successful playwrights. Indeed, such a common experience has this grown to be that one of the most frequent comments on the hit of "The Traveling Salesman" was the wonder that it should have been written by a man who had so recently scored a success with "The Chorus Lady." Similarly, his ten-strike with "The Man of the Hour" appears to have been a hoodoo to George Broadhurst. Last spring his "Easterner" fell far short, and now he misses fire with another point of the compass for his goal—"The Call of the North," a dramatization of "Conjurer's House" for Robert Edeson.

I have already noted in these pages that the public seems to have formed a prejudice against the dramatized novel. This condition is so well recognized in England that no reference on the playbill was made to the fact that "Mrs. Dot" and "The Explorer" were adapted for the stage by Somerset Maugham from two books of his own.

When you come to analyze the matter, it is not surprising that the book-play should have a harder row to hoe than the drama that comes fresh to the footlights. If it has been a best-seller, all the more reason why it should disappoint an audience, for almost every reader who sees it acted will miss some portion of the story that especially appealed to him between covers, and will criticize the play in consequence.

As for "The Call of the North," one could excuse the publishers of "Conjurer's House" for getting out an injunction against Edeson for using the name of the novel on his program, for I cannot conceive of any sane person caring to read the story after see-

BLANCHE BATES, STARRING AS ANNA GRANGER IN THE NEW AMERICAN PLAY, "THE FIGHTING HOPE"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

ing the play. About fifteen minutes of the last act proved to be interesting drama, but this one good passage was like an oasis in the surrounding desert of stupidity.

"The Call of the North" was with-

GERTRUDE COGHLAN, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES COGHLAN AND NIECE OF ROSE, NOW LEADING WOMAN AS BETH ELLIOTT IN THE COMEDY SUCCESS, "THE TRAVELING SALESMAN"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

drawn after a run of some three weeks, giving way to "The Offenders"—a report upon which will be made later.

BILLIE BURKE'S BEST

It is pleasant to turn from this awkwardly put together book-play to the simple charm of "Love Watches," the French comedy in which Miss Billie Burke came forward as a star at the Lyceum. When I chatted with Miss Burke in London regarding this momentous evening in her life, she was filled with dread over it. At that time she knew nothing of the play beyond its name and the fact that it had run well in Paris. This was the middle of July, and her *première* was set for August 27 in New York, so that she faced rehearsals in the hot weather.

But what a happy outcome! Seldom has there been such a complete triumph for play and player as in this instance. One of the critics even harked back as far as Maude Adams's first appearance in "The Little Minister" to find a fit comparison. The part of *Jacqueline* is such a relief from the usual stage

ROSE COGHLAN, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOHN DREW AS MRS. PARKER JENNINGS IN "JACK STRAW"

From her latest photograph by Savony, New York

heroine, who lets herself be loved discreetly by the leading man, repulses the villain at the psychological moment, and has to listen to protestations of affection from start to finish. *Jacque-*

young girl propose to a man, not boldly, as an advocate of woman's rights might do, nor coyly, as if in fulfilment of a wager, but honestly, frankly, with all the innocence of childhood, and sim-

FLORENCE REED, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE ROLAND REED, LEADING WOMAN PLAYING OPPOSITE CHARLES CHERRY AS PAMELA IN "GIRLS"

From her latest photograph

line has no such beaten track marked out for her. She has no chance to harken to the leading man's tale of love, being far too busy telling him how much she dotes on him. And isn't it enough to pique the interest of a jaded metropolitan audience to hear a

ply for fear that he won't know she loves him unless she tells him so?

There is only one drawback to Charles Frohman's complete satisfaction in having given this part to Miss Burke. He can't make money faster out of the play's success by duplicating companies

PAULINE FREDERICK, WITH WILLIAM GILLETTE IN "SAMSON," THE NEW PLAY BY HENRI BERNSTEIN, AUTHOR OF "THE THIEF"

From her latest photograph by Purdy, Boston

for the road, as has been done with "The Witching Hour" and "The Thief," because one cannot imagine any body else capable of investing *Jacqueline* with the same ingenuous girlish traits as does Billie Burke.

"Oh, won't you please put on the expression you had in the puddle?" she says in the first act to the man she loves, and from that moment every member of the audience loves her.

At this writing it looks very much as if the lucky Lyceum had a third all-season run to add to the series inaugurated by "The Lion and the Mouse" and continued by "The Thief." Gladys Unger, the adapter of "Love Watches," is a young American playwright who

LUCY WESTON, WHO PLAYED ALL LAST SUMMER IN NEW YORK AS EVE, IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1908"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

had to go to London to secure production. Only a few years ago she was so unfamiliar with the doings of the theatrical world that she spent several months in writing a play about Sheridan, the playwright, especially for E. H. Sothern, quite ignorant of the fact that Mr. Sothern had appeared for a whole season at the old Lyceum in a comedy by Paul Potter on the same theme. His letter of rejection was so complimentary to her work that Miss Unger took the manuscript to London, where it was produced by Arthur Bourchier at his Garrick Theater in the spring of 1907. While the play did not make a wild-fire success, it served to introduce Miss Unger to the London boards, and thus brought her to the attention of Mr. Frohman, with the result that her work is now cozily housed at the new Lyceum.

MABEL VAN BUREN, GRAND-NIECE OF PRESIDENT VAN BUREN, APPEARING AS MOLLY WOOD, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE VIRGINIAN"

From a photograph by Gehrig, Chicago

In a curtain speech which Arnold Daly made, under protest, at the opening of "The Regeneration," he admitted that he had made a failure of running a theater of his own in New York, and appeared altogether a meek and tractable young man. His descent to a more reasonable level of self-esteem makes it all the more pleasant to state that his work as *Owen Conway* in the

EDYTH WALKER, AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA WHO SANG LAST SUMMER AT COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, AND WHO IS A FAVORITE SINGER IN GERMANY—THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS HER AS ISOLDE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE"

From a photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London

BLANCHE RING, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOE WEBER IN THE NEW COMBINED BURLESQUE ON "THE MERRY WIDOW" AND "THE DEVIL"

From her latest photograph by Sykes, Chicago

dramatization of "My Mamie Rose" was of the finest he has ever done.

This play was quite successful in Chicago last winter. Wallack's has lately housed two other offerings with the Chicago brand attached, one "A Knight for a Day," proving a hit; the other, "The Girl Question," a failure. Which trail "The Regeneration" will follow depends, perhaps, on just how badly New York needs an antidote to the "Devils" at this writing rampant on its boards. For if the Hungarian play of disputatious fame lauds Satan and all his works, the moral flavor of "The Regeneration" is as good as a visit to the Water Street mission.

Crude and unconvincing in spots, there is no getting away from the fact that there is strong work in this drama of the slums, which is founded on the actual life of Owen Kildare, its author. Herein, no doubt, lies the reason why, in the main, the story is so uncon-

vincing. Truth being proverbially stranger than fiction, one should be very careful in transferring the actual into the realm peopled with creatures of the imagination. For the most part, the characters in "The Regeneration" are like paper dolls arranged with gramophone attachments to speak the things the dramatists have shouted into them. Aside from Mr. Daly's own part, the only living, breathing reality in the play is *Nellie,* whose portrayal by Helen Ware swept the house with the first wave of genuine applause on that Wallack first night—for that the plaudits were genuine was sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that Miss Ware's first entrance passed without a hand.

A MIXTURE OF FUN AND FURY

Melodrama with comedy trimmings is found in "The Man from Home," another Liebler offering brought to New York after a big success in Chicago. The hit of this piece, however, depends on the comedy it contains, as may be inferred from the fact that it serves as the starring vehicle for William Hodge, a Rochester man who first came into fame through his *Mr. Stubbins* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Following that long-distance engagement, he essayed a starring flight in "Eighteen Miles from Home," a little thing of his own, which carried him, however, only through a few of the one-night stands.

"The Man from Home" received strong indorsement from the New York critics when it opened at the Astor on August 17, following the long run of "Paid in Full." By way of variety in comment, I will give a business man's opinion of the show. His view-point is that of a regular theater-goer, who attends the play purely for relaxation.

"The *Grand Duke* was very well done," he said. "I liked him exceedingly. The English lover was excellent, too. So were the heroine and her brother. The star did not appeal to me. I think he is like Raymond Hitchcock, but not nearly so good."

The people thus singled out for praise are Henry Jewett, Echlin P. Gayer, Olive Wyndham, and Hassard Short. Mr. Jewett is a well-known player of what is known as "heavy parts"; Mr. Gayer is practically a newcomer, as is also Miss Wyndham; while Hassard Short is a young English actor who first won his spurs on this side in support of John Drew in "The Second in Command."

"The Man from Home" was written by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Mr. Tarkington is the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," which once served the late Richard Mansfield for a season. Mr. Wilson has not had much to do with the stage, though his novel "The Spenders" was dramatized for William H. Crane some years ago. He was at one time editor of *Puck,* and he wrote a capital short story for MUNSEY'S as long ago as the first year of the magazine's existence.

George Tyler, managing director of the Liebler company, is a hardened automobilist. Channing Pollock, author of "The Little Gray Lady," felicitates himself on having declined an invitation to accompany him on a tour abroad last summer, thus escaping the accident that laid the manager up for a while. As Italy is Mr. Tyler's favorite speeding-ground, and he had Booth Tarkington there with him some three seasons since, this Sorrento drama may have had its inception in the Tyler car. Some of the best lines in the second act revolve around the full-sized motor standing at stage lower right.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FROHMAN?

One might think that Charles Frohman wished to restore the balance of things by what he did on two successive evenings in early September. On the first, at the Garrick, he presented "The Mollusc," with only four characters in it; on the second, at the Knickerbocker, he produced "The Girls of Gottenberg," with thirty-three names in its cast — a long list even for musical comedy.

The odd part of the affair is that Mr. Frohman appears to have exercised better judgment in picking the thirty-three people than in choosing the four. To pitch on Joe Coyne for a Charles Wyndham part would seem to be an inexplicable proceeding. From the lines —which have not been changed for New

York—*Tom Kemp* is a confirmed old bachelor, and to see a man as young as Coyne in the rôle jars the vraisemblance, to say the least.

The critics have been busy for so long in lambasting plays that it was quite a novelty to read trenchant criticisms of players. Even the star in the curtain-raiser preceding "The Mollusc" came in for a share of the "call-down" for misplaced talent. This was Doris Keane, remembered for her capital performance of the victim in "The Hypocrites." In "The Likes o' Me" she did a boy's part, but most of the praise went to a real boy playing the opposite rôle.

"JACK STRAW" TICKLES ROSE COGHLAN

A threefold interest was imparted to the reopening of Charles Frohman's home theater—the Empire—for its regular season. First, John Drew was the attraction—which was, to be sure, nothing new. Second, his vehicle, "Jack Straw," was the first of Somerset Maugham's three winning comedies to be shown in America. Third, the play gave an opportunity for that sterling actress, Rose Coghlan, to desert vaudeville.

In dividing the resultant laurels between Mr. Drew, Mr. Maugham, and Miss Coghlan, the names cannot fairly be set down in that order. New York by no means rose to the comedy as did London, and yet to my mind John Drew was even better in the part than was Charles Hawtrey. Complaint is made that the piece is rather thin in texture, and somewhat awkwardly constructed. Short it undeniably is, and in London it is played with a curtain-raiser. In New York, the overture does not begin until half past eight, and the intervals are unduly prolonged, especially in view of the fact that there is no change of setting between the second and third acts. Nevertheless, the production is a success, and will undoubtedly serve Mr. Drew well for the season.

However, did it accomplish nothing else beyond providing so good a part for Rose Coghlan's return to the legitimate, the importation of "Jack Straw" would have been worth while. Miss Coghlan, now fifty-six years old, was born in Peterborough, England, the daughter of a guide-book publisher. Her brother Charles — who died nine years ago—took to the stage, whither Rose followed him when she was only sixteen. Her first part was that of *Cupid* in the burlesque "Ixion," and the same piece served for her début in New York, whither she came with the Lydia Thompson troupe, this time doing *Jupiter*.

From this environment she was rescued by no less a person than the elder Sothern, who secured her for *Mary Meredith* in "Lord Dundreary." He was playing at Wallack's, and brought Miss Coghlan to the attention of the famous Lester, who engaged her for his stock company there, beginning in 1876. Her début here was unlucky, as the play — "Clarissa Harlowe," by Dion Boucicault — failed. After a trip to San Francisco, she returned to New York and again came forward in a Boucicault drama, this time at Booth's; but once more the play fell short, a contingency, you see, which was just as liable to occur in the so-called "palmy days" as in the commercial present.

Lester Wallack now induced her to return to his stock company, and cast her for *Stéphanie de Mohrivart,* the adventuress, in "Forget-Me-Not," in which she scored a whirlwind success. So great was her triumph, in fact, that the glories of it were carried across the Atlantic, and came to the ears of Genevieve Ward, for whom the play had been written. She put a veto on Wallack's production of the drama, and came over to do it herself, but without damaging Miss Coghlan's renown. The latter remained at Wallack's, doing "La Belle Russe," "Moths," and *Claire* in "The Ironmaster." The justly famous stock company, which for its last two seasons was under the management of Henry E. Abbey, gave its final performance at Daly's on May 5, 1888, when Miss Coghlan appeared as *Lady Teazle* in "The School for Scandal."

She became an independent star in 1891, appearing at Wallack's — then known as Palmer's—in "Lady Barter," by her brother Charles, who never achieved as much success with any of his own plays as with "The Royal Box," in which his daughter Gertrude made her début. Rose Coghlan's last

prominent appearance in New York previous to "Jack Straw" was in an English melodrama, "The White Heather," which Charles Frohman brought out at the Academy of Music some ten years ago.

THE BIG PLAYHOUSE'S BIGGEST SHOW

In a sense, the Hippodrome should be the easiest theater in New York to write for, because one need never stop to think of the players. In any production in this vast auditorium, the principals count for practically nil, so that the dramatic author who sets out to provide a spectacle for the place need not be hampered by seeking to please any but his audience. Hence it should be matter for surprise, not that the Hippodrome has a success, but that it should ever house a failure, as it certainly did last season.

The new bill, however, amply atones for past mistakes. "Sporting Days" opens with a baseball game on an apparently real diamond, followed by the arrival of a circus. You are shown just how the tent is set up, after which a bill of ten big events is run through in a ring very like the real thing, except for the sawdust, which is missing. Then you are transported to a boat-house, giving opportunity for a catchy song by Manuel Klein—brother to Charles—on "Rowing," in which the water and the boats are represented by an ingenious arrangement of the chorus-girls' skirt-linings. All this leads up to a spirited regatta, ever so much more realistic than the everlasting treadmill horse-race that follows it.

Oddly enough, the critics gave most praise to the Birdland ballet, which the management had not played up as much as "Sporting Days" and "The Battle in the Skies," which latter, it struck me, has more possibilities than are utilized. What I had hoped to see was a couple of air-ships engaging in prow-to-prow conflict; but, as a matter of fact, there is no battle in the skies at all. More fighting, and less of the electric flashes of supposed wireless telegraphy, which are trying to the eyes, would be a welcome exchange; but one gets so much at the Hippodrome that it seems ungracious to suggest a change. Don't fail to wait for the "Apotheosis of Victory" at the very end, containing the human flag episode, illustrating in novel fashion the catchy Klein song, "Dear Motherland."

When you grow tired of hearing smart speeches in comedies of the day, and of listening to weak voices in the up-to-date musical show, you will find positive refreshment in watching the busy doings on the big Hippodrome stage, where you are never bothered with curtain-calls. That huge semi-circular screen around the apron is too cumbersome to be juggled with to please the vanity of players, as is the custom in our regular theaters.

ONE WEEK WEIGHS OUT THREE WOMEN

Mary Mannering's metropolitan career in "Glorious Betsy" was far from justifying the adjective in the title of Mrs. Young's Napoleonic play. Far-sighted indeed was the judgment of her managers in keeping her out of New York until all the juice had been squeezed out of this particular lemon on the road. It would be difficult to find a worse specimen of a play written solely to please the star. That it gives Miss Mannering abundant opportunity for versatile acting there is no denying; but the futility of it all against such a wooden background would be pitiful, were it not for the memory of all the money it has extracted from one-night stands during the past two seasons.

The New York run lasted only three weeks. Too bad, for Miss Mannering is a charming and intelligent actress, and deserves what she has never found since she became a star — a vehicle wholly worthy of her.

Another woman star who essayed the road for many months before venturing on Broadway with her newest play was Lillian Russell. To her the critics were far kinder than they were to Miss Mannering. To be sure, she has to do little more than walk through "Wildfire" and wear some stunning gowns; but for a woman brought up to comic-opera, Miss Russell enacts a songless part with good grace; and although this racing comedy is neither original in theme nor strong in construction, it manages to be entertaining for most of the time. Moreover, it affords an excellent

part for the dwarf, Will Archie, as a slangy stable-boy who promises to become as great a favorite with the public as has that other miniature, Master Gabriel, soon to be seen as *Little Nemo.*

Speaking of dramatized comic supplements, the same week that brought Miss Mannering and Miss Russell to town saw the return of a third feminine star, Hattie Williams. She brought with her a successor to "The Little Cherub," made in America this time, but not likely to achieve equal success. "Fluffy Ruffles" has, in short, been adjudged as too jerky and episodic to have much theatrical—not to say dramatic—value. Whatever merit it possesses as an entertainment is due to the accessories injected into the piece since its run began.

Mr. Frohman was most liberal in the cast he supplied for "Fluffy." George Grossmith, Jr., must demand a big stipend to keep him out of England, where he has plays of his own running, and where he has been for years a leading favorite in the Gaiety company. Bert Leslie, whose rapid-fire American slang delivery is the strongest possible contrast to the sedate humor of Grossmith, must also have had good financial reasons for deserting vaudeville. It is fortunate, though, that the piece has so many clever principals, for a less attractive lot of chorus-singers I have seldom beheld. I realize that it is difficult to obtain men who can sing in the "merry, merry" and at the same time look almost human, but I did not believe it possible to drive away the stage-door Johnnies by assembling such a scraggly lot of chorus-girls as have been collected for this Criterion "musical mélange."

WHERE GOOD MUSIC GOES ABEGGING

An effort to lift musical comedies to a little higher plane deserved to meet with more charity than was accorded to "Algeria" by the gentlemen of the daily press, only a few of whom seemed willing to forgive a certain lack of snap in the libretto and the absence of well-known comedians in the cast. Musically, the latest work of Victor Herbert is the most ambitious thing he has done in this line, and the airs are all catchy as well. In a city that supports two grand operas where the books are not understood by half the people who listen to them, it would be too bad to have such good music as that of "Algeria" go hearerless because the story attached thereto is not as clever as "Mlle. Modiste" nor as continuously funny as "The Red Mill."

Don't on any account be too late to hear the opening song, a rousing number rendered by Ida Brooks Hunt, with chorus and trumpet accompaniment. This is followed by "I've Been Decorated," which falls to William Pruette, for so long an interpreter of Mr. Herbert's music in "Mlle. Modiste," where he "Wanted What He Wanted When He Wanted It." Doctors should be delighted with "You'll Feel Better Then," while smokers couldn't ask for anything more charming in its line than "Love Is Like a Cigarette." The one number that most of the newspapers raved about, "Ask Her While the Band Is Playing," was inferior to any of the others, in my judgment.

Matthew White, Jr.

THE NEW OPERATIC SEASON

THE opera season in New York will begin on the 9th of November, when Mr. Hammerstein opens the Manhattan with "Tosca." The singers announced are Labia as *Tosca,* Renaud as *Scarpia,* and Zenatello as *Cavaradossi*—a strong cast that will provoke interesting comparisons with Eames, Scotti, and Caruso, who have sung this favorite opera so many times at the Metropolitan.

The second production at the Manhattan is to be an elaborate revival of Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Delilah," a work little known to American operagoers; and then—"in quick succession," according to Mr. Hammerstein's announcements—are to come Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," Block's "Princesse d'Auberge," and Massenet's "Griselidis." Richard Strauss's "Salome," banished from the Metropolitan after one performance, is also to be given at the Thirty-Fourth Street house, with Mary Garden in the title rôle.

The published list of singers at the Manhattan includes nearly all the strong cards of last year—Renaud, Dalmores, Zenatello, Sammarco, and Gilibert, and

Mmes. Tetrazzini, Garden, and Gerville-Réache, with Melba to arrive about mid-winter. The most important newcomer is Maria Labia, from Berlin. From this list of principals Mr. Hammerstein will apparently draw both for the Manhattan and for his new opera-house in Philadelphia, the opening of which is set for November 17. Allowing for the usual casualties of the winter campaign, it looks as if his resources are none too large for the task he is undertaking. Nevertheless, the dauntless impresario promises no fewer than thirty-seven works —twenty-four in Italian and thirteen in French. "Salome" is among the latter, and no attempt to give opera in German will be made during the coming season.

That imposing musical and social function, the opening of the Metropolitan, comes a week later, on November 16, the bill being "Aïda," with Caruso and Emmy Destinn as the star performers. Mme. Destinn is a very capable dramatic soprano, an established favorite in Berlin and London. Her engagement, together with that of Maria Gay, the famous Spanish *Carmen,* will give the Metropolitan a wonderful list of prima donnas, for Sembrich, Farrar, Morena, Eames, Fremstad, and Gadski are all to return. The male roster, on the other hand, may not prove quite so strong as last year, for Plançon and Knote are not upon it, and it is doubtful whether their successors will please New York as well. There is, however, a longish list of new tenors, barytones, and bassos, including Schmedes, Joern, and Grassi (tenors), Feinhals and Amato (barytones), and Allen Hinckley, an American basso popular in Germany.

The joint impresarios of the Metropolitan—Messrs. Gatti-Casazza and Dippel—announce several operas not yet heard in America, among them being D'Albert's "Tiefland," Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame," "Le Villi," an early production of Puccini's, and — strange to say — a work by an American composer, F. S. Converse's "Pipe of Desire." There is always more or less uncertainty, however, about a promise of operatic novelties. As a rule they do not pay, and though the new managers have declared that their institution "will henceforth be administered without any thought of pecuniary benefit," it would not be well to take such a declaration too literally.

One of the most important newcomers at the Metropolitan will be Arturo Toscanini, late of La Scala, and famed as the foremost conductor of Italy. He is to be in charge of the French and Italian productions, and will also conduct "Tristan und Isolde." This may not wholly please the Teutonic school of opera-goers, who are already bewailing the alleged Italianizing of the Metropolitan. A leading newspaper critic has drawn a gloomy but highly imaginative picture of a Neapolitan basso singing "L'Addio di Wotan" on the stage so long hallowed by the best Wagnerian traditions. As a matter of fact, Toscanini is a Wagner specialist, and made the works of the great German master a leading feature of his régime in Milan.

It is on Caruso, however, that popular interest is once more likely to center. There has been speculation as to whether the golden-throated tenor, following in the footsteps of Jean de Reszke, would essay a Wagnerian rôle — *Lohengrin,* probably, to begin with. This may come later, for those who charge Caruso with lack of artistic ambition and of power to learn do him an injustice; but for the present season his new characters are to be *Hermann* in "Pique Dame," and *Des Grieux* in Massenet's "Manon."

Henry W. Savage will not have a grand-opera company this winter, but he announces his intention of returning to the field a year hence with an English version of Puccini's forthcoming work, "The Girl of the Golden West."

Looking beyond the metropolis, there is to be noted a striking growth of public interest in opera. Mr. Hammerstein's new venture in Philadelphia, already mentioned, marks the first establishment of a first-rate opera-house outside of New York. It sets an example that is sure to be followed. Boston hopes to have a similar institution within twelve months; and it does not seem too much to prophesy that before long every great American city will have its own temple of lyric art, as is the case with much smaller and less wealthy communities in Germany and Italy.

R. H. Titherington

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE MAN WHO WROTE A PLAY

BY IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

IN the beginning I wrote a play. I claim no especial distinction on this account, however, because I am a newspaper man, and every newspaper man I know has written at least one play. Some newspaper men have written so many that there isn't room for the manuscripts in their trunks.

So, as above stated, I wrote a play. It was a comedy. It didn't start out to be a comedy. It started out to be a strong problem play of modern life, full of terse epigram and gripping satire, with touches of comedy deftly interspersed here and there, like the onion in a hamburger. But after I had the whole thing blocked out, and had got to work on "Act I, Scene I—The Anteroom of a City Law-Office," I discovered, to my surprise and at first to my chagrin, that my characters absolutely refused to stand for any problem business.

I remember that I wrestled for hours and days with my principal character, trying to show him how necessary and vital it was for him to be a part of a play that would send the audience forth into the night at the conclusion of the first performance, saying to one another: "Well, Ibsen may be dead, but—" But, no, he wouldn't have it that way, my leading man character wouldn't. He was so self-willed! Later he developed into a sunny-tempered, middle-aged barrister with a strong vein of humor and a heart so full of warm, human sympathy that there was hardly room for the customary supply of cockles that always go with that sort of a heart; but at the time I am speaking of now he was very resolute and self-willed.

I couldn't do anything with him, and the other characters were almost as bad. I wish I might make the reader understand how I thrashed around and swapped "strangle holts" and "half nelsons" with that obstinate crowd until my typewriter was as limp as a rag. Human endurance has its limit, which is the main reason why collectors of bad bills can make a living; and so at length my patience wore itself down to a thin fringe, and, feeling that I was honorably overcome by superior numbers, I surrendered and told them to go ahead and have their own way.

They had their own way, and I wrote a comedy. Though I say it who shouldn't, it was a great comedy. Between them the low-comedy characters and the eccentric types kept me in a constant roar with their whimsical doings and their apt say-

ings. The landlady of the New York boarding-house where I lived used to come to my door and listen to the rollicking outbursts of laughter that filtered through the keyhole for hours at a time. Then she would go back down-stairs and tell the other boarders that while she was not certain, she thought I must be one of those secret drinkers who keep a bottle in their room.

AN ABODE OF LITERARY GENIUS

I think the other boarders mostly understood. In the main, they were literary persons themselves. Like me, they had come to New York to be near the great centers of literary supply and demand. There was one young man—a true Bohemian, but with the shucks still on—who belonged to the leading Bohemian set of Michigan City, Indiana. He had the room just over mine. He was writing one of the great novels of the decade. He said himself that it was the great novel of the decade. All that winter I used to hear him, overhead, walking back and forth, back and forth. I supposed for a while that he was walking for inspiration; but later I decided that he was trying to nerve himself to take a bath. He conquered the baser impulse, however, and remained a true Bohemian until spring.

I USED TO HEAR HIM, OVERHEAD, WALKING BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH

After dinner we used to sit in the parlor of the boarding-house until the landlady's daughter's beau came, telling one another what we were doing, and dissecting the works of various persons who had somehow or other won a transient distinction in the realms of literature and the drama. If the ears of Augustus Thomas or Edith Wharton ever burned of an evening during the winter of 1905-1906, this is to let them know the reason.

Then we would scatter each to his or her or their room and add a chapter to the book, or a scene to the play, or a verse to the epic poem, as the case might be. So for months I went along, guiding the sprightly currents of my comedy over rippling reefs of laughter, through splashing cascades of chuckles, and past the dimpling eddies where quiet smiles lurked in the shadows, until all was blended in the splendid, reverberating Minnehaha of my third act.

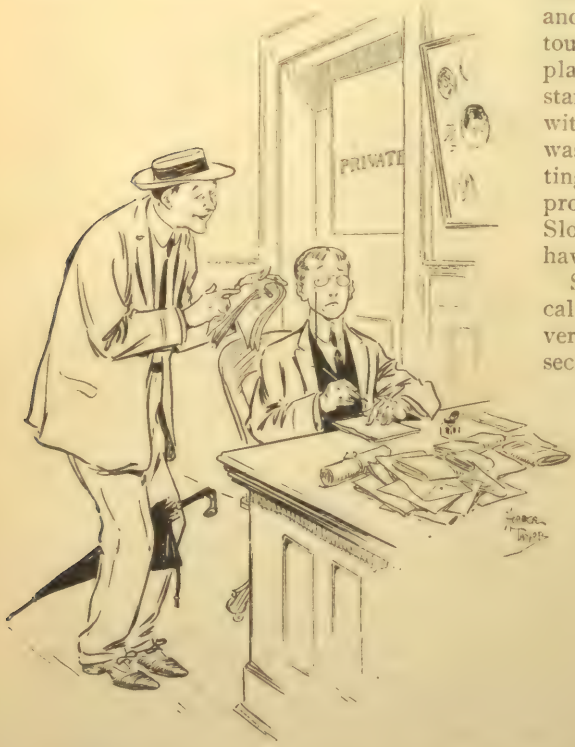
In due season the play was finished. But at the very last I had to do it all over again, practically. It occurred to me to count up the words in it. There were forty-six thousand and some odd hundreds of them. Figuring fifteen thousand words to the average comedy, mine would run about three nights and a Saturday matinée. I felt that I should have to do some pruning. I hated to do it—it was like chopping slices out of a Rembrandt to make it fit a frame, but I realized that I must condense the play into the space of one evening, or else antagonize the critics.

I went to work and cut and slashed with a brave hand, although sometimes, when a particularly strong passage had to be trimmed, I felt as if I were amputating my own legs. Finally I had my comedy reduced to the conventional limits, and I set out to do what I had thought would be the easiest detail of the undertaking—placing it.

I took it first to a prominent producer, whom I will call Mr. Charles Slowman

to distinguish him from his brother Daniel. I didn't see Mr. Slowman personally; he was detained, it seemed, by pressing business somewhere in an inner office of his suite. I saw one of his readers, a slender young man with a high forehead and a preoccupied manner. In delivering the manuscript to this young man I could not forbear sketching out for him some of the main situations. At several points I was unable to restrain my amusement, and guffawed heartily; but he was evidently a person with a false sense of dignity, and he continued throughout to manifest an air of composure which must have been feigned. When I was through he took the manuscript from my hand, tossed it upon a pile of similar manuscripts, told me I would hear from Mr. Slowman in due time, and said "Good-by" several times in a rapid and hurried manner.

In due time I did hear from Mr. Slowman. In returning my play to me, he had gone to the trouble of having a neat little printed slip struck off on my account. The slip said it was a very good play, but owing to Mr. Slowman being stocked up with stuff by Clyde Fitch and George Ade and Henry Arthur Jones, it was unavailable at this time. He didn't exactly mention Fitch and those others by name, but the inference was plain. At the bottom of the printed matter, Mr. Slowman had added a note—in his own handwriting, I felt sure—saying that there was one serious flaw in my play—a flaw which he pointed out briefly.



IN DELIVERING THE MANUSCRIPT TO THIS YOUNG MAN I COULD NOT FORBEAR SKETCHING OUT FOR HIM SOME OF THE MAIN SITUATIONS

THE BLINDNESS OF THE MANAGERS

I didn't like to quarrel with an experienced producer, but I felt bound to do justice both to myself and to the play. I reflected that from time to time Slowman had brought out failures, and that he had been guilty of other errors of judgment; so I made no attempt to remedy what he had been pleased to call a flaw. In the first place, looking at it from any angle, I couldn't see how it could fairly be considered as a flaw; and in the second place, I couldn't touch it without changing the whole play. I felt that my nerves couldn't stand the strain of another struggle with those characters. Besides, time was passing, and the season for putting out new plays was rapidly approaching. I decided to pass up Slowman and let some other manager have a chance.

So I took it to one whom I will call Mr. Lee Flobert. He liked it very much, he said—or, rather, his secretary said so for him; but there was a certain flaw which made it impossible for the Flobert interests to produce my play just then. Strangely enough, Mr. Flobert's flaw was in the first act, whereas the one which Mr. Slowman thought he had discovered was in the second act. I said to myself that there appeared to be a conspiracy against me somewhere; and, besides, what was the use of fussing around with managers who were looking for flaws instead of plays? So I marked the name of Flobert off the list, and went to Mr. Grady.

THE SCENERY AND COSTUMES AND THINGS HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN IN NEW YORK, HE SAID, AND WERE AS GOOD AS NEW; WHAT HE WANTED ME TO DO WAS TO WRITE A BRIGHT MUSICAL COMEDY AROUND THEM

Mr. Grady was greatly pleased with the comedy, so his stenographer reported, but there was a flaw in it—in the last act, this time. Hamdilly's file-clerk bore me an almost similar message on behalf of his employer; Slaw & Clawhanger's head office-boy said practically the same thing, and so did the man who swept out for Wagonfuls & Tempter, except that each one of these flushed his particular covey of flaws at a different point from the others.

To sum up, I will simply state that this play is still in my possession. I am holding it for a purpose. Some day there will be a demand for a play made up of flaws—not a play with a mere incidental flaw flecked in here and there, but a play that is composed of one strong flaw superimposed on another, and that on another, and so on. Then I shall take my comedy out from the bottom tray of my trunk, where it now lies under a dress-suit which my waist-measure has outgrown. I shall brush the moth-crystals off it, hold it aloft, and say:

"Gentlemen, here are the goods!"

In case you should happen to see it, I will mention its name here. It is called "The Sure Return."

A PLUNGE INTO MUSICAL COMEDY

I had spent five months writing a comedy and six months trying to place it, and I have it yet. Now comes the second part of my unvarnished story, in which it will be shown that sometimes the race is to the swift.

One day I got a message from a manager whose specialty is producing musical comedies and comic operas—they being musical comedies if made in America, and comic operas if imported from England and done over here for home consumption. This gentleman invited me to call on a matter of business.

I had always felt that I would sit down some morning after breakfast and write a really good musical show — a feeling which is shared, I am convinced, by nearly everybody who sees such entertainments. I was at the manager's office promptly on time. He took me up-town to a storage-warehouse, and showed me an outfit of scenery, a large number of costumes, and an ample supply of theatrical properties.

These articles, he explained, had been used in a musical show which he produced the year before, and which failed because of a number of unforeseen circumstances and adverse conditions for which he could in no wise be held to blame. The scenery and costumes and things had never been seen in New York, he said, and were as good as new; what he wanted me to do was to write a bright musical comedy around them. He had already engaged a capable musician to do the score, and so I wouldn't have to worry about that. I was glad to hear this, because, although gifted and attractive in many ways, I am not a musician.

I felt flattered. The manager asked me how long I thought it ought to take me to write the book and the lyrics. There would have to be some extra lyrics, he said, because it always happened that they threw out a lot of numbers during rehearsals.

I made a rapid mental calculation, and told him that in my opinion about three months, or maybe four, should be allowed for the work, if done properly. His manner became almost violent.

"Mushiful Evans!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter—got creeping paralysis of the intellect, or something like that? Why, man alive, you've got your scenery and your props and your costumes and all that. All you've got to do is just to write to 'em. George Hobart, or one of those fellows, wouldn't want more than a day, or a day and a half at the outside, for a little job like that. Still, of course, we've got to figure that you are a little bit new at the game, and give you plenty of time. There'll have to be three acts, because we've got three sets of scenery. Let's see now—this is Tuesday; suppose you give me the first act day after to-morrow, so I can see what the parts are going to be like and get the company signed up. You must give me the last two acts by next Saturday night, because I've got the chorus called for rehearsals on Monday morning. And say, let it all be good, bright, new stuff, will you—none of that old junk they've all been pulling?"

I wouldn't like to say that I worked like a Trojan, because I don't know how hard a Trojan can work. I do know the Trojans have a large annual output of linen collars and laundry-machinery and Republican politicians to their credit, so I assume that they are earnest workers; but if anybody in Troy ever worked any harder than I did that week, his union will probably take his card away from him for violating the eight-hour law, should the true facts become known. I ate little and slept less, but when Saturday night came the third act was ready.

HIS MAJESTY THE STAGE-MANAGER

No time was lost. On Sunday I was called upon to read the completed work to the gentleman who had been chosen for stage-manager. He was a stout, impressive person, whose figure sloped outward and downward in a series of overlapping layers. When he stood up sideways he made you think of a pagoda.

He shook hands with me, and then, remarking that he had been up late the night before, he settled down in his chair and dropped off almost instantly. However, he must have been a light sleeper, for several times when I paused to get my breath he roused up and told me to go on. When I was through reading he waked up slowly, took possession of the manuscript, and said *(yawn)* that it read all right *(gape)*, and he had no doubt *(long, double yawn)* that he'd be able to lick it into shape and make something out of it. He then passed somnambulantly out into the twilight.

The next time I saw him he was not to be likened to a pagoda. He had become a human volcano in an active state of eruption, pouring out live ashes, molten lava, powdered pumice, and the hot tar of inspired invective. It was in a hall, and he was conducting a rehearsal. He had his coat off, and was busier than a boss canvasman when the show-train has been delayed by a washout.

He was having things his own way. The principals, haughty enough on the street, were as dumb, driven cattle. The abashed chorus-girls and the sad chorus-men—and a chorus-man at a rehearsal is probably the saddest sight ever presented to the moistened eye of pity—they also were his, body and soul, to do with as he chose. He was their sole proprietor, their *Simon Legree,* their Great White Father. From time to time, however, he gave them a moment's peace while he rent

to further fragments that frayed and frazzled wisp of a thing which had been the book.

It was with the utmost difficulty that I recognized the wraith of my brain-child. Once, and once only, in the still, small voice of the oft-trodden-on-and-seldom-turning worm, I went so far as to protest against the brutal massacre of one of my best scenes. Never shall I forget what followed. He charged down on me the length of the long hall, and before an interested audience of his white slaves he informed me, in the voice of a squeaky lead-pencil rasping across an exposed nerve in a neuralgic lower jaw—providing such a combination would have such a voice—that I was merely the inconsequential, futile-faced dub that wrote the piece, and that my wishes in the matter didn't amount to a hyphenated, double-cleft, asterisked, Billy-be-accursed blank space with him. He then ordered me to begone.

So I be-went. In the hallway, where I paused to think up a perfectly splendid retort that would have just suited the emergency if I had only thought of it three minutes sooner. I heard muffled sobs. The man who had done the musical numbers was leaning up against a janitor, sobbing in baffled rage mixed with poignant sorrow. Together we fared forth into the pitiless night—joint parents of a murdered offspring.

THE POWER OF STAGE TRADITIONS

Days passed before I dared venture back to the scene of the crime. Somehow things had progressed. Stranger still, there were places where you could still detect traces of the plot, and spots where the skilled ear might recognize scraps of the original music. The stage-manager had not become an extinct crater, by any means, but he now seethed more mildly. The principals had begun to perk up. The chorus-girls were getting almost cocky. Even the chorus-men no longer flinched when spoken to.

It was at this period that I learned something of the traditions of the musical-comedy stage. I didn't think there were any ethics to be followed in musi-

THE STAGE-MANAGER INFORMED ME THAT I WAS MERELY THE INCONSEQUENTIAL, FUTILE-FACED DUB THAT WROTE THE PIECE

cal - comedy - producing, but just the same there are —oodles of them. For example, we had a scene where a group of chorus-men were made up as sailors. They came in, ye-heaving and ye-hoing, and lifting up first one leg and then the other by yanking on their waistbands.

Having gained heart, I ventured to ask the stage-manager why this should be so.

"There's nothing in the play, so far as I know, that says these sailor-boys have the white swelling," was my remark. "Why, then, should they make their entrance in this way?"

THE MAN WHO HAD DONE THE MUSICAL NUMBERS WAS LEANING UP AGAINST A JANITOR, SOBBING IN BAFFLED RAGE MIXED WITH POIGNANT SORROW

"Why?" he repeated. "Why? Why, because they always have. And that's all there is to it!"

Which, indeed, was all there was to it. In the merry, merry world of musical comedies, the terriers of the craft may worry the poor rat of a book to death—and they do; they may gnaw the vitals of the musical score with their merciless teeth—and they do; they may bite off the feet of the songs—and they do; but the traditions endure and are unafraid, for no impious hand dare lay the weight of an unhallowed finger upon them. All proper stage sailors must look as if they had hip-disease, just as all comic - opera banditti must apparently suffer from sore legs and wrap them from the knees to the ankles in buff bandages with criss-cross tapes.

But to revert to the main issue. The play went on at a Broadway theater. I had my dream. I saw my name in print on the program—wigs by Jones, costumes by Brown, shoes by Robinson, piano loaned by Green, book by Me. My friends congratulated me; they said I was discovered. I shall pass over the miseries of the first night; the audience is said to have suffered, but I suffered more severely. I stayed up to get the first copies of the morning papers and read what the critics said. Then I knew that my friends were wrong. They thought I was going to be discovered, whereas I had merely been exposed.

And that's the way to write a play. Sometimes a play succeeds and sometimes it fails.

Mine failed.

THE WELCOME GUEST

My heart was selfish, and knew not love—
  In a world of doubts and glooms
Content to rest with never a guest
  In its vacant, lonely rooms.

Then out of the vast unknown you came;
  How long my heart had kept
A place for you I never knew
  Till into its voids you stepped!

Eugene C. Dolson

THE MUSIC-MASTER'S WIFE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "ON THE HOTEL VERANDA," ETC.

THE ugly little alarm-clock on the kitchen-shelf seemed to tick faster and faster. Mrs. Clifton hurried her dish-washing in rhythm to its quickened pace; but as she began on the big black kettle which had contained the *pot-au-feu,* the door-bell rang.

It was characteristic that she allowed herself no exclamation of impatience as she untied the apron from her trim waist and flashed to the door. It was as characteristic that she did not permit herself a look of disappointment, scarcely even of surprise, as she opened upon a lank girl of fourteen, carrying a violin-case.

"Ah, it is you, Mees Wardle," she said, a slight accent coloring her speech pleasantly. "I was expecting a bigger friend, and hurrying to get through my work before she came. Go right up-stairs. My husband is just practising a little."

She stood smiling upon the awkward child until the violin-case had bumped against the last of the balustrades at the head of the stairs; then, with a nimble haste, she darted back into the kitchen. The clock was even more breathlessly counting out the minutes than before. It was half past two. Mrs. Clifton plunged her little hands indomitably into the greasy water, and for a moment drowned out the clock by the vigorous scrape and splash of her operations. At a quarter to three she gave a sigh of relief, although she did not slacken her speed. At three she sat in the dark little parlor which looked out on the grimy street, her hands still damp, but folded quietly over a decent black silk apron.

From up-stairs there wavered down uncertain chromatic scales, played with a slurring lack of precision which made them sound like wailing whines. She leaned her head back against the chair and closed her eyes. With the momentary extinction of the resolute purposefulness in her face she looked suddenly old and worn.

The sound of the door-bell rang up this heavy curtain of dulness upon an expression of the liveliest expectancy. However, she did not hurry to the door; and when she reached it she stood hesitating a moment, and opened it slowly. There came a rush from outside, the smell of violets, and a rich voice exclaiming, in breathless reproach:

"Ah, naughty Camille, you didn't want to see me! You are so slow to open!"

From among the dangling tails of fur where the embrace of the tall girl held her, Mrs. Clifton's sweet, high voice rose in indignant self-justification.

"You wicked Sina! I was so afraid it might not be you. I thought you come half an hour ago, and I rush to let you in, but it is only a pupil come to take a lesson. Hear, up-stairs?"

As she spoke she was whirled back into a chair, her waist encircled by the long arms of her visitor.

"Chatterbox! Camille, dearest little Camille, are you not a bit interested to know why I've come all this way from flowers and sunshine into this black, wintry Pittsburgh, where you *will* be so perversely happy with no reason for it?"

The other put her firm, small hand over the girl's mouth.

"Sina, how can I say how curious your letter made me when you are speaking every minute? I think of nothing ever since I get that letter, but wonder why the splendid Miss McMaster want to see her so-poor foreign friend."

The girl sprang to her feet and threw off her wraps as she talked.

"Why do I want to see you, little Camille? Because you *are* so perversely happy with no reason for it—because you are the only happy person I have ever known, and because you've made me over by being so. *Petite chérie,* do you remember that first day when I came wandering here looking for a first violin for our stupid theatricals? Think! That's only two years ago, and sitting right here in your dingy little house, doing your hateful, dirty housework, you've made me over!"

She sat down on the floor beside her friend's chair, the wilful childishness of the attitude contrasting oddly with the rich amplitude of her beauty. Mrs. Clifton took the smooth hand between her own roughened palms.

"But, Sina, this does not tell me why you came all the way from 'that sun shine and those flowers' to say to me something you cannot write." She paused, startled at the face turned up to her. "Sina! You love!"

The girl's silence did not deny it.

"Then why do you come to *me?*" asked the woman with an enigmatical emphasis.

"Because—because it wouldn't have been so without you; because you made me believe in the existence of love, really truly love that lasts through everything."

"*I!*" with a startled accent.

"Yes, you—who else? You, with your Roger, and your poor, contented little home. Ah, Camille, you must have guessed how miserably bitter I was when I first knew you. You've never asked why, but you could not have healed me so without knowing I was sick with unbelief in what people had blasphemed by calling love."

"I knew you were not happy, yes, but you never told me—"

"I couldn't! It was like opening a raw wound; but now that I'm cured, I must tell you a little, so that you can know from what a prison I've escaped. It won't be long — it's only the sad preface to the lovely story I've come all this way to tell you. You know my sister is divorced, and lives with us at home? Well, I was in her home a great deal when I was a little girl, and I thought her husband the best man who ever lived. He was a minister, and I used to think he looked like Christ as I looked up at him in the pulpit. At home he was always so lofty and above small things. I blamed my sister Anne because she didn't appreciate him. She was always moody and fretful often, even when he was talking most beautifully to her. And so I grew up till I was eighteen—"

She stopped short, her nostrils quivering, her mouth set in a bitter line.

"Camille, I can't tell you—even now I find I can't speak of it—how I found out, little by little, that he was cruel to my sister — oh, abominable! And then, one evening, Anne was out late with a sick person, and I had gone into the garden to try and get away from him. He came out after me and—he tried to kiss me, and he said—oh, horrible! I screamed and ran toward the house. Anne was there, and had heard it, and oh, Camille, the most terrible thing that ever happened to me was that Anne was not surprised! And when I got home and told my mother, she was not surprised, only heartbroken. It was the end of the world to me, and nobody was surprised at it!"

"Poor little girl! Poor child, to have it come so—"

"Oh, it didn't kill me! I grew up, but like an Ishmael! I said to myself that I too would never be surprised again at anything that men did to women. And I was not surprised when one of my uncles ran away from his family because it was too much trouble to support them. And when a friend of mine left her husband because she had grown tired of him, then I said that women were just like men. Everywhere I looked I saw things like that. Father and mother live quite apart, you know, as if they had never been married, though they are friendly enough at meal-times, as they never see each other anywhere else. I saw that whenever people tried to do more than that, they failed; and if they didn't seem to fail, it was only because you couldn't see deep enough to know about it."

She stood up, shaking her broad shoulders impatiently.

"It was like death to live so, but there was nothing in our world that could help me. All the women who had had experience looked at me with Anne's sick, tired eyes, or with mother's absent ones, busying herself with clubs and orphanages and things. And then I chanced here, far out of our world, and you opened the door and looked at me with other eyes than I had ever seen; and oh, dearest Camille, little beacon-light of happy love, you must know the rest of it without my telling."

Mrs. Clifton shook her head with a hasty vehemence.

"No! No! No! I never dreamed all this! What is the rest?"

"Why, you are the rest, you and your husband! Your radiant content with poverty, with exile from all you care for, with monotony, with real hardships, with everything, if you only are with him; his dependence on you, your comradeship, your keeping his art alive in him, your blessed certainty that neither of you will ever be alone till death comes!

Mrs. Clifton had turned very pale.

"And is that the reason you—" she began; and then with a bluntness she made no effort to soften: "Have you promised to marry him?"

The girl flushed at this.

"No, dear Camille, I have not, but I have only waited to have your blessing on me before I follow you into your happy world. I am going back to marry him, and to tell him that you have taught me what love can mean."

She spread out her hands as if offering a visible tribute. Camille shrank back with a gesture of dismayed refusal. A door opened and shut above them, and a violin-case began banging against the balustrades. Mrs. Clifton hurried to hold the door open for the pupil. She made some pleasant remark about her good progress, to which the child answered mumblingly, staring rudely past her teacher's wife at the beautiful young lady in the sitting-room.

After the door had closed, Mrs. Clifton stood in the hall so long that her friend went to seek her. She made, at this, a gesture of almost harsh preoccupation, as of one interrupted in the last stage of a complicated problem. As the girl persisted, and put her arms about the rigid little figure with a half-apprehensive interrogation, she even pushed her away with a murmured—

"*Non! Non! Laisse-moi un instant!*" Then: "Thomasina McMaster, how old are you?"

"Twenty-six," wondered the girl.

Apparently this was the answer to the problem.

"Then you are old enough to know things as they are," preluded her friend a little grimly, pulling her down on a threadbare sofa. "You have somehow imagined to yourself some romantic ideas about me, and you are brave enough to know they are not true. It is not pleasant to tell any one, and you least—you who have brought so strangely sunshine to me; but I see that I have just the same as lied to you, and now I must tell you the truth. I am not happy! I am not content! I have tears, savage tears in my heart always, and in my eyes whenever I am alone. I do not love my husband. I do not respect him. I *know* him!"

The distilled bitterness of this last cut short like a blow a loud exclamation from the girl, whose dark eyes widened to a frightened stare.

"You must not go back to marry your lover and to tell him that I have taught you what love can mean, I who have worn out love utterly long ago—two months after I married that man. How could I love him? He is so weak that his great talent goes for nothing—nothing! He could be one of the great artists of the world, but if I did not make him work he would starve in the streets. Any one can cheat him, any woman of the street lead him away. He drinks, or would if I did not always stand between him and it; for never can I let him out of my sight, like a naughty child. I keep him well by cooking just the right things for him, I keep him amused, I make him go to bed, I make him get up and work; and so I can mostly keep him from making a beast of himself."

She added no emphasis of tone or gesture to the baldness of her narrative, and she finished it without a flicker of her steady eyes.

"And I, all these years in this black

place, I could scream with misery. Before I married him in Paris I was free, I had a good home, friends, my work—*I* can teach music better than he!—art, all Paris for my pleasure." On the last words her voice broke a little. "A letter from Paris is like a cut from a sword now. I sit here and look out on the black soot falling, and I see Paris, the clean, gray little Rue de Cluny where we lived with the green of the old garden at the end." The effort to keep the heart-beats out of her voice throbbed all over her now. "My youth is gone, and I have but a little time more. I want to *live* a little before I die. And I hate even to hear from Paris! They always try to make me leave him and go back. They knew what he was as soon as he came to Paris. I *would* not know then, but now I do. That is all, only now you will not go back to marry your lover and tell him I have taught you what love can mean!"

She stopped short, and looked at the girl, down whose white cheeks two large tears rolled, glistening. There were no others. The two women faced each other in a profound silence which was suddenly broken by a mounting roulade of sweet, shrill violin-tones from above them. The girl was the first to move. Her speech was like her aspect, dazed, blank, incredulous.

"But your gaiety, your love for housekeeping, your—"

"All part of the medicine I sell my soul for to keep him alive. I hate housework; more than mortal and deadly sin do I hate it. I am an artist as well as he; but I must give that up, like everything else that makes life sweet. He was jealous, and if I make music I cannot have the time to cook those little dinners you have liked so much and thought my soul was in. They are so he will eat much, much, like an American, and be heavy afterward and comfortable, and will not go out to those low pleasures that make him sick."

For the first time the girl seemed suddenly to come to a realization of what had been said to her.

"Why, it's infamous!" she exclaimed furiously. "Why don't you leave him and go back to Paris?"

The answer came in a haste as furious as her own, with the unconscious and utterly involuntary promptness of a heart-beat:

"Oh, *mon dieu!* What would become of *him?*" cried the wife of the music-master.

She began to sob quietly. The stupefaction of the other's face was like a pool into which this cry plunged for an instant, with no consequent wavering in the smooth blankness of its surface. Then, as the phrase seemed to echo and reverberate in the ensuing silence, wave after wave of deeper and deeper perception of its significance swept across her face. At first she said nothing at all, as if staggered by the immensity of her new vision. She shivered a little, as if this inner flood were a force almost physical. As it mounted, she stood up to her full noble height, throwing her head up. Her voice was harsh with her tense effort at self-control.

"Camille, tell me, how long have you lived in Pittsburgh?"

"Twelve years."

"And you could have gone back, any day, any hour, to all you— You have stayed *here!*"

She looked about the dingy little room as if it were a place unutterably strange to her, never seen before, frightening. Her hand went to her throat, but with the great gasp for breath which shook her the flood within finally overwhelmed her. She began to weep, not with a self-contained repression like the woman on the sofa, but loudly, like a child. Groping blindly, she found her wraps, and, with a mechanical instinct, the tears streaming down her cheeks, made herself ready for the street.

The other, hearing her move toward the door, looked up and cried out:

"Oh, you are going away, like this—"

The girl turned back and, with a gesture as violent as her loud sobs, threw herself down beside her friend, kissing her hand again and again, and finally carrying to her lips the hem of the shabby little skirt.

"Yes, I am going away," she said. "I am going back to marry my lover, and to tell him you have taught me what love can mean!"

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THE MOST PICTURESQUE OF WINTER SPORTS

BY HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO NORWAY

EVERY nation has its pastimes, but it is only in particular countries that some one sport becomes distinctly national in its character. Thus, in the United States, baseball is recognized as the American game *par excellence*, just as cricket is the English national game, and golf the Scottish, and just as the Italian, in a climate less conducive to athletic exercises, betakes himself to *morra*.

In Scandinavia, and especially in Norway, ski-running is a pursuit in which almost every one engages. The ski is a sort of snow-shoe which has its bearing surface made of solid wood rather than of a webbed frame. The runners, which are from six to eight feet in length, are made of hard pine or ash wood. Their thickness is about a quarter of an inch, and the width is that of the sole of the foot. They curve upward, so that the

runner may not trip, and at their extreme limit they narrow to a point.

Ski-running has come into vogue upon the European continent wherever there is sufficient snow to permit of its enjoyment, and I am told that it is becoming more or less popular in some of our Northern and Northwestern States; but its origin and its natural home are in Scandinavia, and particularly in Norway, where it has been most highly developed. You may find the ski in the Alpine districts of Switzerland, just as you may find baseball played in Australia; but, outside of Norway, the sport is an exotic and of comparatively recent introduction. In Norway it is native; and not excepting even the Finns—with whose use of the ski I am familiar from long acquaintance — no people are so universally at home in gliding over the snow on the swift wooden runners as are the Norwegians.

KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY ON SKIS

THE WOODEN WINGS OF NORWAY

At three years of age, the little Norseman is first put upon skis; and long before he has attained his full growth, he uses them as naturally as he wears his shoes. At the same time, a complete mastery of the ski is no child's play; for even after mind and muscles become accustomed to the nice balancing and automatic guiding of the long runners, it needs great courage to undertake steep descents at lightning speed, dodging in and out among the trees of the hillsides, where occasional tumbles are almost unavoidable. It is only owing to the softness of the snow, to the skill of the ski-runners, who learn how to avoid injury in falling, that serious accidents are not more frequent.

The ski is attached securely to the foot, leaving only the upward toe movement free. If its point is embedded in a drift, or if there is anything else to check its motion in sliding down a sharp declivity, the runner may be thrown badly—to say nothing of the danger of coming into collision, at such a pace, with some object, moving or stationary.

A good ski-runner can cover great distances across country on soft, new-fallen snow, or over the beaten roads. He can make trips of fifty miles, or more, without overfatigue, often at a great pace, and always with a keen eye to the varying contours of the snow-covered ground, and to the frequent obstacles. Indeed, it may with truth be said of the "wooden

wings of Norway" that they afford exhilarating exercise in the employment of an instrument of practical utility. And that, so used, they provide true and genuine sport, I may be permitted to quote, as evidence, the assertion of a member of the British diplomatic service, himself a keen sportsman, well known as "a good 'un to hounds" in the Melton Mowbray country, that paradise of the English fox-hunter. This gentleman told me that he regards ski-running across country as a better sport than following the hounds—which was, of course, the very highest praise he could have bestowed.

The use of the ski among the country people of Scandinavia is so ancient as to have left no clear trace of its origin. It extends over so wide a region, from Norway to Finland, that it is not surprising to find the form of the wooden runner varying considerably in different localities. The light spruce or pine ski of the Finlander, only slightly turned up at the toe, is better adapted for speed than the tough ash foot-gear of the Norwegian, but it could not stand the rough usage to which it would be put on the steep hillsides of Norway. Moreover, its almost flat toe would not be suited to carry the runner over the soft drifts on sharp declivities, while for jumping it would be absolutely useless.

A JUMPING CONTEST, A SPORT THAT TESTS THE SKILL AND DARING OF THE NORWEGIAN SKI-RUNNER—A LEAP OF A HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT FEET HAS BEEN RECORDED

As the Finlander swings along over the snow-covered lakes and almost level plains of his country, he makes great speed on his light skis, attached to the foot only by slipping it under the toe-strap. Should he come to an ascent, he shoulders his skis and walks up. In international long-distance races, Finnish competitors have even claimed the right to do this, as according with the practise of ski-running in their own country. The Norseman, on the other hand, travels over the steep hillsides of his country with his ski firmly bound to his feet, making ascents by turning out his toes and at each step driving the inner edge of his ski into the snow with a vigorous stamp of the foot.

In Sweden, formerly one ski was made shorter than the other, thus giving, as was thought, increased facility in steering and in controlling the speed. In general, however, throughout the peninsula, the modern tendency is to adopt the so-called Telemarken pattern, which appears in the accompanying illustrations. The length of the runners varies in proportion to the height and weight of the individual, averaging somewhat under seven feet.

Various methods of fastening to the foot are in use, depending upon the fancy of the individual, and upon his particular needs. Perhaps nothing yet invented entirely meets the desideratum of a perfectly secure binding which permits freedom of toe action while holding the ski firmly parallel with the foot and at the same time allowing easy and quick release. The type most in vogue is one that draws the boot tightly between two metal flanges on the sides of the ski by means of a strap passing around the heel. This fastening answers well both for long distances and for jumping.

A PARTY OF SKI-RUNNERS IN THE COUNTRY NEAR CHRISTIANIA

THE CLIMAX OF WINTER SPORT

As a sport, Norwegian ski-running reaches its acme in the jumping contests, which, commencing early in February, take place each Sunday, in different parts of the country successively, culminating in the great event at Holmenkollen, on the mountain overlooking Christiania.

SOLDIERS ON SKIS—MARCHING IN THIS WAY, A NORWEGIAN REGIMENT CAN COVER FIFTY MILES A DAY

True, these contests are purely athletic affairs, and not an essential part of ski-running; but they serve their purpose as a stimulant to maintain interest in the exercise. As picturesque and exciting exhibitions of athletic skill, they surpass anything else in the world of sport.

The competitors are all amateurs; indeed, there exist in Norway no professional ski runners or jumpers. The only prizes awarded are simple souvenirs.

The place selected for such a contest is a clearing on some steep hillside, having an inclination of about thirty degrees from the horizontal for perhaps a hundred yards from the bottom, on which incline the jumpers land. A little farther up the slope a wall is built, about five feet in height; and from the top of the wall—which is the "take-off" for the leap—the snow is graded up to the summit of the hill, so as to afford a smooth and even slide on which the jumper can get up the necessary impetus.

Whirling down the slide, and reaching the take-off, the ski-runner leaps into the air, high above the heads of the spectators who line the course below. At the height of his spring, he is even with the tops of the fir-trees abreast of him. With arms extended to maintain his balance, he resembles some gigantic bird soaring through the air.

Never shall I forget the first impression I received of this thrilling sport, as I saw a man launching himself into the air as if shot from a catapult, and landing upon the white slope far below, to go tumbling down it with broken skis, and to roll to the bottom in a cloud of snow-dust. That such a tremendous fall could be sustained without injury seemed impossible. Yet, although I have since seen many a tumble, not one of them resulted in serious damage. This is largely due to the fact that the pitch of the slope on which the jumper lands is carefully regulated so as not to break his fall too suddenly.

The prizes are awarded, not alone for distance covered, but with consideration, also, for the style of the performance. The form in which the leap is made, the jumper's position in the air, and his skill in landing, all count with the judges. He should negotiate the take-off gracefully, keeping his feet well together during the flight, with his skis parallel, and his toes slightly elevated. He should land easily, maintaining his balance until he reaches the end of the course, where, to finish effectively, he should make the "Telemarken swing," which is accomplished by bringing the foot on the inside of the curve a little in front of the other, and by inclining the body well inward toward the axis of the turn.

The longest leap that I have ever seen made on skis was one that measured thirty-seven meters, or a hundred and twenty-one feet, upon the slope below the take-off; but as the contestant lost his balance and fell before reaching the bottom of the course, the feat went for

nothing. The Norwegian record is held by a jump of forty-two meters, or nearly a hundred and thirty-eight feet, down the slope. Measured back on a level to the take-off, the distance covered in this surprising flight was a hundred and twenty-five feet, with a drop of about sixty-five feet.

In long-distance ski-running, conditions vary so greatly as to make time records of comparatively little value. It may be worth while, however, to give the best figures for fifty kilometers — equal to about thirty-one miles—which distance has been covered in four hours, seventeen minutes, and six seconds.

One of the sights of Christiania is the long and carefully constructed "coast," as Americans would call it, which winds down from the hills of Frognersäter to the capital city of Norway. On a winter Sunday this great slide is a scene of constant life and animation. Sleds come gliding down in rapid succession, their occupants shouting the warning cry of "*See op!*"—"Look out!" Ski-runners, too, flash by among the sleds; and occasionally there will be a collision, or an upset at one of the sharp curves, with enough risk of injury to give a spice of danger to the sport.

Altogether, it is a bright and cheery carnival of winter amusement in the exhilaration of the bracing Norwegian air, and of gay and varied color against the white background of snow.

TWO NONAGENARIAN PEERS

BY HENRY J. MARKLAND

THERE are not many men alive to-day who can remember the battle of Waterloo, who were well-grown boys when Napoleon died, who were born when George III was king, who have lived through the entire reigns of George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria, and who are still living and enjoying life under a fifth monarch of Britain. All this, however, is true of the oldest member of the British House of Lords, the fourth Baron Gwydyr, who was born ninety-eight years ago, in the year 1810.

Lord Gwydyr was ten years old when George IV was crowned; and the boy witnessed the splendid ceremonies which that expensive monarch revived, and which for nearly a year kept all the antiquarians of the United Kingdom hard at work. Never since then, at the crowning of a British monarch, has a "king's champion" ridden into Westminster Hall, gleaming from head to foot in full armor, to clash upon the floor a mailed gauntlet, and to proclaim himself ready to defend the new monarch's title to the throne. A hundred other medieval formalities were revived when George was crowned; and Lord Gwydyr beheld them all, going from Whitehall to Westminster in the state barge of his grandfather, the second Baron Gwydyr.

It was on this occasion that Sir Walter Scott, with his romantic loyalty and love of the picturesque, tried to make his way on foot to the scene of the pageant. He found the entrance to Westminster blocked by a magnificently mounted battalion of the Scots Guards. These soldiers closed the way to every one. Earls and marquises and dukes were turned back, and even princes of royal blood could not pass that massed array of cavalry. There was much confusion, amid which Sir Walter, who was lame, seemed in danger of being trampled under foot. A friend who was with him called out hastily:

"Be careful, Sir Walter Scott!"

The colonel of the guards, sitting his horse at the head of his troops, heard this exclamation and bent eagerly forward.

"Is that Sir Walter Scott?" he asked;

and then he reined his horse about and gave the sharp command: "Open order there! Make way for Sir Walter Scott!"

Lord Gwydyr carries us back, therefore, not merely to the most sumptuous king of the nineteenth century, but to the greatest of its romancers. He still tells with quiet amusement of his own experiences at the coronation. He was too young to attend the state banquet, but he was permitted to sit in the lord chamberlain's box. He had spent the whole day without a mouthful to eat, and the pangs of hunger were too much to be endured with fortitude by a boy of ten. So he leaned over the edge of the box and caught the eye of his cousin, who was banqueting below. The boy worked his jaws expressively, and the cousin, grinning, wrapped a chicken leg in a piece of paper and threw it up into the box.

THE EARL OF WEMYSS AND MARCH, WHO AS LORD ELCHO WAS THE CHIEF FOUNDER OF THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER ARMY, AND WHO ENTERED HIS NINETY-FIRST YEAR ON AUGUST 4 LAST

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London

Lord Gwydyr has lived not only a long

but a very honorable life. For thirty-three years he was secretary to the lord great chamberlain, and he has been high steward of Ipswich—near which town is his country-seat, Stoke Park—besides acting as a magistrate at the Suffolk quarter-sessions. If, however, he is first in point of age among the British peers, his public life has been much less notable than that of another member of the House of Lords who has recently completed his ninetieth year, and who has left a mark upon the history of his country.

LORD GWYDYR, THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WHO WAS NINETY-EIGHT ON APRIL 27 LAST

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

This is the Earl of Wemyss and March, whose ancestor, Sir John Wemyss, was raised to a barony by Charles I, in 1628, and to an earldom a few years later. The family records, however, go

much farther back. Sir David Wemyss is recorded as having been one of the attendants of Margaret, the Maid of Norway, on her journey to Scotland, in 1290. The first earl, though he began his career as a royalist, threw in his lot with Cromwell during the Protectorate. As if to balance this, the fifth earl's eldest son espoused the cause of the Pretender in 1745, and was in consequence attainted of treason, so that he could not inherit the title.

THE EARL OF WEMYSS (LORD ELCHO)

The present Lord Wemyss is closely related to the famous Lord Lucan, who made the immortal charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava. He did not succeed to the peerage until his father's death in 1883; but, with the courtesy title of Lord Elcho, he entered the House of Commons when he was only twenty-three. There he helped Sir Robert Peel in his attack upon the Corn Laws, and he served as a lord of the treasury while the Earl of Aberdeen was prime minister, from 1852 until 1855.

Later, when Earl Russell's government brought in the reform bill of 1866, Lord Elcho was one of the Whig magnates who took part in the secession which became historical under its nickname of "the Cave of Adullam," and which succeeded in defeating the bill and overthrowing Lord Russell's ministry. Lord Derby, who thereupon became premier, offered a cabinet position to Lord Elcho, who did not accept it.

He is most famous, however, for the part he played in leading and organizing the so-called "volunteer movement," which has had an immense influence in making Englishmen feel secure against any possible invasion. This volunteer movement began when Louis Napoleon became Emperor of the French, after the bloody scenes of the *coup d'état*. England, and indeed all Europe, still remembered the great Napoleon. It was universally believed that the successor to his name and throne would try to carry out the policies of his illustrious uncle, and would seek to inflict a bloody and disastrous revenge on the powers that sent the first Napoleon into exile. It was confidently predicted that at the earliest opportunity he would make war upon Russia; that he would then successively attack Austria and Prussia; that if he could thus assert his supremacy on the European continent, he would overrun and annex Belgium; and that his aggressive ambitions would culminate in the invasion and conquest of Great Britain.

The events of history have proved that this forecast was rather shrewd. Napoleon did make war on Russia, Austria, and Prussia. He did contemplate the annexation of Belgium. It was not unreasonable to think that he meditated also a renewal of the old-time strife with England. At any rate, when he subverted the republican régime in France, the English people felt that they were exposed to the attack of a powerful and unscrupulous enemy. The English military establishment had rusted through long years of peace. The Duke of Wellington, grown old and not open to new ideas, opposed all changes in the army. He would not even allow the substitution of muskets with percussion-caps for the old-fashioned flint-locks which had been used at Waterloo. The great volunteer army that had stood ready, fifty years before, to meet the threatened attack of the first Napoleon, had long ago been disbanded, and the militia was weak in numbers, training, and equipment.

It was then that Lord Elcho began the agitation for an army of volunteers which should protect the English coasts and support the regular force. Much was done toward organizing regiments of citizen soldiery; and into this movement Lord Elcho threw himself with the greatest energy. Nevertheless, it was not then that the modern volunteer system of Britain was actually established; for Napoleon III soon allied himself with Queen Victoria's government in the Crimean War. But seven years after, when this new Bonaparte poured his troops into Italy and beat the Austrians to their knees, England became affected with actual panic.

"Napoleon has struck at Russia," was said on every side. "Now he turns upon Austria and has conquered her. Against what country will his arms be next directed? It must either be Prussia or England!"

Lord Elcho renewed his efforts. Volun-

teer bodies were formed in every part of England. Plans for national defense, and especially for the fortification of the coasts, were pressed on Parliament with vigor. Great landowners and peers of the realm raised and equipped local regiments with such energy that within a few months more than a hundred thousand men had been enrolled and armed and drilled. Since then, the volunteers, well officered and fairly disciplined, have been a source of confidence to the people of Great Britain. They proved their value during the Boer War of 1899-1902, in which some of the best fighting was done by bodies of volunteers. The Imperial Yeomanry and the citizen soldiers of London and Fife and Devon who battled under Buller or faced the flashing charges of Delarey, were in a sense the creation of Lord Elcho long before he became the Earl of Wemyss.

Lord Wemyss — whose name, by the way, is pronounced as if it were spelled "Weems"—has several castles and country-seats in both England and Scotland, and as a landlord he possesses more than sixty thousand acres. He is still active as a statesman, and only a few months ago he tried to dissuade the House of Lords from enacting the Old Age Pensions Bill under the stress of what he regards as socialistic sentiment. He is, as might be expected, a Conservative; and his age has not diminished his power as a parliamentary debater. Although ninety years old, he is erect and tall, keen of eye, and resonant of voice. In London he lives in a house which overlooks St. James's Park, and which is crowded with rare books, fine paintings, and other works of art. A correspondent who lately visited him asked how he preserved so much of youthful vigor.

"I have no recipe for living to be ninety," Lord Wemyss replied with a smile; "the most important things are parentage and moderation. To be sure, it is no easy matter to select one's parents; but what one can do at every period of life is to keep on and hold to what one believes to be exactly right. That is the most important of all.

"We must remember, too, that the world is still in the infancy of discovery and of invention. I began life with tallow dips, and I am ending it with electric lights. Who knows what the next advance may be? Perhaps, before long, all London will be illuminated at night by rubbing radium on the dome of St. Paul's. When I first went from Scotland to Oxford" — where the earl spent his undergraduate days at Christ Church—"the journey took forty-eight hours, which were passed in a stuffy box of a stage-coach, from which they let us out two or three times a day to feed. Now I get into a train at half past two and am at my home in Scotland in less than seven hours."

AT THE END OF THE YEAR

What cheer, my friend,
Now that the year is faltering to its end,
And you look back along the sun-lit or the shadowed track?
Have you, knight-like, swift spurred with couchèd lance
Against the rigid bulk of Circumstance?
Intrepidly met Wrong,
Gone forward with a song,
Albeit driven sore with goad or thong?
Or have you failed at soul,
Missed the high goal
Whither your steps were bent,
And fallen, flaccid-thewed and impotent?

Howe'er this be,
With level vision greet the first new dawn:
And through this portal to futurity,
With your resolve fast-clutched, stride up and on!

Sennett Stephens

"WHEN THEY THREW ME OUT OF THE YAWL INTO THREE FEET OF SURF, I WADED ASHORE"

HELPING THE OTHER FELLOW

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS," "SEATS OF THE HAUGHTY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK VERBECK

"But can thim that helps others help thimselves?"
—*Mulcaney*

THIS is the story that William Trotter told me on the beach at Aguas Frescas while I waited for the gig of the captain of the fruit steamer Andador, which was to take me aboard. Reluctantly I was leaving the Land of Always Afternoon. William was remaining, and he favored me with a condensed oral autobiography as we sat on the sands in the shade cast by the Bodega Nacional.

As usual, I became aware that the Man from Bombay had already written the story; but as he had compressed it to an eight-word sentence, I have become an expansionist, and have quoted his phrase above, with apologies to him and best regards to *Terence*.

II

"DON'T you ever have a desire to go back to the land of derby hats and starched collars?" I asked him. "You seem to be a handy man and a man of action," I continued, "and I am sure I could find you a comfortable job somewhere in the States."

Ragged, shiftless, barefooted, a confirmed eater of the lotos, William Trotter had pleased me much, and I hated to see him gobbled up by the tropics.

"I've no doubt you could," he said, idly splitting the bark from a section of sugar-cane. "I've no doubt you could

do much for me. If every man could do as much for himself as he can for others, every country in the world would be holding millenniums instead of centennials."

There seemed to be pabulum in W. T.'s words. And then another idea came to me.

barracks for the soldiers of the republic.

"Hear that?" said William Trotter. "Let me tell you about it.

"A year ago I landed on this coast with one solitary dollar. I have the same sum in my pocket to-day. I was second cook on a tramp fruiter; and they marooned

"WHILE I SMOKED, SILENT, I LISTENED TO CLIFFORD WAINWRIGHT MAKING A SOLID REPUBLIC OUT OF THE WRECK OF ONE"

I had a brother in Chicopee Falls who owned manufactories—cotton, or sugar, or A. A. sheetings, or something in the commercial line. He was vulgarly rich, and therefore reverenced art. The artistic temperament of the family was monopolized at my birth. I knew that Brother James would honor my slightest wish. I would demand from him a position in cotton, sugar, or sheetings for William Trotter—something, say, at two hundred a month or thereabouts. I confided my beliefs and made my large propositions to William. He had pleased me much, and he was ragged.

While we were talking, there was a sound of firing guns—four or five, rattlingly, as if by a squad. The cheerful noise came from the direction of the *cuartel,* which is a kind of makeshift

me here early one morning, without benefit of clergy, just because I poulticed the face of the first mate with a cheese omelette at dinner. The fellow had kicked because I'd put horseradish in it instead of cheese.

"When they threw me out of the yawl into three feet of surf, I waded ashore and sat down under a palm-tree. By and by a fine-looking white man with a red face and white clothes, genteel as possible, but somewhat under the influence, came and sat down beside me.

"I had noticed there was a kind of a village back of the beach, and enough scenery to outfit a dozen moving-picture shows. But I thought, of course, it was a cannibal suburb, and I was wondering whether I was to be served with carrots or mushrooms. And, as I say, this dressed-up man sits beside me, and we

become friends in the space of a minute or two. For an hour we talked, and he told me all about it.

"It seems that he was a man of parts, conscientiousness, and plausibility, besides being educated and a wreck to his appetites. He told me all about it. Colleges had turned him out, and distilleries had taken him in. Did I tell you his name? It was Clifford Wainwright. I didn't exactly catch the cause of his being cast away on that particular stretch of South America; but I reckon it was his own business. I asked him if he'd ever been second cook on a tramp fruiter, and he said no; so that concluded my line of surmises. But he talked like the encyclopedia from 'A—Berlin' to 'Trilo—Zyria.' And he carried a watch—a silver arrangement with works, and up to date within twenty-four hours, anyhow.

"'I'm pleased to have met you,' says Wainwright. 'I'm a devotee to the great joss Booze; but my ruminating facilities are unrepaired,' says he—or words to that effect. 'And I hate,' says he, 'to see fools trying to run the world.'

"'I never touch a drop,' says I, 'and there are many kinds of fools; and the world runs on its own apex, according to science, with no meddling from me.'

"'I was referring,' says he, 'to the president of this republic. His country is in a desperate condition. Its treasury is empty, it's on the verge of war with Nicamala, and if it wasn't for the hot weather the people would be starting revolutions in every town. Here is a nation,' goes on Wainwright, 'on the brink of destruction. A man of intelligence could rescue it from its impending doom in one day by issuing the necessary edicts and orders. President Gomez knows nothing of statesmanship or policy. Do you know Adam Smith?'

"'Lemme see,' says I. 'There was a one-eared man named Smith in Fort Worth, Texas; but I think his first name was—'

"'I am referring to the political economist,' says Wainwright.

"'S'mother Smith, then,' says I. 'The one I speak of never was arrested.'

"So Wainwright boils some more with indignation at the insensibility of people who are not corpulent to fill public positions; and then he tells me he is going out to the president's summer palace, which is four miles from Aguas Frescas, to instruct him in the art of running steam-heated republics.

"'Come along with me, Trotter,' says he, 'and I'll show you what brains can do.'

"'Anything in it?' I asks.

"'The satisfaction,' says he, 'of redeeming a country of two hundred thousand population from ruin back to prosperity and peace.'

"'Great,' says I. 'I'll go with you. I'd prefer to eat a live broiled lobster just now; but give me liberty as second choice if I can't be in at the death.'

"Wainwright and me permeates through the town, and he halts at a rum-dispensary.

"'Have you any money?' he asks.

"'I have,' says I, fishing out my silver dollar. 'I always go about with adequate sums of money.'

"'Then we'll drink,' says Wainwright.

"'Not me,' says I. 'Not any demon rum or any of its ramifications for mine. It's one of my non-weaknesses.'

"'It's my failing,' says he. 'What's your particular soft point?'

"'Industry,' says I promptly. 'I'm hard-working, diligent, industrious, and energetic.'

"'My dear Mr. Trotter,' says he, 'surely I've known you long enough to tell you you are a liar. Every man must have his own particular weakness, and his own particular strength in other things. Now, you will buy me a drink of rum, and we will call on President Gomez.'

III

"WELL, sir," Trotter went on, "we walks the four miles out, through a virgin conservatory of palms and ferns and other roof-garden products, to the president's summer White House. It was blue, and reminded you of what you see on the stage in the third act, which they describe as 'same as the first' on the programs.

"There was more than fifty people waiting outside the iron fence that surrounded the house and grounds. There

was generals and agitators and épergnes in gold-laced uniforms, and citizens in diamonds and panama hats—all waiting to get an audience with the Royal Five-Card Draw. And in a kind of a summer-house in front of the mansion we could see a burnt-sienna man eating breakfast out of gold dishes and taking his time. I judged that the crowd outside had come out for their morning orders and requests, and was afraid to intrude.

"But C. Wainwright wasn't. The gate was open, and he walked inside and up to the president's table as confident as a man who knows the head waiter in a fifteen-cent restaurant. And I went with him, because I had only seventy-five cents, and there was nothing else to do.

"The Gomez man rises from his chair, and looks, colored man as he was, like he was about to call out for corporal of the guard, post number one. But Wainwright says some phrases to him in a peculiarly lubricating manner; and the first thing you know we was all three of us seated at the table, with coffee and rolls and iguana cutlets coming as fast as about ninety peons could rustle 'em.

"And then Wainwright begins to talk; but the president interrupts him.

"'You Yankees,' says he, polite, 'assuredly take the cake for assurance, I assure you'—or words to that effect. He spoke English better than you or me. 'You've had a long walk,' says he, 'but it's nicer in the cool morning to walk than to ride. May I suggest some refreshments?' says he.

"'Rum,' says Wainwright.

"'Gimme a cigar,' says I.

"Well, sir, the two talked an hour, keeping the generals and equities all in their gold uniforms waiting outside the fence. And while I smoked, silent, I listened to Clifford Wainwright making a solid republic out of the wreck of one. I didn't follow his arguments with any special collocation of international intelligibility; but he had Mr. Gomez's attention glued and riveted. He takes out a pencil and marks the white linen table-cloth all over with figures and estimates and deductions. He speaks more or less disrespectfully of import and export duties and custom-house receipts and taxes and treaties and budgets and concessions and such truck that politics and government require; and when he gets through, the Gomez man hops up and shakes his hand and says he's saved the country and the people.

"'You shall be rewarded,' says the president.

"'Might I suggest another—rum?' says Wainwright.

"'Cigar for me — darker brand,' says I.

"Well, sir, the president sent me and Wainwright back to the town in a victoria hitched to two flea-bitten selling-platers—but the best the country afforded.

"I found out afterward that Wainwright was a regular beach-comber—the smartest man on the whole coast, but kept down by rum. I liked him.

"One day I inveigled him into a walk out a couple of miles from the village, where there was an old grass hut on the bank of a little river. While he was sitting on the grass, talking beautiful of the wisdom of the world that he had learned in books, I took hold of him easy and tied his hands and feet together with leather thongs that I had in my pocket.

"'Lie still,' says I, 'and meditate on the exigencies and irregularities of life till I get back.'

"I went to a shack in Aguas Frescas where a mighty wise girl named Timotea Carrizo lived with her mother. The girl was just about as nice as you ever saw. In the States she would have been called a brunette; but she was better than a brunette—I should say she was what you might term an écru shade. I knew her pretty well. I told her about my friend Wainwright. She gave me a double handful of bark—calisaya, I think it was—and some more herbs that I was to mix with it, and told me what to do. I was to make tea of it and give it to him, and keep him from rum for a certain time. And for two weeks I did it. You know, I liked Wainwright. Both of us was broke; but Timotea sent us goat-meat and plantains and tortillas every day; and at last I got the curse of drink lifted from Clifford Wainwright. He lost his taste for it. And in the cool

of the evening him and me would sit on the roof of Timotea's mother's hut, eating harmless truck like coffee and rice and stewed crabs, and playing the accordion.

"About that time President Gomez found out that the advice of C. Wainwright was the stuff he had been looking for. The country was pulling out of debt, and the treasury had enough boodle in it for him to amuse himself occasionally with the night-latch. The people were beginning to take their two-hour siestas again every day—which was the surest sign of prosperity.

"So down from the regular capital he sends for Clifford Wainwright and makes him his private secretary at twenty thousand Peru dollars a year. Yes, sir—so much. Wainwright was on the water-wagon—thanks to me and Timotea—and he was soon in clover with the government gang. Don't forget what done it—calisaya-bark with them other herbs mixed—make a tea of it, and give a cupful every two hours. Try it yourself. It takes away the desire.

"As I said, a man can do a lot more for another party than he can for himself. Wainwright, with his brains, got a whole country out of trouble and on its feet; but what could he do for himself? And without any special brains, but with some nerve and common sense, I put him on his feet because I never had the weakness that he did—nothing but a cigar for mine, thanks. And—"

Trotter paused. I looked at his tattered clothes and at his deeply sunburnt, hard, thoughtful face.

"HIM AND ME WOULD SIT ON THE ROOF OF TIMOTEA'S MOTHER'S HUT, EATING HARMLESS TRUCK LIKE COFFEE AND RICE AND STEWED CRABS, AND PLAYING THE ACCORDION"

"Didn't Cartright ever offer to do anything for you?" I asked.

"Wainwright," corrected Trotter. "Yes, he offered me some pretty good jobs. But I'd have had to leave Aguas Frescas; so I didn't take any of 'em up. Say, I didn't tell you much about that girl—Timotea. We rather hit it off together. She was as good as you find 'em anywhere—Spanish, mostly, with just a twist of lemon-peel on top. What if they did live in a grass hut and went bare-armed?

"A month ago," went on Trotter, "she went away. I don't know where to. But—"

"You'd better come back to the States," I insisted. "I can promise you positively that my brother will give you a position in cotton, sugar, or sheetings—I am not certain which."

"I think she went back with her mother," said Trotter, "to the village in the mountains that they come from.

Tell me, what would this job you speak of pay?"

"Why," said I, hesitating over commerce, "I should say fifty or a hundred dollars a month—maybe two hundred."

"Ain't it funny," said Trotter, digging his toes in the sand, "what a chump a man is when it comes to paddling his own canoe? I don't know. Of course, I'm not making a living here. I'm on the bum. But—well, I wish you could have seen that Timotea. Every man has his own weak spot."

The gig from the Andador was coming ashore to take out the captain, purser, and myself, the lone passenger.

"I'll guarantee," said I confidently, "that my brother will pay you seventy-five dollars a month."

"All right, then," said William Trotter. "I'll—"

But a soft voice called across the blazing sands. A girl, faintly lemon-tinted, stood in the Calle Real and called. She was bare-armed—but what of that?

"It's her!" said William Trotter, looking. "She's come back! I'm obliged; but I can't take the job. Thanks, just the same. Ain't it funny how we can't do nothing for ourselves, but we can do wonders for the other fellow? You was about to get me with your financial proposition; but we've all got our weak points. Timotea's mine. And, say!" Trotter had turned to leave, but he retraced the step or two that he had taken. "I like to have left you without saying good-by," said he. "It kind of rattles you when they go away unexpected for a month and come back the same way. Shake hands. So long! Say, do you remember them gunshots we heard a while ago up at the *cuartel?* Well, I knew what they was, but I didn't mention it. It was Clifford Wainwright being shot by a squad of soldiers against a stone wall for giving away secrets of state to that Nicamala republic. Oh, yes, it was rum that did it. He backslided and got his. I guess we all have our weak points, and can't do much toward helping ourselves. Mine's waiting for me. I'd have liked to have that job with your brother, but —we've all got our weak points. So long!"

IV

A BIG black Carib carried me on his back through the surf to the ship's boat. On the way the purser handed me a letter that he had brought for me at the last moment from the post-office in Aguas Frescas. It was from my brother. He requested me to meet him at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans and accept a position with his house—in either cotton, sugar, or sheetings, and with five thousand dollars a year as my salary.

When I arrived at the Crescent City I hurried away—far away from the St. Charles to a dim *chambre garnie* in Bienville Street. And there, looking down from my attic window from time to time at the old, yellow, absinthe house across the street, I wrote this story to buy my bread and butter.

"Can thim that helps others help thimselves?"

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

LAST year when Christmas candles glowed
  The world was fair to see,
For God had sent a little child
  To share its joy with me.

Now Christmas holly's red again,
  And Christmas angels sing:
Alas for me, I cannot bear
  To hear the church-bells ring!

O Mary, mother of our Lord,
  Who shared His Friday's pain,
Did it not seem too hard to bear
  When Christmas came again?

Bess Grove

THE WAY OF HIS FATHERS

BY ALICE GARLAND STEELE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRUTE'S WIFE," ETC.

THE old doctor sat forward in his buggy with the look of one who was running a race. And yet there was no hurry; he had half an hour to catch the four-o'clock train, and the station was only ten minutes away. Magog ambled peacefully along the village street; he knew by the way the doctor held the reins that this was not a hurry call, so he took his time. And yet the doctor was galloping, in long mental strides—living over again, in a sort of rapid-transit fashion, the events of his son's life; for his son—his college-bred son—was coming home to stay!

His father saw him again, a little duffer, playing about the old white house, catching sunshine on the bare walls, building cars with the grave medical works in the well-worn library, poking away the dust from attic rafters on some voyage of childish discovery. Even then Bently had been "up and doing," always going somewhere. His life had been a reaching out and beyond, wonderful to the doctor, who never saw a longer vista than the arching elms on Main Street; who never drove beyond Long Hollow Farm, where his district ended and Dr. Baker's began; who lived through the years as he did through the four seasons, unconscious that the summer of youth had given place to the winter of age.

Bently had been different. Had the doctor been called upon to define progression, he would have said proudly, "My son!" But he had always known it would stop in time; that the tumult and passion of youth would settle down at last to the green pastures in which the doctor had browsed for so many years; that the *wanderlust* would lead him in the end to the safe portals of home. So when as a child he had cried for the moon, his parents did their best; and a little later, when it had been "give me college," they had stretched the country purse and let him go.

They had been lonely years, but now they were over, and he was coming back, to tread the way of his fathers. He had taken the medical course, and would stand henceforth by the old doctor's side, to deal out pills and powders; and in time he would come to that benign fatherhood which is every country doctor's heritage—the right to lecture and scold and teach and lead and make glad the whole countryside!

Magog drew up at the station, and the doctor fetched about with a start. Then he got out and walked nervously up and down the platform, listening for the shrill whistle. The ticket-agent came over with the privilege of old acquaintanceship.

"Waiting for the train, doc? She's a bit late."

The doctor nodded.

"Yes, I expect my son home to-day."

"Well, now, that's nice! But I suppose he'll be off again soon?"

"Off again? I guess not! It's for good, this time, Perkins—for *good!*"

The doctor spoke with excitement, for he hated the suggestion of more wandering. The ticket-agent, conscious that he had blundered, took off his cap and examined its worn patent-leather peak; then he blew his nose with a red handkerchief.

"That's nice for you and the missis. What's he going to do—set up store? I heard Sam Walker say he was intending to sell out, and I guessed right away that your Bently—"

"No, sir!" broke in the doctor. "I sha'n't have my son in any store." He cleared his throat. "He'll be right in

the office, with me — yes, sir, in my office!"

The agent reddened.

"Well, it's lucky to have a business all ready made and waiting for you, ain't it? But he'll never be you, doc."

The doctor waved away the implied compliment.

"He will go ahead of me, Perkins. It's young blood we need nowadays. There she comes now!"

He stood back as the train puffed in, his eyes eagerly searching the smoke-grimed windows. When he caught sight of Bently he pushed forward.

"Son!"

"Oh, hello, dad!" Bently dragged at his suit-case, and put out a cool, gloved hand. "Glad to see you! Didn't know you'd be down. Thought some old duffer would need a plaster or a pill just at four o'clock. What made 'em considerate enough to put it off?"

The doctor smilingly led the way to the buggy.

"Oh, I got away. Everybody's pretty well just now—all except old Mrs. Hall at the Cove." He sighed a little; his people were bone of his bone. "That's right—put in your bag at the back. How about your trunk?"

The dapper figure in blue serge paused.

"Oh, that's all right—I didn't bring any."

"Didn't bring any?"

"No—this was enough. I've got a change or two in here, and there are some togs at the house if I need extras. How's the little mater, dad?"

The doctor gathered up the reins slowly, under a sudden cloud of depression.

"She's not so well, Bently. She's lonely, I guess; but now you're back, she'll improve right along."

The young man was looking with critical eyes at the old landmarks they passed.

"Poor mater. I haven't written to her half often enough. Say, dad, this town hasn't changed since the Pilgrim Fathers landed. Why doesn't Jim Squires put a new roof on his barn?"

"It's been a pretty heavy year, and most of the crops failed."

Bently yawned.

"The old story! If a farmer just missed heaven, he'd blame it on the crops!"

The doctor shook his head.

"It's hard to get along, my boy, sometimes." He was thinking of the hole Bently's college bills had eaten in his own little hoard; but he smiled suddenly, he had been so glad to do it, so proud!

"Magog's getting old," said Bently. "Can't you whip him up a trifle, dad?"

The doctor would almost as soon have whipped Bently as Magog, but he gave the lines a gentle little pull, and Magog, surprised from inaction, started into the trot he used for hurry calls. Ten minutes later Bently was with his mother in the library. He sat on the haircloth sofa, smoothing his kid gloves on his knee, while his mother hovered over him, trying to hide her too tearful gladness.

"Are you tired, dearie? Four hundred miles, such a long way! But, oh, Bently, it's so good to have you home again!"

"Yes," he said, "it's very nice, mater."

He was thinking that he had never noticed so much as now how plain and worn the room was — the melodeon in one corner, the battered bookcases and the cheap little lamp, and the few discolored engravings in unbeautiful frames. Through it all he read his mother's joy, and it seemed extravagant and far-fetched to him; he had learned at college the art of self-control, and these emotions were too bare, too vivid, to his fastidious fancy.

"I wonder," he said lightly, "who first got country towns into the melodeon habit, mater? I'd as soon listen to a mouth-organ!"

His mother smiled.

"I've never thought about it, Bently. It is funny; but, then, so few play, and they *are* sweet; the old hymns—"

"Oh, yes," he laughed, "they're first rate at camp-meetings."

Then, with a regret that he had been critical, he began to speak of the class-day exercises, and of the girls he had met at the "senior prom."

His mother listened eagerly.

"It will seem quiet to you here, just at first, dear, after all that; but there are some nice girls here, too." She

touched a bowl of pansies on the desk. "Dorothy Hardin brought them for you this morning, from her garden."

He got up, strolling to the window.

"Why, dad is putting up the horse himself. Where's the Jones boy?"

His mother hesitated.

"Oh, he left us last winter. It was money, Bently; and, besides, they wanted him to go on with school. Your father doesn't mind so much, now that it's good weather; but he isn't young any longer, and the strain—I was quite worried in December—"

Bently flung his head back.

"Oh, dad's all right!"

He watched the doctor coming slowly up the pathway. His face was flushed, and the iron-gray hair showed silver on the temples; even a cursory glance proved him older. Bently turned away awkwardly. He felt as if resistless fingers were probing out the tender places in his soul. It gave him a feeling of impatience; these too intimate hours were trying to a man's calm—they jarred life out of its usual peaceful proportion.

His father came in, a proud light in his eyes as he saw them together.

"Well," he said, "Bently, I'm glad you're home, boy! I met the Lawson girls to-day—they're planning all kinds of good times; but I guess you're used to being lionized. They told me of a couple of picnics next week, and a trip to Bridal Veil the week after, and a barn-dance;" but Bently was speaking, and he stopped.

"I shall not be here the week after." The young man laughed a little, to break the edge of the announcement.

"Why, Bently," his mother said rather faintly, "you talk as if you were—on a visit!"

Her son turned from her startled gaze.

"Yes, I've got to get away then. There's a chap going West—his uncle owns an electrical plant out there, and I've decided to go into it."

"*Bently!*"

Over the bridge of their common hope the doctor sought his wife's eyes; the light in them had gone out. He felt suddenly old and helpless.

"Bently, we have planned that you should go into the office with me!"

The young man turned on him hotly.

"I know, you've done what you had no right to do—built another man's future. I've wasted years on rule and formula, on dried herbs as shriveled as your own life has been! What have you ever done for the world? What have you made yourself? A slave at the beck and call of every rheumatic old woman and weak-kneed child in the village! I tell you, father, I've come to my senses. I've been offered a good thing, and I'm going to take it!"

There was a silence. Then his mother spoke.

"Bently," she said, "would you mind putting off the discussion till to-morrow? Your father is too tired to be worried to-night."

Without a word he turned to the door. He felt miserably conscious of his victory—the victory of the strong over the weak.

"I'm sorry, mother," he said hesitantly. "If you will look at it from my side—"

His mother put out her hand.

"We'll try, dear," was all she said.

"I'll go up," he said. "Is my room ready? I've got letters to write—"

"It's ready, Bently. You'll find everything"—her voice broke a little—"just as it always has been."

He went from them, their bent, gray figures dimly outlined in the twilight.

II

At the tea-table there were few words. The atmosphere was heavy, oppressive, with the heat of early June. Out through the open window Bently could see an aspen quivering, though there was no wind; and the garden seemed full of hushed, fanciful noises, the murmur of shy, wild things. He could see his mother's hand everywhere — the home-made cake, with the frosting he had hungered for as a boy, the strawberries from the little patch of garden, the mignonette and sweet-william set near his plate. He could hardly touch anything, nor dwell upon these tributes to his home-coming.

Afterward, as they sat a silent trio on the porch, watching a world glorified by moonlight, he felt that he could stand anything better than this still atmos-

phere of their love—and disappointment. Once in a while his mother would tax him with a gentle question, but somehow the personal note was left out. He was a thing apart—beloved, but separate.

At ten o'clock she rose and went to his father's side.

"Dear," she said, "you've had a long day." She turned apologetically to Bently. "He was up at five," she explained, "to see old Mrs. Hall, at the Cove; he rode twenty miles before breakfast."

With a whispered "Good night" they left him, and went in together. He sat there alone a long time, counting the stars and watching the long shadows the trees cast on the grass. He heard the incessant hum of crickets, and the murmur of katydids, and an occasional drowsy bird-note overhead. But, most of all, he was conscious of the silence of the old house. He thought it would be equally silent when they were gone, and he was left alone; it was an accusing silence, and it pointed a finger that never wavered.

At midnight he could bear it no longer. He got up, overturning a porch chair in his haste, and went into the square, lamp-lit hall. At the head of the stairway his mother stood, still dressed.

"Bently," she called softly, "will you lock up, dear, and put out the light?"

As he obeyed she was gone, and he was almost glad not to meet her in the darkness.

He sat by the table in his room and wrote a long, glowing letter to a college chum. It was full of what his life would be in the West. As he mapped out his brilliant future with strong, obstinate touches, he began to feel at ease again, and free from the reproaches of conscience. Then he lay down in his white bed, with its cool sheets smelling faintly of lavender, and fell into a heavy, troubled sleep.

He dreamed that he was traveling far, far away from the old home—through myriad towns, built to the glory of great men who had gone before him; that he left them all behind, with his eyes on a far country that gleamed like a pearl through mist. He dreamed that when he reached it at last, they were waiting for him, a great people, to hail him as a leader and a man among men; and he began to build a high wall of marble, and to cut in the stone laurel-leaves and long inscriptions in an unknown tongue; but when he had finished, he dreamed they stood about it and said no word, until a stranger came and called it a monument whose builder had buried his own soul beneath it. And then, out of the silence, he heard his mother calling, and he knew that all things were as nothing to the outreach of her arms and the touch of her kiss; and he tried to go, but it was too far, and still he heard her calling from a great way off.

"Bently, come! Your father is ill!"

He woke with a start, to see her standing above him in the moonlight.

"He is very ill," she whispered. "It is shock, or something—I cannot get him to speak to me. Oh, Bently!"

As he sat up he read the agony in her face, half thrown into shadow.

"Come," she said again. "Thank God that you are here—you will know what to do!"

She was gone again, and he was up, pulling on his shoes, and only waiting to light the lamp.

He bore it along to his father's room, to see the prone figure on the leather couch and his mother leaning over it. His heart stopped as he looked; then it bounded again.

"Wait," he said.

He had turned, and was hurrying blindly down to the office below, to his father's medicine-chest. A moment later he was back again, fighting the battle for his father's life.

His brain had never been so clear, or so compelling. He felt underneath the shock and the agony of it a sense of mastery, a dominion of self, that guided muscle and eye. He told his mother what to do, and she did it promptly and without question.

It was apoplexy—he had no doubt of that; but the danger only quickened his courage and controlled his will. And then, all at once, it rushed over him—his youth, his lack of experience, his inadequacy to fight single-handed the battle of one so terribly dear, with the shadow of loss already hanging over him—this man whose chance for life lay in his hands!

"Mother," he said, "dress quickly—

you must harness Magog and go for Dr. Baker. I'll work till he comes."

She obeyed him blindly. He could never forget her mute trust, her absolute belief in his wisdom. He fought back scorching tears from his eyes as he heard her go down the stairway and out on the porch, and from the window saw her reach to the padlock on the barn-door. A few moments longer, and she had rolled off, the old buggy swaying along the roadway, until she was hidden from him in the darkness. He was thankful, then, that the horse was old and true and tried.

And then he was alone in the night, with a fire in his brain, and a prayer, dumb and voiceless, that he might stay the destroying angel's hand.

He lost track of time. He only heard the heavy, stertorous breathing, and counted the minutes by each breath. He lost all sense of proportion, everything was magnified, horrible, unlike itself; and yet his hand, measuring each powerful drug, never quivered, and his judgment never lost its balance. Once he saw a blue pallor steal over the rigid face, and he started forward, to use the last reserve at his command; and then, as the deadly color passed, he settled back doggedly, to watch and wait.

He grew to know himself, in those vivid hours, as he had never known himself before. It was as if, in the mysterious presence of this touch of the infinite, his garments of self-love and self-belief had fallen away, and he stood naked and ashamed. His heart melted, and he bowed before the majesty of this good man, whose simplicity had exalted him above the common measure of a lowly life. He saw, now, why the old doctor's people had loved him, and trusted their lives to his keeping—because they knew he would never fail them, but would fight their battles till he fell like a soldier at his post. And for his reward there was nothing that God decreed, or that the world could give, so priceless as this heritage of a people's faith, this consciousness of a work well done.

Longing to tell him of it, to speak to him, Bently leaned forward.

"Father!" he cried. "Father!"

Then, with desperation, he bent again to his task. A few moments later the heavy eyes opened.

"Bently," murmured the sick man. "My son!"

III

Through the gray morning they came to him, his mother and his father's friend, and found him holding his father's hand, dry-eyed, and with a slow-dawning hope in his face which Dr. Baker's first glance answered.

"Bently," he said, "thank God you were here! You've done nobly—I think your father will live."

And then his mother hid her face on her son's shoulder.

Later on, that same day, Dr. Baker came to him again.

"He will certainly live," he said cheerfully. "It's all due to you, my boy. If you hadn't been here—" His voice grew serious. "But, Bently, you will have to take your father's place. He will never work in harness again."

Bently lifted his eyes to the kindly face so near him. There was a new light in them.

"I can never do what he has done, Dr. Baker;" and his voice broke a little. "But I will take his place, sir, and do the very best I can!"

THE NATIVITY

A Trinity of Wisdom, Power, and Love
  Consulted in the thunder; Eden's ban
Was lifted by a seraph-song above;
  A star flashed out—and God was born to man!

Oh, marvel done in deathless duplicate!
  No moment dies but laughter shakes the clod;
Flowers unfold; some bird unstops the gate
  Of song, and lo—a man is born to God!

Aloysius Coll

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA

BY ELIZABETH LONERGAN

THE American prima donna is a product of the latter half of the nineteenth century; but if her recent progress foreshadows the future, within a few more decades she may be recognized in the world of music as the reigning queen of song.

A generation ago, when some venturesome manager presented an American singer to her countrymen, he did so on the strength of a reputation won in Europe; and as a rule, it was considered necessary to give a foreign twist to her name. To-day, the situation has radically changed. Training is begun in this country, and may or may not be finished abroad; and plain American names are freely used.

At New York's two opera-houses, not only are native stars firmly established as favorites, but even the choruses—especially at the Manhattan — are losing their foreign aspect. The chorus-master of the Manhattan, M. Zuro, who has had experience in the training of voices on both sides of the ocean, does not hesitate to declare that the typical American girl who comes before him as a candidate is distinctly superior to her European sisters. Music is an art, not a mere bread-winning profession, with her. She aims for the highest places, and is not content to remain in an inconspicuous rôle if work and study will help her to something better.

Oscar Hammerstein has also put himself on record as being in favor of home talent. "The American girl," he said recently, "has more temperament and more natural dramatic ability, which, combined with a good education and a fair knowledge of music, give her a better equipment than is possessed by any but the well-trained foreigners. When opera-houses are established in all our large cities, as in those of Europe, there will be greater chances for professional training; and with a few of the best European instructors located here, the future of the American prima donna is assured."

Though the chorus at the Metropolitan is mainly foreign, yet the possibilities of the American voice are not overlooked, as is sufficiently proved by the prominent part that native singers have played in the recent annals of our premier operatic institution. Mr. Savage's grand-opera company—not in active existence just now—is another organization that has

done much to advance the American girl, who has always predominated in its chorus and in its list of prima donnas.

The history of the American prima donna may be said to begin in the Civil War period. A few years earlier, indeed, Adelaide Phillipps—an English girl who came to the United States as a child, and had her early training here—had made a successful operatic début in Italy, and Isabella Hinckley had sung in Amsterdam; but the first American singer to win any wide recognition in Europe was Clara Louise Kellogg, who appeared in New York in 1861 and in London six years later. Then came Annie Louise Cary, Emma Abbott, and Emma Albani, all of whom studied abroad and sang on European stages before they were greeted as stars in their own country. A little later, the careers of Marie Van Zandt, Emma Nevada, and Sybil Sanderson followed similar lines. On the other hand, Minnie Hauck and Marie Durand went from modest beginnings in the United States to greater successes abroad.

NORDICA AND EAMES

We now come to singers who are still active and vital figures of the lyric stage. This latest and most brilliant chapter of the American operatic record properly begins with two daughters of New England—Lillian Nordica and Emma Eames. In view of what she has achieved during a career of almost thirty years, it is to Lillian Norton, known in music as Nordica, that the chronicler must assign the very foremost place as a representative American prima donna. Educated at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, she made her début as a concert singer. Ambitious for an operatic career, she studied in Italy, and became known there in rôles of the *Violetta* type. From a colorature soprano, however, she gradually developed herself into a dramatic artist of the highest rank. St. Petersburg, Paris, and London welcomed her successively, and Germany recognized her—as it recognizes few but Germans—as a great Wagnerian heroine. After singing at Bayreuth in 1894, in 1895 she returned to America, and made her appearance at the Metropolitan as an operatic star of the first magnitude. She was still in opera last year—at the Manhattan, and in Boston and other cities with the San Carlo company; and she is likely to be heard again during the present winter.

Emma Eames was born in China—the daughter of a Boston lawyer temporarily resident at Shanghai—but was brought up in the United States, where she had her first singing-lessons. When the promise of a remarkable voice developed, she was sent to Marchesi in Paris; and there, at the Opéra, she made her début as *Juliette* in 1889. In the summer of 1891 she appeared as *Desdemona* at Covent Garden, and later in the same year she came over to the Metropolitan, then under the management of the late Henry E. Abbey and his partners.

Since then Mme. Eames has sung almost continuously in the United States, and her record is too well known to need recapitulation. Her repertory is less extensive than that of some other singers, but it includes German, French, and Italian operas, ranging from *Elsa* and *Elisabeth* to *Juliette* and to *Leonora* in "Trovatore," and from classic Mozart characters like *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni" to such distinctively modern rôles as the name parts of Puccini's "Tosca" and Mascagni's "Iris."

DE LUSSAN, HOMER, AND OTHERS

After these two famous stars, the next American women to establish themselves on the lyric stage were Zélie de Lussan, Susan Strong, and Suzanne Adams—hailing respectively from New York, Brooklyn, and Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mme. de Lussan first appeared in English opera in the United States. Then she sang in England, with the Carl Rosa company and at Covent Garden; and in 1894 Mr. Grau brought her to the Metropolitan. She was a successful *Zerlina* and *Mignon*, and quite a famous *Carmen* and *Musetta*. She is still singing, in vaudeville—as is also Miss Adams, whose operatic début was made in Paris in 1894, and who came to America four years later.

Miss Strong scored her most marked success at Covent Garden, in 1895 and the two or three following years, in such rôles as *Sieglinde* and *Venus*. During these same years she was heard in New York, but though she proved herself a

capable and well-schooled singer, she did not arouse enthusiasm. She has since abandoned the stage, and was recently reported to be managing a laundry in London.

One of the most sterling artists that America has produced was introduced to her countrymen in 1900, when, without any loud flourish of preliminary trumpets, Louise Homer made her début at the Metropolitan. Mme. Homer—a native of Pittsburgh and a pupil of the New England Conservatory of Music—is one of the few contraltos who have been content to remain contraltos, without straining for the louder plaudits and greater financial rewards that await the successful soprano. Keeping within the field for which nature equipped her, she has shown a steady growth in her art, and there are to-day very few singers who stand higher in the regard of critics and of audiences.

Her work is always of the most conscientious and intelligent kind, and every one of her long list of rôles is a carefully wrought study. In her early seasons at the Metropolitan she was cast for such small parts as *Maddalena* in "Rigoletto," *Lola* in "Cavalleria Rusticana," or a *Rhine Maiden* in the Ring operas. From these she graduated to the standard contralto rôles—*Amneris* in "Aïda," *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin," *Erda* and *Fricka* in the Wagnerian cycle, and *Azucena* in "Trovatore." During the last few seasons she has added to her repertory such widely different parts as *Suzuki* in "Madama Butterfly," *Nancy* in "Martha," and—most unique and remarkable of all her characterizations—the grotesque figure of the witch in Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel."

Other Americans who have been upon the Metropolitan roster within the past seven or eight years are Carrie Bridewell, Marguerite Lemon, Marion Weed, Bessie Abott, and Edyth Walker. Of these five singers, the three first-named graduated to opera from church-choir work. Miss Lemon, who hails from Indianapolis, and who is now at the opera-house in Mayence, may be remembered here as *Micaela* in "Carmen" and the *Forest Bird* in "Siegfried" a few seasons ago. A little earlier, Miss Bridewell, who came from New Orleans, was for two or three seasons a secondary contralto at the Metropolitan.

Marion Weed—a native of Rochester—after her "discovery" in a New York choir became a pupil of the great Lilli Lehmann, and sang with success in such German cities as Hamburg and Cologne, at the Bayreuth festivals, and at Covent Garden. Five years ago, when Mr. Conried produced "Parsifal" in New York, she was one of the impersonators of *Kundry,* and in her first American season she also sang *Brunnhilde* and *Isolde;* but her recent experience at the Metropolitan must have been disappointing to her, for she has seen several newer members of the company promoted to important rôles while she has had to remain content with a few appearances in such parts as *Gutrune* in "Götterdämmerung" and *Gertrud* in "Hänsel und Gretel."

Bessie Abott—who used to be Bessie Abbott, and who was born near Ogdensburg, New York, to the somewhat unmelodious name of Pickens — began in vaudeville, singing duets with her sister. Grand opera was always the goal of her ambition, and she studied for it long and earnestly; but she might never have found her opportunity had she not chanced to attract the notice of Jean de Reszke. M. de Reszke sent her to M. Gailhard, of the Paris Opéra—an introduction which led to her début there, in December, 1901, as *Juliette* to the *Romeo* of the famous Polish tenor. Mr. Conried engaged her for the Metropolitan in 1905, and she has filled several important rôles there—*Mimi, Gilda, Juliette, Martha,* and *Filina* in "Mignon"; but her opportunities have been limited, and, like other young singers at that house, she has been overshadowed by greater and more experienced artists.

Edyth Walker is still another native of New York State, though as a singer she is German by training and has preferred to make her career in Europe. She came to the Metropolitan in 1903, on the strength of her reputation in Germany, and was highly successful here. Beginning with secondary parts—*Amneris, Ortrud, Erda,* and the like—she proved herself fully equal to such leading rôles as *Leonora* in "La Favorita," and even *Brunnhilde* in "Die Walküre." It was

a distinct loss to our lyric stage when, after three seasons in New York, she decided that Europe offered her a more congenial field. Last summer she appeared for the first time at Covent Garden, singing *Isolde*—an experiment which might seem a risky one for a former contralto, but in which she was again successful. This winter she is at the Imperial Opera-House in Vienna, of which Weingartner is now musical director.

At this point mention should be made of Olive Fremstad, who is claimed as an American because part of her girlhood was spent in Minneapolis and New York. This fine dramatic singer was

LILLIAN NORDICA, AN AMERICAN SINGER WHO HAS HAD A DISTINGUISHED CAREER OF NEARLY THIRTY YEARS ON THE OPERATIC STAGE—THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS HER AS KUNDRY IN "PARSIFAL"

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

SUZANNE ADAMS, FORMERLY OF THE PARIS OPÉRA AND THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE
From a photograph by Dupont, New York

CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, AN AMERICAN SOPRANO WHO SANG AT COVENT GARDEN LAST SUMMER
From a photograph by Dupont, New York

MARGUÉRITE LEMON, FORMERLY OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NOW SINGING AT MAYENCE
From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

CARRIE BRIDEWELL, FORMERLY OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, AS ORTRUD
From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

ELEANOR DE CISNEROS, FORMERLY OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA-HOUSE, AS AZUCENA
From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York

born in Stockholm, and began her career as a child pianist in Scandinavia. Later, she came to America with her parents; but she was still very young when she returned to Europe to study with Mme. Lehmann, and to win a high place for herself on the German operatic stage. She has sung at the Metropolitan for four seasons, and is married to a New York business man; but it is at least doubtful whether it is fair to rank her as an American prima donna.

Marie Rappold, whose name is next in this cursory review, had all her training in America — a unique distinction which may not be so rare in coming years. Born in Brooklyn, she studied in New York, and made her début at the Metropolitan three years ago as *Sulamith* in Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba." Her

EMMA EAMES, ONE OF THE FOREMOST OF THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNAS— THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS HER AS FLORIA TOSCA, IN PUCCINI'S "TOSCA"

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

success was sufficient to gain her a place in Mr. Conried's company, which she still retains under his successors. She has sung such parts as *Micaela*, *Inez* in "L'Africaine," and *Elena* in "Mefistofele," besides occasional appearances in more prominent ones like *Elsa*, *Eva* in "Die Meistersinger," and *Aïda*; and she is to have an important rôle in Humperdinck's new opera, "Die Königskinder," which may or may not be ready for presentation this season.

EDYTH WALKER, FORMERLY OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, AS ORTRUD

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

LOUISE HOMER, THE WELL-KNOWN CONTRALTO SINGER OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE—THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS HER AS NANCY IN FLOTOW'S "MARTHA"

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

GERALDINE FARRAR'S SUCCESS

The most salient event in the latter history of the American prima donna was the advent of Geraldine Farrar to the Metropolitan, two years ago. Miss Farrar was loudly heralded as the young and

MARY GARDEN, OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA-HOUSE, AS THAÏS

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MARIE RAPPOLD, OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, N. Y.

ELLEN BEACH YAW, WHO SANG VIOLETTA AT THE METROPOLITAN LAST WINTER

MARION WEED, FORMERLY OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

GERALDINE FARRAR, A YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA WHO HAS MADE A BRILLIANT SUCCESS AT BERLIN AND IN HER OWN COUNTRY—THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS HER AS VIOLETTA IN "TRAVIATA"

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

beautiful girl who had made a sensational success in Berlin; and even the overworked story of an impressionable and attentive prince was inflicted on us by the relentless press agents. In spite of this introduction—for the usual effect of such *réclame* is to arm the critics against a new singer—Miss Farrar, in the two seasons she has spent in her native country, has made the greatest success scored by any prima donna in recent times. It would scarcely be true to say that she came, saw, and conquered, for the initial criticisms were by no

RITA FORNIA, OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, AS LEONORA

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GERTRUDE RENNYSON, AN AMERICAN SOPRANO, NOW IN VIENNA

From a photograph by Rice, Milwaukee

BESSIE ABOTT, A YOUNG AMERICAN SOPRANO WHO HAS SUNG AT THE PARIS OPÉRA AND THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE—THIS PORTRAIT SHOWS HER AS FILINA IN "MIGNON"

From a photograph by Dupont, New York

MARCIA VAN DRESSER, AN AMERICAN GIRL NOW SINGING IN GERMANY
From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

MME. MARISKA-ALDRICH, OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA-HOUSE
From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York

ELIZABETH PARKINA, AN AMERICAN SINGER WHO HAS APPEARED AT COVENT GARDEN

EDITH DE LYS, AN AMERICAN SINGER NOW APPEARING IN MILAN
From a photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London

ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, FORMERLY OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE
From a copyrighted photograph by Dupont, New York

means too complimentary; but even those who at first thought her too audacious for her years have been forced to recognize that she combines genuine originality, striking versatility, and fine dramatic intelligence with vocal gifts of a very high order.

In her first season she sang seven parts — *Juliette, Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust" and in Boïto's "Mefistofele," *Cio Cio San* in "Madama Butterfly"—which she created both here and in Berlin — *Mimi, Nedda,* and *Elisabeth.* To these she added, last winter, *Zerlina, Violetta,* and *Mignon*—each of them a really noteworthy impersonation. It is not too much to say that of all the prima donnas now at the Metropolitan—truly a distinguished group—Miss Farrar is the most interesting, and the singer whose future seems to hold the most brilliant promise.

The illness of one prima donna served to introduce another to a Metropolitan audience last year, in the person of Miss Rita Fornia, a Californian, who replaced Mme. Eames, at short notice, as *Leonora* in "Trovatore." Miss Fornia received her early training in New York, and later made her début in Hamburg, in the same company with Marion Weed. During last summer she studied with Jean de Reszke in Paris, and this winter she is to sing again at the Metropolitan.

Ellen Beach Yaw, another talented Californian, made a single appearance as *Lucia* at the Metropolitan last season. She is a colorature soprano whose upper register soars to phenomenal heights, but her voice lacks the power necessary to fill so vast an auditorium. She has appeared with greater éclat in some of the minor European houses.

Since he opened his new opera-house, two years ago, Mr. Hammerstein has given opportunities to several American singers. One of these was Eleanor de Cisneros, who had previously been heard at the Metropolitan as Eleanor Broadfoot, and who sang such rôles as *Amneris, Azucena,* and *Urbain* at the Manhattan. Mme. de Cisneros was a Brooklyn girl, and received her first lessons in New York. This winter she is singing mezzo-soprano parts in St. Petersburg.

But the most remarkable of Hammerstein's American singers is Mary Garden —for, though born in Scotland, Miss Garden lived so long in Chicago that we claim her as a countrywoman. A year ago, her début as *Thaïs* and her subsequent rendering of *Louise* and *Melisande* supplied what was almost the chief sensation of the season—not so much as triumphs of vocal art, but as striking and novel characterizations. She came to New York from the Opéra Comique in Paris, where she made her début as *Louise* in April, 1900. Since her success in America she has been promoted to the Opéra itself, where she has recently been singing *Juliette, Marguerite, Ophélie,* and *Thaïs.*

Mme. Mariska-Aldrich, a new mezzo-soprano, born in Boston of Hungarian parents, is to make her début at the Manhattan early in the present season. Great things are predicted for her—how truthfully, time will show.

Mention has been made of the more important of our prima donnas who have appeared in their own country. The American singers who have found acceptance in the opera-houses of Europe are still more numerous; but the limits of space will not admit of anything more than a list of names. Besides Geraldine Farrar, at least four others — Frances Rose, Edna Darch, Maude Fay, and Florence Easton—have sung in Berlin; and among those known in other German cities are Lillian Grenville, Florence Wickham, Marcia Van Dresser, Josephine Schaeffer, Marie Schneider, Johanna Osborn, Josephine Swickard, Sarah Anderson, and Martha Hofacker. Gertrude Rennyson has an established position in Vienna, and Alys Lorraine is now singing at The Hague. Alice Nielsen, Elizabeth Parkina, Corinne Rider-Kelsey, and Edith de Lys have appeared successfully at Covent Garden. Blanche Volpine—whose real name is Fox—and Catherine Carlyna are singers of reputation in Italy. In France, Marguerite Sylva, Jane Noria, and Mlle. Lyndsay have in recent seasons sung leading rôles at the Paris Opéra, as has Yvonne de Tréville at the Opéra Comique; while Marion Ivell, Caroline Skelton, and Mary Tracy have appeared in the provincial houses.

This partial list is enough to show that the American prima donna has become an important factor in the operatic world of to-day.

THE WHITE SISTER*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "FAIR MARGARET," "THE PRIMA DONNA," ETC.

"I CANNOT help it," said Filmore Durand quietly. "I paint what I see. If you are not pleased with the likeness, I shall be only too happy to keep it."

The *marchesa* protested. It was only a very small matter, she said—a something in the eyes, or in the angle of the left eyebrow, or in the turn of the throat; she could not tell where it was, but it gave her niece a little air of religious ecstasy that was not natural to her. If the master would only condescend to modify the expression the least bit, all would be satisfactory.

Instead of condescending, Filmore Durand smiled rather indifferently, and gave his pallet and brushes to his man, who was already waiting at his elbow to receive them. For the great American portrait painter detested all sorts of litter, such as a painting-table, brush-jars, and the like, as much as his great predecessor Lenbach ever did; and when he was at work his old servant brought him a brush, a tube of color, a knife, or a pencil, as each was needed, from a curtained recess where everything was kept ready and in order.

"I like it as it is," said Giovanni Severi, resting his hands on the hilt of his saber, as he sat looking thoughtfully from the portrait to the original.

The young girl smiled, pleased by his approbation of the likeness, which she herself thought good, though it was by no means flattered. On the contrary, it made her look older than she was, and much more sad; for though the spring laughed in her eyes when she looked at the officer to whom people said she was engaged, their counterparts in the portrait were deep and grave.

Certain irregularities of feature, too, were more apparent in the painting than in nature. For instance, there was a very marked difference between the dark eyebrows; for whereas the right one made a perfect curve, the other turned up quite sharply toward the forehead at the inner end, as if it did not wish to meet its fellow; and the Marchesa del Prato was quite sure that Angela's delicate nose had not really that aquiline and almost ascetic look which the great master had given it. In fact, the middle-aged woman almost wished that it had, for of all things that could happen, she would have been best pleased that her niece by marriage should turn out to have a vocation and should disappear into some religious order as soon as possible. But as this was not likely, the next best thing would be that she should make haste to marry Giovanni Severi, who was, in fact, of precisely the same opinion.

Filmore Durand glanced from one to another of the three in quick succession, stroked his rather bristly mustache, and lit a cigarette, not because he wanted to smoke, but because he could not help it, which is a very different thing. Then he looked at his picture and forgot that he was not alone with it; and it still pleased him, after a fashion, though he was not satisfied with what he had done.

It was often said of Durand that his portraits were prophetic; and often, again, that his brushes were knives and scalpels that dissected his sitters' characters upon the canvas like an anatomical preparation.

"I cannot help it," he always said. "I paint what I see."

It was not his fault if pretty Donna

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Angela Chiaromonte had thrown a white veil over her dark hair, just to try the effect of it, the very first time she had been brought to his studio, or that she had been standing beside an early fifteenth-century altar and altar-piece which he had just bought and put up at one end of the great hall in which he painted. He was not to blame if the veiling had fallen on each side of her face, like a nun's head-dress, nor if her eyes had grown shadowy at that moment by an accident of light or expression, nor yet if her tender lips had seemed to be saddened by a passing thought. She had not put on the veil again, and he had not meant that a suggestion of suffering ecstatically borne should dim her glad girlhood in his picture; but he had seen the vision once, and it had come out again under his brush, in spite of him, as if it were the necessary truth over which Angela's outward expression was molded like a lovely mask, but which must be plainly visible in her face to every one who had once had a glimpse of it.

The painter contemplated his work in silence from within an Olympian cloud of cigarette-smoke that almost hid him from the others, who now exchanged a few words in Italian, which he only half understood. They spoke English with him, as they would have spoken French with a Frenchman, and probably even German with a German, for modern Roman society has a remarkable gift of tongues and is very accomplished in other ways.

"What I think most remarkable," said the Marchesa del Prato, who detested her husband's pretty niece, "is that he has not made a Carlo Dolci picture of you, my dear. With your face, it would have been so easy, you know!"

Giovanni Severi's hands moved a little and the scabbard of his saber struck one of his spurs with a sharp clink; for he was naturally impatient and impulsive, as any one could see from his face. It was lean and boldly cut. His cheeks were dark from exposure rather than by nature; there were reddish lights in his short brown hair, and his small but vigorous mustache was that of a rather fair man who has lived much in sun and wind in a hot climate. His nose was Roman and energetic, his mouth rather straight and hard; yet few would have thought his face remarkable but for the eyes, which betrayed his nature at a glance. They were ardent rather than merely bold, and the warm, reddish-brown iris was shot with little golden points that coruscated in the rays of the sun, but emitted a fiery light of their own when his temper was roused.

If his look had been less frank and direct, or if his other features had suggested any bad quality, his eyes would probably have been intolerably disagreeable to meet; as it was, they warned all comers that their possessor was one of those uncommon and dangerous men who go to the utmost extremes when they believe themselves in the right, and are constitutionally incapable of measuring danger or considering consequences when they are roused. Giovanni Severi was about eight and twenty, and wore the handsome uniform of the Staff College. He had not liked the *marchesa's* remark, and the impatient little clink of his scabbard against his spur only preceded his answer by a second.

"Happily for Angela," he said, "we are not in the studio of a caricaturist."

The *marchesa*, who could be near-sighted on occasion, put up her tortoise-shell-mounted eyeglass and looked at him aggressively; but as he returned her gaze with steadiness, she soon turned away.

"You are extremely rude," she said coldly.

For she herself made clever caricatures in water-colors, and she knew what Giovanni meant. Angela's mother had been a very devout woman, and had died young, but had incurred the hatred of the *marchesa* by marrying the very man whom the latter had picked out for herself. He was the elder of two brothers, and the *marchesa* had reluctantly consented to marry the other, who had a much less high-sounding title and a far smaller fortune. She had revenged herself in various small ways, and had often turned her brother-in-law's wife to ridicule by representing her as an ascetic medieval saint, in contorted attitudes of ecstasy, with sunken cheeks and eyes like saucers full of ink.

Like many other people, Giovanni had

seen some of these drawings, for the resentful *marchesa* had not destroyed them when the Princess Chiaromonte died; but no one had yet been unkind enough to tell Angela of their existence. The girl did not like her aunt by marriage, it was true, but with a singularly simple and happy disposition, and a total absence of vanity, she had apparently inherited her mother's almost saintly patience, and she bore the *marchesa's* treatment with a cheerful submission which exasperated the elder woman much more than any show of temper could have done.

Just now, seeing that trouble of some sort was imminent, she made a diversion by coming down from the low movable platform on which her chair had been placed for the sitting, and she spoke to the artist while she studied her own portrait. Durand was a very thin man, and so tall that Angela had to look very high to see his face as she stood beside him.

"I could never be as good as the picture looks," she said in English, with a little laugh, "nor so dreadfully in earnest! But it is very nice of you to think that I might!"

"You will never be anything but good," answered Filmore Durand, "and it's not necessarily dreadful to be in earnest about it."

"You are a moralist, I see," observed the *marchesa,* putting on a sweet smile as she rose and came forward, followed by Giovanni.

"I don't know," replied the painter. "What is a moralist?"

"A person who is in earnest about other people's morals," suggested Angela gaily.

"Really!" cried the *marchesa* with a most emphatic English pronunciation of the word. "One would think that you had been brought up in a Freemasons' lodge!"

In view of the fact that Angela's father was one of the very last survivors of the "intransigent" clericals, this was quite the most cutting speech the *marchesa* could think of. But Filmore Durand failed to see the point.

"What has Freemasonry to do with morality?" he inquired with bland surprise.

"Nothing at all," answered the *marchesa* smartly, "for it is the religion of the devil."

"Dear me!" The artist smiled. "What strong prejudices you have in Rome!"

"Are you a Freemason?" the noble lady asked with evident nervousness; and she glanced from his face to Angela, and then at the door.

"Well—no—I'm not," the painter admitted with a slight drawl, and evidently amused. "But, then, I'm not a moralist either, though I suppose I might be both and yet go on painting about the same."

"I think not," said the *marchesa,* so stiffly that Giovanni almost laughed aloud. "We must be going," she added, suddenly relaxing to graciousness again. "It has been such a privilege to see you day after day, my dear Mr. Durand, and to watch you working in your own surroundings. My brother-in-law will come to-morrow. I have no doubt that he will be much pleased with the portrait of his daughter."

Filmore Durand smiled indifferently, but with politeness, as he bowed over the *marchesa's* hand. He did not care a straw whether Angela's father liked the picture or not, being in love with it himself, and much more anxious to keep it than to be paid for it.

"When shall I see you again?" Giovanni had asked of Angela, almost in a whisper, while the *marchesa* was speaking.

Instead of answering, she shook her head, for she could not decide at once, but as her glance met his a delicate radiance tinged her cheeks for a moment, as if the rosy light of a clear dawn were reflected in her face. The young soldier's eyes flashed as he watched her; he drew his breath audibly, and then bit his upper lip as if to check the sound and the sensation that had caused it. Angela heard and saw, for she understood what moved him, so far as almost childlike simplicity can have intuition of what most touches a strong man.

She was less like the portrait now than a moment earlier. Her lips, just parting in a little half-longing, half-troubled smile, were like dark rose-leaves damp with dew. Her eyelids drooped at the corners for an instant, and the

translucent little nostrils quivered at the mysterious thrill that stirred her maiden being.

The two young people had not known each other quite a year, for she had never seen Giovanni till she had left the convent to go out into society, and to take her place at her widowed father's table as his only child; but at their first meeting the young soldier had felt that of all women he had known, none but Angela Chiaromonte had ever called his nature to hers with the longing cry of the natural mate.

At first she was quite unconscious of her power, and for a long time he looked in vain for the slightest outward sign that she was moved when she saw him making his way to her in a crowded drawing-room, or coming upon her suddenly out of doors when she was walking in the villa with her old governess, the excellent Mme. Bernard, or riding in the Campagna with her father. Giovanni's duties were light, and he had plenty of time to spare; and his pertinacity in finding her would have been compromising if he had been less ingeniously tactful. It was by no means easy to meet her in society either, for, in spite of recent social developments, Prince Chiaromonte still clung to the antiquated political mythology of Blacks and Whites, and strictly avoided the families whom he always persisted in calling "liberals," on the ground that his father had called them so in 1870, when he was a small boy.

It was not until he had bored himself to extinction in the conscientious effort to take the girl out that he appealed to his sister-in-law to help him, though he knew that neither she nor his brother was truly clerical at heart. Even then, if it had been clear to him that Giovanni Severi had made up his mind to marry Angela if he married at all, the prince would have forced himself to bear agonies of boredom night after night, rather than entrust his daughter to the *marchesa:* but such an idea had never entered his head, and he would have scouted the suggestion that Angela would ever dare to encourage a young man of whom he had not formally approved. While she was meeting Giovanni almost daily, and dancing with him almost every evening, her father was slowly negotiating an appropriate marriage for her with the eldest son of certain friends who were almost as clerical and "intransigent" as himself.

This young man was a limp degenerate, with a pale face, a weak mouth, and an inherited form of debility which made him fall asleep wherever he was, if nothing especial happened to keep his eyes open. Not only did he always sleep from ten at night till nine the next morning with the regularity of an idiot, but he went to sleep wherever he sat down—in church, at dinner, and even when he was driving. Neither his own parents nor Prince Chiaromonte looked upon this as a serious drawback in the matter of marriage. A man who slept all day and all night was a man out of mischief, not likely to grumble or to make love to his neighbor's wife; he would therefore be a model husband. When he fell asleep in the drawing-room in summer, his consort would sit beside him and brush away the flies; in winter, she would be careful to cover him up lest he should catch cold; at mass she could prick him with a hat-pin to keep him awake; as for the rest, she would bear one of the oldest names in Europe, her husband would be a strictly religious and moral person, and she would be very rich.

What more could any woman ask? Evidently nothing, and Prince Chiaromonte therefore continued to negotiate the marriage in the old-fashioned manner, without the least intention of speaking about it to Angela till everything was altogether settled between the family lawyers, and the wedding could take place in six weeks. It was not the business of young people to fathom the intentions of their all-wise parents, and meanwhile Angela was free to go to parties with her aunt, and her intended husband was at liberty to sleep as much as he liked.

The negotiations would probably occupy another two or three months, for the family lawyers had disagreed as to the number of times that Angela should be allowed to take the carriage out every day, and this had to be stipulated in the marriage-contract, besides the number of dishes there were to be at luncheon and

dinner, and the question whether, if Angela took coffee after her meals, it should be charged to her husband, who took none, or against the income arising from her dowry. The family lawyers were both old and experienced men, and they understood these difficult matters thoroughly, but neither would have felt that he was doing his duty to his client if he had not quarreled with the other over each point. From week to week each reported progress to his employer, and, on the whole, the two fathers felt that matters were going on very well, without any undue delay.

But the Fates frowned grimly on the marriage and on all things connected with it, for on the very morning when Filmore Durand finished Angela's portrait, and before she had left his studio in the Palazzo Borghese, something happened which not only put a stop to the leisurely labors of the two lawyers, but which profoundly changed Angela's existence, and was the cause of her having a story quite different from that of a good many young girls who are in love with one man but are urged by their parents to marry another. The interest of this tale, if it has any, lies in no such simple conflict of forces as that, and it is enough to know that while her father had been busy over her marriage, Angela Chiaromonte had fallen in love with Giovanni Severi, and had, indeed, as much as promised to marry him; and that a good many people, including the Marchesa del Prato, already suspected this, though they had not communicated their suspicions to the girl's father, partly because he was not liked, and partly because he hardly ever showed himself in the world.

The situation is thus clearly explained, so far as it was known to the persons concerned at the moment when the great unforeseen flashed from its hiding-place and hurled itself into their midst.

As Filmore Durand went with the *marchesa* toward the entrance hall, followed by the young people, he called his man to open the outer door; but almost at the same moment he heard his voice at the telephone. The servant was a Swiss, who spoke German, English, and Italian, and had followed the artist for many years, and his name was Abraham Ambuhl. He was evidently answering an inquiry about the *marchesa* just as he heard her step.

"The lady is here," he said. "She is coming to the telephone herself."

He looked round as the four approached, for the instrument was placed on the right side of the large door that opened upon the landing.

"Some one for your ladyship," he said in English, holding out the receiver to the *marchesa*.

She took it and put it to her ear, repeating the usual Italian formula.

"Ready—with whom am I speaking? Yes. I am the Marchesa del Prato, she herself. What is it?"

There was a pause while she listened, and then Angela saw her face change suddenly.

"Dead?" she shrieked into the telephone. "Half an hour ago?"

She still held the receiver to her ear, but she was stretching out her left hand as if she needed support. Durand took her by the arm and elbow, prepared to hold her up if she showed signs of fainting. Angela was already on her other side.

"Who is dead?" the girl asked quietly enough, but with evident anxiety.

"Your father," answered the *marchesa* with such sudden and brutal directness that Giovanni started forward, and Durand stared in surprise, for he knew enough Italian to understand as much as that.

Angela made two steps backward, slowly and mechanically, like a blind man who has unexpectedly run against a wall. Like the blind, too, she instinctively held out her hands before her, as if to assure herself that she was getting out of reach of the obstacle. Her face had turned very white, and her eyes were half closed.

The *marchesa* no longer seemed to be in need of support, and watched her with a curious expression.

"My poor child!" she cried in a tone of conventional sympathy. "I should have broken the news to you gradually—"

"You should, indeed!" answered Giovanni with stern emphasis.

He was already leading Angela to one of the nearest of the high-backed

chairs that stood ranged against the dark-green wall of the hall. She sat down, steadying herself by his arm.

"Run over by a motor-car almost at his own door," said the *marchesa,* in a lower tone and in English, as she turned slightly toward Durand. "Killed on the spot! It is too awful! My poor brother-in-law!"

"Get some brandy and some cold water," said the artist to Ambuhl, watching the girl's pale face and twitching hands.

"Yes," said Giovanni, who was bending over her anxiously. "Bring something quickly! I fear that she is going to faint."

But Angela was not fainting, nor even half-unconscious. She had felt as if something hard had struck her between the eyes, without quite stunning her. She attempted to get up, but realized her weakness and waited a moment before trying again. Then she rose to her feet with an effort, and stood straight and rigid before her aunt, her eyes quite open now.

"Come!" she said almost imperiously and in a voice unlike her own.

In a moment they were gone, and the artist was standing before the portrait he had finished, looking into its eyes as if it were alive. He had been deeply shocked by what had just happened, and was sincerely sorry for Angela, though he had not the least idea whether she had loved her father or not; but his face was calm and thoughtful again, now that she was gone, and expressed a quiet satisfaction which had not been there before. For it seemed to him that the picture was a precious reality, and that the young girl who had sat for it was only nature's copy, and not perfect at that; and perhaps the reality would not be taken from him, now, since Prince Chiaromonte had come to an untimely end.

The prospect of keeping the canvas was exceedingly pleasing to Filmore Durand. He had never painted anything that had disappointed him less, or that he was less willing to part with. During the last day or two he had even thought of making a replica of it for the prince in order to keep the original, for no copy, though it were made by himself most conscientiously, could ever be quite so good. But now that the prince was dead, it was not unlikely that the heirs, if there were any besides Angela, would be glad to avoid paying a large sum for a picture they did not want. He was sure, from the young girl's manner, that she would no more care to possess a portrait of herself than a colored postcard of the Colosseum or a plaster cast of one of Canova's dancing-girls. This was not flattering to the artist, it was true, but in the present case he would rather keep his own painting than have it appreciated ever so highly by any one else.

Late in the afternoon he stopped before the closed gateway of the Palazzo Chiaromonte, and pushed the little postern that stood ajar. The big porter was within, already dressed in deep mourning, and standing dejectedly before the door of his lodge. The painter asked in broken Italian if the bad news was true, and the man nodded gravely, pointing to the gates. They would not be shut unless the master were dead. Durand asked after Donna Angela, but the porter was not communicative. She had come in with her aunt, and both were up-stairs; he suspected the painter of being a foreign newspaper correspondent, and would say nothing more.

The American thanked him and went away; after all, he had come to make sure that the prince was really dead, and he was conscious that his wish to keep the portrait was the only motive of his inquiry.

He strolled away through the crowded streets, blowing such clouds of cigarette-smoke about him that people looked at him in surprise. It was almost sunset, in February, and it was just before Lent. Rome is at her gayest then, though the old Carnival is as dead and gone as Pio Nono, Garibaldi, the French military occupation, and all that made the revival of Italy in the nineteenth century the most thrilling romance that ever stirred the world's sympathy and roused Italian passion. Durand was not old enough to remember those times, and he had never been in Rome at all till he was nearly thirty years old and on the first wave of his high success; but he had read about the old days, and to his

unspoiled sight and vivid imagination Rome was still romantic and the greatest city in the world, past or present; and somehow when he thought of his picture and of Angela's face, and remembered the scene at the telephone, he felt that he was himself just within the sphere of some mysterious and tragic action which he could not yet understand, but which might possibly affect his own life.

II

THE excellent Mme. Bernard had been Angela's governess before the child had been sent to the convent of the Trinità dei Monti, and whenever she was at home for the holidays, and also during the brief interval between her leaving school and going into society; and after that, during the winter which preceded Prince Chiaromonte's death, she had accompanied the motherless girl to concerts and had walked with her almost daily in the mornings. She was one of those thoroughly trustworthy, sound-minded, well-educated Frenchwomen of the middle class, of whom many are to be found in the provinces, though the type is rare in Paris. Nearly fifty years of age, she had lived twenty years in Rome, always occupying the same little apartment in a respectable street of Trastevere,* where she had a spare room which she was glad to let to any French or English lady of small means who might chance to visit Rome for a few months in the winter and spring.

Angela sent her maid for Mme. Bernard on the day of the catastrophe, since her aunt neither offered to take her in at once nor seemed inclined to suggest any arrangement for the future. The *marchesa* did, indeed, take charge of everything in the Palazzo Chiaromonte within an hour of her brother-in-law's death. She locked the drawers of his private desk herself, sent for the notary, and had the customary seals placed on the doors of the inner apartments "in the name of the heirs." She spoke with the undertaker, and made every arrangement for the lying in state of the body during the following night and day. She saw to the erection of the temporary altar at which masses for the dead would be celebrated almost without interruption from midnight to noon by sixteen priests in succession. She gave full instructions to the effect that the men-servants should take their turn of duty in regular watches, day and night, until the funeral; and, finally, left the palace, after showing herself to be an exceedingly practical woman.

When she went away, she was holding her handkerchief to her eyes with both hands. She also forgot her parasol; but she remembered it as she was just going out by the postern, her carriage being outside because the gates were shut, and she sent her footman back for it and for the little morocco bag in which she carried her handkerchief and card-case. It was a small matter, but the porter, the footman, and the butler up-stairs all remembered it afterward, and the footman himself, while coming down, took the trouble to look into the little wallet, and saw that the card-case was there, but nothing else; for the *marchesa* sometimes carried certain little cigarettes in it, which the man had found particularly good. But to-day there was not even one.

Mme. Bernard arrived in tears, for she was a warm-hearted woman, and was overcome with sympathy for the lonely girl. She found Angela sitting by a small fire in her own little morning-room on the upper floor. A tray with something to eat had been set beside her, she knew not by whom, but she had not tasted anything. Her eyes were dry, but her hands were burning, and when she was conscious of feeling anything she knew that her head ached. She had forgotten that she had sent for the governess, and looked at her with a vaguely wondering expression, as if she took the little Frenchwoman in black for a new shadow in her dream.

But presently mechanical consciousness returned, though without much definite sensation, and she let Mme. Bernard have her way in everything, not making the slightest resistance or offering the smallest suggestion. She even submitted to being fed like a little child, with small mouthfuls of things that had no taste whatever for her.

* Trastevere ("Across the Tibur") is the quarter of Rome on the right bank of the Tibur, south of the Vatican. It is a respectable working-class district.

By and by, there was a dressmaker in the room, with an assistant, and servants brought a number of big bandboxes with lids covered with black oilcloth. Angela's maid was there, too, and they tried one thing after another on her, ready-made garments for the first hours of mourning. Then they were gone, and she was dressed in black, and the room was filled with the unmistakable odor of black crape, which is not like anything else in the world.

Again time passed, and she was kneeling at a faldstool in the great hall downstairs; but a dark screen had been placed so that she could not be seen by any one who came in to kneel at the rail that divided the upper part of the hall from the lower. She saw nothing herself—nothing but a knight of Malta, in his black cloak with the great white Maltese cross on his shoulder, lying asleep on his back; and on each side of him three enormous wax torches were burning in silver candlesticks taller than a tall man.

Quite at the end of the hall, five paces from the knight's motionless head, three priests in black and silver vestments were kneeling before a black altar, reciting the penitential Psalms in a quiet, monotonous voice, verse and verse, the one in the middle leading; and Angela automatically joined the two assistants in responding, but so low that they did not hear her.

The knight bore a resemblance to her father, that was all. Perhaps it was only a waxen image she saw, or a wraith in that long dream of hers, of which she could not quite remember the beginning. She knew that she was nothing to the image, and that it was nothing to her. While her lips repeated the grand dirge of the king-poet in St. Jerome's noble old Latin words, her thoughts followed broken threads, each cut short by a question that lacks an answer, by the riddle man has asked of the sky and the sea and the earth since the beginning: "What does it mean?"

What could it mean? The senseless facts were there, plain enough. That morning she had seen her father, she had kissed his hand in the old-fashioned way, and he had kissed her forehead, and they had exchanged a few words, as usual. She remembered that for the thousandth time she had wished that his voice would soften a little, and that he would put his arms round her and draw her closer to him. But he had been just as always, for he was bound and stiffened in the unwieldy armor of his conventional righteousness.

Angela had read of the Puritans in history, and an Englishman might smile at the thought that she could not fancy the sternest of them as more thoroughly puritanical than her father, who had been brought up by Jesuits from his childhood. But such as he was, he had been her father that morning. The motionless figure of the knight of Malta on the black velvet pall was not he, nor a likeness of him, nor anything human at all. It was the outward visible presence of death, it was a dumb thing that knew the answer to the riddle but could not tell it; in a way, it was the riddle itself.

While her half-stunned intelligence stumbled among chasms of thought that have swallowed up transcendent genius, her lips unconsciously said the penitential Psalms after the priests at the altar. At the convent she had been a little vain of knowing them by heart better than the nuns themselves, for she had a good memory, and she had often been rebuked for taking pride in her gift. It was not her fault if the noble poetry meant nothing to her at the most solemn hour of her life, though its deep human note had appealed profoundly to her the last time she had repeated the words. Nothing meant anything now, in the face of the unanswered riddle; nothing but the answer to that riddle could have any meaning.

The great apostle of modern thought asked three questions: "What can I know? As a reasoning being, what is it my duty to do in life? What may I dare to hope hereafter?" Angela had never even heard of Kant; she only asked what it all meant; and the knight of Malta was silent under the steady yellow light of his six wax torches. Perhaps the white cross on his cloak was the answer, but the emblem was too far from words for mere humanity to understand it. She wished they would take him away, for he was not her father,

and she would be far better able to pray alone in her own room than in the stately presence of that one master whom all living things fear — man and bird and beast, and whatsoever has life in the sea.

III

THREE days later Angela sat alone in her morning-room, reading a letter from Giovanni Severi. All was over now—the lying in state, the funeral at the small parish church, the interment in the cemetery of San Lorenzo, where the late prince had built a temporary tomb for himself and his family, under protest, because modern municipal regulations would not allow even such a personage as he to be buried within the walls, in his own family vault, at Santa Maria del Popolo.

He had been confident that even if he did not live to see the return of the Pope's temporal power, his remains would soon be solemnly transferred to the city, to rest with those of his fathers; and he looked forward to his resurrection from a sepulcher better suited to his earthly rank and spiritual worth than a brick vault in a public cemetery, within a hundred yards of the thrice-anathematized crematorium, and of the unhallowed burial-ground set aside for Freemasons, anarchists, Protestants, and Jews. But no man can fairly be blamed for wishing to lie beside his forefathers, and if Prince Chiaromonte had failed to see that the destiny of Italy had outmeasured the worldly supremacy of the Vatican in the modern parallelogram of forces, that had certainly been a fault of judgment rather than of intention. He had never wavered in his fidelity to his ideal, nor had he ever voluntarily submitted to any law imposed by the "usurper."

"That excellent Chiaromonte is so extremely clerical," Pope Leo XIII had once observed to his secretary, with his quiet smile.

But Angela missed her father constantly, not understanding that he had systematically forced her to look to him as the judge and master of her existence, and she wondered a little why she almost longed for his grave nod, and his stern frown of disapproval, and even for the daily and hourly reproof under which she had so often chafed. Mme. Bernard had been installed in the palace since the day of the fatal accident, and she was kindness personified, full of consideration and forethought; yet the girl was very lonely and miserable from morning till night, and when she slept she dreamed of the dead knight of Malta's face, of the yellow light of the wax torches, and the voices of the priests.

On the fourth day a letter came from Giovanni, the first she had ever received from him. She did not even know his handwriting, and she looked at the signature before reading the note, to see who had written to her so soon. When she understood that it was Severi, a sudden flood of sunshine broke upon her gloom. The bright morning sun had indeed been shining through the window for an hour, but she had not known it till then.

It was not a love-letter. Giovanni used those grammatically illogical but superfinely courteous forms which make high Italian a mystery to strangers who pick up a few hundred words for daily use and dream that they understand the language. He used the first person for himself, but spoke of her in the third singular;* he began with: "Most gentle Donna Angela," and he signed his full name at the end of a formal phrase setting forth his profoundly respectful homage.

She would have been much surprised, and perhaps offended, if he had expressed himself in any more familiar way. Brought up as she had been under the most old-fashioned code in Europe when at home, and under the frigid rule of the ladies of the Sacred Heart when she was at school, any familiarity of language seemed to her an outrage on good manners, and might even be counted a sin if she condescended to it in speaking with a man who was not yet her husband, nor even formally betrothed to her. She had been made to address her father in the third person feminine singular ever since she had learned to talk, precisely as Giovanni wrote to her; and if she

* In addressing a stranger or a superior, Italians use the feminine pronoun *ella* (she) and the third person singular of the verb; as, *Ella ha il mio cappello*—literally, "She has my hat," or, as we might say in English, "Your lordship has my hat." The pronoun *ella* may be explained as standing for *vossignoria* (your lordship, or ladyship).

prayed to the Deity with the less formal second person plural, this was doubtless because the Italian prayers had been framed in less refined and courteous times than her own.

In spite of his stiff grammar, however, Giovanni managed to write things that brought the color to her face and the light to her eyes. He said, for instance, that he was coming to see her that very afternoon; that, in order not to attract attention in the street, he would wear civilian's dress, and that he hoped she would not only receive him, but would send Mme. Bernard out of the room for a little while, so that he might speak to her alone.

The proposal was so delightful, and yet so disturbing, that Angela thought it must be wicked, and tried to examine her conscience at once; but it shut up like an oyster taken out of the water and pretended to be perfectly insensible, turn it and probe it how she would.

So she gave it up; and she did so the more readily because it would be quite impossible to see Giovanni that afternoon, enchanting as the prospect would have been. Her aunt, the *marchesa*, had sent word that she was coming at four o'clock with the lawyer to explain Angela's position to her, and it was impossible to say how long the two might stay.

Meanwhile, she must send word to Giovanni not to come, for it would not suffice that he should be refused admittance at the gate, since he might chance to present himself just when the *marchesa* drove up, which would produce a very bad impression. Angela was ashamed to send her maid with a note to a young officer, and she would not trust one of the men-servants; she turned for advice to Mme. Bernard, who was her only confidante.

"What am I to do?" she asked when she had explained everything. "He is always at the War Office at this time, and he may not even go home before he comes here. I see no way but to send a note."

"He would certainly go home to change his clothes," answered the practical Frenchwoman; "but it is not necessary for you to write. I will telephone to the War Office, and if the count is there I will explain everything."

Angela looked at her doubtfully.

"But, then, the servant who telephones will know," she objected.

"The servant? Why? I do not understand. I shall speak myself. No one will be there to hear."

"Yourself? My father never could, and I never was shown how to do it. Are you sure you understand the thing? It is very complicated, I believe."

Mme. Bernard was not surprised, for she knew the ways of the Palazzo Chiaromonte; but she smiled, and assured the young girl that a telephone was not really such a dangerous instrument as she had been led to believe.

"I once tried to make a few stitches with a sewing-machine," Angela said, apparently in explanation.

"A telephone is different," Mme. Bernard answered gravely. "Shall I ask the count to come to-morrow at four o'clock, instead of to-day?"

Angela hesitated, and then blushed faintly.

"Do you think—" she began, but she stopped and hesitated. "He would be angry, I am sure—" She seemed to be suddenly distressed.

"Your father?" asked the Frenchwoman, guessing what she meant. "My dear princess—"

"Oh, please don't call me that!" cried Angela. "You never do—"

"You see, you are a great personage now, my dear child," Mme. Bernard answered, "and I am no longer your governess—"

"But you are my friend, dear, dear Mme. Bernard! Indeed, I think you are my only friend now!"

And thereupon Angela threw her arms round the little woman's neck and kissed her very affectionately. Mme. Bernard's fresh face beamed with pleasure.

"Thank you, my dear," she answered. "And as for your father, my child, he is without doubt in heaven; and that means that he now judges you by your intentions, and no longer by appearances only."

This sage little speech reassured Angela, though she soon afterward asked herself whether it was quite loyal to allow any one to say that the prince had ever judged her "by appearances only." But while she was making this reflection, Mme. Bernard was already telephoning

to Giovanni, who was at the War Office, as Angela supposed, and he answered with alacrity that he would come to the palace on the following afternoon and ask to see Mme. Bernard on a matter of business. It was really her business to teach French, as all the servants knew, and if they thought that the young officer came to ask about some lessons for himself or a friend, so much the better.

Mme. Bernard was naturally practical, and Giovanni was by nature quick-witted; so the matter was settled in a few words, to the satisfaction of both; and when Angela was merely told that he was coming, she was much more pleased than she was willing to show, and she said no more about her father's hypothetical disapproval.

That afternoon she received the Marchesa del Prato and her lawyer in the second of the outer drawing-rooms down-stairs. It was cold there, but she had not quite dared to order a fire to be made, because the prince had never allowed fires except in the inner rooms, which were still closed under the notarial seals. The place had a certain grandeur of its own, for the massive decorations, the heavy furniture, and the rich brocade curtains all dated from the best period of Louis XIV's reign. On the walls there were four or five first-rate pictures, the largest of which was a magnificent portrait of a former Chiaromonte by Vandyke; there was a "Holy Family" by Guercino, another by Bonifacio, a "Magdalen" by Andrea del Sarto, and one or two smaller paintings of no inconsiderable value.

But at that hour the light was bad, for the afternoon had turned cold and rainy after a beautiful morning, and at four o'clock it was still too early to have lamps. A few moments after the hour, a servant opened the door, held the curtains aside, and announced the visitor.

"Her excellency, the Princess Chiaromonte!"

Angela started slightly at the name. The last Princess Chiaromonte who had passed through that doorway had been her mother, and in her solitude the girl had not even been told that her uncle had already assumed the title of the head of the house. The lackey paid no attention whatever to the quiet man in black who followed the princess, holding his hat against his chest with both hands and advancing with a bowing motion at every step, as if he were saluting the family chairs as he passed them. Angela vaguely remembered his solemnly obsequious face.

Her aunt seemed to have grown taller and larger, as she bent to imprint a formal kiss on the girl's cheek, and then sat down in one of the huge old easy chairs, while the lawyer seated himself at a respectful distance on an ottoman stool with his high hat on his knees. Angela took her place at one end of the stiff sofa that stood directly under the Vandyke portrait, and she waited for her aunt to speak.

The princess had evidently prepared herself, for she spoke clearly and did not pause for some time.

"Your uncle has a slight attack of influenza," she said; "otherwise he would have come with me, and I should have been more than glad if he himself could have explained the whole situation to you instead of leaving that painful duty to me. You are well aware, my dear Angela, that your father always clung to the most prejudiced traditions of the intransigent clericals, and could never be induced to conform to any of the new regulations introduced by the Italian government. In point of fact, I do not think he quite realized that the old order had passed away when he was a mere boy, and that the new was to be permanent, if not everlasting. If he had, he would have acted very differently, I am sure, and would have made my present duty much easier than it is. Are you quite certain that you understand that?"

Angela was quite certain that she did, and nodded quietly, though she could not see how her father's political convictions could affect her own present situation.

"I have no doubt," continued the princess, "that he brought you up to consider yourself the heiress of all his fortune, though not of the title, which naturally goes to the eldest male heir. Am I right?"

"He never told me anything about my inheritance," Angela replied.

"So much the better. It will be easier for me to explain your rather unusual position. In the first place, I must make it clear to you that your father and mother declined to go before the mayor at the Capitol when they were married, in spite of the regulations which had then been in force a number of years. They were devout Catholics, and the blessing of the church was enough for them. According to your father, to go through any form of civil ceremony, before or after the wedding, was equivalent to doubting the validity of the sacrament of marriage."

"Naturally," Angela assented, as her aunt paused and looked at her.

"Very naturally." The princess's eyes began to glitter oddly, and the lawyer turned his hat uneasily on his knees. "Very naturally, indeed! Unfortunately for you, however, your father was not merely overlooking a municipal regulation, as he supposed; he was deliberately bidding defiance to the laws of Italy."

"What do you mean?" asked Angela rather nervously.

"It is very painful to explain," answered the elder woman with gleaming eyes and a disagreeable smile. "The plain truth is that, as your father and mother were not civilly married—civilly, you understand — they were not legally married at all, and the law will never admit that they were!"

Angela's hand tightened on the arm of the old sofa.

"Not married?" she cried. "My father and mother not married? It is impossible, it is monstrous—"

"Not 'legally' married, I said," replied the princess. "To be legally married, it is absolutely necessary to go before the mayor at the Capitol and have the civil ceremony properly performed. Am I right?" she asked, turning suddenly to the lawyer. "It is absolutely necessary, is it not?"

"Absolutely, excellency," the legal adviser answered. "Otherwise the children of the marriage are not legitimate."

"What does that mean?" asked Angela in a frightened tone.

"It means," explained the princess, "that in the eyes of the law you do not exist—"

Angela tried to laugh.

"But I do exist! Here I am, Angela Chiaromonte, to say that I am alive!"

"Angela, but not Chiaromonte," corrected the princess, hardly able to hide her satisfaction. "I am sorry to say that your dear father would not even submit to the regulation which requires all parents alike to declare the birth of children, and he paid a heavy fine for his refusal. The unfortunate consequence is that when your birth was entered at the municipality, you were put down in the official records as a foundling child whose parents refused to declare themselves."

"A foundling! I, a foundling!" Angela half rose in amazed indignation, but almost instantly sat down again, with an incredulous smile. "Either you are quite mad," she said, "or you are trying to frighten me for some reason I do not understand."

The princess raised her sandy eyebrows and looked at the lawyer, evidently meaning him to speak for her.

"That is your position, *signorina,*" he said calmly. "You have, unhappily, no legal status, no legal name, and no claim whatever on the estate of his excellency Prince Chiaromonte, who was not married to your mother in the eyes of the law, and refused even to acknowledge you as his child by registering your birth at the mayoralty. Every inquiry has been made on your behalf, and I have here the certified copy of the register as it stands, declaring you to be a foundling. It was still in your father's power to make a will in your favor, *signorina*, and as the laws of entail no longer exist, his excellency may have left you his whole estate, real and personal, though his titles and dignities will in any case pass to his brother. I must warn you, however, that such a will might not prove valid in law, since his excellency did not even legally acknowledge you as his child. So far, no trace of a will has been found with his late excellency's notary, nor with his lawyer, nor deposited with his securities at his banker's. It is barely possible that some paper may exist in the rooms which are still closed, but I think it my duty to tell you that I do not expect to find anything of the kind when we break the seals to-mor-

row, in the presence of the heirs and witnesses."

He ceased speaking, and looked at the princess as if asking whether he should say more, for Angela had bent her head and quietly covered her eyes with one hand, and in this attitude she sat quite motionless in her place. The lawyer thought she was going to burst into tears, for he did not know her.

"That will do, Calvi," said the princess calmly. "You have made it all very clear, and you may retire for the present. The young lady is naturally overcome by the bad news, and would rather be alone with me for a little while, I dare say."

Signor Calvi rose, made a profound obeisance to the princess, scarcely bent his head to Angela, and retired, again seeming to bow to the family chairs as he passed each. The young girl dropped her hand and looked after him with a sort of dull curiosity. She was the last person in the world to take offense, or to suppose that any one meant to be rude to her, but it was impossible not to notice the lawyer's behavior. In his opinion she was suddenly nobody, and deserved no more notice than a shop-girl. She understood enough of human nature to be sure that he counted on the princess's approval.

The elder woman was watching her with a satisfaction she hardly tried to conceal. Her small hands were incased in marvelously fitting black gloves, though black gloves rarely fit so well as others, and were crossed on her knee over the little leather bag she always carried. She was leaning back in the great armchair, and the mourning she wore made her faultless complexion look even more brilliant than it was.

No one knew how near forty the princess might be, for she appeared in the "Almanach de Gotha" without a birthday, and only the date of her marriage was given; but the year was 1884, and people said it was impossible that she should have been less than seventeen when her parents had brought her to Rome and had tried to marry her to the elder of the Chiaromonte family. As twenty years had passed since they had succeeded in capturing the second son for their daughter, it was clear that she could not be under thirty-seven. But her complexion was extraordinary, and, though she was a tall woman, she had preserved a figure which was almost that of a young girl.

Angela did not look directly at her enemy for some seconds after the lawyer had left the room, closing the door behind him, not loudly, yet quite audibly; but the young girl was the first to speak when she was sure that he was out of hearing.

"You hate me," she said at last. "What have I done to you?"

The princess was not timid, nor very easily surprised, but the question was so direct that she drew farther back into her chair with a quick movement, and her bright eyes sparkled angrily.

"In this world," she said, "the truth is always surprising and generally unpleasant. In consideration of what I have been obliged to tell you about yourself, I can easily excuse your foolish speech."

"You are very kind," Angela answered quietly enough, but in a tone that the princess did not like. "I was not asking your indulgence, but an explanation, no matter how disagreeable the rest of the truth may be. What have I done that you should hate me?"

The princess laughed contemptuously.

"The expression is too strong," she retorted. "Hatred would imply an interest in you and your possible doings which I am far from feeling, I assure you! Since it turns out that you are not even one of the family—"

She laughed again and raised her eyebrows still higher, instead of ending the speech.

"From what you say," Angela answered with a good deal of dignity, "I can only understand that if you followed your own inclination you would turn me out into the street."

"The law will do so without my intervention," answered the elder woman. "If my brother-in-law had even taken the trouble to acknowledge you as his child, without legitimizing you, you would have been entitled to a small allowance—perhaps two or three hundred francs a month—to keep you from starving. But as he has left no legal proof that you are his daughter, and since he

was not properly married to your mother, you can claim nothing, not even a name. You are, in fact, a destitute foundling, as Calvi just said."

"It only remains for you to offer me your charity," Angela said.

"That was not my intention," returned the princess with a savage sneer. "I have talked it over with my husband, and we do not see why he should be expected to support his brother's—natural child!"

Angela rose from her seat without a word, and went quietly toward the door; but before she could reach it, the princess had followed her with a rush and a dramatic sweep of her black cloth skirt and plentiful crape, and had caught the girl by the wrist to bring her back to the middle of the great room.

"I shall not keep you long!" cried the angry woman. "You ask me what you have done that I should hate you, and I answer, nothing, since you are nobody! But I hated your mother, because she robbed me of the man I wanted, of the only man I ever loved—your father—and when I married his brother I swore that she should pay me for that, and she has! If she can see you as you are to-day, all heaven cannot dry her tears, for heaven itself cannot give you a name, since the one on her own tombstone is not hers by any right. I hope she sees you! Oh, I hope it was not for nothing that she fasted till she fainted, and prayed till she was hoarse, and knelt in damp churches till she died of it! I hope she has starved and whined her way to paradise and is looking down at this very moment, and can see her daughter turned out of my house, a pauper foundling, to beg her bread! I hope you are in a state of grace, as she is, and that the communion of saints brings you near enough together for her to see you!"

"You are mad," Angela said when the princess paused for breath. "You do not know what you are saying. Let go of my wrist and try to get back to your senses."

Whether the princess was really out of her mind, as seemed at least possible, or was only in one of her frequent fits of rage, the words had an instantaneous effect. She dropped Angela's wrist, drew herself up, and recovered her self-control in a few seconds; but there was still a dangerous glare in her cat-like eyes as she turned toward the window and faced the dull yellowish light of the late afternoon.

"You will soon find out that I have not exaggerated," she said, dropping from her late tone of fury to a note of icy coldness. "The seals will be removed to-morrow at noon, and I suppose no one can prevent you from being present if you choose. After that, you will make such arrangements for your own future as you see fit. I should recommend you to apply to one of the two convents on which my brother-in-law lavished nearly three millions of francs during his life. One or the other of them will certainly take you in without a dowry, and you will have at least a decent roof over your head."

With this practical advice the Princess Chiaromonte swept from the room, and Angela was left alone to ask herself whether such a sudden calamity as hers had ever before overtaken an innocent girl in Roman society.

She went back very slowly to the sofa, and sat down again under the great Vandyke portrait. Her eyes wandered from one object to another, as if she wished to make an inventory of the things that had seemed to be hers because they had been her father's; but she was far too completely dazed by what had happened to think very connectedly. Besides, though she did not dare let the thought give her courage, she still had a secret conviction that it was all a mistake, and that her father must have left some document which would be found among his papers the next day, and would clear away all this dreadful misunderstanding.

As for the rest of her aunt's story, no one had ever hinted at such a thing in her hearing; but Mme. Bernard would know the truth. There was little, indeed, which the excellent Frenchwoman did not know about the old Roman families, after having lived among them and taught their children French for nearly a quarter of a century. She was very discreet and might not wish to say much, but she certainly knew the truth in this case.

(To be continued)

THE BACKSLIDING OF MRS. HARDWIN J. FLAGG

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH MANY DOORS," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY THE KINNEYS

EVELYN VANCOURT emerged from the imaginary Adam room for which she was choosing the appliques, and read the card her assistant had just brought in. Her inspired look, which her helpers identified with the mood of creation, faded and was replaced by one of gentle stubbornness.

"No, I will not," she said in a sweet but emphatic voice, and turned again to her desk.

The assistant waited in delicate poise between acquiescence and a further plea. As an artist, Miss Vancourt belonged to no one but herself. As a business woman, she was in great part the creation of little Miss Lynch's diplomacy.

"I will not see Mrs. Hardwin J. Flagg," she added, noting Miss Lynch's hesitation. "It is impertinent of you to think for a moment that I would decorate that monstrous house on Fifth Avenue, beginning with a drawbridge and a moat, and ending in a delirium of mansard! I've heard there's an oubliette in the back drawing-room. They should drop a string of sausages into it, and seal it up!"

"But think what an influence for sweetness and light you might exert on the descendants of Hardwin J. Flagg," Miss Lynch pleaded. "Living in the ancestral home years hence, their taste corrected and their eyes purified by the beauty which you—"

"If they were purified, they wouldn't be rich enough to live there. Only grossness could afford the expense."

"Why are you so bitter against these poor Flaggs? What is their crime, except that they want to buy their way into society? And they'll do it, or I don't know the great American daughter when I see her!"

The stroke told, as Miss Lynch meant it should. Evelyn Vancourt loved types of people as she loved pure Chippendale. She hesitated, and was lost.

"Is there a daughter?"

"There's literally nothing else. Her father built this house while she was in Europe, as a surprise to her; and it was—only not in the way he intended. Now, she has set out to redeem the interior, and she comes to you, her mother in her train. I pity the mother!"

Another stroke! Evelyn Vancourt loved the race of mothers.

"Is she downtrodden?"

"She's a martyr—a living sacrifice! You can see at one glance that she's dragged at the wheel of her daughter's ambitions. But you are keeping them waiting. Shall I take out a message?"

"It is good for them to wait," Evelyn said sternly. "It is a chastening to prepare them for the proper appreciation of Louis Seize. Tell me more. No, I'll see them. I'll go at once."

Mrs. Hardwin J. Flagg, of ample build and innocent, bewildered, motherly mien, sat on the edge of a chair in Miss Vancourt's outer office, trying to appease a marvelously pretty daughter, in whose expressive features impatience was clearly written. The girl's rustic ancestry had bestowed upon her the best that it could give in the freshness of her complexion, and in all the signs of strong and abundant health, veiled delicately by

GLADYS FLAGG'S IDEAS ON INTERIOR DECORATION WERE BY NO MEANS LIMITED OR RAW

the refinements of the new destiny that wealth had made possible.

"She has no right to keep us waiting. If she is in business at all, she ought to be prompt!"

"My dear, she's *the* Evelyn Vancourt," her mother apologized. "She's in the set you want to get in. You'd best be nice to her, Gladys."

"As long as she's in trade, we're her patrons," the girl answered, "and she has no right to keep us waiting. When she comes, mother, you let me do the talking. I know just what I want in every room."

Mrs. Flagg nodded, sighing a little. Ever since the sudden flood of her husband's great fortune had uprooted her from the simple ways of living that she loved, her spirit had shivered in the vastness of financial and social ambitions. At times, she longed with acute longing for the days when she was the proud possessor of a little home in a Western town, every one of whose treasures was associated with her anxious care and thought, from the plush lambrequin on the parlor-mantel to the store of table-linen which she had herself embroidered.

Her happiest days had been spent in the sunny kitchen with Gladys, then a baby, toddling about her feet. She had been "near things" then—could lay caressing fingers on her shining damask, her fringed towels, her "hand-painted" mantel-vases, and the wonderful gilt-edged dinner-set. How intimate she had been with these treasures! Each had represented some pleasant crisis in their growing bank-account, or some anniversary that required an offering to the gods of the household.

Then, suddenly, she had been caught up into the remote state of the wealthy, who must approach domestic affairs through the medium of trained servants. The little house, by Gladys's precocious command, was given up, and its furniture dispersed. The daughter returned from boarding-school to call her mother's treasures hideous. The new things, supplanting the old, came drifting in like strangers to a hostelry. Mrs. Flagg could not get acquainted with them, because they were now in the hands of parlor-maids. After a while she gave up the effort, and resigned herself to the long and remote voyage upon which her husband and daughter had entered. There were many points of call—London, Newport, New York—and in the last-named city Hardwin Flagg had now erected what he styled a palace.

"You'll have a whole 'suit' of rooms, mother," he said cheerily to her; for he loved her dearly when he had a rare moment to remember her. "And Gladys says I must have a 'suit,' too. 'Tain't fashionable any more to have just one room, though I'll be derned if I won't feel lonesome in three."

"I am 'most always lonesome these days, Hardwin," she answered; but his mind was off again to the stock-market, so he only patted her cheek and smiled vaguely.

Gladys, having recovered from the shock of the "palace," whose architectural enormities she likened to a huge stone rash accompanied by boils and swellings, said briefly:

"Leave the rest to me and Evelyn Vancourt!"

II

Evelyn made the astonishing discovery that not only was the mind of Miss Gladys Flagg unusually keen and clear, but her ideas on interior decoration were by no means limited or raw. The girl had used her eyes to some purpose in Europe.

Under ordinary circumstances, such intelligent cooperation would have given her genuine pleasure; but her zest in the recrudescence of Louis Seize was marred a little by the patient bewilderment of Mrs. Flagg, who watched the wands waving and the charm proceeding with the lonely look of an outsider. This furniture from the echoing palaces of kings—these mirrors that had reflected court beauties—these tapestried hangings where ancient tales stirred dimly—she could no more have called her own than the buildings from which they had been taken. She seemed to shrink from the entire collection as if it were surrounded by spectral airs—by a cold breath from an unknown and inhospitable world. When asked if she had any choice for the decoration of her own suite—even Gladys had lapses into the filial temper—she shook her head sadly.

"Nothing that you'd approve of, Gladys."

Evelyn wondered if visions of the black-walnut furniture and Nottingham lace curtains of the early seventies were floating before the kind maternal eyes; and if, indeed, there were minds which could feel nostalgia for the buried horrors of that period. Gladys herself did not take the trouble to ask.

III

THE house was finished at last. The three women went in procession through it, Evelyn leading, as a matter of course, for her genius—written large on walls and ceilings in the harmony of colors and the truth of lines—had tamed and cowed even the glittering and assured daughter. As an example of Louis Seize decoration it was a high achievement. It was everything, as Evelyn knew, that taste and ingenuity and wealth could make it —except a home. But she had long since abandoned the fallacious hope that she could create homes for people who were never for three months in the same place, and who looked for their sources of happiness everywhere but in their own breasts. She could bring the beauty of Europe within their doors, she could make of their houses stately museums, but she could not create a soul where no souls dwelt.

The fame of the house spread abroad, and became one of the keys which, in Gladys's deft fingers, unlocked the sacred doors of the circle to which Evelyn Vancourt belonged. She herself was told on all sides that she had created a masterpiece of "period" decoration. She sometimes wondered at the success of a task on which she had entered reluctantly, and questioned whether the root of her triumph had been the desire to outrun even the amazing Gladys.

In any case, the young woman's social career was worth watching, and it justified Evelyn's strongest predictions. Three years later came the announcement of Gladys Flagg's engagement to a New Yorker of high position. Soon after the wedding, Hardwin J. Flagg died suddenly and — it would appear — opportunely, leaving his widow her thirds and the "palace," and to his daughter the remainder of his vast fortune. Evelyn wondered what part Mrs. Flagg could possibly have in the new and exalted destiny of Gladys, and what would become of the timid, motherly little woman in that huge house dedicated to an ill-starred French king.

She was seated one day in her office, designing chairs for a friend's summer cottage, when Miss Lynch came in with a card bearing a deep border of black.

"It is your friend, Mrs. Hardwin J. Flagg," she said, smiling, "unsupported by the daughter, and asking earnestly for a few of your precious moments."

"She shall have as many as she wants," Evelyn said. "She's honest and kind, Lynch, and I'm sick of paste jewelry. Show her in here. No—wait—I'll go out and bring her in myself."

Mrs. Flagg looked as pale and tired as was possible for a woman of her round and comfortable contours, now partly lost in the cloud of her full, old-fashioned mourning. Evelyn put her in a chair by the fire and rang for tea.

"And are you all alone now in that great house?" she said after the conventional expressions of condolence.

Tears welled up in the elder woman's eyes. She put out a plump hand and grasped Evelyn's for a moment.

"I am all alone, my dear. I keep as busy as I can, but it seems like those empty rooms would be my own death some day; and so—and so I came to you to ask a great favor."

She paused, and a warm, girlish blush overspread her face. Evelyn wondered what was coming. Was Mrs. Flagg, out of the despair of her loneliness, about to ask her to take up her abode in the palace?

"It's a very great favor, and maybe you won't want to do it, because it ain't connected with kings or Frenchmen, or even with that Cherry man. But long ago it occurred to me you could do any kind of a house; and as Lydia approved of the plan, I just got my courage up, and I'll pay anything you ask, Hardwin having left me well off—"

"Who is Lydia?" Evelyn asked gently, as one method of bringing order out of this chaotic appeal.

"Lydia's Mrs. Brisbane, my first cousin, who was married the same day I was, and went to housekeeping next door

to me out in Centerville. She liked just the things I did, putting up preserves and embroiderin', and was situated many ways like me, only she never had any children; and John Brisbane never got wealthy; but he was a good man, and did well by her according to his means, till his health failed and they had to sell the house and furniture, so Lydia hasn't a stick more than I have of the old things, except spoons; and I thought of this beautiful plan and wrote to her because I knew you could do it."

Mrs. Flagg's cheeks were flushed now, and her eyes bright and eager. Evelyn felt that she could not disappoint her, whatever she asked.

"I am sure that I can. Tell me just what it is."

"Why, I want you to do me the kind of house I lived in when I was first married, in the early seventies—the kind of house I love better than anything in the world, because I was so happy with Hardwin; and Lydia she wants that kind too, because she was happy with John. I can't go about much, because of my rheumatism; and I wouldn't know where to look, among this new-fangled furniture, for the old things, nor the wall-papers, but I knew you could—"

She paused to take breath. Before Evelyn's bewildered vision floated the image of herself deliberately resurrecting symbols of that very nadir of ugliness and bad taste in household furnishings, the period of the early seventies, with its marble-topped black-walnut bureaus and tables of appalling heaviness, its Brussels carpets, its dark wall-papers, its "hand-painted" plaques, and its plush lambrequins. For a moment the possibility of digging for such a corpse seemed too fantastic to be entertained; then the whimsicality of it made sudden appeal—an appeal strengthened by the eager look in the eyes of Mrs. Flagg.

That look—born of something deeper than a knowledge of art, and seeing far into the warm heart of things—decided Evelyn's hesitation. Shades of the three French kings might gaze appalled, but she would patiently recreate an ugly little home that a good woman had loved. She began to feel stirring within her a real enthusiasm over the project, as if it called for more genuine talent than any she had yet exercised—the gift of resurrecting happy memories and summoning the light of old enchantments, none the less magic because belonging to the Middle West in the early seventies.

Mrs. Flagg saw the acquiescence in her face, and put out an impulsive hand.

"You will do it, won't you? I didn't know any one else who could; but you sort of feel houses, Miss Vancourt, like they were alive—"

Evelyn blushed with pleasure. It was the sincerest compliment she had ever had paid to her.

"They are alive, or should be," she answered. "Now tell me, first, if you've found your house."

"Yes'm—in the New Jersey hills. Lydia and I picked it out when she was stayin' with me after the funeral; and I was able to buy it on the spot. It's a frame house—white, with green shutters, and a nice front yard, and a back-garden for vegetables; and there are some old cherry-trees and good well-water, though I'm having a bathtub put in and all conveniences. We're not going to keep a girl, Lydia and I both being good cooks and likin' to do it—if you never tasted her plum jam, you don't know what plum jam is—and the rest we leave to you," she ended breathlessly, "after I tell you what my first house was like."

How she must have suffered, Evelyn thought, all these years in an environment which cut her off from the homely duties dear to her! The corps of servants in the "palace" must have seemed to her like a hostile army standing between her and her native heath.

"You'll have to tell me in detail about that first house, beginning with the front hall."

"'Twasn't much like the palace," she said with a sad little smile. "I've told Gladys I'm going to sell it, and she don't care, for she always hated the outside of it; but I've not told her my plans, and sha'n't till I'm in my new home, for fear she might interfere. Afterward I guess she won't care—if it's kept quiet."

"I'll not say a word, not even to my assistants in the office," Evelyn assured her, her pencil in poise above a fresh, white tablet. "Begin with the hall. Tell me everything, even to the patterns of

the tidies and the colors of the bureau-mats."

Mrs. Flagg's face grew radiant as she entered upon her recital, which confirmed to the utmost Evelyn's conception of her task. Her mind wandered occasionally as she asked herself whether it was still possible to buy Brussels carpets with immense roses in the pattern, and rugs with deer and Newfoundland dogs woven on them, and knitted "tidies," and hassocks covered with carpet, and with a shining black button in the middle; and where she could find toilet-bottles of milky glass, hand-painted; and a silver castor with a ring in the top; and splashers worked in outline stitch; and a "parlor set" of haircloth-covered chairs.

Mrs. Flagg grew more and more circumstantial, until Evelyn even knew that geraniums grew in the south window of the dining-room, and that a seven-toed cat had his headquarters on the rag-carpet rug in the kitchen.

"We called him John-cat, because he had such good masculine sense. He was a splendid mouser, and Hardwin thought a sight of him. He was a tabby, and had just twenty-eight toes!"

IV

Turning her other commissions over to her assistants, Evelyn gave herself up to her new task, searching for ugliness with all the ardor she usually threw into the promulgation of the esthetic gospel. The fiat went forth for wall-papers, hangings, and furniture of a "period" unrecorded in books on decoration. She searched the stores of forgotten villages; she visited houses which still retained the wall-papers of that time; she advertised for black-walnut bedroom sets. Gradually the entire collection, even to the monstrous satin pincushions, was brought together in the white and green house.

When the curtains were hung and the gilt-framed engravings put up—"Lincoln and His Family," "The Stream of Life," "Maud Muller and the Judge"; when the crocheted mat was placed under Mrs. Flagg's family Bible on the marble-top side-table, Evelyn looked about with a triumph she had rarely felt in her most loudly praised works.

"And it really isn't ugly, after all," she told herself in wonder. "It ought to be perfectly hideous, but it isn't. It's homey. I wonder if I've left anything out! Oh, yes—I must advertise for a seven-toed kitten!"

The kitten was on the rag-carpet rug in the kitchen a week later, when Evelyn brought Mrs. Flagg and Lydia down for the double ceremony of the first inspection and the house-warming. It was not until then that she realized the full significance of her labors of the past three months, and saw how sweet their early married life must have been to these two plain women who went from room to room, their hands clasped together, their eyes bright with excitement — perhaps with tears.

Then they sat down to an early "tea," that Evelyn might return to New York before night closed. Lydia had opened a jar of her plum jam, and Mrs. Flagg had made a batch of soda-biscuit and a delicious omelet. There was "store cake," but Mrs. Flagg would remedy that if Miss Vancourt would come again.

V

On the following day, the assistants at Miss Vancourt's office were conscious of a glow in her manner and a pride in her bearing which could only be ascribed to some order of unusual opportunity, or to some new creation of her own fertile brain. Miss Lynch watched her narrowly, and burned to know the secret. She placed some new brocades in her chief's way, but without effect. A work on the "Châteaux of France," which had arrived from Europe that morning, proved equally useless as a trap. At last Miss Lynch made a bold venture.

"You've triumphed somewhere, and we feel left out. We want to wave the flags and blow the trumpets."

"Yes, I have triumphed. I've created a masterpiece."

"Better than anything you've done?" her assistant asked eagerly.

"Better than anything I've done. I've created, at last—a home!"

"Where?"

"I won't tell you. It's a real home, not a show place. These others—" She paused, sighing a little. "Well, bring me the plans for Mrs. Gilding's music-room. You say she has been fuming."

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

WITH SOME COMMENTS UPON THE MOVEMENT TO RENAME THE SPEECH USED IN THE UNITED STATES

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

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NEARLY thirty years ago Mr. Henry James prepared for Mr. John Morley's series of "English Men of Letters" a study of Hawthorne, in which he dwelt on the more obvious deficiencies of existence here in the United States in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the story-teller of Salem was transmuting into romance the life about him. The critic pointed out that we Americans had "no sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, no manors nor old country houses, no parsonages nor thatched cottages, no ivied ruins, no cathedrals, no abbeys nor little Norman churches." And in addition to these items of high civilization, as it existed in other countries, which were absent from the texture of American life, there were two others even more startling. We had "no state, in the European sense of the word, and indeed rarely a specific national name."

In the years which have elapsed since this picturesque catalogue was put together, we have managed to acquire one or two of the things that we were then doing without. We are even beginning to have a state, in the European sense of the word. But we are still without a specific national name; and there seems no likelihood that we shall ever be any better off. This country calls itself the United States of America; but even this clumsy designation is not accurate or adequate. It is not accurate, because this nation is in fact only the United States of North America; and it is not adequate, because our boundaries extend beyond the borders of the North American continent to include Hawáii and Porto Rico and Guam and the Philippines.

ARE WE "AMERICANS"?

Not only has our country no specific national name, but we ourselves are a little at a loss to know what to call ourselves. We are "citizens of the United States," of course; but that is a form of words too cumbrous and too clumsy for every-day use. As a result, we make bold to speak of ourselves as Americans—just as if we were the sole inhabitants of the whole of North and South America. It is no wonder that this seems like wanton arrogance in the eyes of our jealous friends in South America. They, at least, can refer to themselves as Latin-Americans; and the rest of the world will understand and accept this designation as appropriate to the inhabitants of the American countries where the language is Spanish or Portuguese. Of course, those who dwell in South America are just as much Americans as those who dwell in North America.

Even in North America there are others besides ourselves, although we carelessly overlook the fact only too often. Those who live below the Rio Grande are happy in having that precious possession, "a specific national name," which is denied to us; they are Mexicans, and no one can dispute the

appellation. Those who live above the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes can speak of themselves either as Canadians or as British-Americans. These British-Americans to the north seem to be less susceptible than the Latin-Americans to the south; they have apparently no objection to our claim to be recognized as the sole Americans. At least, we may infer this absence of jealousy from the fact that at Niagara they speak unhesitatingly of the "Canadian" rapids and of the "American" fall. But even if our Canadian neighbors were moved to protest, we are helpless. We have to entitle ourselves the Americans, even if this is an unwarrantable assumption; we have to do it simply because there is no other term by which we can designate ourselves. It is not a matter of choice with us; and our excuse must be our dire necessity. If we are not Americans, what are we?

It deserves to be noted, also, that the aborigines of this continent suffer under the same disability. They are still termed Indians, although they have nothing to do with India. The British get out of this difficulty by calling them Red Indians; and we ourselves often refer to them as the American Indians —although this, when analyzed, is seen to be a double absurdity. It is no wonder that some scientists in search of a more accurate name have chosen to designate them as "Amerinds"—a term which has so far failed to find favor with the public, but which may win wider acceptance in the future.

There is this further disadvantage resulting from the presence of red men on this continent before the white man came—that these aborigines had native tongues of their own, and that, therefore, the students of comparative linguistics, when they refer to the "American languages," mean the various dialects of the Red Indians, and not the divergencies of speech which exist among the white inhabitants of the United States.

OUR LACK OF A NATIONAL LANGUAGE

And here we come to one of our peculiarities which Mr. James failed to catalogue. Not only have we no specific national name, we have no language of our own. We are the only great people in the history of the world which has not its own tongue—its national speech bearing the national name. This is because of our history, and because we afford the sole example of a former colony, which, after achieving its independence, outstripped the mother-country in population and in wealth. There was an approach to this two thousand years ago when some of the Greek colonies in Europe, in Asia Minor, and in Africa, were rapidly expanding after they had separated from the mother-country. There may be another approach to it two hundred years hence, when the Argentine Republic shall have surpassed Spain in the number of its inhabitants and in prosperity. Until this shall come to pass, we shall remain the only great people which has to share its native speech with another great people.

To some Americans this seems to be not only a disadvantage, but almost a disgrace. And it is to remove this stain upon our national honor that an organization has recently been formed to urge upon us the right and the duty of declaring that we will no longer speak English, but American. This organization is called the American Language Legion, and it is issuing impassioned appeals to the American people. A few extracts from one of its circulars will serve to show the spirit of the adjuration:

> Races and nations have struggled with each other, and will to the end of time, not only on Marengos, Bunker Hills, and Sedans, but bloodlessly in the domains of science and art, and weaponed with ideas and symbols. A contest of the latter kind has been begun which should be of special interest to every one to whom the word "American" is more than a succession of syllables—to every one who regards the New World as a new one in fact as well as in phrase.
>
> All modern languages battle, directly or indirectly, for supremacy, and are subject to change. Our Language, no less than our soldiers, has heard and heeded its "Forward, march!" and won ground in Texas, California, and the Philippines.
>
> If a language itself can win or lose predominance, why cannot the Name of a language be changed if the people most interested, and most of the people interested,

regard a change of name as appropriate, timely, and just? It would be as futile as it is foolish to attempt to withhold from any strong race or nation which for any reason chose to exercise it, the privilege of renaming or better-naming its language.

The language of France is *named* French; of Germany, German. Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian—who questions that any of these language-names is an honor, an advertisement, an incentive, an armor, a racial rallying-point for the people who speak it?

Every powerful nation—*with the single exception of ours*—has its own nation-adjective to designate its national language; it glories in that nation-adjective, it will and does ridicule and challenge any power, tendency, or innovation even remotely threatening to separate it from its language or its national name for its national language.

A hasty reading of these appeals conveys the impression that the American Language Legion wishes us to cut ourselves loose from Great Britain absolutely, and to make a speech for ourselves. This recalls an incident of one of the sessions of the Continental Congress during the Revolutionary War, when one ardent patriot moved that we renounce the English speech of our British oppressors, and adopt a language of our own; whereupon Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, moved to amend the resolution to read that we should retain English ourselves and compel the British to adopt some other language.

CAN WE RENAME OUR LANGUAGE?

But a more careful perusal of the circulars of the American Language Legion makes it clear that the association does not propose anything so radical as the elaboration of a purely American language. What it is advocating is merely a change of name. It wishes to have us all unite in calling the mother-tongue by the name of the children who speak it. The language is to remain English; but it is to be called American. One of the circulars is eloquent in declaring the necessity for this new name:

> Does not America's preponderance carry with it the privilege and the duty of renaming its own language and calling it the American language? The language itself has done no more for Americans than French or German would have done, were either of those our national language; on the other hand, Americans have done for the language this—they have practically made it the international language. Neither the language nor any name is necessary for our glory, but our nation-name, and exclusively ours, has become necessary for the language if it is to be designated by the full-defining term, the term which recognizes the teachings of the past and the sweep of present events.
>
> How much longer must the relative population, wealth, and power of the United States and Canada increase before it dawns upon us that *the American language* is the logically defining, the solely appropriate, the historically inevitable designation?—and that to call the giant language by a nomenclatural inadequacy is like cloaking the shoulders of a Hercules with the garments of a dwarf?

Unprecedented as is this appeal to the users of a language now nearly a thousand years old to give up the name by which it has always been known and to adopt another, the suggestion is not as impractical as the proposition that we Americans should start off by ourselves in a quest for a new speech, cutting ourselves loose from our mother-tongue. But there are few of us who will not feel that the proposal is unfortunate in itself, and that it is advanced at an unfortunate moment, just when the spread of English all over the globe is pushing it steadily into the envied position of a world-language—by which is meant no more than the one language which no man can afford not to know.

If English is to continue to expand over all the shores of all the seven seas, there must be no division among those who have it as a mother-tongue, whether they are British or American, Canadian or Australian. It is a mistake to swap horses while you are crossing a stream; and it is a blunder to attempt it when you are crossing the ocean.

It is true that those who are urging the change of name find an argument in this very expansion of English:

> We read of the "phenomenal growth and predominance of our language," and it certainly should be "our" language in name as well as game, for the most superficial examination will show that the "growth" of the language was mainly caused by, and is coincident with, American growth, and that

the "predominance" of the language means American predominance. Blot out Americans from the number of those who speak our language or its variations, and numerically it becomes No. 4, with German, French, and Russian ahead. To the extent that our language is the world-language, it is so because Americans speak it, and for no other reason.

Two-thirds of those who use our language are Americans. The same proportion of all the speaking, writing, printing, telegraphing, telephoning, phonographing and stenographing in our language is done between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of American territory. Our percentage of the whole has steadily risen since records were made by which comparison could be instituted.

That the language which we now speak here in the United States is really American, and not recognizably English, is an assertion which has often been made by hostile critics in London periodicals. They have taken pleasure in pointing out a host of abhorrent Americanisms—words and phrases and usages which they denounced as absolutely un-English. And as a legitimate retort an American writer now and then has taken the trouble to make a catalogue of the more obvious Briticisms, common enough in talk and even in print, and yet wholly without warrant when tested by any acceptable standard of linguistic propriety. One American writer, however, had no hesitation in meeting the British animadversions on our use of our own language by admitting frankly that as a matter of fact we did not speak English any longer, we spoke American.

This bold man of letters was Mark Twain, in whose works we can find a chapter on the "American Language," in which he sets forth a conversation he once had with an Englishman whom he met thirty years ago when he was a "tramp abroad." He told this inquirer that the English and the American languages "were identical several generations ago, but our changed conditions, and the spread of our people far to the south and far to the west, have made many alterations in our pronunciation, and have introduced new words among us and changed the meanings of many old ones." Then he proceeded to give illustrations of these modifications of meaning and of pronunciation; and finally he declared, with characteristic exaggeration, that he could pile up differences until he not only convinced his hearer that English and American are separate tongues, but also that when he chose to speak his native tongue in its utmost purity, an Englishman could not understand him at all.

UNITY AN ESTABLISHED FACT

Although it is an unwelcome task ever to join issue with a master of speech like Mark Twain over a question of language, the suggestion may be ventured that his was only a humorous overstatement. As a matter of fact, the differences between British usage and American usage may be frequent in casual conversation, but—except in cadence and in quality of sound—they are also superficial and insignificant. And in the literary speech, the language used by careful writers, there is very little divergence indeed. English is English wherever it is spoken, and still more wherever it is written. There are Americanisms in plenty; there are Briticisms not a few; there must also be Canadianisms and Australianisms; but the language as a whole is one and inseparable. It is in no danger of splitting in two, even if it is the mother-tongue of two great nations. It is growing and changing from year to year, as it adjusts itself to the shifting needs of the several peoples who speak it; but this change is a proof of its vitality, of its constant ability to refresh itself and to keep itself fit for its future service.

There is not only no danger that our noble tongue will split into two dialects; there is none that it will modify itself swiftly on either side of the ocean. The substantial stability of a language is always assured by the literature of that language. We may talk about the need of preserving the "purity" of the language, as if the history of every tongue was not a long record of the final acceptance of words and usages which were at first denounced as corruptions. We may affect to dread the decay of the language, as if the sloughing off of dead tissue was not a necessary accompaniment of healthy growth.

We may dread, as the writers of the seventeenth century dreaded, the future debasing of the language to such a point that the masterpieces of one century might not be any longer legible by the people of two or three centuries later. Those who voiced this fear had not the slightest conception, so Professor Lounsbury has declared, "of the conservative influence exerted over our speech by a great literature once firmly established. From that the language never moves far. About that it may be said to revolve, and the words and phrases employed by great writers go but little out of use or of fashion so long as no disturbing external forces interfere with the existence of the language itself."

While there is no danger of the English language dividing itself into two branches which would in time grow farther and farther apart from each other, and while there is no immediate necessity for spending any time in considering the advisability, or even the possibility, of bestowing upon it a new name, there is advantage in recognizing the consequences of the fact that English is now the language of two distinct countries, to both of whom it belongs by right of birth. We Americans have not borrowed English, we have inherited it; and ours is no younger brother's portion. A Londoner has no more authority over the language than a New Yorker; but he has no less. The language belongs to him who learned it at his mother's knee, whether he was born in Great Britain or in the United States. English sprang up in the British Isles; but a majority of those who speak it are now within the confines of the United States. Their priority confers no privilege on the British to control the language; nor do mere numbers give us a right to change its name.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH LITERATURE

Rather ought we to rejoice in a name of such honorable antiquity and of such splendid service, and to be glad to claim all its glorious past as ours also. Here is the mistake of those who like to set American literature up over against English literature—by so doing they seem to deprive us Americans of our inheritance in Chaucer and Shakespeare and Dryden. American literature, properly considered, is only one of the subdivisions of English literature in the past hundred years. Whatever is written in English, if only it has lasting merit, belongs to English literature, whether the writer lived in London or Chicago, in Quebec or in Calcutta. The Alexandrian poets contributed to Greek literature, even though many of them never set foot on the soil of Greece. M. Maeterlinck is contributing to French literature, even if he is a Belgian, just as Joseph de Maistre did, even if he lived and died a subject of the house of Savoy.

But when we have maintained that American literature is a branch of English literature, we are not denying the advantage of calling it American literature, any the less, and of recognizing its origin and its special national flavor. And we shall come to see, in time, the further advantage of calling the other branch of our common literature, that still produced in the British Isles—we shall see the propriety of distinguishing this subdivision by calling it British literature. In adopting this adjective we should be doing no more than revive a practise common enough a century ago, when there were published various collections of the "British Poets," the "British Essayists," and the "British Novelists," thus broadly entitled that they might include the writers of Scotland and of Ireland.

English literature as a whole has now, in the beginning of the twentieth century, two main subdivisions—British literature and American literature. They are both written in the English language, in the use of which they vary very little. In the nineteenth century British literature was adorned by many more glorious names than American literature, important as this is to us Americans. In the twenty-first century, probably the balance will incline the other way.

The language of this literature is the English language, but it is not exclusively the "king's English" any longer. As Mark Twain is reported to have said once, the language has been taken over by a company, and we Americans hold a majority of the stock.

DALOSA BONBRIGHT'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

BY GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE

AUTHOR OF "A PSYCHE OF THE MOUNTAINS," ETC.

OUTSIDE, the storm roared down the narrow gulch in cosmic fury. The wind stooped and tried mightily at the eaves of the cabin, as though to lift and hurl it into the dry bed of Lost Creek. Within, the old man's somber eyes were on the coals. The sinister pictures he saw were a dozen deserted cabins set here and there in the gashes and grooves of Little Turkey Track Mountain, their sagging doors swinging wide, their Bonbright owners driven out by the Rench feud.

Across the hearth, his wife carded wool into bats, a strange employment for Christmas Eve. But the disordered room told that all the household gear was packed, and her flying brown fingers added that she was anxious to put this last shearing into marketable shape, against the time they should pass the store at Hepzibah on their way to Garyville, the railway station, and Texas.

"Hark to that!" murmured the watcher by the fire when the gale struck upon the balsams of the summit as upon a harp and combed from their needles a strain of wild melody. "Ain't no human gwine to come out in such, withouten he's 'bleeged tharto."

"Well, well, honey," his wife replied, "ef the weather keeps Cousin Gaitley Bloom's boys away—an' ye know none o' the Shackletts could git over from the Gap to he'p ye—mebbe hit'll keep the Renches from pesterin' us, too."

Homer Bonbright shook his head. "I dunno"—doubtfully. "Hate's a heap hotter'n just plain good-will. With Christmas to keep, Shackletts an' the Bloom boys mought give up an' stay at home. The Renches don't ask no better Christmas than to come here an'—"

He spoke in guarded tones, broke off, and glanced uneasily across his shoulder at the other two occupants of the room, a young man and woman who were packing a chest. His Benjamin had wedded a daughter of Heth—a Rench; distrust of her fretted the old man in the midst of his troubles.

Mother Bonbright went on with her carding. Her husband knew that her anxiety was no less than his own, and her courage might be even greater, though her blue eyes would twinkle, and she never failed to see the humor in any situation, whatever its danger. Floyd was of her timber, with the same insouciance, the same cool, reckless courage, covered by good nature and ready laugh. And then that he, the sole remaining prop of the house—his brothers fled to Texas, and his father striving vainly to join them in an exodus which should not be too much like a flight—that he should have wed Dalosa Rench, in the face of all objection!—it was bitter on that father's tongue.

Gnawed by anxiety, he bent forward to resume the murmured conversation with his wife. He was a tall, thin old man, a typical mountaineer, with the poor digestion and good aim, the scantness of speech and keenness of perception, which mark the elders of his race.

"A Bonbright has run a mill on Lost Crick since the beginnin'," he brooded. "Bonbright's mill ground co'n fer the Injuns; an' now—"

He fell silent, and his companion began a little humming song, one of the curious, plaintive, minor hymns of the mountains that are found in no book.

"I reckon them Renches have a use fer so much meal in their blockaded

still that they thort hit'd be good business to turn Lost Crick outen hits bed, carry hit through the Rench land an' over their bluff to turn a Rench mill. Lord, ef my daddy had lived to see this day!"

The old woman raised her thin treble to drown the latter part of this speech, and looked significantly toward their daughter-in-law.

"Uh-huh," agreed her husband, nodding almost imperceptibly. Then, leaning closer: "This hyer rain is bound to try the dam, whar they turned the crick. Ef it busts, hit may keep 'em busy, an' we'll git away without a interruption. But with Christmas—an' that gal in the house, an' them that I trusted to stand by me a-failin' me this-a-way—I'm pestered, S'lome, mighty pestered!"

"Dally's a good gal," whispered Dally's mother-in-law, glancing affectionately at the silent, dark young creature whom her son loved. "She hain't gwine to harm nobody; but mebbe we ort not to 'a' stayed to sell the farm."

"Ef we git to Texas an' the boys—with our two bare hands—we're lucky," pursued the old man, as though she had not spoken. "Every time I see a Rench—I taste lead."

II

SUDDENLY, in a lull of the storm, a yelping broke forth among the hounds that sheltered under the floor.

"Hello!" came the deep-voiced challenge high above the roaring of the wind.

"Thar's Gaitley's boys now—or Bud Shacklett," cried the old woman, in relief. "Let 'em in, pap—let 'em in quick! It's a awful night fer a body to ride."

Before any one in the cabin could reach the door it was swung back, and Gaffin Rench, streaming with rain, stood laughing at them.

"Christmas gif'!" he roared, with a sort of ferocious geniality.

They had looked to welcome friends, and this was the arch-enemy; they had hoped for life, and here was death. But they would meet it unflinchingly.

It was a piece of swaggering bravado for the head of the Rench clan to come thus, in apparent friendliness, when the feud was active and he had just struck a bitter blow for it by the theft of the creek. But no face in the fire-lit room told him so; not even the countenance of his daughter, who stood back and stared at him in her silent fashion, as though he were a stranger. Homer Bonbright was on his feet at the first call; now he placed a chair for the newcomer.

"Set down," he urged, with impassive face. "Set down an' dry yo'se'f. This hyer is fallin' weather for a man to be out in."

It went grimly through his mind that Dally must in some way have signaled to her father their unprotected state; and the old man's air of confidence did much to confirm the suspicion. Gaffin sprawled before the bright warmth which filled the big stone chimney.

"You-all mind I got yo' Christmas gif'," he laughed. "Take yo' time for to pay me, but don't fergit I spoke fust."

He seemed to find enjoyment in the dismay his appearance must spread, in the aversion he read in his daughter's face. As is characteristic of the mountains, he made no comment upon the evident preparations for departure.

"Yo' workin' late at yo' cyardin'," he chuckled, touching Mother Bonbright's pile of wool with his wet boot.

"I 'lowed fer to trade it at the sto' an' buy yo' Christmas gif'," she retorted, with her audacious smile.

"I come by the sto' myse'f to-night," announced Rench abruptly. "Dally!" sharply, "I fotched ye a Christmas gif'." And he flung into the lap of his daughter a bundle of calico, glaring red where the paper had been partly torn from it, as though it had been unwrapped after leaving the clerk's hand and repackaged by inept fingers.

Dalosa regarded her parent from under lowering brows. Either she regretted his appearance there or she was determined to make her new relatives believe that she did.

"Huh! You never did give me a gift befo', in all yo' bawn days," she said bluntly.

"An' mebbe I never will ag'in," grunted the father. "Take mighty good keer o' that 'un. Make the best use on it that you—know—how; hyer me? 'Ca'se hit's apt to be my fust *an'* my last."

With those hunter's eyes of his which

seemed not to dwell on it at all, Homer Bonbright had weighed and measured the package. Dally's fingers trifled with the string. Bonbright glanced at her father to see if she would be allowed to open it before them all.

"Christmas gif's is fer Christmas Day," suggested Rench, with a meaning look.

Dally lifted the bundle in fingers that shook—it had lain up to this time in her lap, where her father tossed it—and suddenly dropped it again. She got to her feet and went uncertainly toward the ladder-like stair which led to the loft where she slept.

"I'll put hit away," she quavered.

There was a swift flicker in the eyes of the intruder; and the Bonbrights knew as though he had told them so that Rench misdoubted there were reserves in the attic, or elsewhere out of sight, and that he now looked to what action his daughter might take to resolve that uncertainty. The back of Homer Bonbright's head felt chilly as Dally passed behind him, that bundle in her hand. In spite of his iron nerves, he stirred, turned, and half rose.

"I thort I heard ol' Bell give tongue," he said apologetically.

As if in answer to his words, the hound raised that long, clear note which had named him. "Hello!" cried a voice from the front.

Bonbright sprang to open, never doubting that it was to his own kin and helpers. The wide-flung door showed, in the square of darkness, two dripping Renches, with their first cousin, Sardis Culp, standing behind their shoulders.

"We's comin' over from Sard's house. an' the rain ketched us," began Pink Rench, who seemed to be spokesman.

"Come in. Come in, gentlemen. Yo' air sho'ly welcome," said the master of the house evenly, backing from the door. "Dally, kin ye find a cheer fer yer folks when they come a-visitin' ye?"

"This hyer'll do me," said Pink Rench, shoving the wool into a heap and casting himself down upon it. "Hope I don't interfere with yo' work none," as the old woman rose and struck her cards together, preparatory to hanging them up.

"We-all don't act the hog about water *every* time," suggested one of the Rench boys who had not yet spoken, as he stood upon the hearthstone and shook his wet garments. "Good fire ye got hyer—must 'a' been lookin' fer us."

With the advent of the younger men even Floyd Bonbright—trustful, slow to anger, careless, over-secure in his perfect courage—began to look about him for possible defense. This contingent, while seemingly unarmed, like old man Rench, had evidently been drinking, and they did not keep to the proprieties of the feud, as he had done. His behavior, while curious, had not been markedly offensive; but plainly their idea was a swift quarrel and a short reckoning.

Father and son observed regretfully, and almost at the same instant, that old man Rench was between them and the squirrel guns on the rack over the door. The ears of both were strained for sound of the expected reenforcements. Could they keep a bold front and hold out, even if help were on the way?

"I reckon hit's 'bout done rainin'," drawled Gaffin finally. "An' I p'intedly believe Brother Bonbright'll be glad to git shet of us. Did you-all boys come afoot? Reckon I better call my nag;" and he moved toward the door.

Through all this Dalosa had hung at the ladder's foot, clutching her Christmas gift, staring with strange eyes at her invading kin. Now Bonbright, glancing swiftly about to seek the genesis of Gaffin's singular retreat, saw the girl's skirts vanishing into the attic. He took it that this announced to the enemy their defenselessness; but the odds were still only two to one, and the Bonbrights would be fighting on their own ground.

Above-stairs, Dally struck a match. The trivial sound roared along Homer Bonbright's nerves like a cannon.

III

Old Rench opened the front door, stepped outside, and whistled three times. As though in answer to his signal, several men rode up to the fence, long rifle-barrels over their shoulders gleaming wet in the light from the cabin.

"That you, Pap Rench?" called a reckless young voice. "We's out after—after coon—say, was it coon we's after, Buck?"

"Uh-huh; coon," from another mounted figure.

"An' the weather got too much for us," concluded the facetious one.

Disguise was all but dropped now, for the intermittent illumination from the open door showed that each newcomer carried two rifles. Suddenly Floyd Bonbright's tall form shouldered through the press of Renches in the doorway. He strode out among the armed and mounted men, his yellow head marking him to the terrified eyes of father and mother.

"'Light an' come in, boys!" he cried, slapping a familiar hand upon the leader's horse.

Fearn Rench jerked the bridle-rein, as though he dreaded treachery. Floyd laughed out debonairly, with a sudden flashing of white teeth. "My nag shies ef you put your hand 'bout his head like that," growled the rider half sheepishly. "Whar's Dally?"

Perhaps this inquiry may have conveyed to old Gaffin Rench that his part in the raid had been to drive the Bonbrights forth to the guns of their enemies. If this were so, he had been outfaced and unable to accomplish it.

"Ye better 'light an' come in, like Floyd says," he advised. "Ain't no use playin' you're Ham, Sham, an' Japhet in the Deluge."

They trooped across the threshold, grinning, bantering, and scuffling. The last man in shut the door and dropped the great bar across it—"to keep out the rain," he explained, with a guffaw.

Floyd Bonbright walked among them without turning his head or flinching from the close contact which their numbers now made necessary. He tossed a great armful of lightwood knots upon the fire, and the roaring flame showed the dim interior full of armed Renches, with Mother Bonbright, her husband, and Floyd crowded well to the corner farthest from the door, hemmed in by the hearth, and flanked by the ladder. Dally was nowhere to be seen.

"Find seats, gentlemen," urged Homer Bonbright's suave tones. His keen glance probed the square of darkness into which the ladder vanished. If Dally was up there opening her Christmas gift she might widow herself without waiting for her father and brothers to begin the errand upon which they had evidently come; for he indulged no doubts as to what had formed the core of that roll of calico.

Meantime, the Renches were discovering that it was not easy to murder an old man and his wife and their one unarmed defender, who looked at them point-blank with level, smiling eyes. Without first finding something to rouse the blood-thirst, it seemed impossible to begin.

In the pause, while life and death gamed silently, the rain cried down the gulch like the weeping of women and children; the wind rose and yelled above the chimney as though the spirits of air had their blood-feud, also, which must this night be settled; the cabin rocked to its rage, but the inmates noted not at all.

Gaffin turned with a muttered demand to those behind him; each man who bore two guns passed his extra weapon to his neighbor. Homer Bonbright selected the long iron poker with his eye and once more glanced backward toward the ladder.

Dally was descending. She had opened her Christmas gift. The blood-red folds were swathed about head and shoulder; they covered her right arm and hand.

"Pappy!" she cried in a shaking voice, which vainly strove to sound natural and unafraid—"pappy, I thort you'd like to see how yo' Christmas gif' sets me off!"

Old Bonbright could have throttled her. It was not for himself alone that he trembled with contained fury; here were the two beings he loved best on earth—his old, faithful wife and the lusty son of his age. Death confronted them, and this Jezebel, close on the flank, cut off the last hope. Under the folds of gay calico he divined the weapon.

Perhaps her coming had been the one thing waited for. "Th'ow up yo' hands!" shouted old Rench, dropping the rifle his son had given him till its barrel pointed at Homer Bonbright's breast.

There was no instant left for Bonbright to debate between dying then and there and letting his enemies torture him

out of existence. But Dally's arm shot suddenly forward, leveling the pistol which she had found rolled in her Christmas gift.

"Don't you shoot, Pap Rench!" she said. Steadied by the stress of action, her voice, which had trembled, rang out sharp and peremptory. "Ef you do I'll shoot you. Jeff and the others can kill me afterward—but that don't make no differ—I'll git you fust!"

A wave of relief went over Homer Bonbright's soul. . They were to die—here and now—he doubted that not at all; but they were to be spared the treachery of this woman whom his son had brought home a wife.

IV

As they stood thus, the aggressors with the barred door at their back, the victims pressed to the wall on the farther side of the cabin, there burst upon the ears of all a clamor which would not be denied—a grinding, tearing, bellowing sound which seemed to be of the storm, and yet greater than the storm.

The Bonbright cabin hung against the steep side of the mountain like a swallow's nest. Between it and Bonbright's mill lay what had been the bed of Lost Creek. You could reach from the one back window, near the chimney, and touch the earth of the steep mountain-wall not more than three feet from the sill. This opening, like those in most such cabins, had been closed with a wooden shutter; but when Floyd was making things bonny for his bride he had carried up from Hepzibah and set in place a tiny four-paned sash of glass.

Dally, on the ladder, her weapon leveled unflinchingly at her father, let her glance rove an instant to this window.

"Mother!" she cried. "Come up hyer—quick!"

While the words sounded, the panes were driven in as if by bullets and pikes. A jet of roaring water leaped after the splintered glass. Lost Creek was coming down the mountain-side to find its true owners.

"The dam! The dam! Hit's busted!" yelled old Rench, letting fall his gun and whirling toward the door.

The trigger caught upon his clothing, the weapon was discharged, and a shriek of agony over by the door told that its bullet had found a mark among his own following. The water reached midleg as the old man spoke, hammering his knees with the boulders that its scour brought down.

The three Bonbrights had been hemmed into the small corner beyond the hearth, the ladder close at hand. The first inrush of water hurled past them, leaving them almost dry-shod. It was not until the tide struck against the farther wall, combed up, seethed back, and rushed into the fireplace, rising as though pent in a cistern, that they were in danger.

"Come up, mammy—come up hyer!" Dally continued to cry.

Homer Bonbright seized his wife in his long arms and thrust her toward the ladder. If the door held, the house itself must go; yet such safety as there was lay in the loft.

On the hearth the fire and the intruding water had set up their primordial warfare, throwing forth an instant cloud of steam and ashes. The room was in pitchy darkness, except as some rifle was discharged when its owner stumbled or fought for footing. These flashes showed the Renches struggling in the water, while one and another of them cried out with sobs or with oaths, according to his nature.

As Homer with his wife reached the ladder he felt himself lifted by that young giant, his son, and tossed with groping hands against the rungs. Below them the fight raged; the water beat upon wall and door; the sound was of a cataract leaping through the small window, hurtling across the room, and battling for an outlet. This tide carried stones and débris; and while it was not, at the worst, over a man's head, none could keep his feet in it, nor when it had knocked him down long survive the terrible mauling which it administered. Floyd came up the ladder last, wet to the waist and fresh from a struggle in the black dark with some unidentified Rench who would not believe that safety lay in the direction of the Bonbrights, even if it was the direction which took him out of the water.

Dalosa brought a candle and matches from the bureau at her bed-head. The

little wavering flame, continually blown out by the wind which this tide of death brought with it, showed them, as the four crouched together at the ladder-way and gazed down into the raging caldron of the lower room, that the water was not above four feet on the lintel when it burst the barred door open and sprang roaring forth.

When this occurred there were four Renches able to walk, and they fled after the retreating water, leaving a brisk stream flowing from window to door, and the cabin cumbered with silent or groaning men.

These were young, unseasoned fighters; they had come out this Christmas Eve on the chance that the Bonbrights would be alone, at their mercy, and that they might feed full their spite upon the terror they could inspire. If the wild strain which slept in their blood roused and called for murder, murder it should have—but good, safe killing of those who could make no reprisals. The soaking and pounding they got, pent in a trap of their own closing, soon quenched such ardor as this. Perhaps, too, the facing of nature's elemental rage made their own puny malice seem contemptible even to themselves.

"Come back hyer, Jeff! You brother Pink—you Sardis Culp! Walk yo'se'fs back into this hyer cabin and tote out them that's hurted!" called Dally.

Mother Bonbright started down the ladder, declaring, "I'm gwine to look after them there men myse'f. The beds is all drownded, 'ceppin' up here; but we're bound to do what we kin."

"No, we hain't," growled old Bonbright. "Nary step do ye go down there, S'lome;" and he drew her sharply back. "Most on 'em is gittin' up an'll be able to walk out on their two feet. Let 'em tote their own what cain't go."

"We don't want yo' he'p," snarled Jeff, who was tearing a shirt-sleeve in strips to bind up his father's bleeding head. "Ef this durned water"—he seemed to hold the Bonbrights responsible for the conduct of the creek—"will jest let us have enough of the road we'll go home an' stay thar'."

These men would have dragged Nature herself into their unclean quarrel, using her hand for their theft. And so they had crept up into her remote stronghold, far in the lap of the ancient mountains, where she lives alone, wrapped in solitude and cold and mist, hatching her plans, brooding upon the things that are to be.

They had sought and digged in the earth about the great rocks that buttress the way in which Lost Creek's silver feet must run. Nature set those rocks there when time was young; yet, as is her custom, absorbed in her august affairs, she took no note of their meddling; she let them filch the stream, sent the waters down, according to her law, to turn a Rench mill, even as she had so long turned a Bonbright mill—what was it to her?

But, so it chanced, when they would have added murder to their theft, when they stood confronting their intended victims, came the hour for her reckoning, when she would wipe out the insults which had been offered her. In the night and the storm she came down the mountain-side, on viewless feet, lightnings playing about her hair, the winds flying before her, Lost Creek in her hand; and, again by her law, she rolled it and hurled it through the window upon them, with most of the rocks which had made its bed.

The wrecks of her vengeance, a groaning cavalcade, had already started down the mountain beside a stream which flowed in the center of the trail. Tomorrow the Bonbrights might sue for her favor by restoring her boundaries and once more filling pond and race. But now Lost Creek held the road, and whoso would descend Little Turkey Track that Christmas Eve must be willing to walk beside the mad water.

Old Rench was the last one out. As they helped their leader forth, having bandaged his broken head, he turned to glance once more at his daughter, where she leaned down from the ladder, weapon in hand, to see that the vanquished behaved themselves.

"Look at 'er," he mourned; "she's got that caliker coat I had to buy her wropped 'round her yit. Ever' one o' our guns 's been under water, an' she's a-threatenin' us all with the pistol thot railly wasn't no part o' her Christmas gif'!"

PRODIGIES OF GENIUS

BY LYNDON ORR

GENIUS has been rather ponderously defined as the "inextricable monad," the "inextricable residuum" of human intellect. In simpler language, it is the element which you cannot analyze, or explain, or even define, when you dissect the nature of a great man or a great woman. At best, you can simply call it the thing which makes him or her so great. It is the vivifying spark, the electrifying current which transmutes qualities that are usual into qualities that are rare and splendid and startling. Talent improves whatever is given to it. Genius transforms and recreates.

Because genius is so divine a thing it scarcely needs any formal training. It is born in its possessor. It demands only opportunity. And as genius is innate, and because it requires little training, it almost always displays itself early in its owner's career. If it seems, in some exceptional instances, to be revealed a little slowly, this is because it happens to be a kind of genius for which the opportunity must be of a very special kind.

If one accepts these statements, it follows naturally that in most spheres of life prodigies of youthful genius will be almost as frequent as prodigies of any kind of genius whatsoever. It is, indeed, the exception to find a very great man who did not make his greatness plain even as a boy. The exceptions will be found in two spheres—statesmanship and war. In these, there must exist not only genius, but the special opportunity which gives genius a chance to show itself, and a sufficiently large field for its display.

In times of peace and national repose, a youth may have all the capacity for brilliant statesmanship or for extraordinary martial deeds. But who is going to discover him and place him in control either of the state or of great armies? Such things happen only in periods of storm and stress, of civic convulsions, or of desperate war. At such times the slow processes of peace are cast aside. Red tape is slashed in pieces. A nation then becomes a red-hot crucible, up to whose fiery, molten, seething surface there rise, almost in an instant, minds aflame with genius, which would in peaceful ages have smoldered and perhaps become extinguished under the dampening, depressing influence of mere routine.

MEN WHOM OPPORTUNITY DISCOVERED

Suppose, for example, that George III had not been so foolish as to tax the American colonies in order to increase his revenue, depleted by the continental wars. The colonies were loyal to the crown. There was great reluctance to sever the ties which bound America to the mother country. But for the Revolution, Alexander Hamilton might have quietly finished his studies at King's College.

He would doubtless have become distinguished as a lawyer, just as he did in later life; but the country would not then have seen the interesting sight of a boy of seventeen haranguing a vast assemblage of New Yorkers in the Fields —as the open ground about the present City Hall was called—and swaying his listeners, not merely by his passionate eloquence, but by his logic and close reasoning. He would not have written, at eighteen, treatises on constitutional law so acute and so mature that they were ascribed to men like Jay and Livingston. Nor would he, at the age when most college students are playing football, have

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, AT NINETEEN, AS COMMANDER OF A BATTERY OF NEW YORK STATE ARTILLERY IN WASHINGTON'S ARMY

From the painting by Chappel

NAPOLEON, AT SIXTEEN, AS SECOND LIEUTENANT IN THE LA FÈRE REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY

From a drawing by Charlet

quelled mobs, mastered the science of artillery, and a year later have been specially commended to Washington, by whose side he fought throughout the war, conducting difficult maneuvers, and ending his military career by heading a column which stormed the British outposts at the final victory of Yorktown.

The case of Napoleon is not quite parallel with that of Hamilton. As a boy, he showed no special signs of genius. How could he in a petty Corsican town, or in the military school of Brienne, where his life was cramped by his martinet instructors and his fiery spirit made sullen by the jeers of his aristocratic comrades? It is rather amusing now, to remember that when he was transferred at

"THE CHILD HÄNDEL."—THE STORY IS THAT HÄNDEL TAUGHT HIMSELF TO PLAY ON A CLAVICHORD IN THE ATTIC, UNKNOWN TO HIS PARENTS, UNTIL ONE NIGHT THEY CHANCED TO DISCOVER THE YOUNG MUSICIAN'S SECRET

From the painting by Margaret Dickson, copyright, 1898, by Photographische Gesellschaft by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York

JOSEF HOFMANN, THE MOST REMARKABLE OF THE MODERN BOY PRODIGIES OF THE PIANO

From a photograph by Sarony, New York, taken during Hofmann's first tour of America, when he was ten years old

fifteen to the military school in Paris, an official entry was made as follows:

Character mild, honest, and grateful; understands history and geography tolerably well; would make an excellent sailor.

Nevertheless, it was afterward remembered that young Bonaparte had been the best mathematician in the school, and that once he had given his instructors a taste of his quality. In an examination he was asked what he would do in case he were besieging a fortified place and were destitute of provisions.

The answer — truly Napoleonic — came like a flash:

"So long as there were provisions in the camp of the enemy, I should never be at a loss for a supply!"

Then, too, when he received his first commission, and was garrisoned at Valence, he was absorbed in the most complicated military problems, studying the campaigns of Julius Cæsar, and sometimes in his solitude tracing upon the walls, with a piece of chalk, combinations of battles and sieges.

Still, had not the great Revolution come soon after, overwhelming France and shaking to pieces the old feudalism, Napoleon might have remained for many years a mere subaltern, even if he had not been actually dismissed because of his impetuous and uncontrollable nature. As it was, however, opportunity came quickly. At twenty-four, with only two field-pieces and eighty men, he took the city of Avignon by an effective maneuver, and was ordered to Toulon as brigadier-general of artillery. Toulon was held by the English and Spanish, whose soldiers occupied the city, and for three months the French troops had accomplished nothing toward retaking it. Almost at once, Napoleon's eagle eye de-

tected the weak point of the enemy. The key to the whole position was a single fort which overlooked the harbor. Putting his finger on the map, the young general tersely said:

"Take that fort, and the city will surrender in two days."

A free hand was given him; he took the fort, and in two days the French flag flew on the walls of Toulon. From that moment until Waterloo, Napoleon was the greatest military force in Europe. His genius he had always had; but it was the Revolution that gave it play.

The greatest soldier since Napoleon's time affords an instance of one to whom opportunity did not come for more than sixty years. This was the famous German field-marshal, Count Helmuth von Moltke, that gaunt, taciturn soldier whose face was like a Cæsar's and whose brain was full of military mathematics.

WOLFGANG MOZART AS A YOUTH—MOZART WAS PERHAPS THE GREATEST JUVENILE PRODIGY IN ALL THE HISTORY OF MUSIC

From the painting by M. Rodig—copyright, 1894, by Photographische Gesellschaft—by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York

Von Moltke was sixty-four years of age before he became famous in the war between Austria and Prussia. From Waterloo to Sadowa, his country had been at peace, and therefore his genius could not show its brilliancy upon a field of battle. We can believe, however, that all this time the power to do great things was in him.

An anecdote is told which is indicative of this. In 1835, Moltke received leave of absence to help the Turkish Sultan reorganize his army. He happened to be present at a battle between the Turks and the Egyptians, and advised a disposition of the artillery which would have demolished the Egyptians. The officer in command of the Turkish guns rejected the advice, and was beaten, much to the disgust of the general-in-chief, Suleiman.

RAPHAEL (RAFFAELLO SANZIO), WHO WAS THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTER OF HIS TIME BEFORE HE WAS TWENTY-FIVE

From the portrait in the Uffizi, at Florence, painted by the artist himself

Years afterward, in Cairo, this same Suleiman, who was a marvelous chess-player, was lolling in a café, impatiently waiting for a friend to join him in a game of chess. Presently a tall, thin figure emerged from the obsequious crowd and briefly said, with a stiff salute:

JAMES WATT, AS A BOY, MAKING HIS FIRST EXPERIMENT WITH THE POWER OF STEAM

From an old print

"CHATTERTON'S HOLIDAY AFTERNOON"—THIS SHOWS "THE MARVELOUS BOY," THEN SIXTEEN YEARS OLD, WRITING THE POEMS WHICH HE GAVE TO THE WORLD AS THE WORK OF A MYTHICAL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MONK

From the painting by W. B. Morris

"Pasha, I challenge you to a game of chess."

Suleiman looked at him, at first with anger, and then with something like contempt; for who would challenge the greatest chess-player in all Egypt? However, the two sat down and began a game. At first the pasha played carelessly; but he soon bent over the board, and with knitted brows pondered every movement. The bystanders looked on with a sort of hush. After a considerable time one chess-player among them, who thought he knew, remarked aloud:

"Three more moves and the pasha wins!"

But the stranger instantly returned, in a harsh, unemotional voice:

"Twelve more moves and the pasha is beaten."

The play went on, move after move, until the twelfth was made, and then the stranger said:

"Check!"

Suleiman was beaten. For a moment he growled with anger, and then gazed at his opponent with generous admiration.

"I never met a mind," said he, "that could plan such combinations, except once; and that was at the battle of Nizib. It was a German officer of artillery, whose name, I think, was Moltke."

The stranger rose and once more saluted stiffly.

"My name is Moltke," said he; and then he turned upon his heel and stalked away.

LORD BYRON AT EIGHTEEN — TWO YEARS LATER, BYRON MADE HIMSELF SUDDENLY FAMOUS WITH HIS "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS"

From a pencil drawing by C. Linsell

OTHER WARRIORS AND STATESMEN

Of course, it is to kings, and to those who are born to power, that opportunity arrives most speedily. Thus, Alexander the Great, who became king at the age of twenty, had already been regent of Macedonia at sixteen; and at eighteen he had helped his father strike the blow which shattered the liberties of Greece. In the first year of his reign he crushed out a rebellion and organized a force for the invasion of Persia. At twenty-two

he fought a pitched battle which left him master of all Asia Minor, and made easy his mastery of the Persian Empire. He was only thirty-three when he died, having established himself as supreme sovereign of the civilized world. Nor had he been great as a soldier only. He had shown himself to be a statesman also, a born organizer of civil government, and an enlightened ruler of many different peoples.

Julius Cæsar, at twenty-two, was already an orator of distinction, a soldier of proved ability, and the leader of a political party. At forty-three, when he completed the conquest of Gaul, he had become the most brilliant soldier of antiquity.

The true founder of the Roman Empire, Augustus Cæsar, at nineteen, showed himself to be not only a great soldier, but a subtle diplomat. Surrounded on all sides by jealous rivals, he adroitly managed, first, to divide the Roman state, and then to rout his enemies and make himself master of Italy and Rome. At thirty-two, he was, like Alexander, chief of the whole world.

In more modern times, Charles XII of Sweden was another example of youthful genius whose position brought opportunity to its development. Enthroned at the age of twelve, his ministers of state thought him only a dull child. He would sit in the council-chamber while they debated, seeming to have no more understanding of their meaning than would any stupid boy of the same age. But as yet there had been nothing to rouse a nature which was impetuous and fiery to the last degree.

Before he was fifteen, Denmark, Poland, and Russia formed a league to dismember Sweden. The news fired the mind of Charles as an electric spark fires a charge of dynamite. Scorning remonstrance, he placed himself at once at the head of his army. In six weeks he had brought Denmark to its knees. In a few weeks more he destroyed the Russian army under Peter the Great, and detached the Poles from their allies. In his way, Charles XII was one of the most remarkable examples of military genius in a youth. His daring, his brilliant combinations, his powers of physical endurance, were all of the very highest order. Had his statesmanship been equal to his military gifts, he would have died the master of all northern Europe. If he did not do so, it was because his brain possessed a certain taint which has caused him to be styled in history the Madman of the North.

These are all examples of youthful genius who had no barriers set between them and the exercise of their gifts. Frederick the Great displayed his powers much later in life than did those who are ranked with him; but the reason is quite obvious. He did not succeed to the throne of Prussia until he was twenty-eight, and his harsh father had kept him under such strict repression that the boy had even tried to escape to England —an attempt for which one of his companions was beheaded, while Frederick himself was threatened with a like punishment. What he would have done, however, even as a boy, is plainly seen in the fact that he had been king for only one year when he boldly invaded Austria, and plunged into those tremendous wars which have made his name resplendent in the annals of Prussia.

If we look at statesmen pure and simple, there are many instances of youthful genius. Thus William Pitt, who bore the brunt of the desperate struggle between England and Napoleon, was a member of Parliament at twenty-one, and was offered the premiership of England when he was twenty-three. At twenty-five he was the most powerful subject that England had seen for generations, ruling his cabinet with a rod of iron, and being at once the favorite of the king, of Parliament, and of the nation.

Here was a case of extreme precocity; for when Pitt was only seven, he was known to his father's friends as "the counselor" and "the philosopher." At fourteen, he was the associate of profound thinkers, such as Adam Smith; and when he first entered Parliament he met in debate, on equal terms, such orators and statesmen as Burke and Fox. It was Burke who said of him, with an allusion to Pitt's father, the famous Earl of Chatham:

"He is not a chip of the old block. He is the old block itself."

On one remarkable evening he met the historian Gibbon, then rightly esteemed

one of the most learned men in the western world. Lord Rosebery has well described this chance encounter:

> The great man, lord of all he surveyed, was holding forth, snuff-box in hand, amid deferential acquiescence, when a deep, clear voice was heard impugning his conclusions. All turned round in amazement and saw that it belonged to a tall, thin, awkward youth who had hitherto sat silent. Between Pitt, for it was he, and Gibbon, an animated and brilliant argument arose, in which the junior had so much the best of it that the historian took his hat and retired. Nor would he return.

Gladstone was almost as remarkable for his early achievements, entering Parliament at twenty-three, after having already won distinction as an orator. His great rival, Lord Beaconsfield—in spite of many obstacles, chiefly due to his race and to the fact that he was at first regarded as a foreigner — made his way into public life at thirty-three. This seems less remarkable, perhaps, than the record of Pitt and Gladstone; but the other two had powerful friends to help them, while Disraeli was generally regarded as more or less of a mountebank. Yet, before entering Parliament, he had become well known as a man of letters, and was even famous because of a book which he had written at the age of twenty-two.

Among American statesmen of the first rank who became eminent while still very young, we find Patrick Henry, who, in spite of poverty and lack of friends, found himself, at twenty-seven, the most eloquent speaker in the South. Two years later, after his famous speech on the Stamp Act, he was acclaimed as the greatest orator of the United Colonies. Daniel Webster did not reach Congress until his thirtieth year, but he was already a famous speaker. Henry Clay was admitted to the bar at twenty, and at twenty-three was the leading jury-lawyer of the West.

Clay has the singular distinction of having been the only man to serve a term in the Senate of the United States without being constitutionally eligible. The Constitution requires that a Senator shall be thirty years of age; but in 1806, when Clay was only twenty-nine, a Senator from Kentucky died, and the Governor of the State appointed Clay to fill the vacancy. He lacked one year of the required age; yet his gifts were so great, and the liking which he inspired was so remarkable, that no protest was made, and Clay took the oath of office, in despite of the Constitution.

Not to enlarge the list excessively, it may be noted simply that President Pierce, who was the youngest of the Presidents before Mr. Roosevelt's time, was also the youngest Senator of the United States when he was elected to that office at the age of thirty-two. Mr. Roosevelt plunged into politics at twenty-three, and led the Republican minority in the New York Assembly for three terms. At thirty-nine he helped reorganize the navy, and he became President at the age of forty-three.

THE PRECOCITY OF MUSICIANS

It is only soldiers and statesmen who have to wait for opportunity. Artists of every sort, whether they work with the brush, the pen, or the graving-tool, or with instruments of music, are free to let their genius shine forth almost in their infancy. Perhaps this is most clearly seen in music, for music is the simplest and yet one of the most thrilling modes of expressing pure emotion. Because this is so, there is no composer of the first order who failed, as a child, to cause astonishment by what he did. From Palestrina to Richard Strauss and Josef Hofmann, the history of music is one long record of prodigies of youthful genius.

Perhaps Händel is as striking an example as any other; because, in his case, heredity seems to have had no share in his making. His father was merely a barber-surgeon, living in the suburbs of Halle. Not only did this worthy person care nothing for music, but he was resolved that the son of his old age should become a lawyer. The child, however, when he was barely out of the cradle, showed infinite delight when chorals were performed by the town musicians. At Christmas, when musical toys were given him, such as penny drums, jew's-harps, trumpets, flutes, and horns, he did not use them as most children do, filling the house with momentary discord and then throwing them away, but he organized them into a little orchestra. In-

stinctively, he made harmonies where others would have made noise.

So great was Händel's passion for music that at the age of six he incurred his father's anger. His little orchestra was taken from him, and he was forbidden to visit houses where music was performed. The poor little child, then as fragile and sweet-faced as a girl, was bullied and threatened and told that he must never think of music. It was then that his godmother, seeing his distress, bought a little clavichord for him and smuggled it up into the attic of the house. Its tones were muffled, so that they would not reach the ears of his father on the floor below; and with this crude instrument the little Händel taught himself. Heaven knows how these children of genius teach themselves; but at the age of seven, the boy was taken to the palace of the duke, whose organist was Händel's relative.

One day, after the Sunday service, the organist lifted young Händel upon the organ-bench and let him play. What joy! His tiny hands made the great instrument peal forth triumphant music, and then sink to clear tones of melodious thunder. The duke, who was listening, started with surprise; and when he heard who this wonderful musician was he filled the child's pockets with gold pieces and gave orders that his gifts should be fostered, and not discouraged. This was the beginning of that great career, during which Händel was the friend of kings and gave the world the famous oratorios "Samson," "The Messiah," and "Saul."

To the name of Händel might be added those of Haydn, of Mozart, who began to compose at the age of four; of Beethoven, who at ten had published songs, a fugue, and three sonatas; of Rossini, that child of fortune, whose first opera was sung when he was but fourteen, and of Mendelssohn, whose neatly written pieces, composed when he was eleven, are still preserved in manuscript in the Royal Library at Berlin, the collection numbering forty-four thin volumes. Then one recalls Chopin, who at nine was invited to perform at a public concert in Warsaw; Liszt, the fascinating, who at nine, by his marvelous music, threw all Hungary into a passion of admiration; and Wagner, whose revolutionary genius was compelled to wait for recognition, whose teacher in Dresden predicted that he would come to nothing, and yet who, even as a child, dreamed and brooded over "thirds" and "sevenths," which to his intense imagination were personified and incarnate.

FAMOUS PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

The same precocity is seen in the great painters and sculptors of the world, chief among whom we must reckon Raphael. At sixteen, he had finished that famous book of sketches now preserved in the Academy at Venice. At twenty-one, he established his studio in Florence, and there he speedily won recognition as the foremost painter of his time. As has often been said, he drew from every great artist of his time that special power in which the artist was supreme—strength of drawing, beauty of color, and grace of composition, so that in Raphael one finds, as it were, blended and harmonized, all the magnificence of that most magnificent age of art.

So, too, Raphael's contemporary, Michelangelo, at fourteen, had wrought at least one work, "The Temptation of St. Anthony," with which he began the wonderful career that glorified Italy and made modern Rome a Mecca both for sculptors and for painters. Without giving further illustrations, it is safe to say that no great artist, plastic or graphic, ever lived who did not, even in his childhood, show forth the splendor of his nascent genius.

IN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

In literature the same truth holds, as a rule; though sometimes, perhaps for special reasons, the instinct to create is not so immediately compelling. Yet there are very few examples of genius flowering so late as that of Thackeray, who was thirty-five before he wrote "Vanity Fair," and thus placed himself in the first rank of English novelists. To be sure, he had written much before; but he had worked in an easy, careless way. Had he not squandered a fortune which he inherited from his father, it is likely that he never would have left a mark upon the records of English literature.

Dickens is more characteristic, since his early "Sketches by Boz" and the immortal "Pickwick Papers" were done

when he was only twenty-four—a mere boy, with all the light-heartedness and dash and love of frolic that abound in the high-spirited young fellow who has just broken loose from the restraints of childhood.

Shelley began to pour forth romantic verse in his fourteenth year, and before he was thirty had given to the world those mystic, sensuous, melodious poems which have made his name immortal. Shelley's friend, Keats, acquired fame and died before his thirtieth year. His other friend, Lord Byron, at twenty, had lashed his critics with a scorpion-like scourge of verse that stung and blistered. Byron was still in early youth when he died, at the very pinnacle of fame, admired all over the world for his eloquence and pathos, his wit and sarcasm, and the strange power which surges in his lines and makes him one of the chiefs of the romantics.

The chronology of the Shakespearian plays is somewhat uncertain, but the most conservative estimate regards their author as having written some of the finest of his dramas, such as "Richard III," "Romeo and Juliet," "Love's Labor's Lost," and the "Comedy of Errors," before he had reached his thirtieth year. Alexander Pope, the English Horace, tells us himself that while yet a child he "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." But it is Chatterton who has come down in literary history as the Marvelous Boy. At sixteen, he began those curious forgeries which he ascribed to a mythical monk of the fifteenth century, taking infinite pains to conceal his own authorship of some of the most exquisite poems in the language. The deception was easily detected, and men were more ready to censure the innocent fraud than to recognize the genius of the author. And so at eighteen, impoverished, and looking forward to actual starvation, Chatterton swallowed arsenic and died.

One might suppose that law and science would require a long time for their apprenticeship. Yet the founder of international law, the Dutch genius, Hugo Grotius, was one of the most remarkable intellectual prodigies. At nine, he was writing admirable Latin verses. At fifteen, he was editing an encyclopedia in Latin. At seventeen, he had written the poem "Adam in Exile," from which Milton borrowed largely in writing "Paradise Lost." When only twenty-one, he had composed a treatise in which he set forth all the principles that he afterward developed more fully in his remarkable work on the "Law of War and Peace." This was in 1604; and the book has ever since been a standard one in all civilized countries, so much so that the English legal writer, Mackintosh, has declared that this treatise of Grotius, written in his early youth, "is perhaps the most complete that the world has yet owed, at so early a stage in the progress of any science, to the genius and learning of one man."

If we look to the natural sciences, their history is studded with no less illustrious examples. Darwin, for instance, who revolutionized modern thought, at twenty-two, as naturalist on the surveying ship Beagle, made those researches which laid the foundation for his theory of the origin of species. Huxley, Darwin's most famous follower, at twenty-one, undertook those studies in natural history which laid a basis for modern philosophical zoology.

In applied science, Watt, at twenty-four, was constructing the first steam-engine, the earliest idea of it having come to him when he was a boy, watching the mysterious force that lifted the lid of his mother's boiling kettle. George Stephenson was still under thirty when he conceived the locomotive. Edison, triumphing over almost insurmountable obstacles, invented the "ticker," and the duplex and quadruplex system in telegraphy, all before he was thirty. At thirty-one he had constructed the phonograph and the megaphone. At thirty-two he perfected the incandescent light.

It is unnecessary to extend the record. The further one goes, the more clear becomes the conviction that genius is a thing apart from talent; that it forces its own way from the very moment when it blazes out in a mere child. Of all the men of genius whom the world remembers and will continue to remember, there are very few who were not prodigies from the time when they could think and speak and give concrete expression to that element of divinity which marked them out from other men.

DESMOND O'CONNOR*

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS," "JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

DURING the siege of Bruges by the allies, a part of the garrison that holds the Flemish city for Louis XIV is the Irish contingent in the French service. Desmond O'Connor, a captain of these gallant mercenaries, has fallen in love with a young Flemish noblewoman—Margaret, Countess of Anhalt—whom he has chanced to see in the church of St. Agnes. He has since called at the house where the countess is living with her foster-sister, Anne Van Rhyn, and has offered to help the two young women to escape from the beleaguered city.

Captain O'Connor speaks of his love-affair to Gaston de Brissac, a French officer, who, for a selfish reason, encourages him to press his suit. The countess has fled to Bruges from Paris in order to escape from the Vicomte de Louville, whom the king has ordered her to marry; and Gaston, being her cousin, would gladly see her defy the royal command and wed O'Connor, so that her fortune might be forfeited and might pass to himself.

Captain O'Connor volunteers to attempt to pass through the allies' lines with a message to the Duc de Vendôme, informing him of the desperate condition of the besieged city. Enlisting the assistance of an old retainer, Con Quirk, now a sergeant in the Irish Brigade, he slips away at night in a boat, taking Margaret and her foster-sister with him, along a canal that leads from Bruges to the river Lys. The refugees reach Margaret's own castle of Anhalt, where they find M. de Vendôme and the king's grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, with the main French army. Desmond has an audience with the former, who praises his gallantry and forthwith promotes him to the rank of major.

A force is despatched to relieve Bruges, but it arrives too late, the allies having already entered the town. A few of the garrison, however—Gaston de Brissac among the number—escape, and join the main army at Anhalt. The Vicomte de Louville is also serving here as aide-de-camp to M. de Vendôme; and when he and O'Connor chance to pay a simultaneous visit to the Countess of Anhalt there is a sharp encounter between the two young men. Margaret stops their strife, and plainly reveals her regard for the Irish soldier; but M. de Vendôme, who guesses what is afoot, warns him of the danger of bringing the king's anger upon the countess, and advises Desmond to abandon his hopes.

XVIII

DURING these days and nights O'Connor had sought in the routine of military duty an anodyne for his aching heart. There were no great events to stir the blood and induce a momentary forgetfulness. The two armies lay opposite each other, like wild beasts longing to be at each other's throats, yet waiting in grim patience the chance to secure the first grip, which meant so much.

Guards and inspections, reliefs and roll-calls—nothing else happened during these weary days of inaction.

The main bodies of the hostile hosts were separated by the river Dender, and the allies made frequent demonstrations in hope of securing a bridge-head on the French bank; but hitherto their attempts had not been pushed home, and had proved abortive. The fighting had never been more than an affair of outposts, and chance had given Desmond no part in it. In consequence, he had

* *This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August*

abundant leisure to think of Margaret, and he thought of little else. He reproached himself bitterly for having led her into the French lines, though this was sheer accident. He might as easily have blundered into Lord Marlborough's entrenchments. Then he would have been a prisoner, but the countess would have been in safety. He wished with all his soul that it might so have chanced.

He was quite sure that in avoiding Margaret he was taking the wisest course, though he suffered cruelly. Friends told him that he had grown thin and haggard, and some said that his raven hair had begun to show traces of white at the temples. Gray-haired at five and twenty! That could scarcely be, but his sleepless nights and long days of misery were very real.

All the while he was fully assured that Margaret must have forgotten him. For himself he cared nothing at all. Any day, some merciful bullet might bring him rest and oblivion. But for the countess, he prayed that life might stretch on for many a league through sunny scenes and pleasant vistas—once it had emerged from the ominous shadow cast by the Bastile.

The Bastile! The ghastly threat of it never left his mind. His days were oppressed, his nights hag-ridden, by the thought of his tender, gracious lady fettered within stone walls, behind grated bars. He felt that her freedom depended on his self-effacement, and he set himself resolutely to achieve it.

Meanwhile, the old castle glittered with the splendor and resounded with the mirth of a court. Hawking-parties by day—carefully kept within the limits of Vendôme's far-flung sentinels—and banquets and balls each evening, made amends to many for absence from their beloved Paris. The Duke of Burgundy was a debonair prince who loved his pleasures. War, in his presence, slept like some fierce hound, stirring uneasily, perhaps, and growling at times in its dreams; but quiet on the whole, and at rest under the flowers wherewith courtiers had covered its ugly head.

Desmond, true to his purpose of avoiding the countess, shunned these festivities so far as it was in his power; but he could not always absent himself, and little by little, finding that Margaret never appeared at hawking or dance, he showed his gloomy face amid these gay scenes as indifferently as in any other place to which duty called him.

One night there was an unwonted stir in Marlborough's lines. There had recently been more than the usual number of skirmishes; and during the previous day a considerable English force had crossed the Dender, without opposition, while the attention of the French commander was occupied by these feints. Lessines had been seized and held, and there could be no doubt that it was in Marlborough's power, under cover of this position, to cross with his whole army. The situation had suddenly become acute, and Colonel O'Brien, who commanded at the main post that night, despatched Major O'Connor to Anhalt to carry to M. de Vendôme the latest intelligence brought in by his scouts.

The great hall was crowded when Desmond entered, and the revelry was at its height. Seeking to find the marshal, he pushed his way hither and thither amid the throngs of gaily attired ladies and gentlemen. Looking on at this scene of gaiety and dissipation, it was hard to realize that France's most formidable enemy might be even now barely a league away, and crouching for his spring.

Colonel O'Brien had cautioned O'Connor to raise no premature alarm at headquarters. His instructions were to describe the situation to M. de Vendôme and await his orders. He had been told that the marshal was in the hall, but he could find him nowhere.

Suddenly Desmond observed a group which claimed all his attention, and almost drove his errand from his mind. Margaret was before him — not as he had known her in Bruges—not the pale, weary girl whom he had assisted from the skiff to the bank of the Lys, but Margaret as he had never seen her, robed in shimmering silk, coifed in diamonds, and moving forward to join the dance on the arm of a prince of the blood.

The Duke of Burgundy, who cared little for the politic friendships or hates of his royal grandsire, loved to look on

a pretty face, especially if it were a new one, and this was the first time the Countess of Anhalt had graced his revels. They passed so close to Desmond that the Irish soldier could plainly hear the prince's florid compliments; could hear, too, the formal and respectful replies of the lady.

He studied her face, himself unobserved. He thought her pale, but was not sure, for she wore rouge. Her manner was distant and abstracted; her step seemed to lack its wonted buoyancy; her smile, as she replied to her companion's badinage, was forced, and her eyes were wistful.

"She has not forgotten me," Desmond thought, and his heart bounded. "But she must," he resolved, his mouth setting hard and his brow contracting with the agony of the sacrifice. "Or, if she remembers me at all, it must be to hate and despise me. Would to God she had never seen me!"

He watched as she gracefully threaded the mazes of the dance, love in his eyes, and dull, cold misery in his heart. He saw the Vicomte de Louville, in the course of the figure, bow as he took her hand. The Frenchman's eyes met his with a haughty, challenging stare that recalled their recent and still unappeased quarrel. Desmond's eyes were spiritless, and sent no answering defiance back. He had forgotten his encounter with M. de Louville.

Margaret's glance idly followed the *vicomte's*. In an instant her whole expression changed, and she colored through her rouge. Desmond saw her lips move; he could almost fancy that she addressed him. Then she faltered in her step, seeming to lose herself. She whispered a few words to her royal partner, who bowed and led her to a seat. The figure stopped abruptly, and the dancers stood wondering.

At the same moment O'Connor caught sight of the Duc de Vendôme, and the habit of discipline recalled him to himself in a moment. He made his way straight to the marshal's side. Then, his message delivered, he stood at attention, answering the few questions put and awaiting orders.

"Remain here till summoned," M. de Vendôme said, after a moment's reflection. "Alarm no one, especially none of these popinjays—I should say these ladies and gentlemen of the court. But if any soldier questions you, warn him to hold himself in readiness. I go to acquaint his royal highness."

Desmond watched the erect, soldierly figure cross the room and draw the prince from Margaret's side. The latter quitted her reluctantly, and even impatiently; but as he gathered the purport of the marshal's communication, his face grew stern and he listened attentively. Their colloquy was brief, and a few moments later the joint commanders of the French army left the ballroom together.

Many curious eyes followed them as they went, and more than one question was addressed to O'Connor; but the inquiries came from the gay throng which the marshal had described as popinjays, and he returned evasive and reassuring answers. Only to M. de Louville, whose curiosity was stronger than his wounded vanity, did he vouchsafe a reply.

"The allies are advancing in force. There will be a general action in the morning, perhaps sooner. Hold yourself in readiness, but be careful to alarm no one."

"That is the best news I have had for many a day!" cried the *vicomte*. "You are a bearer of good tidings, Major O'Connor. Will you shake hands with me?"

"With all my heart, *monsieur*," Desmond answered, and the two young men exchanged a hearty grip.

O'Connor saw that Margaret's eyes were upon them. She bent and whispered a message in Anne's ears, and the girl came straight toward him. It was a moment to try O'Connor's fiber with an ordeal as of fire. If he obeyed this summons, it meant reconciliation, tender words, surrender—and ruin for his lady. He could not trust his heart. He must disregard her message; nay, more—he must so order it that her appeal should never be repeated. He braced every nerve for the sacrifice.

"My mistress would speak to you, *monsieur*," Anne said, as soon as she was near enough.

She spoke to O'Connor, but De Louville took the message to himself.

"At the countess's orders," he answered, turning to go.

Desmond caught his arm—not, as Anne imagined, to rectify the mistake, but to whisper hastily:

"Do not tell her. Remember, the marshal's explicit orders were to alarm no one."

"Trust me," the *vicomte* nodded, and was gone.

Anne looked after him, not understanding.

"But it was for you my lady sent!"

"De Louville will serve. But tell me, Anne—how is she?"

"Very miserable, *monsieur*. Oh, why have you deserted us all these days? We trusted so in you!"

A soul turned by its own conscious act from heaven's gate may feel as O'Connor felt then. But he fought down the passion that surged within him, and answered lightly, though he was white to the lips.

"The countess is nothing to me; she is too far above me. I am frozen in the presence of her rank and wealth. Besides, I can never see you alone, Anne, when I visit her. It is your sweet face attracts me."

"*Monsieur*—are you—oh, you do not mean—let my hand go, *monsieur;* the countess is watching us."

Too well Desmond knew it, but he did not falter. His lady must cease to think of him with kindness; better if she could cease to think of him at all. He had plunged the knife into his own breast and turned it ruthlessly. There are natures which grow stronger in suffering.

"And what matter?" he cried. "Come, let us be seated. I have been long seeking this occasion, my pretty Anne. I have much to say to you."

He forced the reluctant girl into a seat beside him. He did not dare to look at Margaret, and yet he saw her—half risen in her chair, with tense fingers clutching its sides and white as death save for the two carmine patches on her cheeks.

Anne was astounded—terrified. Desmond's hand held hers, but she could not have escaped had he released her. All power of motion seemed to have forsaken her limbs.

"What, not a word, sweetheart?" he went on. "I used to think you viewed me kindly. What have you done with the little brooch I gave you when first we met?"

"For pity's sake, release me, *monsieur!*" pleaded the bewildered girl.

"Not till I have your answer. Tell me, why will you not wear my love-token?"

"His love-token—the saints protect us! The man is mad!"

"Only your bright eyes have maddened me, dear one."

Anne turned and gazed at him in sheer amazement. If his words were passionate enough, his pale face and disordered looks were anything but lover-like. A solution occurred to her which she accepted with obvious relief.

"Tell me this to-morrow, Major O'Connor," she said. "I think the wine has confused you a little;" and she attempted to rise.

"Do not laugh at me, child," he persisted, still detaining her. "This may be our last meeting."

"Heaven grant it!" uttered Anne fervently.

The countess rose. Her eyes were blazing on the pair.

"Anne," she cried, "come hither!"

"You hear, *monsieur*—my mistress calls!"

The girl snatched her hand away and fled across the floor. O'Connor leaned back in his seat and laughed loud and long—a hysterical laugh, the laugh of a maniac. But ere the girl had reached her mistress's side, and while Desmond's strident laugh was still ringing in the hall, the great doors were flung wide, and Boismorel, the marshal's aide-de-camp, stood in the entry.

"To horse, gentlemen!" he cried. "Milord Marlborough has crossed the Dender. At this very moment forces are engaged with the advance of the allied army."

A dead silence fell on the room, to be broken in another instant by a spontaneous outburst of cheering. Many officers were present, and they crowded to the door, some of them unsheathing their swords.

O'Connor, as if moved by a power beyond himself, took a step in Margaret's direction. Her gaze seemed to wither him, and he stopped within a pace of

her, forgetting even to bow. She turned her back on him, and extended her hand to the Vicomte de Louville, who bent and kissed it.

"Adieu, *vicomte,*" she said. "For France and glory!"

He sprang from her side and made for the entry, sword in hand. O'Connor followed more slowly. Margaret swayed on her feet and sank, half fainting, in her chair.

Anne dropped on her knees at her mistress's side and caught the cold hand.

"Courage, *madame!*" she whispered. "We have seen worse dangers."

Margaret snatched her hand away and raised it as if she would have struck the kneeling girl in the face.

"You—you viper!" she hissed. "Be gone—follow your lover!"

Desmond was no longer in sight. She heard his voice among the loudest as they cheered for France and glory. She heard the bugles singing in the courtyard without, and then she heard no more. She lay, still as the dead, in the arms of her weeping foster-sister. All the countess's pride could not repulse Anne now.

XIX

Gray dawn was in the sky ere Margaret suffered Anne to disrobe her, and sought a few hours' rest. All through the brief remnant of the night the darkness had been tormented with the tramp of horses, the rattle of wheels, the sound of drum and bugle, and the shouted words of command.

The sun rose, and there was no cessation of the uproar, reenforced ere long by the dull reports of cannon—a sound with which Margaret's ear had grown wearily familiar. And through it all she lay staring at the broadening light in the casement—thinking.

There was no sequence to her thoughts. She could not have set them down or told them intelligibly. Her memory of the night's events was confused. Much of it was not properly a memory, but a vague impression on her mind, which endured, though its cause had escaped her.

She had a grievance against Anne. That she realized, and forbore to call her foster-sister as usual when she wished to rise; but it was long before she could recall the occasion of her displeasure. When it came back to her, she would have shrieked aloud had she not thrust her kerchief between her teeth and resolutely smothered herself into dumb agony; for with this single clue everything lay clear before her.

She had lost her knight! Forsworn, faithless, glorying in his inconstancy, he was her knight no longer. With his own hands he had destroyed the halo of perfect chivalry which her imagination had cast about his head. She could see him now when she closed her eyes, bending to gaze into Anne's face and holding the girl's hand. She could hear his loud, insulting laugh when she summoned her faithless companion to her side. It was not immediately that she recalled the haunting look of dumb despair that she had seen in his face, as he paused a moment at her very feet ere he rushed from the hall, cheering for France and glory. When she did remember it, it puzzled her; for the look did not seem to consort with his actions. But his actions had been all too plain, and needed no interpreter.

When she rose, Anne was instantly at her side, and she accepted her foster-sister's ministrations in a sullen silence, which the other did not venture to break. She dressed completely, donning hat and cloak, and left her apartment without a word. Anne longed, but did not dare, to follow her.

Pale-faced women, with a few men scarcely less unwarlike, hung in groups about the great hall, listening to the sound of the cannon, speculating on the issue of the day, and debating how it might affect themselves. Sometimes the guns seemed nearer, and they professed to believe them farther away; sometimes the noise seemed more distant, yet they said it was surely approaching; thus striving to cheat terror, and yet afraid to open the door to hope. So passed the miserable morning.

No guard was kept at the castle. Every available man had been hurried to the front. It was manifest that the French army had been taken utterly by surprise, and was at this moment enduring one of those blows, carefully prepared, but sudden in their incidence as

a thunderbolt, which Marlborough loved to inflict.

These poor strays from a pleasure-loving court, helpless as butterflies blown out to sea, knowing not whither to fly, paced the hall in disorder or moaned and wept in corners, for all knew that the battle was raging very close at hand, and that the French had been taken at a serious disadvantage. Their one hope lay in the oft-proved courage of Louis's troops. They knew that thousands of gallant men stood between them and danger — heroes who would fight to the last for king and country, and die, if need be, fighting.

Toward noon a small infantry guard, under the command of a captain, entered the castle. It had been sent back by the Duke of Burgundy, with orders to provide for the safety of the noncombatants as circumstances might suggest. This cheered the poor butterflies not a little. On the captain's report that the advance of the allies had been checked, and that Marlborough was still fighting with his back to the Dender, the unhappy ladies rallied from their despondency and busied themselves attending to a considerable number of wounded who had been brought in by the guard.

In this work of mercy Margaret took no part. She stood by the door gazing out on the sunny landscape, and trying to picture the scenes that were being enacted somewhere behind the row of elms that closed her horizon. The incessant thudding of the cannon recalled Bruges to her mind; and with Bruges, O'Connor was coupled in her thoughts.

She remembered the anguish of suspense she had endured after the relief column had started for the beleaguered town. It seemed nothing as compared to the misery she was enduring now. Spite of all that had since come and gone, she found herself once more praying for Desmond's safety as she had prayed that day.

Fool that she was, he was nothing to her! Her interest in him had vanished, as had his in her, killed forever by the scene of last night in that very hall. Last night! It seemed as if it all happened a year ago.

It was then that she recalled his look of agony as he halted before her chair and stood for a moment, his eyes on her face, not speaking, not even saluting her, ere he rushed forth to battle. She recalled it, and wondered. Then she forced herself to review her own situation. Desmond lost, did it matter what became of her? Were it not as well to wed M. de Louville and so make her peace with the king?

Her face changed with the thought. All the childishness, the timid, trustful expression, had faded out of it. It was a sorely tried woman, with set, determined mouth, who considered the question and dismissed it. She would never do that. There must be some other way.

She in no wise dreaded falling into the hands of either English or Austrian. She dreaded only Louis. As she descended to the hall, her one conscious thought had been that the rout of the French army might mean her deliverance; but since the captain's arrival, with his report of Marlborough's repulse, this poor hope of salvation had faded out. If any advantage were to come to her from this crisis, she must reap it herself. She glanced round the hall. A few soldiers were lounging here and there. In the center of a group of ladies, the captain in command was cursing the hard fate that had called him from the field of glory, and in the same breath extolling the good fortune which had chosen him as the protector of so much beauty.

An impulse that she could not resist impelled Margaret to join this group, and to put to the officer a single question. The issue of the day was nothing to her; the fate of one regiment much.

"Has the Irish Brigade been engaged, *monsieur?*" she asked. "And, if so, how has it fared?"

The captain's flow of eloquence had been checked, and he resented the interruption.

"I know nothing at all about it, *madame,*" he answered rudely. "I take no interest in these foreign mercenaries. An unruly, disorderly mob! I have heard his majesty say this same Irish Brigade gives him more trouble and anxiety than the whole of the rest of his army."

"The king should not forget," rejoined the countess coldly, "that his

majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

She turned, and resumed her station at the entry. No one watched her, no one heeded her. She passed out of the door and flitted down the steps, between the stone lions. They crouched, heads on paws, and seemed to stare at her out of their sightless eyes—the only eyes that regarded her. In a moment she had rounded an angle of the building, and a couple of dozen paces took her into the shelter of the wood which stretched far and wide behind the castle, its hither branches almost touching the walls. Then she paused.

The great forest of Anhalt stretched before her to the bank of the Lys, and right and left of her for miles. As a young girl, she had known it well; had gathered nuts and blackberries in its glades on many a happy autumn day, and had quested through its recesses for birds' nests in the spring. She did not fear losing herself. She hesitated only from doubt as to which would be the safest way to take, for she had resolved to leave Anhalt and place herself under British protection.

The cannonade, at no great distance behind her, was incessant, and some of the reports must come from the English guns; but she knew that the French army lay between her and them. On the other hand, Bruges was held by the allies. Would it be possible to regain its shelter? She might find a boat on the Lys, and the current would carry her much of the way. But she dared not seek the open river-bank till she had made some distance from the scene of conflict; so she resolutely set her face northward and walked steadily on.

The countess's mind was bent on a single purpose—to escape from the authority Louis claimed to exercise over her. She did not stop to consider the appalling dangers she might encounter—a lonely girl skirting a battle-field where two great armies were fighting out their masters' quarrel.

She realized neither the distance to be traversed nor the difficulties to be encountered ere she could reach Bruges, and her heart ached to be there. Spite of dangers and discomfort, the old town had pleasant associations, and the manifold perils of her flight were but a blurred memory.

The journey from Bruges to Anhalt, those perils once overpast, had seemed easy and even agreeable, though the current of the Lys, which would favor her return, had thwarted her then. She forgot, or she would not permit herself to remember, the strong arm which had stemmed that current, and the voice which had never ceased to whisper words of encouragement and hope.

She struggled on through some miles of woodland, growing wearier at every step. The unwonted toil, following close on a sleepless night and many hours of mental stress, told its inevitable tale. She began to stagger as she walked, and her eyes closed in spite of herself.

"I will rest for a few minutes," she thought. "Then I can go on again;" and she sank down on a mossy bank beside a century-old oak.

There, in the shade of her ancestral woods, with the ceaseless sound of the cannon pulsing through the quiet of the summer afternoon, Margaret of Anhalt tasted the first reposeful slumber she had enjoyed for many days.

The shadows were lengthening when she awoke. She started from her sleep, breathless, palpitating. Something had awakened her rudely.

It was a moment or two before she could collect her scattered senses. A call for Anne was on her lips, but realization came ere it was uttered. She stared around the unfamiliar scene, so different from that on which her eyes were accustomed to open. Then the noise which had startled her to wakefulness came more clearly to her ear. It was the sound of men's voices, quite close at hand.

She sprang to her feet, and hurried on in the direction opposite to that from which the sound came. She realized her situation perfectly. If these men saw her—she knew not who they might be—she was lost. If they continued to advance, she could not long evade them. She knew that a canal joined the Lys a mile or so farther on. It lay in her path, and how was she to cross it? She could not remember whether there was a bridge so far down.

She hastened on, looking right and

left for a possible hiding-place. She heard no shots, but the men's voices seemed perilously near. She could distinguish no words, but the sounds were unmistakable.

A little clearing lay before her — a mere glade in the forest—and near its center was a hut, roughly but strongly built of hewn logs. She recognized it at once. It was the home of one of her foresters, Carl Bredt. He had married a maid from the castle, and in the old days Margaret had often visited it in her woodland rambles.

She sprang forward and beat at the closed door with both hands.

"Jeannette!" she cried. "Carl—Carl Bredt! Let me in!"

There was no response. All was silent within, and the voices behind drew nearer. In desperation, she tried the latch. Beyond all expectation, the door yielded. She fled inside, closing it behind her. Then she looked around her.

The cabin was empty. Rudely furnished, just as its inmates had left it when they fled, frightened away by the imminent peril of the times, so Margaret found it.

With a sigh of relief she shot the bolt. She even tried to fit into its sockets the heavy oaken bar that stood by the door, but it was beyond her strength. But surely she would be safe; for what marauder would trouble to break open a poor forester's cottage? She flung herself on her knees at the side of the old-fashioned Flemish bedstead, and poured out her very heart in supplication for help and guidance.

The voices drew nearer. The men had entered the clearing. She heard their heavy steps, and recognized a military word of command.

"Halt! Ground arms!"

The voice and the footsteps fell silent together. Margaret buried her face in her hands and only prayed the faster.

XX

With the sudden alarm which in a moment turned the gaieties at Anhalt to confusion, a change came over O'Connor. The call to arms stirred his blood. The notes of the bugle strung his nerves like a tonic.

That long, appealing gaze ere he turned away was his last farewell to Margaret. With his own hand he had severed the tie that united them, every strand of which he had woven with loving care—severed it in such fashion that it could never be knit again. Henceforth, he told himself, love in his heart must give place to duty; war must be his sole thought, and his good sword his only mistress.

Throughout the long, hot morning he bore himself with all his wonted coolness and determination. Patience, indeed, was the quality specially in demand in the ranks of the Irish Brigade, for the regiment was held in reserve, but within range of the enemy's guns, and suffered many casualties from a fire which it could not return.

Colonel O'Brien repeatedly rode along the ranks, exhorting his men to keep steady, and promising them that their turn would soon come. Major O'Connor seconded his efforts both by precept and example, but the impetuous spirits of the Irish soldiers chafed under the forced inaction. They saw comrades falling here and there, stricken down as if by invisible hands, and demanded to be led against the enemy. The officers had need of all their tact and firmness to keep the ranks unbroken in the face of the most trying ordeal to which soldiers can be exposed.

Desmond had little opportunity of observing how the fight was going. At one time he saw the French horse streaming back, in torn and broken fragments, like clouds scattering in a gale. He expected to hear the order for the Irish Brigade to support them, but it did not come. The cavalry would seem to have rallied, however, for after an interval they passed toward the front again, well in hand and riding compactly. He hoped this second charge had proved more successful than the first, for the squadron did not reappear.

After a time, there was an unmistakable increase in the volume of artillery-fire from the front, and an ominous slackening of that elsewhere. Desmond's experienced ear could distinguish the prevailing sound from that of the French ordnance, and he interpreted the sign aright. The British cannon were asserting the mastery and gradually beat-

ing down the French fire. Marlborough, incessantly reenforced by regiment after regiment as his troops crossed the river, advanced steadily.

A staff officer rode up and saluted Colonel O'Brien. It was the Vicomte de Louville. As Desmond drew nearer to catch the order, the *vicomte* saw him and nodded from his saddle.

"We have had a bad day, *monsieur,*" he said. Then he addressed O'Brien. "Colonel, you will occupy yonder wood, and hold it as long as possible; but do not allow yourself to be surrounded. Fight a rearguard action; but, above all, seize and destroy the bridge over the canal. Our people—or what is left of them—should have crossed higher up before you arrive there. We are falling back on Ghent."

"Very good, *monsieur,*" replied O'Brien.

"M. de Vendôme is especially anxious about that canal bridge. It is the only one for miles. He is informed that some Austrian troops, but in no great force, have been sent to seize it. They will work up from the direction of the Lys. You should be in time to forestall them."

"Scarcely, if I hold the wood, *monsieur.*"

"You are to use your own discretion as to that. The bridge is the important matter. If the enemy find it intact, their cavalry may outflank us and give trouble. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, *monsieur,*" O'Brien replied.

"Then, forward, and God prosper you!"

De Louville reined back as the old colonel raised his sword and shouted, in a voice that reached every man in the ranks:

"The Irish Brigade will advance!"

With a wild cheer the fiery Celts sprang to their feet, and, swinging at the quick step out of the hollow in which they had been lying, emerged on the crest. Then Major O'Connor gained his first comprehensive view of the field of battle.

Northward streamed the defeated army of France—defeated, but not demoralized. Ever and anon a regiment, or even a smaller group, would turn to bay like an angry cat with a spit of gunpowder and a snarl of bayonets, and compel its pursuers to preserve a wary distance. To the east and south stretched the serried array of the allies—a vast, compact body, reaching out tentacles of armed men in the direction of the retreating foe. Southwest, a half mile away across a plain that sloped to its borders, lay the wood which O'Brien had been ordered to occupy.

"Open order!" yelled Desmond, as the brigade swept down the hillside and faced a plain commanded on two sides by the enemy's fire. The black serpent winding down the slope grew larger at the command, and its pace increased. The guns spoke out all along its left flank, and tore ragged wounds throughout its length. It rolled onward, leaving dark patches on the sward it traversed—patches that moved and heaved for a moment and then grew still. There was scarce a yard of ground on the coverless hill behind them but bore its burden of dead and dying.

"On, boys, on!" shouted the colonel. His horse had been shot under him, but he raced along at the head of his men, his gray hair streaming in the wind, setting a pace that few of his age could have equaled.

Desmond ran level with the front ranks, exhorting stragglers, cheering the others to renewed exertions. His exultant face, aflame with the lust of battle, put fresh spirit into the weary, fresh courage into hearts that faltered. He rejoiced as he ran, for surely here, if anywhere, the death he coveted awaited him.

The object of the movement was presently detected by the allies. While their guns did not cease to scourge the advancing column, a body of cavalry darted from the enemy's ranks and rode to intercept it before it could gain the shelter of the wood. Infantry, too, were directed on the same point.

The brigade, shattered and torn by the hellish fire, had covered more than half the distance to the wood before its objective was clearly made out by the allies. It was then that the cavalry was launched to intercept it.

It was a close race, the horsemen having the greater distance to traverse. As

the two forces, one approaching from the southeast, the other from the southwest, neared their goal, the Irishmen experienced a blessed sense of relief. The enemy's artillery became suddenly silent, for as both parties drew near the point of contact the English cavalry screened the brigade from the galling fire of the hostile guns.

The cavalry won the race. They did not attempt to occupy the wood, however, but wheeled at once and charged the advancing Irish column. O'Brien shouted a quick order. The sorely depleted brigade closed up as if by magic, and took ground to meet the onslaught, the first rank kneeling, the second standing.

There was no time to form square, and to attempt to sustain a cavalry charge in line seemed madness, but the Irishmen did it. The ground sloped up gently from the edge of the wood to the spot where they had halted, and grew steeper behind them, swelling upward to the crest of the hill from which they had started. This told against the cavalry, and Marlborough's horse had been hard worked all day. The charge was delivered half-heartedly, and it failed. The first volley from the Irish ranks emptied a score or more saddles. The second completed the assailants' demoralization. Not a dozen sabers penetrated far enough to exchange cut and thrust with the bayonet.

The mêlée lasted but a moment. A voice shouted from the ranks—some said afterward that they recognized it as Sergeant Quirk's:

"Come on, lads, and make them lave that!"

The Irish line surged forward—infantry charging cavalry in the open—and the troopers broke back, attempting to reform on the edge of the wood; but the Irishmen entered it with them, amid shouts of "Remember Limerick!" "Down with the Sassenach!"

There was a murderous struggle under cover of the peaceful green boughs. The Irishmen, outnumbered two or three to one, fought like tigers, and, despite their slender force, fought at a certain advantage. The horsemen were hampered by the trees. The branches intercepted the swing of their sabers, while the men afoot plied the deadly bayonet unimpeded. The losses on both sides during that awful ten minutes were enormous.

At last the English troopers were forced back. They drew out into the open to await the arrival of their supports, and the panting Irish rested on their weapons. So far, they were successful, for they held the wood.

Colonel O'Brien formed up the remnants of his regiment. There was no time for a roll-call, but his eye took in the tale of its losses all too plainly. Some fifty or sixty men fell in, out of nearly eight hundred who had risen at his first order to advance.

The tears stood in the old man's eyes. He knew that his fine troops had been deliberately sacrificed to provide a chance of safety for the French army. He said as much to O'Connor. They were the only two officers who stood erect under those trees.

"Well, colonel," Desmond answered, "I don't see that we have any call to complain. If we have been sacrificed, it was for a worthy object. Ours has been the post of honor. The van in advance, the rear in retreat, has been the right of the Irish Brigade ever since Cremona."

But there was little leisure for regrets. The English infantry, two battalions strong, was close at hand. Colonel O'Brien quickly decided that it would be folly to attempt to hold the wood. His duty was clear. He must reach the bridge and destroy it—that is, if the enemy would give him time, which seemed doubtful; otherwise, he must seize it and hold it while a man remained who could raise his musket. He must protect the flank of the French army, now in full retreat on Ghent.

To gain time was the one thing essential. Minutes were of importance, even if each one of them cost a life. These men might die as their comrades had died, but the Irish Brigade would live on. There were Wild Geese enough, winging their way south and east, to fill another regiment.

They kept little order as they pushed on. The trees grew too thickly to suffer the men to preserve their ranks. They kept in touch by voice as they walked,

trusting to the compass, and to the guidance of a corporal who had been a noted poacher in his day, and to whom it was impossible to live for a week in the vicinity of a forest without penetrating its inmost recesses.

On the edge of a little clearing Colonel O'Brien called a halt. So far, there had been no sign of pursuit; but he knew the enemy could not be far behind. The pursuers might be checked for a few minutes at the edge of the wood, but it would not take them long to discover that it was not held, and then they would follow. He called the ex-poacher into council.

"There's no knowing what road they may take, yer honor," Corporal Rourke explained. "I took ye by the aisiest way. They may know it, an' again they may not. If they're breaking through the tangle by sheer force an' ignorance, like bulls, we've an hour the start o' them, anyhow."

O'Brien pondered. He had been warned of an Austrian force which might be expected to work up from the Lys and seize the bridge. He asked a question.

"If there's any one comin' up from the river," the corporal replied, "there's only the one way he'd come, an' that's through the open foreninst us, for it's a clearing pretty nigh all the way down."

"What is that little house standing there in the middle of the glade?" O'Brien inquired.

"That's a house belongin' to a man named Bredt," replied the corporal. "Many's the glass o' beer I've had with him there since we were quartered in these parts. He took to his heels a day or two since, himself an' his wife, when he heerd tell the English was tryin' to break out over the Dender beyant."

O'Brien marched his men into the clearing and halted them. Then he called O'Connor aside.

"The Austrians may be working up from the river in some force. If so, they will come this way. If they have passed, I am too late already; but I see no signs of their having done so. If not, I may delay them for a considerable time, for they can have no idea of our strength. What do you advise, Major O'Connor?"

"Push on and seize the bridge without delay," answered Desmond promptly.

"If that house were held," pursued O'Brien, nodding toward the log hut, "it might delay the Austrian advance for an appreciable time, since they will not know how weakly it is held, and would be unwilling to leave even a small garrisoned post in their rear."

O'Connor's eyes flashed.

"May I hold it, sir?" he cried eagerly. "Leave me a few men—as many as you can spare—and I'll engage to make some kind of a defense."

"I thought you would volunteer! How long do you think you can hold it?"

Desmond considered.

"They are not likely to have artillery, making a dash like that through a wood. With luck, I dare say, we might stand them off for the best part of an hour."

"You must hold it to the death, you know."

"I understand, sir. How many men can I have?"

"Take ten. I can spare no more."

"Ten men to hold that house with me!" sang out Desmond.

For a moment no one stirred. The wearied soldiers were stretched on the grass here and there, snatching a moment's rest. Then Sergeant Quirk rose stiffly and walked to his officer's side.

"Nine more, please!" cried Desmond.

There was a moment's silence, and then Con's voice was heard, rating the laggards.

"Bad cess to ye for a lot o' lazy spalpeens! If ye keep scattered like that, how do ye expect the inimy to hit yez? Up with ye, now! Don't all spake at once. There's only nine wanted."

He paused and looked around. One or two struggled to their feet and approached O'Connor.

"Holy St. Patrick, I never saw such fellows!" cried Quirk, stamping with impatience. "Do yez want to live forever?"

"It's not that, sergeant," replied Rourke, as he sauntered over to make up the required number. "We don't much care about livin', but we're lost for sleep."

O'Connor cast his eye over the little group of volunteers. He knew them all.

Not a man of them but had served in his own company, and they were all that remained of it.

"Thank you, my lads," he said. "We'll do what we can for the honor of the brigade."

O'Brien grasped Desmond's hand.

"Good-by, O'Connor," he said. "The next time we two shake hands, 'twill be in the great hereafter."

"Good-by, colonel," Desmond replied, returning his countryman's grip. "We'll hold them off for an hour for you, or die trying."

This was their adieu—deeply felt, lightly spoken. These two loved each other like father and son, but war is full of such partings.

As O'Brien marched off his party, O'Connor stepped to the door of the hut and shook it. As he expected, it was fastened.

"Now, lads," he shouted, "a couple of you sling one of those tree-trunks and dash me in this door. As soon as you get in, cut loopholes to command all approaches. Corporal Rourke, take one man and scout back the way we came. Let us have timely notice if you see any sign of the English. You, Sergeant Quirk, take another, and have a look in the direction of the river for the Austrians. The rest of you get to work and clear away some of these logs and bushes. We need not leave the enemy more cover than we can help."

The ground was littered with fallen tree-trunks, among which the grass grew rankly. Many of them were stripped of branches, which the forester had used for firing. O'Connor himself set the example and worked hard with the others to clear the ground near the house.

Two men, poising the stem of a young larch, dashed it against the door. It flew open; and instantly the place was filled with a woman's screams. The men drew back startled, and O'Connor straightened himself up from his task to listen.

"D'ye hear that, sir?" cried Farrell, dropping his end of the larch and peering into the open doorway. "There's a faymale within there yowling like seven banshees."

Desmond hastily entered the hut, and found himself face to face with Margaret.

(To be continued)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

At hallowed Christmas-tide
'Twas thus the viols vied,
And thus the 'cellos cried,
As with one buoyant voice:
"Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!"

Adown the aisles of night,
  Adown the depths of day,
Upon its airy flight
  The music winged its way.

In many a weary heart
It eased the ache and smart;
And some forgot the goad
Of want, and some the load
Of care, and some the blight
Of sorrow as they harkened in delight.

And still the viols vied,
And still the 'cellos cried,
As with one buoyant voice:
"Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
At hallowed Christmas-tide!"

Clinton Scollard

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

I

UPON a moon-lit Christmas Eve
They played King William, old with young;
And first of all into the ring
A little orphan boy was sung;
"Upon his breast he wore a star,
To point the way to London Bar."

II

THE squire's young daughter, dressed in white,
With silken ribbons in her hair,
Full in the winter moonlight stood,
And sang, with all the players there:
"Go choose the east, go choose the west,
Go choose the one you love the best!"

III

OH, never was a lady's cheek
With lovelier welcome mantled clear,
Than when he chose her for his love—
That brave but tiny cavalier;
Then, holding hands, how gravely sweet
His tiptoe kiss she stooped to meet!

Sarah N. Cleghorn

THE WISDOM OF HANG TI

BY ABRAHAM R. GROH

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON ROSS

PRETTY Wu Sao's eyes were red from weeping. She wept because her parents had betrothed her to Ki Hung Ming, a very rich but very ugly and cruel old mandarin. Can the mouse fall in love with the cat? No more could Wu Sao fall in love with Ki Hung Ming.

When the matchmaker had approached the parents of Wu Sao with the proposal of Ki Hung Ming, they had yielded because they dared not refuse so powerful a mandarin. Wu Sao swooned when she heard of the betrothal, and upon regaining consciousness she prayed for death; for she loved only Lin Yang, the young fisherman, who, though he was not rich, had saved up many cash against their marriage.

When Lin Yang heard what the parents of his sweetheart had done, he was very angry. At first he determined to commit suicide at their door. On second thought, he decided to do the deed at the door of Ki Hung Ming. In either case he would have revenge, for what deeper disgrace is there than to find a suicide's body on one's threshold? However, as Lin Yang could not leave his body at both doors, he left it at neither.

Instead, he paid a visit to his friend, Hang Ti, the priest. He found Hang Ti sitting by the door of the temple, his bare brown legs doubled under his bright yellow robe. As usual, the holy man was engaged in his devotions, chanting to himself:

Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius!
Before him there was no Confucius,
Since him there has been no other.
Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius!

Lin Yang, having knelt seven times, and having struck his forehead against the ground fourteen times, addressed himself to the priest.

"I am in the deepest trouble," he said. "Are the gods angry with me? Do not the bones of my ancestors rest easily? Or why is this sorrow sent upon me to gnaw my heart?"

Hang Ti was a man of much wisdom and few words. After long thought, he answered slowly:

"The words of Confucius are these:

CAN THE MOUSE FALL IN LOVE WITH THE CAT?

'Let men be patient under suffering, for nothing can hurt the soul; only the mortal body can sustain injury.'"

Such maxims might have comforted Lin Yang at any other time, but in this hour of his anguish they were of no avail.

"Holy priest," he cried again, "this is no time for preaching. Either the gods are angry, or else my ancestors do not rest in peace. Tell me quickly what I may do to satisfy them. Here I have money. I will also sell my boat and my nets, and will pull down my house and sell the timbers which compose it; but I cannot give up Wu Sao to this monster."

Hang Ti made no reply, but calmly chanted a tune. Lin Yang kept respectful silence, knowing that he was in consultation with the gods. Finally the priest spoke:

"How much money have you, my son?"

As Lin Yang emptied his bag of hoarded coins on the ground, the priest's eyes glistened greedily.

"Surely the gods will not refuse the request of so liberal a man," he said. "With this money I shall buy printed papers, candles, and much incense, and I will burn them before the altar of the God of the Kitchen. Go in peace, my son."

"But thou dost not know yet what I wish," cried Lin Yang.

The wily priest was disconcerted, but only for a moment.

"Silence, irreverent son!" he said sternly. "Dost thou presume to say in what manner a priest shall act? I was about to ask thy desires. What are they, then?"

"Pray, holy man," said Lin Yang, "as thou hast never prayed before, that Ki Hung Ming may not marry the beautiful Wu Sao, who loves me and me alone, and whom I love with all my soul."

At mention of the old mandarin's name, the priest's expression changed suddenly. His gaze left the pile of coins and wandered first to Lin Yang's face and then to the far-away hills. The shadow of a smile—a confident, cruel smile — flickered about his thin lips.

"The gods favor thee, my son," he said at last, "and thy ancestors are comfortable in their graves. I bid thee

go home in peace, and take thy money with thee."

Lin Yang, though dumfounded by the sudden generosity of the priest, gathered up the coins and returned to his home; while the priest chanted, in a low, earnest tone in which there was an underlying note of triumph:

Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius!
Before him there was no Confucius,
Since him there has been no other.
Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius!

II

In the home of Wu Sao the wedding preparations went on rapidly. The red robe was made, the red shoes, the bead tiara with its veil. The red sedan-chair in which the bride would be carried to the home of the bridegroom, the chair-bearers, the lantern-bearers, the banner-bearers, the bearers of the tablets inscribed with the names of the bride and bridegroom—all were engaged, according to immemorial custom.

In the house of the mandarin, Ki Hung Ming, preparations were also being made. The old mandarin was even more savage than usual with his servants, and the swords which did his bidding were red with the blood of those against whom his peevish temper was directed.

On the day before the wedding, as is customary, a priest visited the home of the parents of Wu Sao. The holy man was well entertained, eating the best the poor house afforded — fruits, turnips, melon-seeds, rice, and millet.

When he had eaten, he knelt solemnly before the image of the God of the Kitchen, and, drawing from his pocket a piece of pink paper, set fire to it. The parents of Wu Sao, watching reverently, saw the flames eat around the edges of the paper, leaving a part in the center unconsumed. This part bore the shape

"WITH THIS MONEY I SHALL BUY PRINTED PAPERS, CANDLES, AND MUCH INCENSE, AND I WILL BURN THEM BEFORE THE ALTAR OF THE GOD OF THE KITCHEN"

of a duck with a tiny tuft on the top of its head. The priest mumbled prayers and then arose.

"Look carefully upon the tuft-headed duck," he said with great solemnity. "The gods say your daughter is about to be married. When the procession leaves the house to go to the house of the bridegroom, have a care that the leaders are warned to follow a tuft-headed white duck, if one of these holy birds should cross their path. Failing to do so, the curses of your ancestors will surely rest upon you and upon your daughter."

The priest then departed. The parents of Wu Sao marveled at this wonderful message, and placed the pink paper duck reverently before the shrine of the God of the Kitchen.

On the wedding evening, Wu Sao was dressed by the women in her red garments. Her mother placed on her head the bead tiara which concealed her face. Then Wu Sao sadly entered the red chair, where her weeping was soon drowned in the clashing of the cymbals and the hubbub of the marriage party as it moved along the dark streets.

The procession had already reached the Street of Ten Thousand Blessings, on which the house of the bridegroom stood, when Chang, the leader, stopped suddenly in amazement. Out of the murky darkness just in front of him appeared a white duck. Chang immediately bade the men halt, and stepped forward with his lantern. He held the light close to the bird, which, not at all frightened, cocked its head to one side and looked up into his face with an almost human expression. It had a white top-knot.

Chang was amazed almost beyond belief; but he knew his instructions. Unhesitatingly he ordered the procession to follow the duck, which waddled a few yards in front, its white body dimly seen by the light of the lanterns. Now and then the bird stopped and looked back, as if to make sure that the procession was following. Then, with a satisfied "quack, quack," it would resume its way like a small drum-major.

The route now led directly in the opposite direction from the house of Ki Hung Ming, away from the Street of Ten Thousand Blessings; but Chang never faltered. The good-will of the gods and the satisfaction of thousands of ancestors were involved in his strict obedience to this heaven-sent sign. Through dark, narrow streets and alleys the duck led on, only stopping now and then to drink from one of the pools of water that dotted the muddy byways. At such times it seemed to take a critical look at the procession following.

Chang reverently muttered his prayers. He carried a lighted joss-stick in his hands, and he ordered the cymbal-beaters to perform their duties assiduously, in order to frighten away designing evil spirits.

The suspense was brought to an end when the duck stopped before the door of a house, squatted down with soft guttural sounds, buried its bill under its wing, and sleepily watched the procession arrive. Through the windows could be seen a bright illumination within.

The bearers of the chair stopped. At once the door of the house opened, and Lin Yang appeared, dressed in wedding-clothes. He went at once to the chair, opened the door, and Wu Sao, with a glad, surprised cry, fell into his arms. He carried her to the door and across the threshold.

During this proceeding the duck suddenly aroused itself and quacked enthusiastically. It even followed the happy couple a little way into the house; then, as if satisfied with what it had seen, it waddled off contentedly and disappeared in the darkness.

Inside the house everything was prepared for the wedding. Before the shrine of the God of the Kitchen stood a table on which were candles, burning incense, two candy cocks—symbolic of domestic felicity—and two goblets filled with wine and honey and joined together by a long red cord.

Wu Sao vowed eternal reverence for the ancestors of Lin Yang, and he did hers the same honor. So they were married.

III

THREE days after the wedding the happy Lin Yang visited the priest, Hang Ti, at the temple. He found him sitting with his feet doubled under his

yellow robe, his hands folded, and his shaven head glistening in the sun.

Lin Yang bowed to the earth seven times, and struck his forehead against the ground fourteen times. Then he spoke:

"Venerable, pious, and learned priest, truly thou art beloved of Confucius and of all the gods. Great is the might of thy power. Thine eye sees into the future of a thousand years. Thou hast the wisdom of ten thousand philosophers."

The priest said nothing when Lin Yang paused. So the young man continued:

"Thanks are due to thee, O priest, and to Confucius and to all the gods, that the lovely one, the beautiful flower, the admirable nightingale, sits all day in my house singing and smiling. But the understanding of thy worm of a servant is far below thy great learning. Therefore, deign to tell me how this miracle was brought about."

The priest mumbled his prayers for a long time without responding. At last he spoke slowly:

THE DUCK FOLLOWED THE HAPPY COUPLE A LITTLE WAY INTO THE HOUSE

"The great and wise Confucius said, 'An evil deed will strike back at the door in time.' Ki Hung Ming once called my honorable and much-to-be-respected parents dogs. I was only a boy then, but I have waited patiently. Now I have my revenge. I have deprived him of a beautiful bride and made of him a laughing-stock."

"But how was this wonderful thing brought about?" persisted Lin Yang. "Why didst thou tell me to prepare for the bride when thou knewest she was to go to the house of Ki Hung Ming, and why did the bride come to my house instead? This, holy priest, I cannot understand."

Over the face of the priest came an expression of cunning mingled with amusement, which made his solemn visage almost show a smile.

"The duck," he said finally, "is a wise bird, and one of great omen on a marriage-day. And furthermore, it is a thing well known that a fowl will follow a man who goes before it dropping kernels of corn."

In deep reverence and in profound wonder at the wisdom of the priest, Lin Yang departed from the temple, while Hang Ti continued his devotions, mumbling:

Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius!
Before him there was no Confucius,
Since him there has been no other.
Confucius, Confucius, how great was Confucius!

AT CHRISTMAS

It was that time of year
When pretty things appear—
Holidays drawing near;
That was the reason
For all the gifts to please
People of all degrees,
Gifts that went well on trees
Fitting the season.

What could a fellow do?
Worry? I worried, too.
Shops I had hunted through
Till I was stupid;
Roses and rimes and rings,
Bonbons and candy things;
Then with my questionings
I went to Cupid.

"Ah," said he, "I suppose
Since you've the ring and rose,
You must be one of those
Still on the *tapis;*
Therefore let me suggest
Sending yourself is best.
If—well, you know the rest!
She will be happy."

So I took roses sweet,
Bonbons for her to eat,
And, to make joy complete
While I might linger,
Showed her the round of bliss,
Gem-studded. What of this?
"Quick!" cried she, with a kiss,
"Here is the finger!"

Julian Durand

STORIETTES

A Solomon of Baldwinsville

BY ROBERT RUSSELL

"IT certainly do beat all," soliloquized the white-haired justice of the peace, as his office-door closed behind his latest client, "what tangles these here married folk kin git into!" The squire's feet rested amid a dusty mass of legal papers on his desk, and through the dirty window his eyes watched the pedestrians on the main street of the village which had been his home for more than seventy years. "I allus wish," he went on, "when a case o' thet kind comes up, thet I could talk to Matildy 'bout it. But I reckon the ol' woman ain't bothered about lawsuits now."

For an hour he remained in the same position, moving only to refill a blackened brier-root pipe. Finally his meditations were interrupted by the opening of the door, and an elderly lady, carefully begowned in a silk dress of interesting antiquity, entered the squire's sanctum and confidently deposed herself in the most comfortable unoccupied chair. The old man's eyes, withdrawn from his contemplation of the street, twinkled for a moment, and then became again the eyes of an experienced and philosophic dispenser of justice.

"Squire Baldwin," began the woman bruskly, "I've never ben to court, but I've jest got ter go now—"

"Samanthy Smithson," interrupted the squire slowly, "afore ye begin on yer own business I want ter tell ye somethin'. Ef I could hev made a wish a minute ago—not bein' able ter talk ter Matildy, as you know — I would hev wished ter hev ye come in, so I could consult ye. Ye've known me nigh onto thirty years, an' I guess ye know I ain't one o' them men thet cry down women. No, ma'am — I think, in their sphere, their intuition beats men's reason all holler. Now, I got a little legal matter which I want ter submit ter ye—knowin' yer reputation fer secrecy." The old man turned again toward the window for a moment. "I want ye ter tell me honest what I'd better advise my client."

Important as her business evidently was, the old man's appeal to her vanity completely overcame the woman's haste; and she sat erect, prepared to give full attention to the squire's story.

"Now, I call thet a sensible statement by a sensible man—more'n ye kin say 'bout most," commented Mrs. Smithson.

"Wall," resumed the squire, "this here's the case. A man come into this office to-day an' tells me thet he finds he's got a claim fer some land thet was deeded away from him by fraud when some other land was sold, an' he wants ter bring a lawsuit ter git back thet land. He didn't tell me who claims to own it now; but he did tell me thet his wife knows all the facts 'bout the case, an' this feller an' his wife ain't on speakin' terms. I told him thet I'd interview her, an' he needn't talk to her at all; but the fool feller 'lowed as how he wouldn't be beholden to her, an' ef he couldn't git the land without her help, he wouldn't try ter git it back. Now, ma'am, what d'ye think o' thet situation?"

The squire sat back in his chair, readjusted his feet, and closed his eyes. Mrs. Smithson seemed to be in difficulty as to the most forcible manner in which to express herself, but at last gave her opinion on the case with repressed indignation.

"The man's a fool," she said. "Most likely their quarrel don't amount ter nothin', anyway, an' talkin' the case over might bring 'em together ag'in. Advise him nothin'—jest git 'em together, she

knowin' nothin' 'bout the land—that's what I say;" and the square jaw snapped with her confidence in the wisdom of the suggestion.

"Wall," murmured the squire, "I'd like ter bring 'em together."

The woman had not forgotten her own troubles in assisting the old man's perplexity, and she now suggested that he should listen to her case. With resignation the justice sat quiet while she poured into his ears the details of the matter which had brought her to him. Their conversation — or, rather, her monologue — had nearly reached the limit of human endurance, when the office-door again opened and the squire's client of earlier in the day appeared on the threshold. This was the man who had given the old justice food for so much thought, and he had returned in accordance with Squire Baldwin's request.

Mrs. Smithson looked up quickly to see who had interrupted her at the climax of her story.

"Josh!" she said; then she rose quickly and moved to the window.

"Samanthy!" said the man.

But the old squire never moved. Taking his pipe from his mouth, he said slowly:

"Josh, I've got expert advice 'bout thet case o' your'n, an' I've follered it. Samanthy, you've got ter make thet advice good. You said as how perhaps talkin' over the case would bring thet feller an' his wife together. Wall, you an' Josh ain't spoke in five years, but now ye've *got* ter speak. Samanthy, it's yer husband who's got the claim fer thet land. Excuse me a minnit;" and the old man rose stiffly from his chair. "I've got ter see Bill Jackson 'bout a pasture fer my cow. When I come back ye kin tell me all 'bout the facts o' the case."

The door closed behind the old squire, and Josh and Samantha were alone.

II

In an hour Squire Baldwin mounted the steps of his dingy office. There was a smile on his old face; and with the same smile, perhaps a little dubious, he opened the door of his room.

There sat Josh Smithson and his wife, their heads bowed over a diagram which the woman had drawn in her efforts to explain what she remembered about the boundaries of the land that had been taken from them. At the squire's entrance Josh rose, and, looking in every direction but toward the old man, spoke hesitatingly:

"Me an' S'manthy has come ter a sort o' agreement, while this case is goin' on. Now, 'bout thet case, squire—course you didn't know. I came ter you thinkin' 'bout a settlement, but we got side-tracked talkin'. Course you didn't know—it happened afore you got the land—but it is a piece of your land thet I own!"

Squire Baldwin scratched his head.

"Prosecute yer case, Josh," he said at last. "Git the land, ef it's your'n. You got Samanthy ter enjoy it with ye, an' I kin stand losin' it — ye see, my Matildy's gone."

May He Rest in Peace!

BY W. D. WATTLES

I WAS somewhat puzzled when I got King's note, for I knew he was not the sort of man who would be likely to perpetrate a practical joke. He and I were clerks in Jenkins's department-store. It was the largest store in town, and Jenkins, who had died about three weeks before, must have been worth at least a million dollars.

The note, which one of the cash-boys brought me just as I was starting home, read as follows:

Dear Gage:

I wish you would come around to my room at eleven, sharp, to-night. I want you to help me watch my dog. Something very queer is happening. Don't fail to come on time. Yours, King.

I say I was puzzled. King's dog, Brownie, was an exceptionally intelligent

cocker spaniel. He had belonged to Jenkins for two years, and had been about the only thing in the world besides money that the old merchant had cared a jot about. When Jenkins died, King had adopted the spaniel, and had become greatly attached to him. Brownie was a friend and pet of mine, too, and I could not imagine why he should need watching.

Promptly at eleven o'clock I went to King's room. He greeted me warmly, and Brownie met me at the door, wagging his tail and shivering with delight. I put my hat on the table, and looked inquiringly at King.

"Sit down and fill a pipe," said he. "The uncanny business won't begin until about ten minutes before twelve. No, I'm not going to tell you beforehand; just watch the dog, and see what you make of it."

I asked no questions, preferring to let him have his own way. I sat smoking in silence, wondering in what way the dead millionaire, who had been a relentless slave-driver, could possibly be connected with little Brownie, and feeling very much inclined to laugh at the whole adventure. The minutes passed slowly until a quarter to twelve, when King knocked the ashes from his pipe and sat up with an air of expectancy, looking intently at the dog, who was asleep on the rug in the middle of the room. I emptied my pipe, and began to feel interested.

Something in King's manner was impressive, suggesting shivery possibilities. Presently he pointed to the dog. The animal was twitching uneasily and whining in his sleep, as dogs often do when dreaming.

"Now, watch!" said King in a whisper.

As he spoke, the spaniel rose slowly to his feet and stood in a rigid attitude, with his head pointed toward the door. He seemed to be looking at something with intense attention. I glanced involuntarily at the door—which King had closed and locked when I entered—and saw nothing. Still the dog stood rigid, like a pointer; and now he began to tremble violently, and to utter a low, moaning sound, so indescribably pathetic that it made my hair stand on end. King grasped my arm, and I felt his hand tremble.

"Watch, watch!" he whispered.

The dog stood, shivering and moaning, for several minutes; then he walked slowly to the door, and turned and looked at King as if imploring his master to open it.

"Get your hat," King said in a low voice, reaching for his own.

He unlocked and opened the door, and we noiselessly followed the dog along the silent corridor and down the stairs. King opened the front door, and Brownie cautiously descended the steps. As the moon was shining brightly, and the street was entirely deserted, it was easy to keep track of him. On reaching the sidewalk, the dog turned to the left and started off at a rapid walk down the street for four squares. Here he turned to the right and trotted into the lonely road that led to the cemetery. He never once looked back at us, or turned his head to right or left.

"Where are we going?" I whispered to my companion, though I began to suspect our destination, as the white monuments of the cemetery loomed up in the moonlight.

"Hush!" answered King. "Wait and see."

The gates of the cemetery were open, and the dog went straight down the central drive toward the stone vault in which Jenkins's body had been deposited three weeks before. Coming to the grilled iron door, he reared himself against it, and stood on his hind legs, looking into the gloomy tomb.

The moonlight, streaming through the barred windows, fell across the metallic casket which held the body of the dead millionaire; and the dog, looking toward the coffin, stood still for several minutes, while I waited, holding my breath and wondering what would happen next.

Suddenly Brownie dropped on all fours and started back along the drive at a rapid walk. He passed within a foot of us, but seemed quite unaware of our presence. Back into the town he went: but instead of returning to King's rooms, he made straight for the big five-story building where King and I were employed. He walked to the front door, and, rising on his hind legs, put

his fore paws against it as if he were trying to push it open. Then he resumed his natural position and turned to us, apparently noticing our presence for the first time since we had left the house. He seemed to be asking us to open the store.

Seeing that we made no move, the dog assumed a pitiful attitude of dejection, with his ears drooping and his head bowed. Then he began to tremble violently, and suddenly, with a sharp bark, he came bounding toward us, leaping upon King and displaying every manifestation of joy, as if he were greeting us after a long separation. It was plain that Brownie was himself again, and that the mysterious influence, whatever it had been, no longer possessed him.

We walked slowly back to King's room, with the dog frisking about us. When we arrived we lit our pipes, and sat for a while smoking and staring at each other in silence.

"It began," said King at last, "on the third night after old Jenkins died. It was several nights before I had sense enough to follow the dog; but, when I did, I went through the same performance that you have seen to-night. Every night the same uncanny proceedings have been gone through with, in exactly the same way and at exactly the same hour. I've tried in vain to get Brownie to notice me, or to answer my call, while the spell was on him. While the ghostly power possessed him, he did not seem to be my dog at all. What do you make of it, Gage?"

"Nothing," I said. "It is beyond me."

"Well," said King, "I've figured it out this way—every evening, at ten minutes to twelve, something or somebody comes into this room and controls the dog. Whoever or whatever it is, it leads him to the vault where Jenkins's body is lying, and then back to the store, where it leaves him. Evidently it wishes to get into the store, but for what purpose I simply cannot imagine."

"What shall we do about it?" I asked, feeling altogether mystified.

"I want you to come back to-morrow evening," King went on, "and I'll have Robley come too; we'll see how it impresses him." Robley was an executor of the estate, as well as manager of the store, of which he had been in charge since Jenkins's death. "You'll come, won't you?" King concluded.

I consented readily, and went home, pondering on the strange events of the evening.

The next night I was on hand at eleven, and found King and Robley waiting for me. Everything happened exactly as before. Just before midnight the dog was controlled by the mysterious influence; he led us to the tomb, and back to the store again, where he tried in vain to induce us to open the door. Then he seemed to regain consciousness, and to be overjoyed to see us.

We all went back to King's room, and sat down. King and I waited in some suspense for Robley's solution of the mystery. He thought the matter over for several minutes, gazing meditatively at the dog.

"We know that the lower animals," he said at last, "are sometimes subject to hypnotic influence; witness the performances of the tamers and trainers of wild beasts. If this be so, why should not an unusually intelligent and sensitive dog, like Brownie, be subject to some outside mesmeric control? It is plain that something masters the dog, and leads him on this nightly errand. It is barely possible that it is the spirit of Jenkins, who is disquieted about something—something important—something that he desires to communicate to us."

"What can it be?" said King.

"I don't know," said Robley; "but we must go on with the affair until we get to the very bottom of it. To-morrow night I'll bring the keys of the store, and we will follow Brownie into the building and see what he wants to show us. What do you say?"

We agreed eagerly, and on the following evening we met at the appointed time. The dog's actions did not vary in any detail from those of the preceding nights. After visiting the tomb he led us to the store, and, as he turned to us, Robley stepped forward and slipped his key in the lock.

"I'll let you in, sir," he said respectfully, as the door swung open.

The dog rushed in, and we followed,

hastily locking the door behind us, and striking some matches as we went. Brownie went cautiously down the long aisle between the dry-goods counters, and started to mount the stairs.

"He is going to Jenkins's private office," said King in a thrilling whisper.

Sure enough, Brownie led us to the door of the little glass-walled room on the second floor, from which the old tyrant, during his lifetime, had kept such vigilant watch upon his clerks.

Robley unlocked the door, turning as he did so, the switch of the electric light. The spaniel went straight to the old desk before which the dead millionaire had spent so great a part of his waking hours, and pressed his nose against the middle drawer on the right-hand side. Robley promptly unlocked the desk, pulled out the drawer, and placed it on a chair. King and I crowded up beside him, shaking with excitement. The dog was apparently in an ecstasy of delight.

The drawer contained nothing but a few folded papers. Robley opened them, one by one, examining them all carefully, and laid the last one down upon the desk with a look of intense disappointment. They were merely receipted household bills.

"There's nothing there," he said.

The dog rose on his hind legs, and placed one paw on the drawer, as if anxious to examine it. King put it down on the floor. Brownie fretfully scratched at one side of it, looking up at us appealingly. King picked it up again, and, holding it between his eyes and the light, saw that some minute object was wedged in the crack between the bottom and one of the sides of the drawer.

"There's something here," he said, as he pried it out with his knife.

At that instant the dog, with an eager whine, began jumping joyously upon King and the rest of us. The influence had suddenly left him. The recovery of the lost object had set the shade of the dead millionaire at rest.

King held his find up to our astonished gaze. It was a silver dime.

The Ninth Symphony

BY MARIE BELDEN JAMES

IT began with a bet. If all men looked at all things from the same point of view, the world would be a peaceful, dreary place, and there wouldn't be any bets. Brandow and Stover did not look at things from the same point of view, for Brandow was by nature a romanticist and Stover was a realist.

They did not look at Cartage from the same point of view. Stover saw him merely as the man who could not make a noise even remotely resembling the "Merry Widow Waltz" after every hand-organ in New York had been playing it for weeks. But Brandow perceived in Cartage the fine, sensitive susceptibilities of an artist.

There was no unfair advantage about the bet. It was as simple and honest as a plain difference of opinion. Cartage told his story to Brandow and Stover when the three were together one night, and afterward Brandow and Stover bet concerning the truth of it. Brandow believed it. Stover did not.

Cartage came from Los Angeles. It was a golden city, he told them, a city of angels; and there was one out there with golden lights in her hair, and golden tones in her voice, whom he had loved.

Cartage had no golden tones in his own voice, and no ear for any others—except hers; but she was a great lover of music, and it had been his pleasure to take her wherever there was music to be heard. And Cartage said she had taught him to remember the music they had heard together, so that he would recognize nearly all of it when he heard it again.

Music, she had said, was as much a sense as hearing or seeing or tasting. And he knew, of course, that when people were deprived of one of those senses they developed another to take its place. Didn't the blind read by touch? He

must find some sense, she said, which would take the place of his withheld sense of music. Then she had helped him find it.

It had happened one day in winter, when they drove past a frozen swamp, and Cartage lifted his head and drew in his breath a little.

"Why do you do that?" she had asked.

"Why"—he hesitated a little—"I can always smell the arbutus when I pass through here."

She smiled. Then, quick as a flash, she sang part of a strange, wonderful melody.

"The name of that is the Ninth Symphony," she said. "Can you still smell the arbutus?"

"Yes. Why?" he asked, but she would not tell him.

An hour later she suddenly sang the melody again.

"What's the name of it?" she demanded.

"The Ninth Symphony," he replied without a second's hesitation.

"How did you know?" she cried eagerly.

"Why"—a light began to break over his face—"I smelled the arbutus, just as I did when you sang that before and told me its name."

After that, the musical evenings had been joys to them both. At first, Cartage used to think of some particular scent during each number; and afterward, on the way home, the girl would sing the airs over to him and make him name them; but, after a while, when he had used nearly all known odors, he found that the exertion of thinking up new ones was needless. He had only to shut his eyes and listen intently to the music, and strange, delicate perfumes would come to him of themselves—perfumes of which he did not know the name, which he had not even known to exist. Some of them, he felt convinced, never had existed for any one save himself. And always, with the repetition of the music, the same delicate scent returned to him.

Then he had come away from Los Angeles and the girl. Because he trusted Brandow and Stover, he told them why he had come away; but it is not part of this story.

He did not expect to see the girl again—that was the worst of it; but he bore it as well as he could, and he had always kept on developing the strange sense she had found for him. Now, he declared, though he could not reproduce a single note of any musical composition ever written, he could recognize and name any melody which he had heard, and of which he had known the name.

After Cartage finished telling them, Brandow and Stover went away and argued about the truth of the story. Stover said it was impossible. He said that no doubt Cartage thought he could do the miracle he claimed, but the reason he thought so was because he had bubbles in his think-tank. Stover was not a very refined man.

Brandow said that very likely Cartage did have bubbles, but they were bubbles full of delicate perceptions, which only a fine mind could comprehend. He said he knew Cartage could do what he claimed; and as for Stover's think-tank, it was a vacuum.

Stover said he would be willing to bet that Cartage couldn't.

Brandow said he'd take the bet. He added that the next day was Sunday, and would be a convenient occasion to settle the matter. They would take Cartage to the band concert in the park, where the program would be made up of things that everybody had heard. If Cartage did not name three-fourths of them correctly, Brandow would pay Stover a hundred dollars. If he did, Stover would pay Brandow a hundred dollars.

Stover said that suited him, and added that if he did not win the bet he would eat his hat. This clinched the matter, and they put up the stakes.

II

It was hot in the park, and very crowded. The little slants of pale sunlight that wedged themselves in touched the grass and the trees, and now and then the faces of the people, with queer golden tones. Brandow noticed it as he and Stover and Cartage made their way through the throng to a bench in front of the band-stand.

They had told Cartage about the bet, laughing a little lest he should take it too seriously. It would have been well if

the girl of the golden city had found for Cartage a substitute for that sense of humor which was even more deplorably lacking in him than a sense of tone. He had protested angrily that he could make good.

It chanced that the first two numbers on the program were things that Cartage had never heard before, and the blank look on his face pleased Stover greatly. Then, just as a man behind them was making a great disturbance by getting up to give a lady a seat, the band began to play the third selection. A familiar, delightful perfume came to Cartage, and he closed his eyes.

"Well, Cartage, are you on to this one?" asked Stover.

Cartage opened his eyes, and there was a brightness in them. He drew in a little gasp of breath.

"Why, yes," he murmured; "it's—the Ninth Symphony!"

"The Ninth Symphony!" Brandow grasped him by the arm. "Are you crazy, Cartage? Beethoven's Ninth Symphony!"

But Cartage did not mind. He was smiling.

"The Ninth Symphony," he repeated softly. "I—I can smell the arbutus!"

With a gasp Brandow released his hold and stared helplessly at the grinning Stover. The band was playing a jingling march from a late comic opera.

The lady who had taken the seat behind them leaned over and laid her hand on Cartage's shoulder. He turned quickly and saw her face; then his own went very white, and Stover and Brandow looked away. When they turned back, Cartage and the lady were talking eagerly, their hands clasped as if they had begun to shake hands and had forgotten to stop, and the hand-shake had grown into a caress.

There were golden lights in her hair and golden tones in her voice, and at the belt of her white dress was a great cluster of fragrant arbutus.

Captain Barney's Grand Opera

BY FREEMAN PUTNEY, JR.

"DON'T laugh, Edward! 'The Old Homestead' is funny enough on the stage, but it's no joke in one's own house."

"You brought it upon yourself, Edna," protested Mr. Sterling.

"I know I asked him. But 'Come and see us in New York' doesn't mean 'Come any old time, without warning.' And now he's here, we've got to treat him well."

"We have! If Captain Barney fancies we fail to show him proper attention, we may as well wipe Hardyport off our map next summer. No more fishing-trips in his catboat! No more fancy mackerel!"

"But this night of all nights!" she wailed. "We're going to Patty Mudge's."

"Well, it isn't very far. The captain won't object to going along."

"Edward Sterling! Don't pretend you've forgotten! This is the evening Patty expects Conrona."

"Con—who? Oh, the woman singer from the Cosmopolitan?"

"Edward! Think how I've been looking forward to this evening! Patty's been bragging so much. And if I can only meet Conrona—you know she and your cousin studied together in Paris!"

"Deep schemer! What are you going to do—invite the prima donna here?"

"Exactly—for next Sunday. I've heard she thought a great deal of your cousin—"

"So you will use my cousin as a link to connect you with Conrona? Good! But can't I stay home and play checkers with Captain Barney?"

"Certainly not! It's your cousin, you know!"

"So I'm a link, too! Well, all we can do is to get the old man a ticket to a theater. I'll try and make it up to him to-morrow."

Across the gleaming white and silver of the Sterlings' dinner-table, Captain

Barney listened to his host's explanation, but he declined the offered theater-ticket with a shake of his gray head.

"Sorry ye got a v'yage planned fur ter-night, Ed, but I cal'late I better not resk goin' out again till daylight. Them streets o' yourn air hard to navigate without a pilot. I got lost three times this afternoon, comin' up here from the Fall River boat."

"I'd risk you," Sterling laughed. "But do as you please. We're going early, aren't we, Edna?"

"Yes, Conrona keeps early hours. Patty emphasized that. We ought to be home before eleven."

The captain looked at her reproachfully.

"Oh, don't sit up for us, if you're sleepy," Sterling assured him. "Make yourself at home. Plenty of papers and books in the library. If you want anything to eat or drink, call the maid, or—there's the sideboard. Help yourself."

"Thankee. I cal'late I'll set a while in the front room. Air ye goin' fur?"

"Only near by. You've probably heard that we New Yorkers don't know our near neighbors, but this is one of the exceptions."

For a half hour after their departure the captain listlessly read the evening paper. Then, yawning, he passed to a study of the pictures on the walls, examined the bronzes at the foot of the stairs, remarked on the wood-carving in the hall, and finally opened the front door.

"Seems good," he remarked, "ter git a breath o' cool air, even if 'tain't off the sea. Now, what in time! Ye don't s'pose them people air comin' here?"

An electric brougham had drawn up at the curb; as the old man looked, there alighted from it a richly garmented and furred lady and a large gentleman in a long, heavy coat. There was a word of direction, the chauffeur touched his cap, and, as the brougham swept silently away, the couple turned and made their way directly up the steps.

"Blessed if they ain't comin' here!" murmured the captain. He retreated hurriedly to the vestibule. "Blessed if I—p'raps I better shet the—"

He was too late. The lady hurried by him, and the gentleman followed closely. As Captain Barney did shut the door, the lady turned, a look of perplexity in her face, which he now saw for the first time under the light.

"Pollie Conroy!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Captain Barney! How in the world did you get here?"

"Jest got in from Hardyport! Now, don't this beat time?"

"It certainly does. Why, it's years since—"

"Nine years last summer since ye wuz down ter see us. Ye don't show it, though. Jest you take off them things and come in the parlor! And—I ain't shook hands with your gentleman friend."

The big man advanced, smiling and puzzled, and Miss Conroy introduced them.

"He speaks very little English," she explained to the captain. "I'm afraid I shall have to do most of the talking. But tell me, what house am I in? Isn't this No. 207?"

"Your driver must have missed his reck'nin'. This is No. 211. Ed Sterling and his wife live here, and I'm visitin' 'em. They went out, an' left me an' two hired gals down cellar ter keep house. I'd take it mighty kind if ye'd come in an' set a while."

"I will, if you'll tell me all about the Hardyport people."

"I'll do it! But ter pay me fur it, ye'll have ter sing me a song, same's ye used to!"

She shed her outer garments in a heap on the hall seat, and they sat and talked like two old gossips, while the big man nodded and smiled. Then, after the captain had declared he was "talked out," came his promised pay. Polly Conroy sat at the piano and sang some of the old songs that Captain Barney called for. Then, when he gave her the choice of what she herself liked, she threw her head back and began something long and strange, which, although the words were in a foreign tongue, somehow crept into the captain's being and took him wandering far away through dim, green forests, such as he had dreamed of in his youth. And when the big man suddenly rose to his feet and joined in, the swelling flood of the music shrank the captain into the depths of

his chair, as his New England blood fought against the strange emotions that gripped his soul.

II

It was after eleven when the Sterlings came home, to find Captain Barney still sitting up.

"Edna kind o' put out over suthin'?" he asked shrewdly, as the lady withdrew.

"Well, yes," admitted Edward. "She—I don't know whether you understand how important some things seem to women, captain—but she expected to make a lady's acquaintance to-night and didn't succeed. The lady was very late in arriving, and Edna barely had a chance to speak to her."

"Um! Wall, I hope Edna'll git over it. I got suthin' ter confess myself. I been havin' comp'ny while you wuz gone."

"Company?"

"Ayep! Pollie Conroy, a gal I used ter know in Hardyport, where she came summers. She an' her gentleman friend came ter the front door, lookin' fur the wrong house, and I made 'em come in an' set a while. We had a mighty good time talkin' about the old days down at Hardyport, an' then they both on 'em sang songs. Pollie, she sings in theaters now, I b'lieve. P'raps ye've heard of her?"

"I don't remember the name. Sounds like some chorus-girl. Who was the man?"

"An Eyetalian. I don't recollect his name, but I take it he's in the same business. An' say, Ed, I remembered what you said about the sideboard, an' not knowin' jest the brands o' your goods, I told him ter take his ch'ice."

"And did he?"

"He picked out the queer-shaped bottle with the basket around it. I tasted the stuff myself."

"The Chianti?"

"I guess so. I ain't impolite enough ter run down a man's victuals in his own house, but if all liquor tasted ez bad ez that stuff does there wouldn't be no temperance question ter bother with. Anyhow, the feller he put away most o' the bottle. But I got more ter own up to."

"Tell it to Edna," laughed Sterling. "She's coming up-stairs."

"Who on earth has been here, captain? The cook and Norah are all giggles and tears, and all I can get out of them is something about a lady and a big man singing a song. Norah says she saw his picture in the Sunday paper, and she's sure it was Harti."

"Sartin," agreed Captain Barney. "I remember the name now. You ought ter seen him drink that Ky—what d'ye call it? But, Edna, I got ter confess—"

"Harti! The great tenor! In my house! But Conrona told Patty he left her at the Mudges' door, because he needed rest."

"Maybe Conrona has been here, too," suggested Edward.

"Only Pollie Conroy. And, Edna, I want ter own up—"

"Why Conrona is Mary Conroy in private life. You ought to know that, Edward! Oh, why wasn't I at home? How did she happen to stay, Captain Barney?"

"I taught her ter swim when she wuz a little gal, and her folks used ter come summers ter Hardyport. Old friends we are. She used to sing better'n she does now. That was before she went ter Europe an' got them wiggles in her voice. And one other thing, Edna, I'll have ter own—"

"Conrona!" she murmured. "And Harti!"

"You're not impressed a bit, captain!" Sterling broke in. "Do you realize that you've had a private recital from a leading prima donna and one of the most famous men in the world? Why, that man Harti's voice is gold! He gets a thousand dollars just for singing a song into a phonograph!"

Captain Barney's chair came down with a thump.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "It's wuth it, though, fur them that's got money. Why, there wuz once while he sang that I wanted ter crawl behind the pianner an' cry. But, Edna, I done suthin' worse than have 'em here. It wuz kind o' cheeky o' me, without askin' you, and I hope it won't bother ye, nor make the cook mad, but I—I—invited both on 'em ter come ter dinner here Sunday."

"You did!" Edna's eyes were round.

"Yes'm; and that ain't the worst of it. They're both comin'!"

CHILDREN WHO WILL BE KINGS

BY THEODORE SCHWARZ

DURING the last few years there has been an unusual number of changes among the crowned heads of Europe. Within a decade, three kings have been murdered, besides an empress, a queen, and a crown prince—a sinister comment upon twentieth-century civilization. In Servia, the assassination of the sovereign and his consort brought a new royal line to the throne; in Italy and Portugal, the slain monarchs were succeeded by their sons. In England, in Sweden, and in Denmark, aged rulers passed away, to be replaced in due course by their heirs apparent. In Saxony, the present century has seen three kings—the veteran Albert, his brother George, and George's son Augustus. The peaceful revolution that made Norway independent added a new sovereign and a new dynasty to the gilded roll.

In all, during the last nine years, nine kings have been crowned, besides a new Pope, and not reckoning half a dozen changes in the headship of the minor German states.

The "old guard" of the royal brotherhood now consists of Francis Joseph of Austria, Leopold of Belgium, Charles of Rumania, Nicholas of Montenegro, and George of Greece. All these five are men of more than sixty, and have reigned for more than forty years. The two patriarchs of the group are Francis Joseph — oldest both in age (seventy-eight) and in years of service (sixty)—and the Belgian king, who is seventy-three. Other monarchs who have passed their sixtieth birthday are Edward VII—who was sixty-seven on November 9—Abdul Hamid of Turkey, Frederick of Denmark, Peter of Servia, William of Württemberg, and the insane Otto of Bavaria.

It is rather curious that after this numerous company of septuagenarians and sexagenarians there should be a long interval before we come to the younger group of monarchs. Except a few German princelings, the next in age are Gustav of Sweden, who has just turned fifty, and the strenuous German Kaiser, who will reach the half-century mark on January 27. Three other sovereigns are in the forties—Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Augustus of Saxony, and Nicholas of Russia; two in the thirties — Victor Emanuel of Italy and Haakon of Norway; while below thirty there are only three—Wilhelmina of Holland, Alfonso of Spain, and Manuel of Portugal.

It may be noted that Alfonso, though youngest of all save his neighbor of the smaller Iberian kingdom, has reigned longer than any except half a dozen. He is the only ruler who was literally born in the purple, having been King of Spain since he drew his first breath in the palace at Madrid twenty-two years ago on May 17 last.

EUROPE'S FUTURE SOVEREIGNS

The oldest heir to a European throne—again excluding the German principalities, and also Turkey, whose dynastic arrangements are a state mystery—is the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, the emperor's nephew, who will be forty-five on December 18. Next to him, and oldest of the direct heirs, is the Prince of Wales, who was forty-three on June 3. The Crown Prince of Rumania is two months younger, and others who have passed forty are those of Montenegro and of Greece; but most of the heirs apparent are quite young. The Czarevitch Alexis of Russia is only four, and the Infante Alfonso of Spain, youngest of them all, was born only last year (May 10, 1907). Nevertheless, as will be seen from the engraving on page 399, the little Spanish prince has already been

made into a miniature soldier. The child, whose present title is Prince of the Asturias, and who, if he lives to succeed his father, will be known as Alfonso XIV, wears the brilliant uniform of a Spanish officer, with shoulder-straps and belt and sword, at an age when other boys are dressed in little frocks or "rompers," indistinguishable from those worn by girls, and have only just begun to walk with uncertain steps.

KING ALFONSO XIII OF SPAIN, AND HIS LITTLE SON AND HEIR, ALFONSO, PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS, BORN MAY 10, 1907

From a photograph by Franzen, Madrid

The severance of Norway from Sweden, and the crowning of Prince Charles of Denmark, brother of the present Danish king, as Haakon VII, took place only three years ago. King Haakon had already been married in 1896 to the Princess Maud of Great Britain, young-

est daughter of King Edward VII; and his heir, the Crown Prince Olaf, was born as a Danish prince in 1903.

Norway and Sweden are still somewhat out of sympathy with each other, because of the break in their political relations; but the crown prince of the latter country—Gustav Adolf, Duke of Scania—has also a British wife, the Princess Margaret Victoria, daughter of Prince Arthur, better known as the Duke of Connaught. Their two children are both boys. The elder, named Gustav Adolf—after his father, and after the great seventeenth-century king who is one of the national heroes of Sweden—is now in his third year, while his younger brother, Prince Sigvard, was born in June, 1907.

The Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Christian, is now thirty-eight years of age. He remained a bachelor longer than is usual among heirs to royalty, for it was not until he was nearly thirty that he married Princess Alexandrina of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. She has presented him with two sons, Prince Christian Frederick, who is nine years old, and Prince Knud, a year younger.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN, WITH THE CROWN PRINCESS (FORMERLY PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT) AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN, PRINCES GUSTAV ADOLF AND SIGVARD

From a photograph by Grates, Stockholm

The Prussian crown prince, who was rather unpopular for a time, has become much better liked since his marriage to the attractive princess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the younger sister of the Crown Princess of Denmark. Their little son, Prince William Frederick—born July 4, 1906—who is the presumptive heir to the German Empire and the Prussian kingdom, is a winsome, healthy boy, who already shows much quickness at learning the rather complicated ways of the imperial court of Berlin. His mother, like the mother of the present Kaiser, is thoroughly domestic in her

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF DENMARK (FORMERLY PRINCESS ALEXANDRINA OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN), WITH HER TWO SONS, PRINCES CHRISTIAN FREDERICK AND KNUD

From a photograph by Paetz, Copenhagen

tastes—as much so as the Czarina, who is said to be never quite so happy as when she is romping with her children in the nursery.

The Czar has only one son, but the royal house of Romanoff has so many branches that it is in no danger of extinction. The dynastic situation in Great Britain is somewhat similar, for though the Prince of Wales is the only surviving son of Edward VII, there are already five healthy lads in the next generation. These young princes, the king's grandsons, are being educated on the same lines as were followed in the training of their father, who throughout his boyhood led the simple life of an English schoolboy and naval cadet.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS (FORMERLY DUCHESS CECILIE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN), WITH HER ELDEST SON, PRINCE WILLIAM FREDERICK, BORN JULY 4, 1906

From a photograph by Bieber, Berlin

Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Spain, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, therefore, all have youthful heirs to the throne; and it is a good thing, not only for their own people, but for the world, that these future sovereigns should be brought up so sensibly as to insure the proverbial sound mind within a sound body.

THE STAGE

THE FILM AND THE FLESH

"ANOTHER theater turned over to moving pictures. Alas for the decay of the drama!"

Such is a typical comment on the encroachment of the film into the field of the flesh-and-blood performer. But a bit of sober reflection should convince even the most ardent advocate of the stage for players rather than the white screen that what draws people to the biograph houses is not the desire to sit in the dark and look at eye-racking pictorial monstrosities, but their thrifty eagerness to substitute a paltry dime for the dollar or two that a regular show, containing real actors, would cost them.

An example in point is furnished by the vaudeville public's contrasted attitude toward John J. Hayes, the Marathon victor at last summer's Olympic games, and toward the films that show how he won the race. Both have recently been on view in New York, at the same performance, and for the one price of admission. The pictures came first, and the people sat stolidly watching them with only languid interest, for were they not soon to behold the real thing, the hero in the flesh?

NANNETTE COMSTOCK, STARRING IN THE NEW PLAY, "JET"
From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

And, by the way, whoever arranged Hayes's entertainment was wise in his day and generation. Instead of writing a set speech for the former dry-goods salesman to reel off like an automaton, his mentor must have told him to relate in his own way the story of his experience in the race, had it taken down by a stenographer, and then made him learn it by heart. All the faulty grammar is retained, likewise the false starts, with the result that the audience gains the impression that the young man is telling his story for the first time, especially for the people who hear it. Of course, as a piece of dramatic art, it is hopeless; but for vivid realism the thing has Ibsen and Bernard Shaw completely outdis-

THELMA RAYE, WHO WAS ELSA IN THE LONDON GAIETY PRODUCTION OF "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG"

From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London

BILLIE BURKE AND HER ENGLISH LEADING MAN, CYRIL KEIGHTLEY, IN A SCENE FROM THE SUCCESSFUL COMEDY, "LOVE WATCHES"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

FRANCES STARR, WHO MADE HER MARK AS JUANITA, THE SPANISH-AMERICAN HEROINE IN "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO," AND WHO IS NOW ABOUT TO APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY BY DAVID BELASCO

From her latest photograph by the Misses Selby, New York

tanced. It is a long way ahead of the old dime-museum trick where a man who had jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, or a boy who had been bitten by a mad dog, simply sat on a platform and let himself be stared at along with the bearded lady and the two-headed calf.

THIS TAIL WAGS THE DOG

"You have one of the most interesting stories I have ever read; but from the standpoint of construction, I am sorry to say it is not what it should be."

So wrote a New York manager to an author in returning the manuscript of a three-act drama. The criticism applies with singular fidelity to "The Fighting Hope," by William J. Hurlbut, in which David Belasco presented Blanche Bates. The play is in three acts, and contains only five characters. As it stands, the first act goes for nothing, being little more than a preface. Indeed, nothing really happens until about a quarter to ten; all the preceding time is occupied in talk — talk which moves mostly in circles. The characters are brought on the stage, not because it is inevitable that they should appear just then, but because the author knows that soliloquies are not tolerated nowadays in well-regulated playhouses, and he must therefore have somebody on hand to listen to the spoken thoughts of his heroine. Furthermore, the long arm of coincidence is utilized with a frequency that should put the nickel libraries to the blush for their neglected opportunities.

THEODOSIA DE CAPPET, WHO IS OLGA IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S CHICAGO PRODUCTION OF "THE DEVIL"

From a photograph

The pith of the plot lies in the fact that a woman, disguised as a secretary to a rich man in the effort to find among his papers evidence to clear her convict husband — quite *à la* "Lion and the Mouse," you see—discovers proof positive, not of that husband's innocence, but of his guilt. Although she has

learned to love the millionaire, on the impulse of the moment she burns this letter, the absence of which may send him to jail in place of the other. Then keeping the really innocent millionaire out of prison.

There is strong meat here, you see, but it is all contained in the last act. The

FRITZI SCHEFF, STARRING IN "THE PRIMA DONNA," A NEW COMIC OPERA BY THE AUTHORS OF "MLLE. MODISTE"

From her latest photograph by Gurraway, New York

comes the question whether she shall go on the witness-stand and swear to the contents of the burned document, thereby condemning her guilty husband and drama is begun too far back, or else it should be turned into a curtain-raiser and relieved of its sixty minutes of padding. In spite of these drawbacks, the

LILY ELSIE, AS SONIA IN THE ENGLISH PRODUCTION OF "THE MERRY WIDOW," NOW IN ITS SECOND YEAR AT DALY'S THEATER, IN LONDON

From her latest photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

public is crowding the Stuyvesant at every performance for the sake of the play's concluding thrills.

The newspaper notices of "The Fighting Hope" were not the least notable thing about it. The morning *Sun* and the *Evening Post* were both decidedly severe; the rest of the dailies told the truth, but left the reader to infer that the play was a remarkable one. One of these critics, whom Mr. Belasco quoted conspicuously in his big advertisement, wrote that it "is audacious because it refuses to work immediately to a climax and then taper itself away." Another reviewer, who declared that Belasco has achieved his greatest popular success since the night when he produced "Du Barry," also said of Mr. Hurlbut that "for nearly two whole acts he deliberately lulled his first-night audience into the belief that in watching 'The Fighting Hope' they were gradually approaching the finish of a drama of contemporary American life which contained so few high lights that it seemed almost

FRANCES RING, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILLIAM COURTENAY AS HILDA McTAVISH IN EUGENE WALTER'S PLAY, "THE WOLF"

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago

MARIE LÖHR, AS MARGUERITE IN BEERBOHM TREE'S NEW VERSION OF "FAUST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATER, LONDON—MISS LÖHR CREATED IN LONDON THE PART PLAYED IN NEW YORK BY BILLIE BURKE IN "MY WIFE"

From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London

OLIVE WYNDHAM, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILLIAM T. HODGE, AS ETHEL GRANGER-SIMPSON IN "THE MAN FROM HOME"

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago

commonplace, and was played with such supreme naturalness by the little company of five actors that many of its scenes seemed trite."

Now, I submit that it is scarcely fair to ask an audience to pay two dollars for a three-act show which, even according to its strongest admirers, does not grip you with action until it is two-thirds over. I know that musical comedies sometimes win out on a single song, but I have yet to learn of a drama that can long maintain its equilibrium on an equally narrow foundation. Henry W. Savage only asks you to pay a dollar and a half to see his "Devil" at the Garden Theater. That is quite enough, when you consider that the version he offers was made from a bungling German translation because Oliver Herford, the adapter, does not read Hungarian, and that Edwin Stevens, as *Satan,* is far inferior to George Arliss at the Belasco. No money would hire me to sit through the Garden "Devil" a second time, and it would be martyrdom to endure again the first two acts of "The Fighting Hope"; and yet Mr. Belasco may not relish the suggestion that the latter is worth only a dollar and a half, with the "Devil" at his other house packing them in at two dollars a seat.

The acting of "The Fighting Hope" is excellent. Miss Bates lets herself go beautifully in that last act, as if rejoiced to be free from the weary talk of the first two. Next to her, John W. Cope scores most, as the bachelor confidential man with no opinion of women. Mr. Cope first swam into metropolitan ken as the friend of the hero in "The Heir to the Hoorah"; then he became *Sonora* in "The Girl of the Golden West," and after that *Kinkaid* in "The Rose of the Rancho."

The presence of Miss Bates at the Stuyvesant Theater recalls the fact that last January it looked very much as if she were about to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Carter, and to desert the Belasco banner. At that time she sent a telegram to a New York daily thus worded:

> I shall not be under Mr. Belasco's management next season. Further than that I am at present unable to speak for publication.

For two seasons Miss Bates had been traveling with "The Girl of the Golden West," which she was quite content to do as long as she could look forward to a new play in the season of 1908-1909. But when it came to her ears that

Frances Starr was to be the favored one to succeed Mr. Warfield at the Stuyvesant, she naturally felt that she had a grievance. Relations between the actress and the manager were not restored to their former amenity until the summer, for after the Stuyvesant closed the billboard in front of the theater proclaimed that it would reopen in the autumn "with Miss Frances Starr in a new play"—an announcement that was subsequently erased.

Mr. Belasco states that the manuscript of "The Fighting Hope" was submitted to him last spring by Mr. Hurlbut, who comes from Illinois, is about thirty years old, and has recently been an illustrator on the daily newspapers in New York. What the manager does not tell us is whether the piece was originally intended

LILLIAN ALBERTSON, WHO CREATED THE LEADING CHARACTER, EMMA BROOKS, IN "PAID IN FULL," AND WHO IS STILL PLAYING IT IN THE NEW YORK COMPANY

From her latest photograph by White, New York

DORIS KEANE, WHO BECAME FAMOUS AS RACHEL, IN "THE HYPOCRITES," WHO PLAYED A BOY'S PART IN "THE LIKES O' ME" IN THE EARLY AUTUMN, AND WHO WAS THEN LOANED BY CHARLES FROHMAN TO THE LIEBLERS FOR MARGARET ELLEN IN "HIS WIFE'S FAMILY," WITH ARNOLD DALY

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

for Miss Starr's use, until he found that Miss Bates really meant business and would not renew her contract unless she was permitted to come into New York with a new drama. Neither does Mr. Belasco give out that "The Fighting Hope," when he first saw it, was a one-act play, and that it was his own suggestion to expand it into three.

LONDON IN THE WAKE OF NEW YORK

As long ago as when "Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda"—which latter James K. Hackett has just been very successful in reviving—were new, New York saw these rare birds, successful dramatizations of best-sellers, before London had a view of them. It was the same, if I mistake not, with "The Little Minister," and it has since been so with "The Thief," "The Hypocrites," and a long list of important plays. During the present year, New York had its "Servant in the House"—written by an Englishman—in the early spring, while on September 1 London saw the same motive—the embodiment of Christ in a human character—presented in Jerome K. Jerome's new play for Forbes Robertson, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Then, again, New York's two *Devils* jumped into the dramatic arena on August 18 against Beerbohm Tree's *Mephistopheles,* in a different version of "Faust," on September 5 at His Majesty's.

The early London hits appear to be "What Every Woman Knows," by Barrie, which Maude Adams is to enact in New York, and "Idols," dramatized from W. J. Locke's novel, with which Evelyn Millard entered upon her career as actress-manager.

Once more has an American play gone to the wall in the West End. This time it was "Paid in Full," which the critics praised — they also praised "The Lion and the Mouse" and "Strongheart"—but which the Englishman and his wife would not go to see. One reviewer described it as "a powerful, pulsating drama, a play of violent contrasts and strong situations." "Mere recital of the story," wrote another, "would give no adequate idea of the play's inherent strength, nor would it convey justly the cleverness and humor with which certain of the characters are drawn." Meanwhile three companies are performing the piece in America, with as many giving its author's other drama, "The Wolf."

Mr. Walter, by the way, the author in question, tells me that he expects to launch three new plays during the present season. "The Dreamer," however—of which Arnold Daly said, after reading it, that he could not play the part because he did not feel it—will not be among them. One of these Walter plays is designed for Viola Allen, while another, "The Easiest Way," has been secured by Belasco for Charlotte Walker.

Speaking of new plays, Eleanor Robson is well provided against misfires, as she starts her season with five, among them being a dramatization of Marion Crawford's new novel, "The White Sister," which begins as a serial in this issue of THE MUNSEY.

ISABEL IRVING SCORES IN A HANDICAP

In spite of its one blemish—too melodramatic a finish to its middle act—"Mater" is altogether delightful dramatic fare. To see it, however, without Isabel Irving's charming impersonation of the mother, who in spirit is far younger than her daughter, would be like seeing "Love Watches" minus Billie Burke. As it is, "Mater" promised to be the first play out of the five that he has written to land Percy Mackaye a box-office winner. Just about a year ago his "Sappho and Phaon" fell flat with Bertha Kalich, and his "Jeanne d'Arc" was never more than a *succès d'estime* with Sothern.

Percy Mackaye is a poet, a son of the late Steele Mackaye, playwright and inventor of the double stage which facilitated everything about a performance except changes of costume. The elder Mackaye's biggest success was "Hazel Kirke," a memory of which lingers in the cast of "Mater" in the person of his daughter, the author's sister, Hazel Mackaye, who plays *Miss Dean.*

The critics were mostly kind to this decidedly unconventional "American study in comedy," as Mr. Mackaye was pleased to call his descent from poetry. Like "The Fighting Hope," it has only five characters and one setting—a fash-

ion in up-to-date drama now prevalent enough to carry dismay to the hearts of the player-folk and the scene-painters. And it looks as if, from their standpoint, the situation would grow worse. The playwrights now realize that they stand a far better chance of gaining the attention of managers with a play that is inexpensive to mount than with one which would cost twenty thousand dollars to put on, as is the case with an aspiring dramatist whom I know, and whose manuscript no less distinguished a person than Sarah Bernhardt has approved.

As a vehicle for Isabel Irving, "Mater" is a golden chariot to bring her back to Broadway after several seasons on the road, where, last year, she did Eleanor Robson's part in "The Girl Who Has Everything." Miss Irving belongs to the distinguished series of John Drew's leading women, in which post she succeeded Maude Adams and preceded Ida Conquest. She had filled the same position with the Lyceum stock, and was trained under Augustin Daly.

Looking back over the Daly record, I find that Miss Irving was *Audrey* in the notable run of "As You Like It" in the winter of 1889-1890, with John Drew as the *Orlando;* Ada Rehan—now living in retirement and absolutely declining to be lured into vaudeville—the *Rosalind;* George Clarke and James Lewis—both now dead—the *Jaques* and the *Touchstone* respectively; and Kitty Cheatham, now a reciter, the *Hymen.* At the old Lyceum, on Fourth Avenue, Miss Irving followed the late Georgia Cayvan, whose ill-fated career forms one of the saddest chapters in our stage history.

Another notable figure in the small cast of "Mater" is Charles A. Stevenson, so long leading man with Mrs. Leslie Carter. I hear, by the way, that Mrs. Carter was very successful during her recent tour in the South and West with "Zaza" and "Du Barry." Some time ago she announced a new play for New York by John Luther Long, who wrote "The Darling of the Gods" with Belasco, but its production is constantly being deferred. "Mater," it must be added, although highly praised by the majority of the reviewers, proved of too frail fiber for Broadway, and "The Servant in the House" was soon called in from the road to take its place.

SOME PLAYS THAT FAILED

Henry Miller, to whose management we are indebted for both "Mater" and "The Servant in the House," seems inclined to discourage the star system—a course for which he deserves the thanks of the entire theater-going community. Judging by the early season's record, other managers, too, will soon tire of the task of finding vehicles suited to one man or woman's whims; for the bulk of the failures—and they certainly bulk big—must be charged up to plays for stars. Robert Edeson has had two, for "The Offenders" followed in the wake of "The Call of the North," so far as Broadway was concerned. Arnold Daly likewise discarded "The Regeneration" in favor of "His Wife's Family"—of which more anon; New York scouted Maxine Elliott in "Myself — Bettina," and allowed Douglas Fairbanks to fall by the wayside in "All for a Girl." And as I write, Louis Mann has fallen short with "The Man Who Stood Still."

For purposes of comparison, look back at last season, and you will find most of the winners grouped under the non-star head—"The Thief," "Paid in Full," "The Servant in the House," "Girls," "The Wolf." Even in the case of "The Witching Hour," the play itself so predominated that the management was enabled to form another company for the West, leaving John Mason with the New York cast.

The trouble with "The Regeneration" was its somber tone and unsatisfactory ending. I understand that the play was altogether different when given in Chicago as "My Mamie Rose," having much more of the outdoor element. As to "His Wife's Family," 'tis pity that a series of blunders doomed this rather charming comedy of character-contrasts to failure. Written by a woman novelist masquerading under the *nom* George Egerton—why do so many ladies think of "George" when they wish to hide behind a pen-name?—the play contained many delightful passages. The chief objection of the critics was that it was made incomprehensible by the thick Irish brogue assumed by the actors. When I

saw the play, on the third night, it was not at all difficult to understand. It may be that after the tirade of abuse and ridicule from the press, the actors modified their accent. But in any case, Wallack's is too great a barn of a theater for such a production.

Again, almost criminal density was employed in making out the house-bill—a detail neglected in too many theaters. At the opening of the play, Edwin Arden and Doris Keane conversed for nearly twenty minutes before one discovered that they were man and wife. The dolt who made out the cast for the printer took pains to insert in parentheses the fact that *Margaret Ellen* was also known as *Maginel,* which doesn't matter in the least, when it would have been far more to the point to state that she was *Roderick Hay's* wife.

A gratifying feature of "His Wife's Family" was the opportunity which it offered Doris Keane, and of which she made admirable use. A grateful change this, indeed, from the boy's rôle in "The Likes o' Me," the deplorable curtain-raiser used in the early part of the season in front of "The Mollusc." Miss Keane, who is a graduate of the Sargent School of Acting, began with a tiny part in "Whitewashing Julia," at the Garrick, was the florist's daughter with John Drew in "De Lancey," and then won fame as *Rachel Nevin,* the victim in "The Hypocrites." She was only loaned by Mr. Frohman to the Lieblers for "His Wife's Family," pending a suitable part for her in one of the new plays.

"The Offenders" lasted only a fortnight in New York, though in my opinion it was far more interesting than "The Call of the North." Unfortunately, its author, Elmer B. Harris—no relation to H. B., its producer—is more interested in pointing his moral than in pleasing his public. When he has accomplished his main purpose, he finds that he has on his hands a set of characters whose disposition puzzles him. As a result, we are forced to see the hero die of consumption contracted in jail, and to believe that *Helen North,* a settlement worker, is willing to marry the judge of the children's court while her own divorced husband is still living. But the acting in "The Offenders" is excellent, and I believe that Mr. Edeson will find this play, in spite of its drawbacks, far more effective on his tour than "The Call of the North," which is conventional to a degree.

TWO STARS AND A CAPITAL COMEDY

It is a happy shift to pass from the failures of Broadway to the successes. Among the most notable of these is "A Gentleman from Mississippi," a comedy of Washington life, written by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise, and presented with Mr. Wise and young Douglas Fairbanks as the featured players. As an evening's entertainment, I do not recall in many seasons a show that gave better value for the price of admission. And it was all so unexpected. Despite the big hit of "The Senator," years ago, with Crane, I have always connected plays of life at the national capital with dull expositions of politics or silly travesties on some outsider's attempt to wriggle into the social swim of diplomatic circles. "A Gentleman from Mississippi" is filled with politics, to be sure; but you are first made thoroughly acquainted with the genial *Senator from Mississippi,* who admits his entire ignorance of the game, so that you learn what's what along with him, and find the experience highly diverting. The critics united in a chorus of praise for the piece, which seems to stand a good chance of running at the Bijou for the "Music Master" endurance stakes.

Back in August, Rennold Wolf, the clever feuilletonist of the world's only dramatic daily, wrote a brief biography of Rhodes, who, it appears, was born in Cleveland, the son of an old friend of ex-President Garfield, and began his literary labors by becoming book-reviewer and dramatic critic on the Chicago *Tribune.* He founded the *Chap Book,* and then went to London to represent a Chicago publishing-house. In England he fell in with Anthony Hope, with whom he wrote his first play, "Captain Dieppe," which John Drew did here in 1903 with no very brilliant results. In the light of the tremendous hit scored by "A Gentleman from Mississippi," fresh point is added to the anecdote with which Mr. Wolf wound up his narrative.

It seems that Mr. Brady, the manager,

was discussing the play, then in its final stages of preparation, and that he suggested a certain ending for one of the acts.

"It ought to get half a dozen curtain-calls!" exclaimed Mr. Brady with keen enthusiasm.

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. Brady," replied the young dramatist, as he proceeded to write in the suggested alteration; "but you know you are spoiling my play for the mere purpose of making a success of it."

I am wondering whether the climax referred to is that of the third act, where Thomas Wise, the *Senator,* sternly tells the opposition to come to his office, at twelve-thirty the next day, for his answer to their demands.

"What are you going to say to them?" asks Douglas Fairbanks, his private secretary.

"I'll be damned if I know!" replies Wise, and bang—curtain down, but it goes up again and again in response to the frantic calls of the audience.

For, whether rightly or wrongly, there is no denying that the public delights in a "damn" used by somebody on the stage from whom such an expletive is not expected.

Mr. Wise first became known to fame as *Mr. Smith,* in the farce that explained why that gentleman left home. Last winter he saved "Miss Hook of Holland" from getting that undesired implement by being hastily added to the cast, as *Hook,* between the *première* in Washington and the opening in New York. Mr. Fairbanks essayed starring on his own account early in the fall, but "All for a Girl" did not please very widely. Possibly he would have gone back into the soap business—which he left "The Man of the Hour" to take up in the office of his father-in-law, Daniel J. Sully—had not the chance come to "divvy" in "A Gentleman from Mississippi."

THE DRUM-BEAT ON BROADWAY

Lulu Glaser has atoned for "Lola from Berlin" and "The Aero Club" by giving us "Mlle. Mischief," a Viennese operetta, which, if not so epoch-making as "The Merry Widow," at any rate promises to last longer in Manhattan than did "A Waltz Dream," the other musical show that came from the city on the Danube. "A Mad Maiden" would be the literal translation of the German title, and the fun is rough-and-tumble as well as fast and furious. Two of the scenes are laid at a military post, which gives an excuse for some martial music of particularly tuneful sort, written by Carl M. Ziehrer.

Miss Glaser romps through the piece with her old-time buoyancy of spirits, reminding one of the days when she was a potent attraction with Francis Wilson in "The Lion Tamer," "Half a King," and "The Little Corporal."

"Marcelle" inaugurates the career of Louis Gunning as a star. Miss Gunning sang last season in "Tom Jones," and is one of the few light-opera singers who can really sing. The daughter of a Brooklyn clergyman, she went on the stage when the last of the Hoyt farces were in vogue, and warbled Scottish baliads. "Marcelle" is an operetta by the two Chicago men, Pixley and Luders, who gave us the tuneful "Prince of Pilsen," and while it lacks that evergreen piece's wealth of catchy airs, it can boast more than the usual allowance of numbers calculated to tickle the ear that hungers not for Wagner or Debussy. Like "Mlle. Mischief," it has a strong military leaning, and what with "The Girls of Gottenberg" next door at the Knickerbocker, exploiting two whole regiments, the Rialto has this autumn become a veritable sounding-board for the beat of drum and the clash of arms. "Algeria" was filled with soldiers, too, and when Fritzi Scheff brings "The Prima Donna" to Broadway, we shall have more French warriors.

Even "The American Idea" has three military numbers, and a French officer to sing still another one. This latest of the Cohan concoctions does not fit into any of the recognized theatrical classifications. The author labeled it a "musical frivolity"; those who see it call it "the swiftest bunch of incidents ever staged." Cohan himself is not in the cast, nor is there any star. When the chorus people are not dancing away for dear life, or rushing from one side of the stage to the other, two sets of the principals are talking at once. This mad tempo brings out with all the more

telling effect the one slow thing in the piece—the *Mysterious Man,* who appears every now and again unexpectedly, talking in deliberately measured accents and alluding to himself in the third person, and who turns out, in the end, to be the supposedly dead husband of Trixie Friganza. Miss Friganza, by the way, played stage widows for five years in succession — namely in "A Trip to Chinatown," "The Prince of Pilsen," and "The Shogun." Two seasons ago she was singing "No Wedding Bells for Me" with Eddie Foy in "The Orchid." Last spring she legally took possession of her stage name in place of her real one—Delia O'Callahan.

Robert L. Dailey, the *Stephen Hustleford*, is a brother of the late Peter F. Dailey. George Beban, the delivery man from the Bon Marché who is made to masquerade as a count, has been playing Frenchmen for the past ten years or more. Last season he did another of them with Lew Fields in "The Girl Behind the Counter."

A WELL-BUILT MELODRAMA

Do you like plays of Canadian outdoor life? I don't—at least, I didn't until I saw "Pierre of the Plains," which came to New York with a triple handicap. It is a dramatized novel, treating of life in the same locality where "The Royal Mounted" and "The Call of the North" had failed. The very fact that it was able to get into town when it did was because two plays in succession had come to grief at the Hudson Theater, where it was staged, one of them—"The Call of the North"—being a book play like itself. And if you are superstitious enough to believe in such things, I may add that the cast of "Pierre of the Plains" foots up to thirteen players.

Still another apparent obstacle to success was put in its way, in the shape of the story about the plot given out ahead of production. On reading this I am certain I should have had no desire to see the piece, had it not been in my line of duty. Consequently, when I discovered a play that unfolded itself easily and naturally before me, with action answering in place of talk wherever it was possible to so substitute it, I was very agreeably disappointed.

"Pierre of the Plains" was dramatized by Edgar Selwyn—the *Tony* of "Arizona"—from Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, and Selwyn himself is starred in the title-rôle. But although *Pierre* is on the stage almost continuously, the action revolves mainly about other people until almost the last act of the four, and at the end *Pierre* does not get the girl he wants, after all. This is in a sense refreshing, for most melodramas are in the habit of following well-beaten tracks in meting out rewards to the hero—and "Pierre of the Plains" *is* a melodrama, even to the extent of including a fight to the death, and a sensational fall down a precipice for one of the combatants.

"Pierre of the Plains" is, in brief, a play that has a backbone. I trust that Paul Dickey, who gets the tumble, has an equally good one. He will need it, if the piece gets its deserts in the shape of a long run.

THE AMBITION OF A MANN

Whatever the outcome, one cannot but admire the pluck and perseverance of Louis Mann, whose appearance in "The Man Who Stood Still" marks his third attempt to get away from the musical-comedy atmosphere where he made his mark as the German innkeeper in "The Girl from Paris." He paved the way with an excursion into straight farce, together with his wife, Clara Lipman, when they both played "The Girl from the Barracks"—this season set to music as "Mlle. Mischief," and used with great success by Lulu Glaser. Then, in 1901, he produced "The Red Kloof," a wholly serious play about the Boers, written by Paul Potter; but the piece proved too somber for wide popularity, and Mann listened to the golden bids of Weber & Fields, with whom he replaced David Warfield.

In 1904—the season in which Warfield launched "The Music Master"—Mann essayed another starring flight in a play of somewhat similar name, "The Second Fiddle," by Gordon Blake, founded on a story by the same author published in 1885. "Gordon Blake," I believe, is a pen-name assumed by Harry B. Smith—who, by the way, has just used the same story once more as material for "The Golden Butterfly," the new opera in

which Grace Van Studdiford has been so successful. Mann, unhappily, was not as fortunate with "The Second Fiddle."

Returning to the musical field, this indubitably clever actor was playing "The White Hen" when William A. Brady tempted him to a fresh effort to gain the upper rounds of that same ladder whereon Warfield, who began in precisely similar fashion, is now perched so securely. This time an absolutely new playwright was tried—Jules Eckert Goodman, lately dramatic editor of the *Bohemian Magazine,* whose three first plays were all accepted within six months. They are "The Test," to be used for Blanche Walsh; "The Right to Live," and "The Man Who Stood Still," the latter the first to see the footlights, having been brought out with Mr. Mann in Chicago as "The New Generation." The title was confused with "The Regeneration" of Arnold Daly, so for the New York *première* "The Man Who Stood Still" was substituted—a phrase which would appear to be only too closely applicable to both star and play.

It is an odd coincidence that while Louis Mann is making his third desperate attempt to win spurs in the strictly legitimate, both "The Girl from the Barracks" and "The Second Fiddle" should prove successes in their new musical setting. I freely confess, however, that I am unable to see what there is about "The Golden Butterfly" that makes it popular. The music, by Reginald De Koven, is of the most commonplace description, and the book is less original and less humorous than that of "Algeria," poor as that was. As to the cast, the presence of that alleged comedian, Louis Harrison, is enough to ruin any show intended to appeal to people of good taste; and last, but by no means least, the star, Grace Van Studdiford, appears to have mislaid her voice somewhere in the vaudeville houses where she has been playing since she charmed us all in "The Red Feather."

WHO BLUNDERED THIS TIME?

Did you ever feel that you had made a big mistake? That must have been the sensation of William Gillette after he appeared in "Samson" in New York. While the play—the work of the Frenchman, Bernstein, who wrote "The Thief"—came in for pretty general slating, the star suffered still more at the hands of the critics, to say nothing of the painful ordeal of hearing titters from his audience at points where he had hoped to hold it in breathless suspense. It is a new experience for Gillette to be the target for the sharp arrows of criticism, for hitherto he has carefully remained within his own limitations. In "Samson," either ambition to prove his versatility or Charles Frohman's recent propensity for miscasting has put him most decidedly where he doesn't belong. His efforts to impersonate a man without culture begin and end with a twisting of the body that amounts almost to deformity, and with a curl of the lip so persistent as finally to get on one's nerves. It may be that Gillette's personal popularity will save him; but so far as the art of the thing is concerned, "Samson" may at once be added to the season's lengthy list of stellar misfires. It is one of those plays written backward from a big situation, and its workmanship is not clever enough to conceal the fact.

The new leading woman, Constance Collier, imported from England expressly for this play, also failed to please. In fact, the only four people worth while in the cast of thirteen were Arthur Byron, the nephew of Ada Rehan; Frederic de Belleville, still remembered for his work in "Leah Kleschna": Marie Wainwright, erstwhile co-star with Louis James; and Pauline Frederick, who was the surprise of the production.

Last season Miss Frederick played leading feminine rôles in "When Knights Were Bold," "Twenty Days in the Shade," and "Toddles," but in none of these did she find the opportunity for such convincing work as she does in "Samson" as the cast-off favorite of the villain. Theater-goers rubbed their eyes as they watched this American girl from Boston walk away with the honors of the evening, as far as the women in the cast were concerned. Knowing Charles Frohman's eagerness to strike while the iron is hot, it would not surprise me to see Pauline Frederick at the head of her own company ere long.

Matthew White, Jr.

LAW AND THE MAN

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "A LETTER FROM HOME," "THE SHADOW," ETC.

WHEN Ford was ushered into the office of the president of the great corporation, Mr. Ixton immediately dismissed his private secretary and swung around in his swivel chair to greet the visitor. In Ford's pocket was an afternoon newspaper, wherein a virulent cartoon represented Ixton as a fat vulture clawing at the scales of Justice. The lawyer caught himself watching Ixton's ponderous back and wondering boyishly if wings were concealed beneath the president's coat. Ford was not very young in years, but he still preserved in his heart a boyish, fanciful spring of youth.

Ixton's square face, when he held out his hand cordially, was not vulture-like in the least.

"Sit down," said he. "I am glad to meet you. I suppose you have decided. Guilds reported that he had a satisfactory talk with you. Now, I hope to have the same."

"Your problem is most interesting, sir," said the lawyer.

"But will your talent solve it for us, Mr. Ford?"

There was a moment's silence. The president shot a calculating glance at his caller.

"You would have an advantage over our other counsel," resumed Ixton. "I believe that you have had experience in the particular State where the problem must be worked out."

"Yes," assented Ford. "I was a district attorney there, before I left the West and came here to New York."

"Exactly—a government prosecutor," said the president. "That is one of our reasons for selecting you."

Ford looked down.

"I am afraid I must have a little more time to decide in, Mr. Ixton. I did not think so when Mr. Guilds was with me—the deep legal questions absorbed my mind, perhaps—but there are other things to be considered."

"What, for instance?"

"Why, this undertaking might require all of my time for a year or more. I should have to give up my—my general practise."

Ford hesitated over the last words, and colored slightly. He was aware that Ixton, knowing all about men with whom the corporation dealt, knew that his practise did not amount to much. But Ixton's voice, when he replied, was neither patronizing nor amused.

"My dear sir," said the president gravely, "that is just what I mean—to have you give your entire time and talent to us. I presume you've guessed that I'm not altogether suited with our legal department as it stands. Judging from Guilds's report, I think I'll be suited with you. I don't want a lawyer to tell me what I can't do—I want one to tell me the way to do what I wish to do." He touched a bell. "I will give you some of the papers in the case. Take them with you, and let me have your definite answer to-morrow."

The secretary entered; and Ford, rising rather abruptly, walked to a window and stood for several minutes, staring moodily at the turmoil of Broadway.

The shadow of a smile drifted across Ixton's hard lips. He always liked to gain his point, large or small. He had marked Ford's expression of keen interest in the abstract legal questions. He was sure that such an interest, combined with flattery and money, would make Ford his man — one of the men who were guiding Ixton's enterprises around and over and through the rightful barriers of the law.

"Here are a few of the documents, Mr. Ford," said Ixton. "Carry 'em along with you. That's a new wrinkle in railroad contracts — that one that's engrossed. Oh, we have an engrosser in our lawyers' department, and everything else, I reckon, except a lawyer. But after to-morrow—here, wait a minute." He scribbled figures on a memorandum slip and handed it to Ford. "While you're thinking it over, think of that. That's what you'll be worth to us annually. Have a cigar? Good afternoon!"

Ford did not read the figures until he was in the hall and waiting for the elevator. Although he had anticipated a generous salary, he was overcome by astonishment—so surprised, indeed, that he stood motionless, blocking the entrance to the car.

"Excuse me, please," said a diffident voice beside him.

"Oh, my fault!" murmured Ford.

He raised his bewildered eyes from the memorandum, and gave a brief, vacant look at the man who had addressed him. If Ford could have observed the effect upon the man, he would have been bewildered even more; for the other passenger in the descending car—a seedy fellow in a slouch-hat—backed into a corner, pale and trembling. But Ford did not notice. He was too closely occupied with the price at which the vulture on the floor above had valued his professional conscience.

II

The sidewalk was packed with homeward-bound men. Ford happened to fall in behind a once famous and respected judge, who had resigned the bench to become famous and respected in a greater degree as counsel for a vast, unscrupulous mining syndicate. The young lawyer turned down a cross-street, in order to escape the throng.

He passed the windows of a ticket agency gay with pictures of ships. Ford's mother was an invalid. A year or two of European travel would be fine for her. He would like to send his sister, too, and a maid.

He circled at a leisurely pace the irregular, down-town block, and stopped at a modest tobacco-store to light his cigar. The store was in the basement of Ixton's office building. Ford wished that he had said "yes" to Ixton ten minutes ago, and ended it. Were it not for the fiction of inspecting the papers in his pocket, he would have gone above then and said "yes." He was quite resolved to do so in the morning.

"Who wouldn't?" chuckled Ford, to the brass cigar-lighter.

A seedy fellow in a slouch-hat, who was leaning over the counter at Ford's elbow, slowly straightened up and faced him.

"I guess—I guess it's no use, Mr. Ford," mumbled the stranger in a half whisper. "I guess you're onto me."

"What's that?" said the lawyer, wondering.

"I guess you're onto me, all right," the man repeated. His chin shook as he laid a timid hand on Ford's arm. "I'm going to ask a favor," he muttered. "Please let me talk to you quiet. Don't do anything yet."

"I'm not going to do anything at all," said Ford with a smile. "What do you mean? Oh, I remember you now!"

He dimly recognized the passenger in the elevator. The man's hand tightened on his arm.

"Please let me have a word with you, Mr. Ford," he entreated.

"Well," yielded the attorney; and they went to the street.

Ford examined his queer companion curiously. He was of about Ford's age—respectful, cleanly, and not ill-looking.

"I was positive you remembered me," said he. "And I don't know as I'm sorry. Yes, sir, I'm Leland—Thomas Leland. I haven't even changed my name, Mr. Ford. I'm fighting it out under my own name. That's something, isn't it?"

"Thomas Leland?" echoed Ford blankly.

"Yes, sir—of the Camberwell bond gang."

"Ah!" grunted Ford. "Of course—that forgery job."

He flung away his cigar, and there was in the movement a clear suggestion of disgust.

"Well, Leland," he said sharply, "you were as guilty as the others that time, and I was sorry not to send you

to jail along with them. But I have no interest in that business now, and certainly no desire to see you or speak to you."

"I suppose not, sir," sighed Leland. "I ask your pardon. Good night."

"I hope your experience was a lesson to you," said Ford, turning on his heel.

"It taught me how easy it is to be crooked and get off, Mr. Ford," replied Leland, "when even a prosecutor like you couldn't soak me."

"Thanks!" laughed Ford.

"I mean it," persisted Leland. "The crook who does the engraving for a high-class gang, such as that, has a regular cinch. It's as safe as doing Bible pictures, and a whole lot better paid."

"You don't look like a millionaire yet," said Ford.

"I haven't hardly handled a tool or a plate in seven years, Mr. Ford. Not since I was let off, sir, seven years ago."

Ford hesitated and took a step backward into the recess of the building, where Leland stood.

"If you're living honestly, Leland," said he, "I wish you luck. And if I can help you—if there's anything I can do—"

"Yes, there is, sir," broke in Leland eagerly. "I'd like to prove to you that I'm telling the truth. I'd like to take you home with me for a minute, if you can spare time, Mr. Ford. It isn't far. I'd just like to show you something."

The trifling adventure appealed oddly to Ford. He did not realize it, perhaps, but the fact was that his spirit, troubled vaguely by Ixton's proposal, would have welcomed any distraction. He followed Leland into a crowded surface-car headed for the region of the Bowery.

III

They entered the little four-room flat, and Ford was presented to an elderly woman who sat alone by the lamp, stitching shirt-waists.

"My mother," said Leland, with visible pride. "Mr. Ford was the government lawyer at the trial, mother. Oh, she knows all about it, sir, and all about me. You can talk right out plain now before my mother."

The woman's smile was very pleasant, but there lurked in her eyes a combative, alert watchfulness, like that of a hospital nurse.

"I am glad things are going so well with you and your boy, Mrs. Leland."

"Thank you, sir," she acknowledged brightly. "Things did go hard, but they go well now, and thank you kindly. Tom is an honest man, and a good son to me."

Leland, his face beaming, affably motioned the lawyer into the best chair.

"It would really gratify me to help you," said Ford. "Let me see. Have you given up the trade you had before—before you knew Camberwell? Why not do Bible pictures, Leland?"

"I'll tell you why, sir. I'm blacklisted. Engravers — decent engraving firms — are mighty careful about such things. I've had almost a dozen jobs at it, but I lost 'em quick, although I'm as good as any hand in the country. Maybe if I traveled under a different name—but there, that doesn't seem quite straight."

"And it isn't," put in the woman gently, but with a flash of her vigilant eyes.

"Another thing," said Leland. "Old Doc Camberwell, and such as he, are always trying to run me back into the crooked business, sir. They sort of follow me up, like they didn't want to have me live honest. Why, only last June I had an offer from Fatty McManus—him that turned that great Mexican bank-note trick in 1899. He guaranteed me big money, and absolutely safe, too. Absolutely safe, sir. A week after I refused McManus, the real-estate man I was clerking for gave me the bounce. He'd heard something."

Ford was indignant. "It isn't fair," he protested.

"Well, I don't know," Leland contended. "Suppose that you were the head of a firm, Mr. Ford, or a department, and I was employed there, and you found out my record. You'd be bound in duty to yourself or to your boss to fire me, wouldn't you? That's the way I look at it. I'm not kicking. I mixed my own medicine. Now I'm taking it."

"And I admire you from the bottom of my soul!" exclaimed Ford, genuinely

moved. "But it's too bad, all the same, for an expert in any profession, as you are, to have his ability smothered, to be unable to use the talent God has given him, to—"

The woman's needle paused in mid air.

"No man," she said, "has a right to use his talent to break the law. God didn't give talent for that."

"Yes," agreed Ford. "Yes—that's true."

Then he gazed at her in silence, as she went on with her sewing, and suddenly a sharp scowl lined his forehead. The scowl puzzled Leland, who coughed apologetically.

"You mustn't mind her talking so earnest, sir," said he. "She feels that way. That's the mother of it."

"Yes," responded Ford, under his breath. "That's the mother of it. I know, and I had forgotten."

"Well, I hate preaching," declared Mrs. Leland; "but I do tell Tom how there's all the more temptation in a talent like his, that can be used for wrong, safe from getting caught. And all the more credit in keeping such a talent clean, and on the right side. That's not preaching, but only simple sense, isn't it, sir?"

Ford did not reply.

"She means," suggested Leland, "that when a player can fool the umpire, it's hard to stick to the rules of the game—to play fair. The better the player, the harder it is for him—and the more credit."

"You must let me help you—give you my address," said Ford irrelevantly.

He squared his shoulders as he stood up and fumbled for his card-case.

"Oh, I've got a pretty nice place just now, Mr. Ford," said the other. "I don't know how long it will last—somebody is liable to come into the office any day and put them wise to me, as he'd be bound to do if — great Scott, that's funny!" He pointed at one of the legal documents which, in his search for a card, Ford had taken from his pocket. "Why, I'll bet that's my engrossing!" exclaimed Leland. "Isn't that paper from Mr. Guilds's office?"

Ford nodded. "Are you employed there?" he inquired slowly.

"Sure," said Leland. "I'm the engrosser. A high-toned place, too. No chance, as mother says, of a fellow's talent being on the wrong side in that office, is there? But do you have any connection with them, Mr. Ford? Because, if you do, you'll have to tell 'em about me—you'll have to tell 'em—"

His voice, strained with anxiety, broke helplessly. The woman laid down her work, and her eyes fixed themselves intently on the lawyer.

"You'll have to," blurted Leland. "There's no other way."

"Yes, there is another way," Ford concluded decisively. "Keep heart, Tom. We may find another way—for both of us. Good-by."

In time with his steps, as he descended the stairs, certain of the mother's phrases rang in his ears, like the resolute music of a march.

"No man has a right to use his talent to break the law!"

The crude, living realities which he had touched during the last half-hour seemed to tear to pieces any web of professional ethics, any ingenious fabric of casuistry. Wherein essentially did Ixton differ from Doc Camberwell or Fatty McManus? Wherein essentially did Ford's own case differ from that of Tom Leland?

IV

The next morning Mr. Guilds stood deferentially beside his chieftain's desk, while the president opened the packet of papers and read the short note which accompanied it.

"So Ford declines the job, does he?" grumbled Ixton. "I thought at first he had some brains. He's a fool, after all! Who else knows the ropes out there?"

"Oh, there are plenty of eminent lawyers, sir, who'd jump at the chance," said Guilds.

"Luckily for us, that's always true," observed the president grimly.

Guilds gathered up the papers.

"By the by," he said, glancing idly at a railroad contract, "Mr. Ford has paid us one compliment, at any rate. He's taken our engrosser, Leland, from us. Leland has just resigned and is going to be a clerk, so he claims, in Ford's office."

JIMMIE ORDERED STRANGE CONDIMENTS IN A FAMILIAR WAY

THE WINGS OF VICTORY

BY KATE MASTERSON

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW ART DOOR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ELLA ROSE was pinning on her dingy headgear almost before the echoes of the six-o'clock whistle had died away. She was able to adjust it without a mirror, for the hat was of a gondola-like contour, and could be worn either way without perceptible change of effect; nor could it very well fail to rest precisely upon her neatly pinned hair.

There are girls who have an unruffled, mouse-like surface, with rarely a lock astray or a ribbon a-flutter; and beneath this staid exterior there often lurks the pent-up sweetness of a flower longing for the sunshine of life, in which to throw out its tendrils, to sway in the breeze and break into bloom. But until the time comes, something rigid—a confining shell of inheritance or of habit—keeps back all that fragrant consciousness of girlhood which other feminines begin to diffuse before they are out of pinafores.

In spite of this, it was to meet Jimmie Dugan that Ella Rose was hurrying out this evening. Mr. Dugan was a youth whom her pale slenderness had bound

for two years in easy chains; for Ella Rose was one who cherished deep in her heart a certain virginal shyness calculated to hold even so bold a wooer as Jimmie at bay. She was content that he was waiting for her at the factory-gate each night, for he got off at five o'clock and had time to make himself quite spruce before the girl came across the yard to meet him.

The other girls, many of them full-blown beauties, marveled at the quiet constancy of this pair, and at Ella Rose's power to hold such a youth; for Jimmie often got free passes for shows, had an uncle who was an alderman, and was accentedly dressy in style, while Ella Rose was plain to the verge of old-maidishness, in low heels, and never a pompadour.

Ella Rose marveled herself, sometimes, with a strange, unholy joy that trembled within her. It made her strive to live up to all the tenets of a strict childhood training, so that she might be worthy of this love—for she supposed it must be love. She went on cultivating the strictest neatness and cleanliness, and a reserve that baffled Jimmie, and therefore held him.

She wondered why the weeks and months and years had passed and he had never told her what she most wished to hear; but Jimmie was a young man of few words, and she could only wait and wonder. To-night, as she saw his eyes rove toward one of the laughing girls from the factory, a gipsyish brunette with a scarlet hat pinned down over her crisp hair, Ella Rose felt an odd little contraction of the heart that was close akin to pain.

She knew that she would never look like that. Her tastes were for quiet effects. She had planned that when Jimmie did speak the fateful words, she would have a brown cashmere dress with dull, glinting, golden spots, and fine white garments that she would make by hand.

To-night Jimmie only said:

"Say, Ellie, get a move on you. I got tickets for a new show at the opera-house."

He displayed the pink slips proudly, with a man-of-the-world air that was one of his greatest fascinations for Ella Rose. As he replaced the tickets in his pocket she saw, gleaming on the little finger of his right hand, Jimmie's real diamond ring. Gossip in the neighborhood associated this wonderful piece of jewelry with some romance in the boy's past, adding another picturesque charm to his personality.

Ella Rose admired the ring, and especially Jimmie's manipulation of the hand that bore it. As they divided occasional late oyster-stews, after a picnic or a dance, her eyes unconsciously followed it as her hero elegantly raised his spoon. Indeed, if Jimmie's constancy to Ella Rose were analyzed, it would take no Lombroso to discover that it was this feminine homage paid him by the girl's wistful eyes that held him in leash. This homage to his daring masculinity would sometimes rise to veritable awe, when he ordered strange condiments in a familiar way of waiters on whom he grandly bestowed a dime.

Ella Rose made her costume for the theater. A clean white waist, with a bit of lace at the neck and wrists, a fresh veil over the boat-like hat, and the girl was ready.

Jimmie waited at the street-door in a jaunty rain-coat and riding-stock, and Ella Rose's admiring glances again dazzled and obsessed him. As they went on through the busy street, almost wordless for blocks, she gathered that on the following Friday there would be a ball of the chowder club to which Jimmie belonged. Would Ella Rose go? She surely would. She could really dance well, especially with Jimmie.

They reached their seats in time to see the curtain rise upon a stage full of girls, pink and blue and green, marching about with tripping steps in time to the blare of a band. The theater and the music always woke something strange in Ella Rose. She could not understand it, she was almost afraid of it, but she knew that these evenings brought her really closer to Jimmie than any others. The music seemed to say the things that he hadn't spoken; and then, somehow, their hands would clasp each other softly in the dim light with thrills of mutual understanding.

So now they sat, and the eddying girls moved in rippling lines from side to side,

singing about love, and the lights danced and the world went round for the boy and girl in the orchestra-chairs close to the rail.

Suddenly the girls on the stage, moving backward, lined up on either side. There was a grand crash from the orchestra; trumpets blared, and down the center came a wonderful being, all smiles and curves and black spangles. Lightly poised in her hands was a long shepherd's crook of glittering rhinestones, which she waved as she began a slow, graceful dance. Athwart her hair was a pert little three-cornered, black-spangled hat, from one side of which, almost tilting it over by their weight, rose three magnificent ostrich-plumes, one pale blue, one dull green, one rose pink. They bent and leaned and nodded as she danced, now rising like the crest of a bird, then swaying and sweeping, giving a charming effect of lightness and grace to her movements.

Ella Rose could hear Jimmie Dugan breathe deep, and half under his breath he murmured:

"Gee!"

The girl's hand grew cold in his, and she drew it from his unresisting clasp. He could not have said more. This ejaculation indicated his moments of intensest emotion. He would use it admiringly when he read of great pugilistic victories, and deprecatingly when he missed a street-car.

IT WAS A GREAT RISK TO LEAVE IT, THE MILLINER WARNED ELLA ROSE

Ella Rose, who had never actually known jealousy, felt it now. The tremble in her heart changed to real pain. This was beauty such as lured men on to their ruin. She stole a side glance at Jimmie, and saw his face lit with a new gleam as he joined in the plaudits that broke out when the dancing-girl ran off, bowing and fluttering.

The evening went on with din and song and acrobats and trained dogs, until it seemed never-ending. At last they went out to a little chop-house. The cold air had brought relief. Again

IN THE AFTERNOON, A HAT-BOX ARRIVED FOR ELLA ROSE

Jimmie's finger floated and poised itself in that odd, detached way above his oysters; but to-night the gleam of the real diamond seemed cruel and cold to Ella Rose.

"Didn't you like the show?" he said finally, aware in a dull, well-fed way that something was wrong.

"Sure!" she replied lightly, with white lips and no pleasure in her eyes.

He seemed far away from her, immeasurably out of her world, when he curled his gemmed finger and helped himself to toothpicks as they went out. At the door he paused.

"Don't forget the ball," he cautioned her; "and say, Ellie—get another lid!"

She turned without a word and climbed the stairs with tired, weak limbs. This was the crowning blow. It struck some unused brain-lobe, and that night she lay wide-eyed and tearless upon her bed. Strange new thoughts had come to her.

And between that night and the evening of the ball, still stranger things happened.

The next day, when Jimmie waited at the factory, he was told she had gone home early with a headache. Later on, he lingered at her doorway and whistled, but she made no sign. Going home that afternoon with a genuine headache, she had walked in a torture of sudden realization that she was pale, pinched, and puny. How had she ever encompassed the admiration of Jimmie Dugan was a mystery; but having done so, she knew, now, why the weeks had grown to months and years and he had never spoken. She could not bring into his eyes the gleam that she had seen in the theater. Some girl like the radiant dancer would get him. It often happened that way when such a long time went by without a definite understanding. Jimmie liked Ella Rose well enough—but not enough to marry her.

And the money she had saved for the soft brown dress with the dull golden spots—of what use was it now? He was ashamed of her. He had looked with disfavor on her hat.

There was a tumult in the mind of Ella Rose, yet with catlike caution she chose an unusual route on her way home, so that she might by no chance meet Jimmie while her soul was in this disheveled condition. Suddenly, as if a mirage had arisen, there rose before her, within the window of a small millinery-shop, a hat. It was black, three-cornered, and from one side rose three plumes of soft rose, green, and blue. In their present state of quiet they never suggested what they might become in motion, how they might sway and circle when one danced—but the girl had seen and knew!

Almost in a dream, she entered the place and asked what the hat cost. She heard the price without a quiver, although a week ago it would have seemed like madness. No, she would not try it on, she said, but she might return for it later. It was a great risk to leave it, the milliner warned Ella Rose. Such a hat would be snapped up quickly; but as the young lady seemed to like it—well, she took off two dollars. Whereupon Ella Rose said she would take the hat, and

clinched the bargain by paying a deposit. She was planning a *coup*. New instincts were urging her on to combat and victory, as the hysteria of courage sometimes carries a flag-bearer into the enemy's ranks.

Within range of the milliner's, on this magic avenue, she recalled another place where a wax lady smiled out at passers-by from amid a medley of hair-dresser's supplies—rouges, powders, and lotions. And on a placard she had read the legend:

WE MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL WHILE
YOU WAIT—ONE DOLLAR
MASSAGE - MARCEL—MANICURE

To this place, on the morrow, went Ella Rose, wearing a brown veil. From behind curtained recesses, smelling of singed hair and perfumery, she came forth in the brown veil. Next day she repeated the expedition — calm, determined, unwavering as a Napoleon making the preliminary moves of a campaign. Again Jimmie whistled at the doorway, but in vain. She sent a message, pleading illness, but telling him that she would be all right for the night of the ball.

That function waited for her coming as a battle-field waits for a conqueror. In the afternoon, a hat-box arrived for Ella Rose. She began to dress at four o'clock. When she finished, her reflection in the mirror was in such radiant contrast to her usual dull little self that it brought a dazzle to her eyes and forced a smile to tremble on her faintly carmined lips.

Her hair fell about her face in fluffy curls like a halo. They had arched her brows and touched her lashes and rubbed some sweet-smelling paste into her skin until it looked like satin. She was piquante as a Pierrette in her thin white dress, with gauzy sleeves and shoulders, and long white gloves drawn over hands made dainty by strange processes.

When she pinned the hat a trifle rakishly across her hair, wound a veil about her head, and donned her cloak, she was like a French picture as she stepped slowly down the stairs. Upon

"WILL YE COME WITH ME NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT TO THE—"

Jimmie, grouchy from her unaccustomed treatment of him during the last three days, her radiance did not burst until she came back to him from the ladies' cloak-room. Then she had to speak to him before he knew her.

"Gee!" he said under his breath.

As the lancers began, bold masculine glances fastened on Ella Rose with undisguised admiration.

"Gee!" Jimmie half hissed, as the opposite dancer held her hand a moment longer than necessary.

As the evening went on, his perturbation increased. He glowered at every man who came within reach of her, and even wrenched her from encircling arms during a two-step, claiming it as his own. He claimed everything with hungry insistence.

Ella Rose was the sensation of the ball—the belle! If Helen of Troy had entered there, she would have had to take second place beside this elfish, dancing child, with her smiles and her waving rainbow plumes.

"You'll do," said the president of the club, as he leaned a little patronizingly above the shoulder of Ella Rose. "Will ye come with me next Tuesday night to the—"

But Jimmie whirled her away with jealous haste, and thrust her cloak-check into her hand.

"Ah—h, let's get out of this!" he said peevishly.

Over the oyster-stews, his face looked set and stern. His debonair manner was gone. His jeweled hand had lost its grace as it fumbled nervously with a fringed napkin and crumbled crackers on the cloth.

Some purpose possessed Jimmie that might have frightened one who knew him less and judged him only by his awful brow and his tense jaw. But Ella Rose laughed with a gurgle. Her heart was still dancing. Her eyes sparkled back a challenge in answer to admiring looks from near-by tables. She wondered if Jimmie knew, now, that tightening pain at the heart. She would never feel it again, she thought. She was floating to the stars on her rainbow wings of victory.

At her door he clutched her fiercely, but she edged into the hall, escaping him with a laugh that was half a reproof and half a challenge. Then she turned with a certain consciousness in her air toward him:

"Good night, Mr. Dugan," she said with formal politeness.

"Ah—h! Fergit it, kid," said Jimmie hoarsely yet masterfully, as he gripped her hand and slipped his ring over her finger. "Me fer you—see, Mrs. Dugan?"

WHEN I DREAM OF YOU

Down a pathway lined with roses,
  Up broad marble stairs,
Through a hall where sleep reposes
  Lulled by dreamland airs;
On through courts with fountains playing,
  Gardens bright with dew—
Thus it is that I go straying
  When I dream of you!

Oft in golden-latticed bowers,
  Arbors lily-twined,
There I find in blissful hours
  Rapture unconfined;
Ever o'er me star-eyes glisten;
  There above me, too,
Angels come to look and listen
  When I dream of you!

Clarence Urmy

MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS, OF NEW YORK

From a new pastel portrait by Antonio Argnani

[See page 562]

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THE PASSING OF THE REACTIONARY IN AMERICAN POLITICS

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

A FEW weeks ago the last spark of the doctrine of divine right of kings flickered out in western Europe. The world saw a strong, imperious, dominating ruler yield to the pressure of national demand. Public sentiment forced the Kaiser's hand.

In our own country the era of Roose-

JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, OF KANSAS, FORMERLY AN ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL, WHO WILL BE ONE OF THE PROMINENT NEW SENATORS IN THE NEXT CONGRESS

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

FORMER REPRESENTATIVE JOHN J. JENKINS, OF WISCONSIN, WHO WAS DEFEATED FOR RENOMINATION IN HIS DISTRICT

From a photograph

veltism has reversed this German experience. Instead of a people leading a man, we have had a man leading a people; preaching to them, writing at them, turning on the light for their benefit; working ceaselessly to inculcate better conceptions of public and private duty. There is soon to be a change. Roosevelt will retire, and it may be worth while to take account of stock and determine what the country will have to show for his work, and what it may hope to realize, during the next few years, by reason of the projection of his work into the future.

The greatest work of Theodore Roosevelt has been the exclusion of big business from improper part in public affairs. He has not accomplished this reform; there is yet much to be done. But he has preached the crusade, he has aroused the people, and they will push the work forward. All the specific legislative accomplishment which is entitled to be classed as representing the Roosevelt policies is insignificant and unimportant compared with this arousal of the public conscience, in which the President has taken the lead. The important thing has been the demonstration that the people could yet make themselves heard, and that neither big business, nor reactionary politics, nor confirmed Tories in places of power, could deny their demands.

SENATOR CHARLES W. FULTON, OF OREGON, WHO HAS FAILED OF REELECTION TO THE SENATE

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For instance, the greatest single legislative achievement of this era is the railroad regulation measure. Yet this act, experimental, tentative, incomplete, hesitating, is of vastly less value to the country than the knowledge that it was possible to pass any act on that subject. The railroads, together with the powerful interests which they were able either to favor or to punish, had been all-powerful. Demonstration that Congress could pass an act they disapproved was the important thing.

Big business had come to be almost the government of this country. It governed the government. It financed the political parties. It elected its own trusted agents to Senate and House, to Legislatures, to State offices. Big business was not too busy or too big to look

after the councilmen in the country town; and from there up to the judge on the bench, it overlooked nothing. It was frankly reactionary. It hired much of the best brain to work for it, both legitimately and illegitimately.

As the first great result of the Roosevelt era, reaction will get a vacation. It would not be fair to give an undue share of the credit to Mr. Roosevelt. He was on the highest pedestal; and as the public always requires to associate a notable doing with the name of a man, it associated the development of this new attitude of the national mind with the name of Roosevelt. The work of Bryan, of La Follette, of Hughes, of Cummins, of Folk, and of other leaders, is entitled to recognition; but it is no injustice that Roosevelt should furnish his name to the movement.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM P. HEPBURN, OF IOWA, WHO WAS DEFEATED AT THE POLLS IN NOVEMBER

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Big business is going out of politics—not gone, but going. It will be yet a long time going. Reaction and the reactionaries are passing, but they will be a long time doing it. They are in no hurry. They would like to stay, and they are so securely entrenched in some of their strongholds that they will not soon be dislodged. But yet it may be said that as reaction and conservatism were constantly fortifying themselves in power under McKinley and his predecessors, so they have been constantly losing ground under Roosevelt.

THE WORK BEFORE PRESIDENT TAFT

The educational movement to which Roosevelt gave character will go forward. Thus far, it has been possible to do little except create sentiment; but that is the most difficult part of such a work. The sentiment is ready and ripe and well-nigh universal. The work of four—or eight—years of Taft is cut out. It is perfectly plain. It is simply to crystallize into some satisfactory and workable laws the general notions that this era of sentiment-making has developed in the public mind.

The country wants tariff revision that

SENATOR LEVI ANKENY, OF WASHINGTON, WHO HAS FAILED OF REELECTION TO THE SENATE

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will give the consumer a square deal and still maintain the protective principle. It wants railroad regulation without railroad wrecking. It wants such control of combinations as will preserve their economic advantages and destroy their vicious manifestations. It wants to do everything possible for labor that can be done with dignity and propriety. It is much in earnest about the great work of conserving national resources. Above all, it wants honest administration and a decree of final divorce between business and politics.

GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN, OF OREGON

Mr. Taft was elected because the country, convinced that it wanted the Roosevelt policies to go forward, was disposed to trust a man of Roosevelt's designation, and a man of long experience in the Roosevelt ways of doing things. The time had come when a lawyer, a constructionist, was needed, instead of an agitator, a sentiment manufacturer. In its earlier stages the task had demanded just such impetuous, forceful leadership as Roose-

WESLEY L. JONES, OF WASHINGTON

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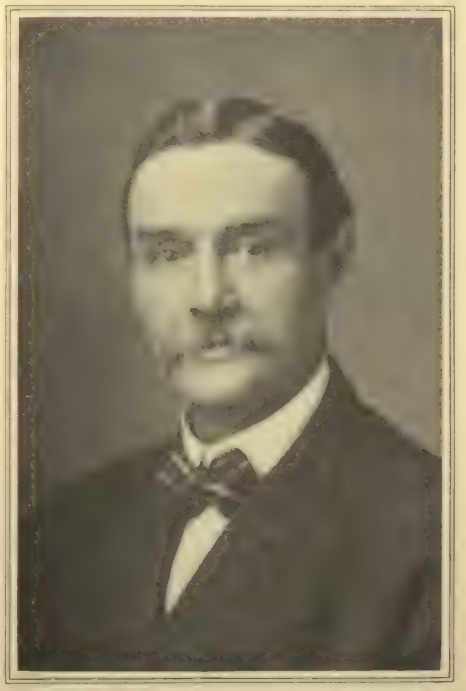


COE I. CRAWFORD, OF SOUTH DAKOTA

From a photograph by Oviatte, Huron, South Dakota

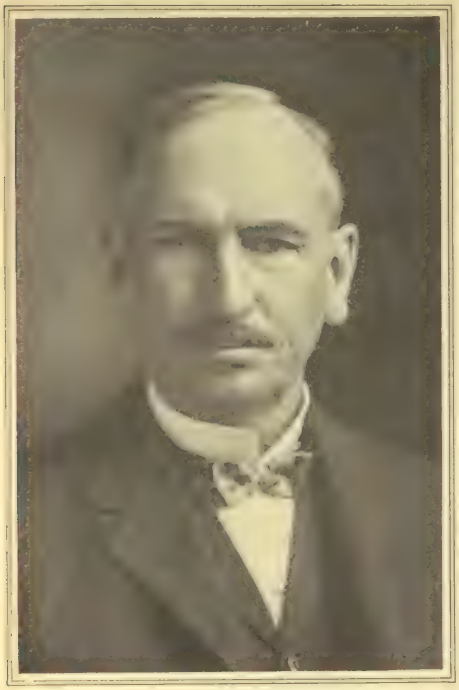
THREE NEW PROGRESSIVE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

velt's; the people wanted the work pressed forward into another stage; and they chose Taft for that task.

The people expect results from Taft, and they will not be disappointed. The work of construction will go forward just about in proportion to the impetus it receives from his insistence. Ours is the most conservative people in the world, working through the most conservative governmental system—a system of checks and balances in which the checks have developed marvelous efficiency. Precedent, archaic rules, partizan methods, still bar the way of progress. Some reforms are needed in the legislative machinery of both houses before they can keep pace with the demands of so thoroughly developed and intelligent a public sentiment as we now have.

For instance, the student of legislative evils is unable to decide whether unlimited debate in the Senate, or the elimination of debate in the House, is the worse. He gives up in despair, unable to conclude which body is more urgently in need of some practical reform. He finds that procedure and management have developed in precisely opposite directions in the two bodies. Our constitution-makers

ALBERT B. CUMMINS, OF IOWA, THRICE GOVERNOR OF HIS STATE, WHO WILL BE ONE OF THE PROMINENT NEW SENATORS IN THE NEXT CONGRESS



THEODORE E. BURTON, OF OHIO, A LEADING FIGURE AMONG THE PROGRESSIVES

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

provided the Senate with a president; but the Senators, instead of letting him boss them, tied his hands. Our constitution-makers allowed the House to elect its own president—and then, instead of controlling their own creature, the Representatives let him become a czar. The Senate established the rule of making its own committees; the presiding officer has nothing to do with them. The House abdicated that tremendous power to its Speaker. Yet, in the development of the two processes, each branch has finally lost control of its committees, and made them greater than itself.

The House went in for closure, in order that it might do business in businesslike fashion, and in the end closure made it impossible to give businesslike consideration to anything. The Senate held out against closure, taking the chance of talking itself out of all right to participation in business, and in the end has made itself the great business body. And so on; the anomalies might be pointed out indefinitely.

Parliamentary reform is one of the things most needed in this country. It is needed in both branches of Congress; and it has been brought much nearer by the events of the last few years. Here, as in regard to a legislative program, accomplishment thus far has been mainly in the direction of developing public opinion, of educating, of making people understand the present situation and its most urgent needs.

How much progress has been made in a very short time may be judged from the popular change of sentiment toward House and Senate. A few years ago all the muck-rakers were busy with the Senate. It was anathema to them. They weren't particular whether it should be abolished, or fundamentally reorganized; but one thing or t'other must happen, else our liberties were lost. To-day, how different! The Senate, under spur of criticism, has demonstrated its capacity to do business, to give serious, effective consideration to legislation. The House, on the other hand, has presented a sorry spectacle of growing incompetency, of pathetic inefficiency. There is far more talk about reforming the House, just

BRAXTON B. COMER, GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA, ONE OF THE PROGRESSIVE MEN OF THE SOUTH

now, than about making over the Senate; and it is likely to produce results.

We shall have legislation along progressive lines about as fast as we get parliamentary reform. The House rules make the Speaker all-powerful; the Senate rules give control to the little group of elder statesmen who dominate the big committees. This method of controlling the Senate is far less understood than is the Speaker's power over the House by reason of his prerogative of making the committees. The Senate is conducted very much on the principle of a fine club of old gentlemen, in which the elders dominate by right of priority. To question their right so to do would be impolite; and in the Senate impoliteness is the highest crime.

"ELDER STATESMEN" OF THE SENATE

It would be impossible to get any two men entirely to agree as to who are the Senators constituting the ruling group. It is shadowy and shifting in membership; but that there is such a method of rule, and that there is such a group, no informed person would question. The method is simple. Privileged by their seniority in service, these chosen elders

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, OF WISCONSIN, ONE OF THE PROGRESSIVE AND INDEPENDENT MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

are allowed to determine the make-up of the committees. They apportion to themselves the best chairmanships and the controlling places on the great committees; and controlling the great committees — Appropriations, Finance, Judiciary, Rules, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, and the like — they control legislation. That is all there is to it. The system is non-partizan. The Democratic elders receive just as much consideration as do the Republican veterans; they get what they demand on the minority side of the great committees.

It is easier to illustrate how this little group rules than to specify who belong to it.

The late William Boyd Allison was a Senator longer than any other man in the nation's history. As father of the Senate, he was chairman of the Republican caucus, head of the Republican steering committee, and chairman of the Appropriations Committee. He dictated the

SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, OF INDIANA, WHO WAS ONE OF THE FIRST MEN IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE TO CHAMPION THE NEW AND PROGRESSIVE IDEAS

"committee on committees," which arranges the committee list for the Senate. He was the titular head of the scheme of things.

Aldrich, of Rhode Island, has long stood at the head of the Finance Committee, of which Allison used to be the second member, and which is probably the most important in the Senate. Hale, of Maine, heads Naval Affairs, and before this is in print will doubtless have been promoted to chairman of Appropriations, in succession to Allison.

Take Judiciary, one of the very great committees. As made up last session it included, on the Republican side, Depew, of New York; Foraker, of Ohio; Kittredge, of South Dakota; Fulton, of Oregon. Depew and Foraker have passed into the shadows, and it seems to be assured that after the conclusion of their present terms they will not continue in public life. Kittredge and Fulton have both been defeated in their States, and will not be returned. Why? Because they were just the sort of men whom the elder statesmen select to fill out such important committees.

Kittredge and Fulton hadn't become elder statesmen as yet. They were apprentices; given more years and service, and they would have grown into vacancies at the top of the scheme. Each was defeated because the general impression got abroad in his State that he was too sympathetic with the elders to be effectively progressive. These four men, all going out because of the public's disaffection with them, constituted half the Republican membership of this big committee. The case of Judiciary handsomely illustrates how the elders control things, and also how the people are wresting control from him.

NEW MEN COMING TO THE FRONT

A good many changes have recently been made in the Senate personnel for the same reasons which actuated their States in dispensing with Senators Fulton and Kittredge. There were Millard, of Nebraska, who didn't believe in railroad regulation; Long, of Kansas, who tried most sincerely to live up to an eleventh-hour conversion to progressivism, but whose intellectual processes could no more adapt themselves to it than could the hands of your watch to running backward; Ankeny, of Washington, who from all accounts spent enough money to deserve a reelection, but in whom no other shadow of qualification for a Senatorial seat was ever discovered; Hemenway, of Indiana; and others. Representing the new sentiment, the progressive idea, the Senate has gained such men as Bristow, of Kansas; Brown, of Nebraska; Crawford, of South Dakota; Cummins, of Iowa; Jones, of Washington, Chamberlain, of Oregon; La Follette, of Wisconsin, and Borah, of Idaho. Beveridge, of Indiana, has been there longer, a pioneer of the new school, gradually seeing his force grow and his power of protest gain recruits.

It is not possible that the present organization of Senate committees will continue much longer without long-smoldering revolt bursting into flame. Men like La Follette get insignificant committee posts; men like Long and Kittredge get important places. The protest will come, probably soon, in the form of an open fight for reorganization of the committees and for an equitable distribution of the labor, the distinction, and the power of Senatorial office.

Here is Mr. Aldrich overworking himself with duties as member of the great committees on Finance, Cuban Relations, Inter-State Commerce, and Rules, besides two others of less importance. Mr. Foraker is weighted down with the onerous duties of six strictly first-class committees. Senator Hale has seven committees, five of them highly important; Senator Penrose, seven hard-working committees, three of them being of the first class; and so on through the list of those who are favored with the work—and the power.

These men do work hard; there is no denying that. They are gluttons for work, these ambitious elders who want to hold all the strings in their own fingers. They keep the control of the great, potential committees within their narrow circle, and so they keep control of the Senate's business. They bar vigorous and capable young men from places they want and would ornament, because, forsooth, the younger men might not be entirely "reliable." So La Fol-

lette is chairman of the Committee to Investigate the Condition of the Potomac River-Front at Washington. He has no first-class committee assignment, and, but for a certain genius for keeping himself busy, he would be without serious occupation. Mr. La Follette's State, and a large number of people elsewhere, incline to believe him capable of doing part of the work which is overburdening the elders; but he doesn't get the chance.

Here is the tyranny of the Senate system. The dominating elders do the work rather than trust it to "unreliable" persons who might start embarrassing things. There will be reform when the "unreliables" muster strength and determination and impoliteness enough to smash precedents and reorganize the committee list. They have been getting ready for it for some years. They are nearer than ever before. But as to committing the overt act, to turning against sacred tradition, to being impolite—it is an awful thing to contemplate!

That is the Senate situation. In the House, there are the rules, which need revision. Unlimited debate was bad for the House; no debate at all is worse for it. What is needed is an amendment of the rules by which the House will restore to itself the privilege of being ruled by the majority of its own members. It has abdicated that privilege at present; it will not be worthy of its place as the popular branch of the national legislature until it resumes self-governing functions.

The people have been doing a good deal, of late, to encourage the cause of reform in the House. They declined to renominate Jenkins, of Wisconsin, devoted and unquestioning protagonist of the splendidly conservative theory that the Constitution is "ag'in everything"; Cousins, of Iowa, famous for his characterization of the insurgents in his home State as "rodents of reform"; and Bede, of Minnesota, as humorous a Tory as ever cracked a joke while scuttling a legislative ship.

At the polls, the people proceeded with their work by defeating Hepburn, of Iowa, chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Committee. Be it said to Colonel Hepburn's credit that under the inspiration of Roosevelt's leadership he had joined the progressives; but the change was so sudden that it seems to have dazed his constituents. Before they had had time to be convinced of the sincerity of the conversion, they had visited upon this fine old lion of debate the penalty of his twenty-year service in the cause of—well, at least of extreme conservatism. Another man who went down was Overstreet, of Indiana, chairman of the Post-Office Committee. Another was McCleary, of Minnesota, now twice defeated because he was so certain that his district was a stand-pat community on the tariff question, while the voters ignorantly but persistently urged revision. Still another was Landis, of Indiana, also a devout believer in the sacred schedules.

In fact, the people managed to punish a considerable number of the men who had come to be regarded as integral parts of the House machine. They gave distinct impetus to the sentiment in favor of reform in the House—of liberalizing the rules, and of making the Speaker the servant rather than the master of the members. Whether such reform will come during the régime of Cannon is doubtful; but it will come at least simultaneously with the election of his successor in the Speaker's chair.

PUBLICITY IN POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS

There is yet another department of public affairs in which decided improvement has developed because of the popular demand for improvement. That is the management of national political campaigns. It has been made pretty apparent, I think, that money will play less part in national campaigns hereafter than heretofore. Public opinion forced both national committees to agree on publishing their campaign contributions; and before another national election there will doubtless be a law for publicity before the election.

Compare Hitchcock with Hanna, and you will have a conception of the change that has come over political methods. Hanna made a national campaign a huge financial enterprise. He wanted the Presidential nomination for Mr. McKinley, and so he financed Mr. McKinley into it. He wanted the election, and he financed his party to success. That

was the only process which appealed to politicians of the Hanna school; and it did not cause any great resentment in the public mind.

Things have changed. The old men and the old ideas are passing. The public sees things in a new light; politics and politicians must conform to new conditions. Parliamentary reform is sadly needed to remove the brake from the legislative wheels, and to let the Congressional machine grind out the laws which will give substance to sentiment. The process will be slow and disappointing. But an optimistic friend from the prairies explained the situation the other day in this wise:

"The country has brought a mighty big pile of straw to the business end of the government's thrashing-machine. It's got to be run through. The machine ain't in any too good shape for such a job, an' it may need some fixing; but these chaps got it into the shape it's in, and they know how to fix it. They'll do it; they like their jobs too well. No question about their willingness to start whenever they're real sure they see the pile of straw. Well, they see it this time!"

The hour has struck when the great program of progressive, constructive policies is to be pressed forward. The country demands it, the parties are pledged to it, the incoming administration is bound to it both by obligation and by sympathy. Neither the policies of reaction nor the men who stand for them can prevail against the united power of able, sincere leadership backed by the national conscience and the national convictions.

THE CRISIS IN GERMANY

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

MANY Americans and Englishmen have only a vague notion as to the significance of what happened in Germany a few weeks ago. They were astonished when one of the Kaiser's interviews aroused so deep a feeling among the German people. A highly dramatic scene took place in the Reichstag, when, during a session of two days, member after member arose and in the frankest possible language declared that William II had gone too far; that his free way of speaking was dangerous to the interests of the empire; and that Chancellor von Bülow ought to be held responsible for all the acts and utterances of his imperial master.

Meanwhile, the chancellor and the other ministers of state said very little; and the storm at last blew over. When the Kaiser, who had been hunting not far from Kiel, returned to Berlin, he showed no symptoms of irritation, but caused it to be announced in a very amicable spirit that hereafter, whatever he did in relation to foreign affairs should be done through his chancellor and other state officials.

All this seemed in the highest degree surprising to those who, in the first place, underestimated the fundamental good sense and the strong character of William II, and who had been accustomed to think of the German Empire as a purely autocratic government, swayed absolutely by the personal impulses of its imperial head. They recalled other utterances of the Kaiser's which seemed much more open to criticism, yet which had caused no excitement, at least in Germany. They remembered how, in 1895, he had sent his famous telegram of congratulation to President Kruger when the Boers captured the Jameson raiders. This was taken in England as a direct affront to the English people. Great Britain mobilized a flying squadron. The British war-office bestirred itself, and British statesmen as eminent as Mr. Chamberlain said some very pointed

things about the Germans and their emperor.

More than once have the Kaiser's speeches given umbrage to France. Just before our war with Spain, his brother, Prince Henry, then in command of a German squadron at Hong-Kong, acted in a manner which offended Commodore Dewey and his officers, and through him the American people. Every one remembers the tactless conduct of the German Admiral von Diedrich during the long siege of Manila. Only a few months ago, a letter from the Kaiser to Lord Tweedmouth, a member of the British cabinet, renewed the anti-German agitation in England. Yet none of these things seemed to affect the German people. The emperor did and said whatever he pleased, and no one seemed to feel that he had exceeded his imperial prerogatives.

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" INTERVIEW

Now, however, because of an interview which he gave to a British diplomat, and the publication of which by the London *Daily Telegraph* was authorized by him, all Germany has been stirred to its foundations. In this interview the Kaiser said: "You English are mad — mad as March hares—if you think that I am not your friend"; and then he went on to say that during the Boer War he had himself drawn up a plan of campaign, and, after submitting it to the general staff of the German army, had sent it to Queen Victoria. That discreet old lady, however, put it away in a convenient pigeonhole, and it never reached the military authorities in London. Nevertheless, this action of the Kaiser's, when it became known, produced the startling effect in Germany which has been chronicled at such length in the daily press.

First of all, it seemed to the Germans that, while the Kaiser might say anything he chose in a confidential letter to his grandmother, he had no right to employ the officers of the German army in preparing war plans for a foreign nation; and that when he gave out the facts in an interview, he made public a thing which should have been kept wholly private. What would have been the result, men asked, if he had done the same thing, not against the Boers, but against a leading nation—against France, for example, or the United States? The precedent was a dangerous one. If repeated, it might embroil Germany with powers of the first class, upset the empire's diplomatic policy, and perhaps even plunge the people into war. Hence they demanded of the Kaiser not to interfere with foreign affairs as an individual, but to conduct them regularly through the chancellor and the Foreign Office at Berlin.

THE POLITICAL STATUS OF GERMANY

In considering this question, it is worth while to give some account of the way in which the German Empire came to be established, and to set forth just how far, in theory, the Kaiser can act as an autocrat, as the Czar of Russia acts. A strange ignorance of this subject seems to exist among the majority of otherwise well-educated persons. As a matter of fact, there is a striking parallel between the constitution of the German Empire and that of our own country. The upper house, or Bundesrath, of the German parliament, represents the twenty-five states which make up the German Empire, precisely as our Senate represents the individual States of the American Union. The lower house, or Reichstag, represents the entire German people according to population, precisely as our House of Representatives represents the American people.

Each of the twenty-five German states is largely independent in its local affairs. The imperial government at Berlin, like the Federal government in Washington, deals with affairs which are broadly national and international. If, in the United States, our Constitution provided that the Governor of New York, as the head of the largest State, should be the President of the whole Union, this would find a precise analogy in the German Empire, of which the executive head is the King of Prussia, Prussia being the largest state.

But, constitutionally, the elected American President has more power than is given by the German constitution to the Kaiser. Our President can veto the acts of Congress, while the German Kaiser cannot veto the acts of the imperial parliament. The German ministry, like the American Cabinet, is appointed by the executive, and is responsible to him alone. The President can discharge any

Cabinet officer when he pleases; and in like manner the German Emperor can dismiss any of his ministers at will.

But here comes in a difference which is wholly in favor of our President. His acts are absolutely his own acts; and, in the last analysis, his Cabinet officers are merely his personal clerks or secretaries. On the other hand, the eighteenth article of the German constitution specifically provides that "no orders or acts of the Kaiser shall be valid unless they shall have been first countersigned by the imperial chancellor." Of course, should the chancellor refuse to countersign such orders, the emperor has always claimed the right to dismiss him and to choose a more pliant minister. Nevertheless, there is implied here a notion of responsibility, and an intimation that the emperor must act through official channels, and not through published interviews and conversations with private persons, or by orders directly given by him without the intervention of the officers of state.

The crisis which has lately occurred in Berlin shows that the Germans have been for a long time cherishing this doctrine of imperial responsibility. The interview in the *Daily Telegraph* merely afforded their desire for strictly constitutional government a chance to surge up like a great wave, and to make the emperor himself feel the depth and strength of the national sentiment. It is proof of his power and his high character that, instead of fuming and fussing, as a weaker man would probably have done, he frankly gave the most cordial assurances that he would hereafter be guided by the wishes of his people, as expressed through their chosen representatives.

This is a long step toward the kind of constitutionalism which prevails in England and France and Italy and nearly all the European countries. All over the world there is a strong drift toward ministerial responsibility to the legislature. One finds it in Canada, in the new Commonwealth of Australia, and it will prevail in the future South African state, when it shall have been organized into a federal government.

ONE-MAN POWER IN THE UNITED STATES

In the United States alone the tendency seems to be precisely the reverse. The American people show every year a greater impatience with the delays and the long-drawn-out debates of Congress. They seem more and more inclined to give supreme control into the hands of the President himself. This was shown, for instance, at the beginning of the Spanish War, when the emergency appropriation of fifty million dollars was placed at the disposal of the President directly. It again was shown when the government of the Philippines was turned over to President McKinley, without any legislative check upon his actions. It has been seen still more markedly during the seven years of Mr. Roosevelt's régime. Americans like a swift, effective way of doing things; and while their President holds office, and has their confidence, there is practically nothing that he may not do. With the nation behind him, he can dominate both Houses of Congress, and can bring about results with celerity and sureness.

Yet this, after all, when one comes to analyze it, is not a new phenomenon in the United States. Our Constitution is not being sapped. It is invoked mainly when we have a President who is weak and inefficient. Washington, for example, ruled what was then a small republic with the firmness and strictness of a monarch. Jefferson decided to purchase the Louisiana Territory without authority of Congress; and, in fact, against his own conviction that what he was doing was in violation of the fundamental law. He justified himself, as history has justified him, by the magnificence of the result which he accomplished.

Jackson again, that grim, unbending soldier, had the nation's confidence, and he ruled with a rod of iron. When South Carolina sought to nullify the Federal laws, the President prepared to conquer the recalcitrant State by force of arms. He even threatened to hang Calhoun, the Vice-President, who was encouraging sedition. Both South Carolina and Calhoun himself quailed before the impetuous vigor of that tremendous will. They knew that behind Jackson stood the nation as a whole.

The very highest pinnacle of personal power was attained by Lincoln, who, in the throes of civil war, summoned an army before Congress could be convened,

suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, refused to execute the order of the Chief Justice, and superseded the ordinary courts of law by military commissions. Yet here again he did these things with the approval of the people, and because he knew that the emergencies of war were his ample justification. But a President such as Fillmore or Buchanan—a man of no genius and lacking in decision—could have accomplished nothing. He would have found himself bound hand and foot by the literal meaning of the Constitution.

HOW GERMANY WAS UNITED

It is interesting to recall under what circumstances the present German Empire was established. It is a new creation, and has so far lasted only thirty-eight years. It was born in the midst of battle, when the greatest siege of history was still at its height. The armies of the German states encircled Paris with a hedge of steel. Fortifications and breastworks curved for fifty miles around the city, whose huge forts thundered night and day against the irresistible invaders. The war had been begun by the declaration of France against Prussia; but all the other German states, then independent, had made common cause with the Prussian king. Some of their rulers hated him. Some of their lands had, only four years earlier, been overrun by Prussian armies. But at the menace of a new Napoleon, they cast aside their local differences, remembering only their common origin and their German blood. German unity had been the dream of the Teutonic peoples for centuries, but never yet had it been achieved. The all-comprehending mind of Bismarck saw that this was the moment for welding together a great German state with the King of Prussia at its head.

Oddly enough, it was the Prussian monarch himself, old King William, who objected. There was strong objection, also, from the King of Bavaria—the dreamy and romantic Ludwig, who, later, died a madman's death. The Prussian crown prince, Frederick, likewise objected to a German Empire which would leave to the separate states so large a measure of independence. But the feeling for nationality was so strong that Bismarck gained his end. Unity at any cost was his watchword. He was willing to concede much if only an empire could be formed. And so, on December 4, 1870, King Ludwig was persuaded to write a letter to the Prussian king, asking him to assume the imperial title, not, however, as "Emperor of Germany," but as "German Emperor"—a subtle distinction which is in reality most important. On the 18th of January, 1871, while the forts of Paris were still rumbling sullenly, the Prussian king was crowned in the great Salle des Glaces at Versailles, in the presence of the minor kings and princes of united Germany.

Because, however, some of the states were reluctant to give up any of their sovereign powers, much had to be conceded. For example, although the population of Prussia is nearly seven times that of Bavaria, Bavaria has six votes in the upper house as against Prussia's seventeen. Furthermore, Bavaria controls her own army, whose soldiers swear allegiance to the Bavarian king and not to the German Kaiser. Finally, offensive war can be declared only with the consent of the upper house, which must also ratify all treaties.

Bismarck conceded these and many other things for the sake of accomplishing his one desire. He conceded so much as to offend his own sovereign, who, after the coronation was over, passed him by, refusing to accept his congratulations. But time has done its work. There is friction now and then between the minor states and the Kaiser's government, but there is no state, not even Bavaria, which would now secede from the German Empire. To Bavaria was given the chairmanship of one of the most important committees of the Bundesrath—the committee on international affairs. Bismarck managed so cleverly that, throughout his lifetime, this committee was never called together. Indeed, it was never called together until November last, as the result of the Kaiser's famous interview published in the *Daily Telegraph*. It was this step, perhaps, more than any other, which gave a momentous importance to the popular agitation.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE KAISER

As for the Kaiser himself, he has all the impatience of a strong, original leader

for the slow movements of legislative bodies. He once said: "Parliamentarism is a double-edged sword, which, nowadays, seems to do more harm than good." To a Russian ambassador he remarked: "After all, it is the monarch alone who gives stability to a nation's politics." More characteristic still is another utterance of his: "It is not talk-talk-talk, but do-do-do, that legislative bodies ought to be engaged in." Speaking to ex-President Harrison, who visited Berlin, ten years ago, the Kaiser said of the United States, with perfect frankness: "Your nation is an experiment—an intensely interesting one, I admit, but, after all, an experiment. Whether it will stand the storms of time as have the older monarchies of Europe, is something still to be decided."

Here is the Kaiser's personality brought out in a few pithy sentences. He believes in the one-man power as a last resort. Germany has been governed for more than thirty years by such a power, with its constitution partly in abeyance. It has flourished and expanded more than any other nation in the world, except the United States. It has founded colonies. It has become a great manufacturing and industrial center. Energy and thoroughness equal to the Kaiser's own, and stimulated by his example, have made Germany the commercial rival even of Great Britain. It stands firm as a rock in the center of continental Europe, and it so stands because, thus far, it has had to guide its destinies men of unusual genius and force of character.

In nothing has the Kaiser shown his greatness more than in the concession which he has just made to public sentiment. As has been officially declared, this is something more than a conquest over a party or a people. It is a conquest over his own impetuous, impulsive, and yet far-seeing self. If constitutionalism in the European sense, and strict ministerial responsibility, shall come to Germany, they, like many other great and splendid things which Germany possesses, will be the free gift of the emperor, who has been called medieval, but who in reality is marvelously modern.

CRUSADE

Helmet, buckler, prancing steed,
  Spear and coat of mail?
Holy war and daring deed
  For the Holy Grail?
No! To-day crusaders fight
For the truth and for the right!

Journeys to a distant land,
  Voyagers afar?
Perils of the desert sand,
  Storm-rent sail and spar?
No! Small need to range or roam,
Battle-grounds lie nearer home!

Mountain-tops with watch-fires lit,
  Sound of drum and fife?
Waving flags where names are writ—
  Sweetheart, maid and wife?
Yes! Still swells the battle-song:
"Shield the weak and right the wrong!"

Bloodless shall the warfare be—
  Words are wingèd darts;
Thoughts are things, as you shall see,
  Waking up men's hearts!
Onward! Be no soul dismayed,
God directs His grand crusade!

Clarence Urmy

EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE MOST ORIGINAL GENIUS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY MORRIS BACHELLER

IF we pass in review the whole body of those who have made a name for themselves in American literature, we shall probably have to say that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is the most popular. Should we ask which one is the most original, some might select Ralph Waldo Emerson, and not a few would select Walt Whitman; but, taking him all in all, most judges would agree that the palm for originality belongs to Edgar Allan Poe, who was born in Boston just one hundred years ago.

At the time of Poe's birth, his mother was filling a theatrical engagement in the New England city. The precise date of his entry into the world has been much controverted, and several authorities have placed it as having happened on February 19; but the question has been settled by the discovery in the Boston *Gazette* for February 9, 1809, of the following little paragraph:

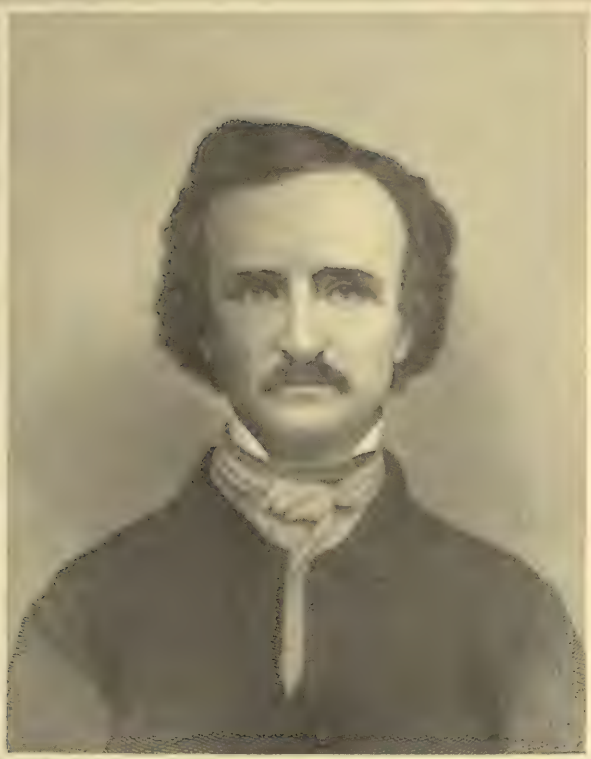
> We congratulate the frequenters of the theater on the recovery of Mrs. Poe from her recent confinement. This charming little actress will make her reappearance to-morrow evening.

Like most men of genius, Poe resembled his mother, who before her marriage was Miss Elizabeth Arnold. As an actress, she showed those qualities which were afterward far more conspicuous in her son. Like him, she was frail of figure, but she won the hearts of those who saw her by her archness, her romantic grace, and her exceeding sensitiveness.

This sensitiveness did much to make Edgar Allan Poe the remarkable master of prose and poetry that he afterward became. So susceptible was he to every impression, that we might call his nature almost feminine. In the world of imagination this quality stimulated all his powers. In the prosaic, external world of fact it made his life unhappy, and is responsible for the tragedy of his premature end. A man of more robust physique and of steadier nerves would have kept his friends, and would have established himself in a settled home; but it is doubtful whether any one save the Poe who really lived could have written "The Bells" and "The Raven," and some of the strangely romantic stories, such as his "Tales of the Arabesque and Grotesque," which have made his name immortal in both hemispheres.

One ought to remember this peculiar sensitiveness in judging him. The slightest roughness of speech roused him to uncontrollable irritation. The mere presence of a woman set his nerves aquiver with a sort of ecstasy. A tablespoonful of brandy unbalanced his self-control and sent him raving, where a normal man would have experienced no sensation whatsoever. And thus it happened that Poe was reputed to be an impossible person with whom no one could have any transactions whatsoever. This, too, is the reason why he was accused of excessive and numberless flirtations; and this, again, is the reason why he has been quite falsely styled a drunkard and a man of dissolute habits.

In reality, we should see in him only a pathetic figure, living from hand to mouth, unable to retain any definite position, condemned to drudge as a literary hack, and at last to die in a hos-



EDGAR ALLAN POE

From an engraving by Wilcox after a daguerreotype which gives probably the most faithful likeness of Poe

EDGAR ALLAN POE

From an engraving by Sartain after a portrait which belonged to Rufus W. Griswold, the first biographer of Poe

pital at Baltimore, whither he had been carried by strangers who had found him in a gutter. He was buried in the cemetery of Westminster Church, near the grave of his grandfather, General David Poe, who served in the Revolution and in the War of 1812.

THE GROWING FAME OF POE

At the time he seemed only a failure — a writer who had much cleverness, yet nothing more. To-day his fame is growing with each year until his works have been rendered into almost every foreign language, including Swedish and Bohemian, Danish and Russian. He is read in South America. That brilliant genius, Baudelaire, translated much of what Poe wrote into French that is almost as remarkable as the original English. Many British critics have agreed with Dr. William Minto in calling him "the most interesting figure in American literature."

He is at any rate the most original, and, in fact, he is unique. Walt Whitman is to be styled eccentric rather than original. It is in spite of Whitman's unconventionality that he is admired by those who do admire him. We ought not to forget that mere eccentricity is within the reach of every one. The dullest person can excite notice by wearing his clothes inside out, by painting his face blue, and by shouting where others speak in ordinary tones. This in itself is no sign of genius. Much less does it denote originality. If Walt Whitman was a genius, it was not because he cast away the forms with which poetry had clothed itself for centuries. It was because he had something to say which was new and fresh and stimulating, and which therefore has won him readers even among those who dislike his taste for the bizarre. As for Emerson, he crystallized in brilliant phrases the wisdom which had belonged to men before him. His originality is largely that of phrasing.

THE MUSIC OF POE'S VERSE

But Poe, sensitive almost to the point of neurasthenia, stands quite alone, not merely in our literature, but in all literature. His exquisite sense of harmony was able to evoke from our language combinations of words which, as Tennyson said of poetry, keep continually ringing "little bells of change." The ear is ravished, and yet one cannot quite tell why, even after the last analysis has been made. The wonderful haunting power of his finest lines is unequaled, except perhaps in some few parts of Coleridge's dream-poem, "Kubla Khan," which is said to have been composed while the author was stupefied by opium.

It was this extraordinary gift, this wizard-like command of tinkling, silvery words and cadences, which stirred Emerson to impatience and led him to call Poe "the jingle-man." But if Emerson did not appreciate it, the world at large has done so; and some of Poe's woven harmonies represent the supreme effort of our language in pure music. He was himself conscious of his gift, and expressed its nature in some words that deserve quotation:

> It is in music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles —the creation of supernal beauty. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which cannot have been unfamiliar to the angels.

The truth of this is felt when one reads "Lenore," or the haunting, hopeless melody of "Ulalume."

There is little need to speak of what he did in prose. Here, too, his sensitiveness is scarcely less conspicuous, while his imagination, at times grotesque, at other times romantic, plays like summer lightning through the pages which one most readily recalls. Professor Barrett Wendell has noted the fact that Poe's first published volume, "Tamerlane," bears almost the same title as that of the first tragedy written by Christopher Marlowe, "Tamburlaine." This coincidence suggests, declares Professor Wendell, a real analogy:

> Poe and Marlowe alike were men of extraordinary power and of reckless personal habits; alike they produced work which will always enrich the literature of the language in which it is written. Both, after troublesome, irregular careers, died miserably in public places. It is only as each has receded into tradition that his earthly immortality has become assured.

THE WHITE SISTER*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "FAIR MARGARET," "THE PRIMA DONNA," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

A SUDDEN and terrible misfortune has overtaken Angela Chiaromonte. Her father, the head of an old Roman house, has been killed in a street accident; and the dead man's sister-in-law, the Marchesa del Prato, has told the young girl that she is not her father's legitimate daughter, and that therefore—unless a will in her favor should be discovered—she will not inherit a penny of the family estate. It appears that in the controversy between church and state in Italy, the prince was so devoted an adherent of the papal cause that he refused to be married by civil ceremony, and to register his daughter's birth as required by the government regulations. In consequence, it is true that in the eye of the law she is illegitimate.

The *marchesa*—who hates Angela because she herself had desired the late prince for a husband, and had made a loveless match with his younger brother when the elder Chiaromonte married another—follows up this disclosure by warning her niece that she need expect no help from the family, and by recommending her to apply to one of the two convents on which her dead father had lavished money. Angela has two friends—Giovanni Severi, a young officer whom she loves and hopes to marry, and Mme. Bernard, her old French governess. To the latter, in her distress and perplexity, she turns for advice.

IV

IT was not till Angela was up-stairs in her own room, and was trying to repeat to her old governess just what had been said, that she began to realize what it meant. Mme. Bernard was by turns horrified, righteously angry, and moved to profound pity. At first she could not believe her ears, but when she did she invoked the divine wrath on the inhuman monster who had the presumption to call herself a woman, a mother, and an aunt. Finally she folded Angela in a motherly embrace and burst into tears, promising to protect her at the risk of her own life—a promise she would really have kept if the girl had been in bodily danger.

In her secret heart the little Frenchwoman was also making some reflections on the folly and obstinacy of the late prince, but out of sheer kindness and tact she kept them to herself for the present. Meanwhile she said that she would go and consult one of the great legal lights, to whose daughters she had lately given lessons, and who had always been very kind to her. It was nonsense, she said, to believe that the prince's brother could turn Angela out of her home without making provision for her—such a liberal provision as would be considered a handsome dowry—four hundred thousand francs would be the very least. The *commendatore* was a judge in the court of appeals and knew everything. He would not even need to consult his books! His brain was an encyclopædia of the law! She would go to him at once.

But Angela shook her head as she sat looking at the small wood fire in the old-fashioned red-brick fireplace. Now that she had told her story, she saw how very sure the princess and the lawyer must have been to speak as they had both spoken.

But Mme. Bernard put on her hat and went out to see the judge, who was generally at home late in the afternoon; and Angela sat alone in the dusk for a while, poking her little fire with a pair of very rusty wrought-iron tongs, at least three hundred years old, which would have de-

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lighted a collector, but which were so heavy and clumsy that they hurt her hands.

Her aunt's piece of advice came back to her; she had better ask to be taken in at one of the convents which her father had enriched, and where she would be received without a dowry. She knew them both, and both were communities of cloistered nuns. The one was established in a gloomy, medieval fortress in the heart of the city, built round a little garden that looked as unhealthy as the old prioress's muddy-complexioned face; the other was shut up in a hideous, modern building that had no garden at all. She felt nothing but a repugnance that approached horror when she thought of either, though she tried to reprove herself for it because her father had given so much money to the sisters, and had always spoken of them to her as "holy women." No doubt they were; doubtless, too, St. Anthony of Thebes had been a holy man, though it would have been unpleasant to share his cell, or even his meals.

Angela felt that if she was to live on bread, water, and salads, she might as well have liberty with her dinner of herbs. It was heartless to think of marrying, no doubt, when her father had not yet been dead a week; but since she was forced to take the future into consideration, she felt sure that Giovanni would marry her without a penny, and that she should be perfectly happy with him. She could well afford to laugh at the princess's advice so long as Giovanni was alive. He was coming to see her tomorrow, she would tell him everything, and when the year of her mourning expired they would be married.

The question was what she was to do in the mean time, since it was quite clear that she must soon leave the home in which she had been brought up. Like all people who have never been face to face with want, or any state of life even distinctly resembling poverty, she had a vague idea that something would be provided for her. It was not till she tried to define what that something was to be that she felt a little sinking at her heart; but the cheering belief soon returned, that the whole affair was a mistake, unless it was a pure invention of her aunt's, meant to frighten her into abandoning her rights. In a little while Mme. Bernard would come back, beaming with satisfaction, with a message from the learned judge to say that such injustice and robbery were not possible under enlightened modern laws; and Angela smiled to think that she could have been so badly frightened by a mad woman and an obsequious old lawyer.

Decidedly, in spite of her gift for remembering prayers and litanies, the mere thought of a cloistered life repelled her. Like most very religiously brought up girls, she had more than once fancied that she was going to have a "vocation" for the veil; but a sensible confessor had put that out of her head, discerning at once in her mental state those touches of maiden melancholy which change the look of the young life for a day or a week, as the shadow of a passing cloud saddens a sunlit landscape. It was characteristic of Angela that the possibility of becoming a nun as a refuge from present and future trouble did not present itself to her seriously, now that trouble was really imminent. She was too buoyant by nature, her disposition was too even and sensible; and, above all, she was too courageous to think of yielding tamely to the fate her aunt wished to impose upon her.

It might have been expected that she would at least break down for a little while that afternoon and have a good cry in her solitude, while Mme. Bernard was on her errand to the judge; but she did not, though there was a moment when she felt that tears were not far off. By way of keeping them back she went into her bedroom, lit a candle, and knelt down to recite the prayers she had selected to say daily for her father. They were many, some of them were beautiful, and more than half of them were centuries old. Her conviction that the very just man was certainly in heaven already did not make it seem wholly useless to pray for him. No one could be quite sure of what happened in paradise; and, in any case, if he was in no need of such intercession himself, she was allowed to hope that grace might overflow and avail to help some poor soul in purgatory, by means of the divine indulgence.

Mme. Bernard came back at last, but

there was consternation in her kindly face, for the great legal light had confirmed every word the princess and her lawyer had said to Angela, and had shrugged his shoulders at the suggestion that a will might still be found. He had told the governess plainly that a man married to a woman only by a religious ceremony was not legally her husband, and that his children had neither name nor rights, unless he went through the legal form of recognizing them before the proper authorities. If the parents died without making a will, the children had no claim whatever on the estate, unless they had been properly recognized. If there was a will, however, they might inherit, even if they had not been legitimized, provided that no lawful heirs of the testators were living.

Furthermore, the *commendatore* had expressed great surprise that the late prince should not have been warned of his daughter's irregular position by his legal advisers. It only showed, he said, how necessary the law was, since people who disregarded it got into such terrible trouble.

The French teacher instinctively felt that there was something wrong with the final syllogism, but it was only too clear that the *commendatore* knew his business, and that unless a legally executed will were found on the morrow Angela had not the smallest chance of getting a penny from the great estate her father had left.

"If they are so inhuman as to turn you out of your home without providing for you," Mme. Bernard said, with tears in her eyes, "I do not see what you are to do, my dear child. I am ashamed to offer you the little spare room I sometimes let to single foreign ladies—and yet—if you would take it—ah, you would be so welcome! It is not a bad exposure—it has the sun on it all day, though there is only one window. The carpet is getting a little threadbare, but the curtains are new and match the furniture—a pretty flowered chintz, you know. And I will make little dishes for you, since you have no appetite! A *navarin,* my dear, I make it well, and a real *fricassée!* We Frenchwomen can all cook! The *navarin* was my poor husband's predilection—when he had eaten one made by me, he used to say that the fleshpots of Egypt were certainly the *navarin* and nothing else. But when I am alone it is not worth while to take so much trouble. An egg, five sous' worth of ham and brawn, and a roll—that suffices me when I am alone. But if you will accept the little room—ah, then I will put on an apron and go into the kitchen, and you shall taste the French cookery of a Frenchwoman!"

Angela was not listening to all this, for she was too much touched by the generous intention to hear half of what Mme. Bernard said, and she could only press the little governess's hand again while she tried to edge in a word of thanks between the quick sentences.

"And as for the rest," Mme. Bernard ran on, "I have chaperoned half the young girls in Roman society to concerts and to the dentist's, and I have a nice little sitting-room, and there is no reason in the world why Count Severi should not come to see us, until you can be married!"

This, at least, did not escape Angela, who squeezed the small, plump hand very hard, and at last succeeded in speaking herself.

"You are too good!" she cried. "Too kind! If it turns out to be true, if I am really to be a beggar, I would rather beg of you than of distant cousins and people I know. Besides, they are all so afraid of my aunt's tongue that not one of them would dare to take me in, even for a week! But I will not come unless you will let me work to help you, in some way—I do not know how. Is there nothing I know well enough to teach?"

"Oh, la, la!" cried Mme. Bernard. "Will you please not say such things, my dear? As if it were not the greatest happiness in the world you will be giving me, a lonely old woman, to come and live with me, and help me take care of the parrot and water the carnations in the window every evening at sunset, and learn how to make a *navarin!* Work? Oh, yes! You shall work, my dear child! If you think it is easy to please a parrot, try it! I only say that!"

"I will do my best," Angela said, smiling. "To-morrow, at this hour, we shall know what is to happen."

"What has happened, has happened,"

said Mme. Bernard, as calmly as any Hindu, though she was not a fatalist. "Even if there is a paper somewhere, do you think the *marchesa* will not be the first to find it and tear it to a thousand bits? No, I will not call her 'Princess Chiaromonte'! I, who knew your mother, my dear! Trust me, if there is a will in the sealed rooms, the *marchesa* will discover it before any one!"

Angela thought that this might be true, for she had a most vivid recollection of her aunt's look and voice during the late interview. The more she thought of the immediate future, the clearer it became to her that she must accept her old governess's offer of shelter for the present. She could not bring herself to beg a lodging and the bare necessaries of life from any of those people whom she had called her friends.

There were at least half a dozen girls with whom she had been intimate at the Sacred Heart, and during the past winter; and some of them were connections of her father's and would be profoundly shocked to learn what her position now was. No doubt their parents would take her in for a few days. Very possibly they would do more than that, and would formally protest to her aunt and uncle against the treatment she had received. But could she stay with any of them longer than a week on such a footing? Would she be anything better than a waif, not knowing where she could sleep or get a meal a few days hence? No; her only choice lay between accepting Mme. Bernard's offer and presenting herself as a candidate for charity at one of the two convents her father had protected. Afterward, a year hence or more, when she should be married to Giovanni Severi, she would find some means of repaying the generous woman, without hurting her feelings. Until then, she must accept the kindness and be thankful that it came from such a true friend.

She had no intention of showing herself down-stairs the next day, when the seals were to be removed and the papers examined. If she had cherished any illusion as to the existence of a document in her favor, Mme. Bernard's last speech had effectually destroyed it, which was the best thing that could have happened. At least, she was sure of Giovanni, and a year must pass in a year's time! That was axiomatic; and when the twelve months were over, he and she would be quietly married. She would not bring him a handsome dowry, as she had fully expected to do, and though his father was well off, there were other children, so that she could not expect to be rich; but what difference could that make to two young people who loved each other? Evidently, none at all.

It rained all the morning, and Angela spent most of the time in a sort of apathy, so far as her companion could see, sitting still for an hour with a book she did not read, then moving about to rooms in an objectless way only to go back to her chair in a few minutes and to sit motionless again before the smoldering wood fire.

Mme. Bernard, on the contrary, was very busy in making preparations to take her away if a sudden move should be necessary. Though the servants were evidently informed of what was taking place, she succeeded in getting a couple of trunks and a valise brought up, and she began to pack them with clothing from Angela's wardrobe, taking only such things as would be useful in the quiet life of mourning the girl was to lead for a year.

The maid had disappeared, presumably to look for a place, and when it was time for luncheon it was not without difficulty that Mme. Bernard got a footman to bring something cold on a tray. It was quite clear by this time that the whole household knew the truth, and expected Angela to leave the palace that day; and the little woman paused more than once in her packing to shake her fist at the slim visions of the Princess Chiaromonte that crossed the field of her imagination.

Down-stairs, matters proceeded as she had foreseen. The princess, two lawyers, a notary, and several clerks had removed the seals and locked themselves in the inner apartment to examine the papers and such valuables as were there; but it is needless to say that they found nothing in the nature of a will, nor any document even expressing a wish on the part of the deceased. The notary observed that it was very strange, but one of the lawyers shrugged his shoulders and smiled, while

the other asked why, in the nature of things, a man so young and healthy as the late prince should have been expected to make careful preparations against his sudden demise when he might well expect to live thirty years longer.

The princess said nothing, and her husband did not appear. Indeed, he never did, and on all occasions of importance, like the present, the princess was provided with a power of attorney to represent him, speak for him, decide for him, and sign documents for him. There were many stories about him in society, none of which contained more than the merest particle of truth. Some people said he was mad, others maintained that he was paralyzed; there were those who confidently asserted that his face was disfigured by an unsightly claret mark, and it was even suggested that he was a leper. When any of these tales were repeated to his wife by dear friends, she answered that he was very well and had just gone to the Abruzzi to look after one of the large holdings of the estate, or that he was in Hungary, shooting with distant cousins who had lands there, or that, if the truth must be known, he had a touch of the influenza, and would probably run down to Sicily for a change, as soon as he was able to travel.

Angela herself had not seen him since she had been a mere child. She remembered that once, when she was at her aunt's, a tall, pale man with a thoughtful face had passed through the room quickly without paying the least attention to any one. She had asked her small cousins who he was, and had been told in an awe-struck whisper that it was their father. That was probably the only time she had ever laid eyes on him; and, somehow, she did not connect him with what was happening to her now. It was all her aunt's doing. The thin and thoughtful man had not looked as if he were heartless; he would not have allowed his brother's child to be turned out a beggar under the letter of the law.

The princess's most intimate and affectionate enemies had not succeeded in fathoming the mystery. Two of them, who were connections of her husband's, had once had a theory that she had locked him up and kept him a prisoner for her own ends. A similar case had then recently occurred in Palermo, where a widowed lady and her daughter had been kept in confinement during several years, and almost starved to death, by the wicked steward of their estates. Accordingly, the aforesaid connections had appealed to the chief of secret police for information about their relative; but in a few days he had been able to tell them confidently that the Marchese del Prato was in good health and quite free, that he was an enthusiastic scholar, and was writing an exhaustive work on the mythology of Pindar's "Odes," and that there was no cause for any anxiety about him. So that matter was settled forever.

At half past three o'clock the princess went away, leaving the lawyers and clerks to finish their work, for she was more than satisfied that no will nor any similar document would be found among the late prince's papers, and everything else was mere formality. The regular inventories would be made later, when the succession duties had to be paid, but meanwhile there was nothing to hinder her from taking possession in her husband's name. Before leaving the palace she sent for the butler, and told him that "Signorina Angela" was to be requested to "remove her effects" the next day. She further condescended to inform him that the *signorina* had been ascertained to be a nameless foundling, who had no share in the inheritance and must shift for herself, as it was not the intention of the prince to support such a person.

The butler had learned something of the great Roman families during a brilliant career in the servants' hall, and he could have told some singularly romantic tales, but he had never had experience of anything like this. He tried to look at the princess for a moment before he answered her, but he could not face her glittering eyes.

"Very well, excellency," he said, bowing. "Is the young lady to have her meals here till she leaves? The French governess is also staying in the house."

"Send them up something from the servants' dinner," the princess answered.

"Very well, excellency."

But the butler looked after her with considerable curiosity, watching her graceful figure as she went down the grand staircase and holding the swinging

door open on the landing till she was out of sight. Then he went in again, looked round the empty hall, and spoke aloud, asking a question that has never had any answer.

"Women, women—who can understand you?"

V

HALF an hour later Giovanni Severi entered the gate below in civilian's dress and asked if he could see Mme. Bernard, the French teacher, who had let him know that she was stopping in the palace. The porter told him to ring at the right-hand door on the second landing, but added that it was doubtful whether any one would let him in, as there was "confusion in the house."

Mme. Bernard was waiting for him, however; he had arrived punctually, and she let him in herself.

"Have you heard, *monsieur?*" she asked, before he could speak. "Do you know what is happening?"

"Yes," he answered. "All Rome knows it by this time, for the story was in the morning papers. May I see Donna Angela?"

"Come, *monsieur.*"

She had fastened the outer door while he was speaking, and she now led the way without any more words.

Angela knew Giovanni's step at a distance, and when he entered she was standing in the middle of the room. He had never before seen her in black, and she was paler than usual. He looked anxiously into her face as he took her hand, and she, meeting his eyes expectantly, saw a change in them. Neither spoke at first, and in the silence Mme. Bernard passed them and went into the next room, shutting the door after her.

"Have you heard?" Angela asked, still standing and still holding Giovanni's hand.

"Yes. It is in all the papers to-day. There is an outcry. If your aunt shows herself in the streets, she will be hissed. But she has the law on her side. I have been to two lawyers to inquire."

He spoke in short sentences, nervously, and when he stopped he bit his mustache.

"There is something else," Angela answered. "I see it in your eyes. There is something I do not know—some still worse news. Sit down there by the fire opposite me, and tell me everything, for I am not afraid. Nothing can frighten me now."

She seated herself where she had sat more than half the day, and he took the chair to which she had pointed. While she waited for him to speak, she poked the small green logs with the antiquated tongs, and watched the sparks that flew upward with every touch.

He looked at her in silence, forgetting everything for a while, except that he was really alone with her, almost for the first time in his life. He changed his position, and bent forward with his elbows on his knees and his hands together, so that he was nearer to her. Without turning her face from the fire, she saw him in a side-glance, but made no answering motion.

"Tell me what it is," she said softly. "Only one thing could hurt me now."

"It is hard to tell," he answered in rather a dull voice.

She misunderstood, and turned to him slowly with wondering and frightened eyes. Her hand weakened, without quite losing its hold, and the ends of the clumsy tongs clattered on the brick hearth. The doubt that had sprung upon her like a living thing as soon as she saw Giovanni began to dig its claws into her very heart.

"If it is so hard to tell," she said, "it must be that one thing!" She turned resolutely to the fire again. "If it is to be good-by, please go away quietly and leave me alone."

The words were not all spoken before he had caught her arm, so suddenly that the old tongs fell on the bricks with a clang. Like him, she had been leaning forward in her low chair, and as he drew her to him she involuntarily slipped from her seat and found herself kneeling on one knee beside him. She gave a little cry, more of surprise than of displeasure or timidity, but he did not heed her. While he still held her with his right hand, his left stole round her neck, to bring her face nearer.

But she resisted him almost fiercely. She set both her hands against his chest and pushed herself from him with all her might; and the red blush rose even to her forehead at the thought of the

kiss she almost saw on his lips—a kiss that hers had never felt. He meant nothing against her will, and when he felt that she was matching her girl's strength against his, as if she feared him, his arms relaxed and he let her go.

She sprang to her feet like a young animal released, and leaned against the mantelpiece, breathing hard, and fixing her burning eyes on the old engraving of St. Ursula, asleep in a queer four-post bedstead with her crown at her feet. But instead of rising to stand beside her, Giovanni leaned back in his chair, his hands crossed over one knee; and instead of looking up to her face, he gazed steadily down at the hem of her long black skirt, where it lay motionless across the wolf's skin that served for a hearth-rug.

"What is it?" she asked, after a long pause, and rather unsteadily.

He understood that she was going back to the question she had asked him at first, but still he did not answer. She kept her eyes steadily on St. Ursula while she spoke again.

"If it is not good-by, what is it that is so hard to say?"

"I have had a long talk with my father."

Angela moved a little and looked down at his bent head, for he spoke in an almost despairing tone. She thought she understood him at last.

"He will not hear of our marriage, now that I am a beggar," she said, prompting him.

But Giovanni raised his face at once, and rather proudly.

"You are unjust to him," he said. "He is not changed. It is a very different matter. He has had a great misfortune, and has lost almost all he had, without much hope of recovering anything. We were very well off, and I should have had a right to marry you, though you had not a penny, if this had not happened. As it is, my father is left with nothing but his general's pension to support my mother. My brothers will both need help for years to come, for they are much younger than I am, and I must live on my pay if I mean to stay in the service."

"Is that all?" Angela's voice trembled a little.

"Yes, my pay, and nothing more—"

"I did not mean that," she hastened to say, interrupting him, and there was a note of returning gladness in her voice. "I meant to ask if that was all the bad news."

"It is enough, surely, since it half ruins our lives! What right have I to ask you to keep your promise and marry me, since I have not enough for us to live on?"

Angela turned quite toward him now and repeated his own words.

"And what right have I to ask you to keep your promise and marry me? When you gave your word, you thought I had a great name and was heir to a splendid fortune. You were deceived. I am a 'destitute foundling'—the lawyers have proved it, and the proof of their proofs is that I am obliged to accept the charity of my old governess, God bless her! If ever a man had a right to take back his word, you have. Take it, if you will. You are free!"

Giovanni stood up beside her, almost angry.

"Do you think I wanted your fortune?" he asked, a little pale under his tan.

"Do you think I am afraid of poverty?"

Her lips were still parted in a smile after she had asked the question, and with the gesture of an older woman she tapped his arm half reproachfully. The color came back to his brown face.

"I fear poverty for you," he answered, "and I am going to fight it for your sake if you have the courage to wait for me. Have you?"

"I will wait forever," she said simply as she laid her hand in his.

"Then I shall leave the army at once," he replied. "So far, I have made what is called a good career, but promotion is slow, and the pay is wretched until a man is very high up. I was in the engineers before I got into the Staff College, you know, and a military engineer can always find well-paid work, especially if he is an electrician, as I am. In two years I promise you that we shall be able to marry and be at least comfortable; and there is no reason why I should not make a fortune quite equal to what my father has lost."

He spoke with the perfect confidence of a gifted and sanguine man, sure of his own powers, and his words pleased her. Perhaps what had attracted her most in him from the beginning had been his enthusiasm and healthy faith in the world, which had contrasted brilliantly with her father's pessimism and bigoted political necrolatry, if I may coin a Greek word to express an old-fashioned Roman's blind worship of the dead past, then still unburied.

Angela was pleased, as any woman would have been, but she protested against what she knew to be a sacrifice.

"No," she said decidedly, "you must not give up the army and your career for the sake of making money, even for me. Do no officers marry on their pay? I am sure that many do, and manage very well indeed. You told me not long ago that you were expecting promotion from day to day; and in any case I could not marry you within a year, at the least."

"If I do not begin working at once, that will be just a year lost," objected Giovanni.

"A year! Will that make much difference?"

"Why not ten, then? As if a year would not be a century long while I am waiting for you—as if it were not already half a lifetime since last month, when we told each other the truth! Wait? Yes, if I must; forever, as you said a while ago, if there is no other way. But if it can be helped, then not an hour, not a minute! Why should we let happiness pass us by and not take it when we may and can? There is not enough in the world, as it is; and you cannot even pretend that you are generous if you do not take your share, since what fate means for you is useless for any one else! No, dear, no! We will take the fruit there is on the tree, and leave none to rot on the branch after we are gone. Promise to marry me a year from to-day and leave the rest to me—will you?"

"Yes—but promise me one thing, too. Do not resign to-morrow, nor next week, as I know you mean to do. Take a month to think it over, and to look about you. You are so impulsive—well, so generous—that you are capable of sending in your resignation to-morrow."

"It is already written," Giovanni answered. "I was going to send it in to-night."

"I knew it! But you must not. Please, please, take a little time—it will be so much wiser. I will wait for you forever, or I will promise to marry you a year from to-day, even if we have to live on bread and water. Indeed I will! But, at least, be a little cautious! It will be far better to marry on your pay—and you will surely get your captaincy in a few months—than to be stranded without even that in case you do not find the work you hope for. Don't you see? I am sure it is good advice."

Giovanni knew that it was, if caution were ever worth practising in human affairs; but that has often been doubted by brave and light-hearted men. He yielded a little reluctantly. If she had asked him to make it two months instead of one, he would have refused, for it seemed to him intolerable to lose a moment between decision and action, and his thoughts doubled their stride with every step, in a geometrical progression; a moment hence, a minute would be an hour, an hour a month, a month a lifetime. Men have won battles with that temper; but it has sometimes cost them their lives.

"I know you are sensible," Giovanni said, taking Angela's hand between both of his; "but it is to please you that I agree to wait a month. It is not because it looks wise, as it does. For one man who succeeds by wisdom, ten win by daring. Who knows what may chance in a month, or what may happen to put out of reach what I could do to-day?"

"Nothing!"

Angela gave her answer with the delicious little smile of superiority which the youngest woman and even the merest girl can wear, when she is sure that she is right and that the man she loves is wrong. It may be only about sewing on a button, or about the weather, or it may concern great issues; but it is always the same when it comes. It exasperates weak men, and the stronger sort like it, as they more especially delight in all that is womanly in woman, from heroic virtue to pathetic weakness.

"Nothing can happen in a month to prevent you from resigning then, as you could to-day," she said confidently.

The faint smile disappeared, and she grew thoughtful, not for herself, but for him, and looked at St. Ursula again. Her hand still lay in his, on the edge of the mantelpiece, and while she gazed at the engraving she knew that he was looking at her and was moving nearer. She felt that he was going to kiss her, but she did not resist this time, though the color was rising in her throat, and just under the exquisitely shaped petal of peach-blossom on which his eyes were fixed, and which was really only the tip of her ear, though it was so like the leaf of a flower that the scent of the bloom came to his memory when his lips touched the spot at last.

His hand shut closer over hers at the same moment, and hers fluttered under his fingers like a small, soft bird; but there was no resistance. He kissed the tip of her ear, and she turned toward him a little. His kiss pressed her cool cheek, and she moved again. Their eyes met, very near, and dark, and full of light, and then his lips touched hers at last.

Destiny has many disguises and many moods. Sometimes, as on that day at the telephone, the unexpected leaps up from its hiding-place and strikes stunning blows, right and left, like Orestes among the steers in Tauris, or a maniac let loose among sane men; but sometimes Fate lurks in her lair, silently poring over the tablets of the future, and she notes all we say, scrawling "Folly" against our wisest speeches, and stamping "So be it" under the carelessly spoken jest.

She was busy while the young lovers kissed for the first time, by the mantelpiece; but no inward warning voice had told Angela that she herself was sealing the order of her life irrevocably when she gave Giovanni the best advice she could, and he accepted it to please her, making his instinct obey his judgment for her sake. A man is foolish who takes an important step without consulting the woman who loves him most dearly, be she mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart; but he is rarely wise if he follows her advice, like a rule, to the letter, for no woman goes from thought to accomplishment by the same road as a man. You cannot make a pointer of a setter, nor teach a bulldog to retrieve.

If Giovanni had sent in his resignation that evening, or even during the next day, as he was ready to do, it would have been accepted in the ordinary course of things; he would then, without doubt, have found employment for his talents and energy, either at home or abroad. He would in all probability have succeeded in life, because he possessed the elements of success; he would have married Angela in due time, and the two would probably have lived happily for many years, because they were suited to each other in all ways and were possessed of excellent constitutions.

If all this had happened, their story would have little interest except for themselves, or as an example to young couples; and it is a deplorable fact that there is hardly anything so dull and tiresome in the world as a good example. The hoardings along life's dusty roads are plentifully plastered with good examples, in every stage of preservation, from those just fresh from the moral bill-poster's roll, redolent of paste, to the good old ones that are peeling off in tatters, as if in sheer despair because nobody has ever stopped to look more at them. May the gods of literature keep all good story-tellers from concocting advertisements of the patent virtues!

The most important and decisive moment in Angela's life, from its beginning to its end, had passed so quietly that she never suspected its presence, and almost the very next instant brought her the first kiss of the only man she had ever loved, or was to love thereafter.

VI

Mme. Bernard had not overstated the advantages of the lodging she occasionally let to foreign ladies who traveled alone and practised economy, and Angela refused to occupy it till she had satisfied herself that her old governess's own room was just as large and just as sunny and just as comfortable.

In the first place, it was much bigger than she had expected, and when she had spread out all her possessions and put away her clothes, and had arranged her pretty toilet-set and the few books that were quite her own, she found that she was not at all cramped for space. The ceiling was not very high, it was true, and there was only one window, but it

was a very wide one, and outside it there was a broad iron shelf securely fixed, on which four good-sized flower-pots were set out in the sunshine. It was true that there were no flowers yet, but the two plants of carnations were full of buds and had been very carefully tended; a tiny rose-bush promised to bear three or four blossoms before long, and the pot of basil was beginning to send up curly green shoots. Opposite the window, and beyond the quiet street, there was a walled garden, in which there were some orange and mandarin trees.

Between the two bedrooms there was the sitting-room, which was a little smaller than either, but quite big enough for two women. Indeed, Mme. Bernard ate her meals there all winter, because the little dining-room at the back of the house was much colder, and not so cheerful. An enlarged colored photograph of the long-deceased Captain Bernard, in the uniform worn by the French artillery during the Franco-Prussian War, hung on one of the walls, over an upright piano. It had a black frame, and was decorated with a wreath of everlasting daisies tied with a black bow.

Underneath the portrait a tiny holy-water basin of old Tyrolese pewter was fastened to the wall. This Mme. Bernard filled every year at Easter, when the parish priest came to bless the rooms, and every year she renewed the wreath on the anniversary of her husband's death; for she was a faithful soul, and practised such little rites with a sort of cheerful satisfaction that was not exactly devout, but certainly had a religious source. Captain Bernard had been a dashing fellow, and there was no knowing what his soul might not need in the place his widow vaguely described as "beyond" when she spoke of his presumable state, though in the case of Angela's father, for instance, it was always "heaven" or "paradise." Apparently Mme. Bernard had the impression that her husband's immortal part was undergoing some very necessary cure before partaking of unmixed bliss.

"Military men have so many temptations, my dear," she said to Angela, thinking more of the deceased captain than of being tactful. "I mean," she said, correcting herself, "in France."

Angèla was not afraid of temptation for Giovanni. Rightly or wrongly, she trusted that her love would be his shield against the wicked world and her name his prayer in need, and she smiled at Mme. Bernard's speech. The big old parrot on his perch cocked his head.

"Especially the cavalry and artillery," the good lady went on to explain.

"À drrroite—conversion!" roared the parrot in a terrific voice of command.

Angela jumped in her chair, for it was the first time she had heard the creature speak in that tone; but Mme. Bernard laughed, as if it pleased her.

"It is absolutely my poor husband's tone," she said calmly. "Coco," she said, turning to the bellicose bird, "the Prussians are there!"

"Feu!" yelled the parrot suddenly, dancing with rage on his bar. *"Feu! 'Cré nom d'un nom d'un p'tit bon dieu!"*

"Every intonation!" laughed the little Frenchwoman gaily. "You understand why I love my Coco!"

But Angela thought there was something grimly horrible in the coming back of the dead soldier's voice from battles fought long ago.

Giovanni came to see her two days after she had moved, but this time Mme. Bernard did not leave them together very long. She had a lively sense of her responsibility, now that the young girl was altogether in her charge, and felt that the proprieties must be strictly observed. It must never be thought that Giovanni was free to see Angela alone whenever he pleased, merely because her people had turned her out.

He looked distressed, and the young girl at once suspected some new trouble; and she was not mistaken, for her advice had begun to bear fruit already, and the inevitable was closing in upon them both.

He told the story in a few words. Some time ago it had been decided in the war office that a small exploring and surveying expedition should be sent up the country from the Italian colony at Massowah with the idea of planning some permanent means of inland communication with the British possessions. Giovanni's father had seen a chance for the younger Severi to distinguish himself and to obtain more rapid promotion, and by using all the considerable in-

fluence he possessed in high quarters he had got him appointed to be the engineering officer of the party.

The young man had already been two years in Africa, before being named an instructor to the Staff College, and had done exceptionally good service, which was an excellent reason for using him again; and chance further favored the plan, because the officer who had first been selected for the place, and who was an older man, was much needed in the war office, to his own exceeding disgust. The expedition might be attended with considerable danger, and would certainly be full of adventure, for there had recently been trouble with the tribes in that very region; but to send a strong force was out of the question, for political reasons, though the work to be done was so urgently necessary that it could not be put off much longer.

Old General Severi sincerely hoped that Angela might yet marry his son, and was convinced that the best thing possible would be to secure for the latter the first opportunity for quick promotion, instead of allowing him to leave the army in order to find more lucrative employment. The expedition would be gone five or six months, perhaps, and there were many reasons why it would be better to keep the young people apart for a time. Any one would understand that, he was sure. While Angela was living obscurely with a former governess, a brilliant young officer of some distinction, like Giovanni, could not see her regularly without seriously compromising her. It was the way of the world, and could not be helped; yet if Giovanni stayed in Rome, it would be too much to expect that he should stay away from the little apartment in Trastevere.

So the matter was settled, and when he came to see Angela that afternoon he had just had an interview with his chief, who had informed him of his appointment. The expedition was to leave Italy in a few days, and he would have barely time to provide himself with what was strictly necessary for the climate. He explained all this to Angela and Mme. Bernard.

"If you had only let me resign the other day," he said ruefully, when he had finished his account, "nobody could have found fault then! But now, I must face the laugh of every man I know!"

Angela looked up quickly, in evident surprise.

"Why?" she asked. "I see nothing to laugh at in such an expedition."

"I am not going to accept the appointment," Giovanni answered with decision. "I asked for twenty-four hours to consider it, though the general seemed very much surprised."

"But you cannot refuse!" Angela cried. "They will say you are afraid!"

"They may say whatever occurs to them, for I will not go, and I shall resign at once, as I said I would. My mind is made up."

"You cannot refuse this," Angela repeated confidently. "If you are obliged to admit that there is some danger in it, though you wish there were none, because you safely could refuse to go, it must be very dangerous indeed. Tell me the truth, as far as you know it."

"It would depend on circumstances—" Giovanni hesitated.

"You have told me that if the government dared, it would send a large force to protect the expedition. The larger that force would be, the greater the danger if there is no protection at all. Is that true, or not?"

"It is true, in one way, but—"

"There is no condition!" Angela interrupted him energetically. "It is enough that it is going to be dangerous in one way, as you say!"

"No one can say that I ever avoided danger before," he objected.

"They will say many things if you refuse to go. They will shrug their shoulders and say that you have lost your nerve, perhaps! That is a favorite expression, and you know how people say it. Or if you make money soon after you resign, they will say that you preferred a fortune to risking your life for your country. Or else they will say that a woman has made a coward of you, and that I am she!"

"Coward!" yelled the parrot in a tone of withering contempt, and the creature actually spat in disgust.

Giovanni started violently, for he had not noticed the bird in the room. Then he tried to laugh at his own surprise.

"I do not wonder that you are sur-

prised, *monsieur,"* said Mme. Bernard with a pleasant smile. "Coco has exactly my poor husband's voice!"

"I can brave a parrot's opinion," Giovanni said, attempting to speak gaily.

"Will you brave mine?" Angela asked.

"You certainly do not think I am afraid to go," he answered, "for you know why I mean to refuse. My first duty is to you. As I am placed, it would be cowardly to be afraid to face public opinion in doing that duty, and to keep you waiting six months or a year longer than necessary, when I have promised to provide means for us to marry within a year. That would deserve to be called cowardice!"

"Sale Prussien! 'Cré nom d'une pipe!" yelled Coco in a tone of disgust.

"Really!" exclaimed Giovanni with some annoyance. "Does the thing take me for an hereditary enemy, *madame?"*

Mme. Bernard rose with a little laugh and went to the parrot's perch, holding out her hand.

"Come, Coco!" she said, coaxing him. "It is peace now, and we can go home to Paris again."

"Paris" meant her bedroom in bird language; it also meant being bribed to be quiet with good things, and Coco strutted from his perch to her finger.

"Marche!" he commanded in a sharp tone, and as she moved he began to whistle the "Marseillaise" with great spirit.

She marched off, laughing and keeping step to the tune till she disappeared into her room, shutting the door behind her. As it closed, Giovanni caught Angela's left hand and drew it to him. She laid her right on his, quietly and affectionately.

"Am I never to see you alone?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"When you come to say good-by before starting," Angela answered. "I will ask her to leave us quite alone then. But now it will only be for a minute or two."

With the most natural movement in the world she lifted her hands, brought his face close to hers, and kissed him. Then she drew back a little, looked gravely into his astonished eyes for some seconds, and then kissed him again.

"I love you much more than you love me," she said with great seriousness. "I am sure of it."

It was all very different from what he had expected. He had vaguely fancied that for a long time every kiss would have to be won from her by a little struggle, and that every admission of her love would be the reward of his own eloquence. Instead, she took the lead herself with a simplicity that touched him more than anything else could have done.

"You see!" she cried with the intonation of a laugh not far away. "I took you by surprise, because I am right about it! What have you to say?"

He said nothing, but his lips hurt hers a little in the silence. She shivered slightly, for she had not yet dreamed that a kiss could hurt and yet be too short. The sound of Mme. Bernard's voice came from the next room, still talking to the parrot. Angela laid her hand on Giovanni's gold-laced sleeve and nestled beside him, with her head in the hollow of his shoulder.

"I have always wanted to do this," she said in a drowsy little voice, as if she wished she could go to sleep where she was. "It is my place. When you are away in Africa, at night, under the stars, you will dream that I am just here, resting in my very own place."

She felt his warm breath in her hair as he answered:

"I will not go; I cannot leave you."

"But you must," she said, quickly straightening herself and looking into his face. "I should not love you as I do, if I could bear to think of your staying here, to let men laugh at you, as you say they would!"

"It is not like resigning on the day after war is declared!" he retorted, trying to speak lightly.

"It is!" she cried with a sort of eager anxiety in her voice. "There is only a difference in the degree—and perhaps it is worse! If there were war, you would be one man in a hundred thousand, but now you will be one in ten or twenty, or as many as are to go. Think what it would be if you were the only man in Italy—the one, single, only officer who could certainly accomplish something very dangerous to help your country—and if you refused to do it!"

"There are hundreds of better men than I for the work," objected Giovanni.

"I doubt it. Are there hundreds of engineer officers on the general staff?"

"No, but there are plenty—"

"A score, perhaps, and you have been chosen, no matter why, and there is danger, and there is a great thing to be done, perhaps a great good, which in the end will save the lives, or help the lives, of many Italians! And you want to refuse to do it—for what? For a woman, for a girl you love! Do you think she will love you the more, or less, for keeping out of danger, if she is a true Italian, as she thinks you are? Why is it that our Italy, which no one thought much of a few years ago, is coming to the front in so many ways now? It was not by staying at home for women's sake that our sailors have got nearer the North Pole than all the others who have tried! It is not by avoiding danger that our officers are learning to astonish everybody with their riding—"

"That is different," objected Giovanni. "It is one thing to do daring things—"

"Yes," interrupted Angela, not letting him speak, "it is the one and only thing, when it is good daring and can bring good, and helps the world to see that Italy is not dead yet, in spite of all that has been said and written against us and our unity. No, no, I say! Go, do your duty, do and dare, wherever and howsoever your country needs you, and I will wait for you, and be glad to wait for that one reason, which is the best of all. If you love me half as dearly as I love you, go back at once and tell your chief that you are ready, and are proud to be used wherever you can be of any use! And if there is danger to be faced, think that you are to face it for my sake as well as for Italy's, and not in spite of me, for I would ten thousand times rather that you should die in doing your duty—ever so obscurely—than stay here to be called a coward in order that we may be rich when we marry!"

Giovanni listened, more and more surprised at her energy and quick flow of words, but glad at heart that she was urging him to do what was right and honorable.

"It was for you that I meant to stay," he said. "Hard as it is to leave you, it would have been harder to refuse the appointment. I will go."

A little silence followed, and Mme. Bernard, no longer hearing their voices, and having said everything she had to say to her parrot, judged that it was time for her to come back and play chaperon again. She was careful to make a good deal of noise with the latch before she opened the door.

"Well, *monsieur,*" she asked on the threshold, "has Donna Angela persuaded you that she is right? I heard her making a great speech!"

"She is a firebrand," laughed Giovanni, "and a good patriot as well! She ought to be in parliament."

"You are a feminist, I perceive," answered Mme. Bernard. "But Joan of Arc would be in parliament if she could come back to this world. The people would elect her, she would present herself in the tribune, and she would say: 'Aha, *messieurs!* Here I am! We shall talk, you and I.' And our little Donna Angela is a sort of Joan of Arc. People do not know it, but I do, for I have often heard her make beautiful speeches, as if she were inspired!"

"It takes no inspiration to see what is right," Angela said, shaking her head. "The only difficulty is to do it!"

"Even that is easy when you lead," Giovanni answered thoughtfully and without the least intention of flattering her.

He had seen a side of her character of which he had not even suspected the existence, and there was something about it so large and imposing that he was secretly a little ashamed of feeling less strong than she seemed. In two successive meetings he had come to her with his own mind made up, but in a few moments she had talked him over to her point of view without the least apparent difficulty, and had sent him away fully determined to do the very opposite of that which he had previously decided to do.

It was a strange experience for a young man of great energy and distinctly exceptional intelligence, and he did not understand it.

(To be continued)

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

I—THE STORY OF THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE AND COUNT NEIPPERG

BY LYNDON ORR

THERE is one famous woman whom history condemns while at the same time it partly hides the facts which might mitigate the harshness of the judgment that is passed upon her. This woman is Marie Louise, Empress of France, consort of the great Napoleon, and archduchess of imperial Austria. When the most brilliant figure in all history, after his overthrow in 1814, was in tawdry exile on the petty island of Elba, the empress was already about to become a mother; and the father of her unborn child was not Napoleon, but another man. This is almost all that is usually remembered of her—that she was unfaithful to Napoleon, that she abandoned him in the hour of his defeat, and that she gave herself with readiness to one inferior in rank, yet with whom she lived for years, and to whom she bore what a French writer has styled "a brood of bastards."

Naturally enough, the Austrian and German historians do not have much to say of Marie Louise, because in her own disgrace she also brought disgrace upon the proudest reigning family in Europe. Naturally, also, French writers, even those who are hostile to Napoleon, do not care to dwell upon the story; since France itself was humiliated when its greatest genius and most splendid soldier was deceived by his Austrian wife. Therefore, there are still many who know little beyond the bare fact that the Empress Marie Louise threw away her pride as a princess, her reputation as a wife, and her honor as a woman. Her figure seems to crouch in a sort of murky byway, and those who pass over the highroad of history ignore it with averted eyes.

Is there, however, nothing to be said that will at least extenuate what this woman did? Was there not some reason, some deep-seated cause, why she should act so utterly at variance with the traditions of her house and the repute in which she had been held?

In reality, the story of Napoleon and Marie Louise and of the Count von Neipperg is one which, when you search it to the very core, leads you straight to a sex-problem of a very curious nature. Nowhere else does it occur in the relations of the great personages of history; but in literature, Balzac, that master of psychology, has touched upon the theme in the early chapters of his famous novel called "A Woman of Thirty."

As to the Napoleonic story, let us first recall the facts of the case, giving them in such order that their full significance may be understood.

NAPOLEON'S SECOND MARRIAGE

In 1809, Napoleon, then at the plenitude of his power, shook himself free from the clinging clasp of Josephine and procured the annulment of his marriage to her. He really owed her nothing. Before he knew her, she had been the mistress of another. In the first years of their life together, she had been notoriously unfaithful to him. He had held

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles that will deal with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral problems which they illustrate. Next month's paper will tell the story of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes.

to her from habit, which was in part a superstition; but the remembrance of the wrong which she had done him made her faded charms at times almost repulsive. And then Josephine had never borne him any children; and without a son to perpetuate his dynasty, the gigantic achievements which he had wrought seemed futile in his eyes, and likely to crumble into nothingness when he should die.

No sooner had the marriage been annulled than his titanic ambition leaped, as it always did, to a tremendous pinnacle. He would wed. He would have children. But he would wed no petty princess. This man who in his early youth had felt honored by a marriage with the almost *déclassée* widow of a Creole planter now stretched out his hand that he might take to himself a woman not merely royal but imperial.

At first he sought the sister of the Czar of Russia; but Alexander entertained a profound distrust of the French emperor, and managed to evade the tentative demand. There was, however, a reigning family far more ancient than the Romanoffs—a family which had held the imperial dignity for nearly six centuries—the oldest and the noblest blood in Europe. This was the Austrian house of Hapsburg. Its head, the Emperor Francis, had thirteen children, of whom the eldest, the Archduchess Marie Louise, was then in her nineteenth year.

Napoleon had resented the rebuff which the Czar had given him. He turned, therefore, the more eagerly to the other project. Yet there were many reasons why an Austrian marriage might be dangerous, or, at any rate, ill-omened. Only sixteen years before, an Austrian archduchess, Marie Antoinette, married to the ruler of France, had met her death upon the scaffold, hated and cursed by the French people, who had always blamed "the Austrian" for the evil days which had ended in the flames of revolution. Again, the father of the girl to whom Napoleon's fancy turned had been the bitter enemy of the new régime in France. His troops had been beaten by the French in five wars, and had been crushed at Austerlitz and at Wagram. Bonaparte had twice entered Vienna at the head of a conquering army, and thrice he had slept in the imperial palace at Schönbrunn, while Francis was fleeing through the dark, a beaten fugitive pursued by the swift squadrons of French cavalry.

The feeling of Francis of Austria was not merely that of the vanquished toward the victor. It was a deep hatred, almost religious in its fervor. He was the head and front of the old-time feudalism of birth and blood; Napoleon was the incarnation of the modern spirit which demolished thrones and set an iron heel upon crowned heads, giving the sacred titles of king and prince to soldiers who, even in palaces, still showed the swaggering brutality of the camp and the stable whence they sprang. Yet, just because an alliance with the Austrian house seemed in so many ways impossible, the thought of it inflamed the ardor of Napoleon all the more.

"Impossible?" he had once said contemptuously. "The word 'impossible' is not French."

The Austrian alliance, unnatural though it seemed, was certainly quite possible. In the year 1809, Napoleon had finished his fifth war with Austria by the terrific battle of Wagram, which brought the empire of the Hapsburgs to the very dust. The conqueror's rude hand had stripped from Francis province after province. He had even let fall hints that the Hapsburgs might be dethroned, and that Austria might disappear from the map of Europe, to be divided between himself and the Russian Czar, who was still his ally. It was at this psychological moment that the Czar wounded Napoleon's pride by refusing to give the hand of his sister Anne.

SACRIFICED TO SAVE AUSTRIA

The subtle diplomats of Vienna immediately saw their chance. Prince Metternich, with the caution of one who enters the cage of a man-eating tiger, suggested that the Austrian archduchess would be a fitting bride for the French conqueror. The notion soothed the wounded vanity of Napoleon. From that moment, events moved swiftly; and before long it was understood that there was to be a new empress in France, and that she was to be none other than the daughter of the man who had been

Napoleon's most persistent foe upon the Continent. The girl was to be given—sacrificed, if you like—to appease an imperial adventurer. After such a marriage, Austria would be safe from spoliation. The reigning dynasty would remain firmly seated upon its historic throne.

But how about the girl herself? She had always heard Napoleon spoken of as a sort of ogre—a man of low ancestry, a brutal and faithless enemy of her people. She knew that this bold, rough-spoken soldier, less than a year before, had added insult to the injury which he had inflicted on her father. In public proclamations he had called the Emperor Francis a coward and a liar. Up to the latter part of the year, Napoleon was to her imagination a blood-stained, sordid, and yet all-powerful monster, outside the pale of human liking and respect. What must

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIE LOUISE OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I—A PORTRAIT PAINTED SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE TO NAPOLEON IN APRIL, 1810, WHEN SHE WAS NINETEEN YEARS OLD

From the painting by Gérard in the Louvre

have been her thoughts when her father first told her, with averted face, that she was to become the bride of such a being?

Marie Louise had been brought up, as all German girls of rank were then brought up, in quiet simplicity and utter innocence. In person, she was a tall blonde, with a wealth of light brown hair tumbling about a face which might be called attractive because it was so youthful and so gentle, but in which only poets and courtiers could see beauty. Her complexion was rosy, with that peculiar tinge which means that in the course of time it will become red and mottled. Her blue eyes were clear and childish. Her figure was good, though already too full for a girl who was younger than her years.

She had a large and generous mouth with full lips, the lower one being the true "Hapsburg lip," slightly pendulous —a feature which has remained for generation after generation as a sure sign of Hapsburg blood. One sees it in the present Emperor of Austria, in the late Queen Regent of Spain, and in the present King of Spain, Alfonso. All the

"NAPOLEON IN HIS CABINET"—A PORTRAIT THAT SHOWS THE EMPEROR WITH HIS LITTLE SON, THE KING OF ROME

From the painting by Steuben

artists who made miniatures or paintings of Marie Louise softened down this racial mark, so that no likeness of her shows it as it really was. But, take her all in all, she was a simple, childlike German *mädchen,* who knew nothing of the outside world except what she had heard from her discreet and watchful governess, and what had been told her of Napoleon by her uncles, the archdukes whom he had beaten down in battle.

When she learned that she was to be given to the French emperor, her girlish soul experienced a shudder; but her father told her how vital was this union to her country and to him. With a sort of piteous dread, she questioned the archdukes who had called Napoleon an ogre.

"Oh, that was when Napoleon was the enemy of Austria," they replied. "Now he is our friend, and all is different."

Marie Louise listened to all this, and, like the obedient German girl she was, yielded her own will.

ADAM ALBRECHT, COUNT VON NEIPPERG, WHO BECAME THE MORGANATIC HUSBAND OF MARIE LOUISE AFTER NAPOLEON'S DEATH

Events moved with a rush, for Napoleon was not the man to dally. Josephine had retired to her residence at Malmaison, and Paris was already astir with preparations for the new empress who was to assure the continuation of the Napoleonic glory by giving children to her husband. Napoleon had said to his ambassador, with his usual bluntness:

"This is the first and most important thing—she must have children."

NAPOLEON'S CURIOUS LOVE-LETTER

To the girl whom he was to marry he sent the following letter—an odd letter, combining the formality of a negotiator with the veiled ardor of a lover:

MY COUSIN:

The brilliant qualities which adorn your person have inspired in me a desire to serve you and to pay you homage. In making my request to the emperor, your father, and praying him to entrust to me the happiness of your imperial highness, may I hope that you will understand the sentiments which lead me to this act? May I flatter myself that it will not be decided solely by the duty of parental obedience? However slightly the feelings of your imperial highness may incline to me, I wish to cultivate them with so great care, and to endeavor so constantly to please you in everything, that I flatter myself that some day I shall prove attractive to you. This is the end at which I desire to arrive, and for which I pray your highness to be favorable to me.

Immediately everything was done to dazzle the imagination of the girl. She had dressed always in the simplicity of the schoolroom. Her only ornaments had been a few colored stones which she sometimes wore as a necklace or a bracelet. Now the resources of all France were drawn upon. Precious laces foamed about her. Cascades of diamonds flashed before her eyes. The costliest and most exquisite creations of the Parisian shops were spread around

MARIE LOUISE AND HER SON, THE KING OF ROME (BORN MARCH 20, 1811)—ALL THE COURT PAINTERS WHO EXECUTED PORTRAITS OF MARIE LOUISE FLATTERED HER SOMEWHAT, ACCORDING TO NAPOLEON'S WISHES

From the painting by Nattier in the Palace of Versailles

her to make up a trousseau fit for the princess who was soon to become the bride of the man who had mastered continental Europe.

The archives of Vienna were ransacked for musty documents which would show exactly what had been done for other Austrian princesses who had married rulers of France. Everything was duplicated down to the last detail. Ladies in waiting thronged about the young archduchess; and presently there came to her Queen Caroline of Naples, Napoleon's sister, of whom Napoleon himself once said: "She is the only man among my sisters, as Joseph is the only woman among my brothers." Caroline, by virtue of her rank as queen, could have free access to her husband's future bride. Also, there came presently Napoleon's famous marshal, Berthier, Prince of Neuchâtel, the chief of the Old Guard, who had just been created Prince of Wagram—a title which, very naturally, he did not use in Austria. He was to act as proxy for Napoleon in the preliminary marriage service at Vienna.

All was excitement. Vienna had never been so gay. Money was lavished under the direction of Caroline and Berthier. There were illuminations and balls. The young girl found herself the center of the world's interest; and the excitement made her dizzy. She could not but be flattered, and yet there were many hours when her heart misgave her. More than once she was found in tears. Her father, an affectionate though narrow soul, spent an entire day with her, consoling and reassuring her. One thought she always kept in mind—what she had said to Metternich at the very first:

"I want only what my duty bids me want."

At last came the official marriage, by proxy, in the presence of a splendid gathering. The various documents were signed, the dowry was arranged for. Gifts were scattered right and left. At the opera there were gala performances. Then Marie Louise bade her father a sad farewell. Almost suffocated by her sobs, and with her eyes streaming with tears, she was led between two hedges of bayonets to her carriage, while cannon thundered and all the church-bells of Vienna rang a joyful peal.

THE BRIDE'S JOURNEY TO FRANCE

She set out for France accompanied by a long train of carriages filled with noblemen and noblewomen, with ladies in waiting and scores of attendant menials. The young bride — the wife of a man whom she had never seen—was almost dead with excitement and fatigue. At a station in the outskirts of Vienna she scribbled a few lines to her father, which are a commentary upon her state of mind:

> I think of you always, and I always shall. God has given me power to endure this final shock, and in Him alone I have put all my trust. He will help me and give me courage, and I shall find support in doing my duty toward you, since it is all for you that I have sacrificed myself.

There is something piteous in this little note. It is the note of a frightened girl going to encounter she knew not what, and clinging almost frantically to the one thought—that whatever might befall her, she was doing as her father wished.

One need not recount the long and tedious journey of many days over wretched roads, in carriages that jolted and lurched and swayed. She was surrounded by unfamiliar faces, and was compelled to meet at every town the chief men of the place, all of whom paid her honor, but stared at her with irrepressible curiosity. Day after day she went on and on. Each morning a courier on a foaming horse presented her with a great cluster of fresh flowers and a few lines scrawled by the unknown husband who was to meet her at her journey's end.

There lay the point upon which her wandering thoughts were focused—the journey's end! The man whose strange, mysterious power had forced her from her schoolroom, had driven her through a nightmare of strange happenings, and who was waiting for her somewhere to take her to himself, to master her as he had mastered generals and armies!

What was marriage? What did it mean? What experience still lay before her? These were the questions which

she must have asked herself throughout that long, exhausting journey. When she thought of the past, she was homesick. When she thought of the immediate future, she was fearful with a shuddering fear.

At last she reached the frontier of France, and her carriage passed into a sort of triple structure, the first pavilion of which was Austrian, while the middle pavilion was neutral, and the farther one was French. Here she was received by those who were afterward to surround her — the representatives of the Napoleonic court. They were not all plebeians and children of the Revolution, ex-stable-boys, ex-laundresses. By this time Napoleon had gathered around himself some of the noblest families of France, who had rallied to the empire. The assemblage was a brilliant one. There were Montmorencys and Beaumonts and Audenardes in abundance. But to Marie Louise, as to her Austrian attendants, they were all alike. They were French, they were strangers, and she shrank from them.

Yet here her Austrians must leave her. All who had accompanied her thus far were now turned back. Napoleon had been insistent on this point. Even her governess, who had been with her since her childhood, was not allowed to cross the French frontier. So fixed was Napoleon's purpose to have nothing Austrian about her, that even her pet dog, to which she clung as a girl would cling, was taken from her. Thereafter she was surrounded only by French faces, by French guards, and was greeted only by salvos of French artillery.

NAPOLEON'S FEVERISH IMPATIENCE

In the meantime, what was Napoleon doing at Paris? Since the annulment of his marriage with Josephine he had gone into a sort of retirement. Matters of state, war, internal reforms, no longer interested him; but that restless brain could not sink into repose. Inflamed with the ardor of a new passion, that passion was all the greater because he had never yet set eyes upon its object. Marriage with an imperial princess flattered his ambition. The youth and utter innocence of the bride stirred his whole being with a thrill of novelty. The painted charms of Josephine, the mercenary favors of actresses, the calculated ecstasies of the women of the court who gave themselves to him from vanity, had long since palled upon him. Therefore, the impatience with which he awaited the coming of Marie Louise became every day more tense, and even terrible.

For a time he amused himself with planning, down to the very last details, the demonstrations that were to be given in her honor. He organized them as minutely as he had ever organized a conquering army. He showed himself as wonderful in these petty things as he had in those great strategic combinations which had baffled the ablest generals of Europe. But after all had been arranged—even to the illuminations, the cheering, the salutes, and the etiquette of the court—he fell into a fever of impatience which gave him sleepless nights and frantic days. He paced up and down the Tuileries, almost beside himself. He hurried off courier after courier with orders that the postilions should lash their horses, to bring the hour of meeting nearer still. He scribbled love-letters. He gazed continually on the diamond-studded portrait of the woman who was hurrying toward him.

At last, as the time approached, he entered a swift traveling-carriage and hastened to Compiègne, about fifty miles from Paris, where it had been arranged that he should meet his consort, and whence he was to escort her to the capital, so that they might be married in the great gallery of the Louvre. At Compiègne the chancellerie had been set apart for Napoleon's convenience, while the château had been assigned to Marie Louise and her attendants. When Napoleon's carriage dashed into the place, drawn by horses that had traveled at a gallop, the emperor could not restrain himself. It was raining torrents, and night was coming on; yet, none the less, he shouted for fresh horses and pushed on to Soissons, where the new empress was to stop and dine. When he reached there and she had not arrived, new relays of horses were demanded, and he hurried off once more into the dark.

At the little village of Courcelles he met the courier who was riding in advance of the empress's cortège.

"She will be here in a few moments!" cried Napoleon, and he leaped from his carriage into the highway.

The rain descended harder than ever, and he took refuge in the arched doorway of the village church, his boots already bemired, his greatcoat reeking with the downpour from the heavens. As he crouched before the church, he heard the sound of carriages; and before long there came toiling through the mud the one in which was seated the girl for whom he had so long been waiting. It was stopped at an order given by an officer. Within it, half fainting with fatigue and fear, Marie Louise sat in the dark, alone.

THE EMPEROR MEETS HIS BRIDE

Here, if ever, was the chance for Napoleon to win his bride. Could he have restrained himself, could he have shown the delicate consideration which was demanded of him, could he have remembered at least that he was an emperor, and that the girl—timid and shuddering—was a princess, her future story might have been far different. But long ago he had ceased to think of anything except his own desires.

He approached the carriage. An obsequious chamberlain drew aside the leathern covering and opened the door, exclaiming, as he did so: "The emperor!" And then there leaped in the rain-soaked, mud-bespattered being whose excesses had always been as unbridled as his genius. The door was closed, the leathern curtain again drawn, and the horses set out at a gallop for Soissons. Within, the shrinking bride was at the mercy of pure animal passion, feeling upon her hot face a torrent of rough kisses, and yielding herself in terror to the caresses of wanton hands.

At Soissons Napoleon allowed no halt, but the carriage plunged on, still in the rain, to Compiègne. There all the arrangements made with so much care were thrust aside. Though the actual marriage had not yet taken place, Napoleon claimed all the rights which afterward were given in the ceremonial at Paris. He took the girl to the chancellerie, and not to the château. In an anteroom, dinner was served with haste to the imperial pair and Queen Caroline. Then the latter was dismissed with little ceremony, the lights were extinguished, and this daughter of a line of emperors was left to the tender mercies of one who always had about him something of the common soldier—the man who lives for loot and lust. . . . At eleven the next morning she was unable to rise, and was served in bed by the ladies of her household.

These facts, repellent as they are, must be remembered when we call to mind what happened in the next five years. The horror of that night could not be obliterated by splendid ceremonies, by studious attention, or by all the pomp and gaiety of the court. Napoleon was then forty-one—practically the same age as his new wife's father, the Austrian emperor; Marie Louise was barely nineteen, and younger than her years. Her master must have seemed to her the brutal ogre whom her uncles had described.

MARIE LOUISE'S LIFE IN PARIS

Installed in the Tuileries, she taught herself compliance. On their marriage night Napoleon had asked her briefly: "What did your parents tell you?" And she had answered meekly: "To be yours altogether and to obey you in everything." But though she gave compliance, and though her freshness seemed enchanting to Napoleon, there was something concealed within her thoughts to which he could not penetrate. He gaily said to a member of the court:

"Marry a German, my dear fellow. They are the best women in the world—gentle, good, artless, and as fresh as roses."

Yet, at the same time, Napoleon felt a deep anxiety lest in her very heart of hearts this German girl might either fear or hate him secretly. Somewhat later, Prince Metternich came from the Austrian court to Paris.

"I give you leave," said Napoleon, "to have a private interview with the empress. Let her tell you what she likes, and I shall ask no questions. Even should I do so, I now forbid your answering me."

Metternich was closeted with the empress for a long while. When he returned to the anteroom he found Napoleon fidgeting about, his eyes a pair

of interrogation-points, and evidently bristling all over with curiosity.

"I am sure," he said, "that the empress told you that I was kind to her?"

Metternich bowed and made no answer.

"Well," said Napoleon, somewhat impatiently, "at least, I am sure that she is happy. Tell me, did she not say so?"

The Austrian diplomat remained unsmiling.

"Your majesty himself has forbidden me to answer," he returned with another bow.

We may fairly draw the inference that Marie Louise, though she adapted herself to her surroundings, was never really happy. Napoleon became infatuated with her. He surrounded her with every possible mark of honor. He abandoned public business to walk or drive with her. But the memory of his own brutality must have vaguely haunted him throughout it all. He was jealous of her as he had never been jealous of the fickle Josephine. Constant has recorded that the greatest precautions were taken to prevent any person whatsoever, and especially any man, from approaching the empress save in the presence of witnesses.

Napoleon himself underwent a complete change of habits and demeanor. Where he had been rough and coarse, he became attentive and refined. His shabby uniforms were all discarded, and he spent hours in trying on new costumes. He even attempted to learn to waltz, but this he gave up in despair. Whereas, before, he ate hastily and at irregular intervals, he now sat at dinner with unusual patience, and the court took on a character which it had never had. Never before had he sacrificed either his public duty or his private pleasure for any woman. Even in the first ardor of his marriage with Josephine, when he used to pour out his heart to her in letters from Italian battle-fields, he did so only after he had made the disposition of his troops and had planned his movements for the following day. Now, however, he was not merely devoted, but uxorious; and in 1811, after the birth of the little King of Rome, he ceased to be the earlier Napoleon altogether. He had founded a dynasty. He was the head of a reigning house. The principles of the Revolution were forgotten, and he ruled, as he thought, like other monarchs, by the grace of God.

As for Marie Louise, she played her part extremely well. Somewhat haughty and unapproachable to others, she nevertheless studied Napoleon's every wish. She seemed even to be loving; but one can scarcely doubt that her obedience sprang ultimately from fear, and that her devotion was the devotion of a dog which has been beaten into subjection.

Her vanity was flattered in many ways, and most of all by her appointment as regent of the empire during Napoleon's absence in the disastrous Russian campaign which began in 1812. It was in June of that year that the French emperor held court at Dresden, where he played, as was said, to "a parterre of kings." This was the climax of his magnificence, for there were gathered all the sovereigns and princes who were his allies, and who furnished the levies that swelled his Grand Army to six hundred thousand men. Here Marie Louise, like her husband, felt to the full the intoxication of supreme power. By a sinister coincidence, it was here that she first met the other man, then unnoticed and little heeded, who was to cast upon her a fascination which in the end proved irresistible.

THE COUNT VON NEIPPERG

This man was Adam Albrecht, Count von Neipperg. There is something mysterious about his early years, and something baleful about his silent warfare with Napoleon. As a very young soldier, he had been an Austrian officer in 1793. His command served in Belgium; and there, in a skirmish, he was overpowered by the French in superior numbers, but resisted desperately. In the mêlée, a saber slashed him across the right side of his face, and he was made prisoner. The wound deprived him of his right eye, so that for the rest of his life he was compelled to wear a black bandage to conceal the mutilation.

From that moment he conceived an undying hatred of the French, serving against them in the Tyrol and in Italy. He always claimed that had the Archduke Charles followed his advice, the Austrians would have forced Napoleon's

army to capitulate at Marengo, thus bringing early eclipse to the rising star of Bonaparte. However this may be, Napoleon's success enraged Neipperg, and made his hatred almost the hatred of a fiend.

Hitherto, he had detested the French as a nation. Afterward, he concentrated his malignity upon the person of Napoleon. In every way he tried to cross the path of that great soldier, and though Neipperg was comparatively an unknown man, his indomitable purpose and his continued intrigues at last attracted the notice of the emperor; for in 1808 Napoleon wrote this significant sentence:

> The Count von Neipperg is openly known to have been the enemy of the French.

Little did the great conqueror dream how deadly was the blow which this Austrian count was destined finally to deal him!

Neipperg, though his title was not a high one, belonged to the old nobility of Austria. He had proved his bravery in war and as a duelist, and he was a diplomat as well as a soldier. Despite his mutilation, he was a handsome and accomplished courtier, a man of wide experience, and one who bore himself in a manner which suggested the spirit of romance. According to Masson, he was an Austrian Don Juan, and had won the hearts of many women. At thirty, he had formed a connection with an Italian woman named Teresa Pola, whom he had carried away from her husband. She had borne him five children; and in 1813 he had married her, in order that these children might be made legitimate.

In his own sphere, the activity of Neipperg was almost as remarkable as Napoleon's in a greater one. Apart from his exploits on the field of battle, he had been attached to the Austrian embassy in Paris, and, strangely enough, had been decorated by Napoleon himself with the golden eagle of the Legion of Honor. Four months later, we find him minister of Austria at the court of Sweden, where he helped to lay the train of intrigue which was to detach Bernadotte from Napoleon's cause. In 1812, as has just been said, he was with Marie Louise for a short time at Dresden, hovering about her, already forming schemes. Two years after this, he overthrew Murat at Naples; and then hurried on post-haste to urge Prince Eugène to abandon Bonaparte.

When the great struggle of 1814 neared its close, and Napoleon, fighting with his back to the wall, was about to succumb to the united armies of Europe, it was evident that the Austrian emperor would soon be able to separate his daughter from her husband. In fact, when Napoleon was sent to Elba, Marie Louise returned to Vienna. The cynical Austrian diplomats resolved that she should never again meet her imperial husband. She was made Duchess of Parma in Italy, and set out for her new possessions; and the man with the black band across his sightless eye was chosen to be her escort and companion.

THE DOWNFALL OF MARIE LOUISE

When Neipperg received this commission, he was with Teresa Pola at Milan. A strange smile flitted across his face; and presently he remarked, with cynical frankness:

"Before six months I shall be her lover, and, later on, her husband."

He took up his post as chief escort of Marie Louise, and they journeyed slowly to Munich and Baden and Geneva, loitering on the way. Amid the great events which were shaking Europe, this couple attracted slight attention. Napoleon, in Elba, longed for his wife and for his little son, the King of Rome. He sent countless messages and many couriers; but every message was intercepted and no courier reached his destination. Meanwhile, Marie Louise was lingering agreeably in Switzerland. She was happy to have escaped from the whirlpool of politics and war. Amid the romantic scenery through which she passed, Neipperg was always by her side, attentive, devoted, trying in everything to please her. With him she passed delightful evenings. He sang to her, in his rich barytone, songs of love. He seemed romantic with a touch of mystery, a gallant soldier whose soul was also touched by sentiment.

One would have said that Marie Louise, the daughter of an imperial line, would have been proof against the fascinations of a person so far inferior to herself in rank, and who, beside the

great emperor, was less than nothing. Even granting that she had never really loved Napoleon, she might still have preferred to maintain her dignity, to share his fate, and to go down in history as the empress of the greatest man whom modern times have known.

But Marie Louise was, after all, a woman, and she followed the guidance of her heart. To her Napoleon was still the man who had met her amid the rainstorm at Courcelles, and had, from the first moment when he touched her, violated all the instincts of a virgin. Later, he had in his way tried to make amends; but the horror of that first night had never wholly left her memory. In truth, she was a simple and somewhat sentimental German girl. Napoleon had unrolled before her the drama of sensuality, but her heart had not been given to him. She had been his empress. In a sense, it might be more true to say that she had been his mistress. But she had never been duly wooed and won and made his wife—an experience which is the right of every woman. And so this Neipperg, with his deferential manners, his soothing voice, his magnetic touch, his ardor, and his devotion, appeased that craving which the master of a hundred legions could not satisfy.

In less than the six months of which Neipperg had spoken, the psychological moment had arrived. In the dim twilight she listened to his words of love; and then, drawn by that irresistible power which masters pride and woman's will, she sank into her lover's arms, yielding to his caresses, and knowing that she would be parted from him no more except by death.

From that moment he was bound to her by the closest ties, and lived with her at the petty court of Parma. His prediction came true to the very letter. Teresa Pola died, and then Napoleon died, and after this Marie Louise and Neipperg were united in a morganatic marriage. Three children were born to them before his death, in 1829.

It is interesting to note how much of an impression was made upon her by the final exile of her imperial husband to St. Helena. When the news was brought her, she observed casually:

"Thanks. By the way, I should like to ride this morning to Markenstein. Do you think the weather is good enough to risk it?"

Napoleon, on his side, passed through agonies of doubt and longing when no letters came to him from Marie Louise. At last the truth was told him, and he received it with that high magnanimity, or it may be fatalism, which at times he was capable of showing. Never in all his days of exile did he say one word against her. Possibly, in searching his own soul, he found excuses such as we may find. In his will he spoke of her with great affection, and shortly before his death he said to his physician, Antommarchi:

"I desire that you preserve my heart in spirits of wine, and that you carry it to Parma to my dear Marie Louise. Please tell her that I loved her tenderly, and that I have not ceased to love her."

The story of Marie Louise is pathetic, almost tragic. There is the taint of grossness about it; and yet, after all, there is a lesson in it—the lesson that true love cannot be forced or summoned at command, that it is destroyed before its birth by outrage, and that it goes out only when evoked by sympathy, by tenderness, and by devotion.

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

I SEE the lamplight, as the evening wanes,
In shadowed gold against the window-panes;
I watch the inmates moving to and fro,
Yet know not whence they come or where they go.

In this vast wilderness—the city's heart—
Remote are we, although not far apart;
Unlike we may be, and yet much the same—
The transient puppets in life's complex game!

William H. Hayne

FOR THE CHAPS

BY VINGIE E. ROE

AUTHOR OF "A FORGOTTEN ATTRIBUTE," "THE UNIVERSAL ANGLE," ETC.

WHERE they came from nobody knew. They drifted into the country one late October, with a covered wagon whose dingy old canvas flapped forlornly, and an apologetic team of horses. One cow trailed behind the outfit, and a row of little towheads stuck curiously out along the sides of the vehicle.

They were a tall, lank, shifty-eyed man in a slouch-hat and what had been a suit of store clothes, and a woman who was palpably the mother of the towheads.

They halted within a stone's throw of Willow Creek and settled, by squatter's right. They built a sod house, the woman working like a man. They fenced in a little corral with long saplings, stake-and-rider fashion, banked up a winter shelter for the cow and the horses at one end, and were at home.

Occasional riders from the neighboring ranches stopped with a friendly greeting, but the lank man's response was so ungracious that it was not courted a second time. How the newcomers lived through that winter was a matter for conjecture. With the spring, the man got out a rusty plow and went to work, making long, black furrows that lay across the prairie stark and clear-cut. Those ugly furrows held a mighty promise, for the level bottoms of Willow Creek were wonderfully rich.

Many a day, as the coming warmth forced open the door of the sod house—which was made from the sideboards of the wagon — the woman stood at the threshold with her hand above her eyes, and watched the thin horses crawling along at the constantly widening edge of the breaking. She had colorless light hair that flew fitfully about her weather-darkened face, and light eyes that held an anxious look, while between the straight black brows—a weirdly striking feature in her drab colorlessness—there clung two deep lines. The little towheads were so many replicas of her face, even to the peculiar watching expression.

The meals she set for the man, when he came in at noon and night, were pitifully sparse, but she made them palatable with an anxious smile. If corn-meal and year-old "salt side" were scarce, there was plenty of water in Willow Creek, and the scant hand-made furnishings of the sod house were a sight for men in their spotlessness. The little towheads, patched and faded, fairly shone with cleanliness.

Lem Williams, from the Bar A, got a cup of milk there one day when the man was at the other end of the widening black field. At the ranch, that night, he said to the circle:

"That's a *woman* over on Willow Creek—a woman from God's country. She's clean and straight-backed and lean. She's fine, if she is mighty homely. There's something funny about the layout, all right; but it's not the woman!"

And that seemed to be the consensus of opinion among the far-scattered ranches. The man was never seen off the acres he had preempted, and his work began to show. When the spring advanced sufficiently, he planted his corn, using a rusty hand-planter that had come in the wagon, and toiling early and late. He had broken a garden and paled it in, and the woman went at it with a vim that was born of joy. Her sallow face fairly glowed as she hoed and planted, busy about the arrangement of beds. The line of towheads was eager and helpful, to the very smallest, who delved wisely with his pudgy fists.

"It's *home*, chaps!" she would some-

times cry happily to the children. "It's home, and we ain't never a goin' to leave it! We'll build a house some day, and have a rockin'-chair with a tidy, and maybe an organ!"

All her life she had dreamed of that—an organ to stand shining in a corner, with a bottle full of flowers on the top. But her growing happiness, which warmed with the spring, did not hinder her from the tireless survey from the door of the sod house, nor entirely wipe out the lines between the black brows. The spring was fine and open that year, with gentle rains and seasonable warmth, and by and by the thin, timid rows of pale green began to stretch widely across the big field. It was wonderful how fast they grew and darkened in color—a fine, sturdy stand of corn. The woman watched it daily with misty eyes.

"Oh, Bill!" she said over and over, as the man came in to wash at noon. "Ain't it fine? Seems as if I cayn't enjoy it enough! D'you think it's goin' to be a good year?" To which the man always responded shortly that he thought so. "Because so much depends on the start," she would go on, unheeding his taciturn manner. "And see what we'll have for the chaps—a home and plenty to eat; and some day thar'll be schools come into hyar. Oh, Bill!"

The chaps—they were always foremost in the woman's speech. It seemed that her tireless energy was kept alive by her hope for them.

"Schools," she would say often, "and man's work, and a home in the country—they'll be somebody yet, with the start we're gettin'!"

She blushed scarlet the day she said that, for the man looked up with a sudden fire in his shifty eyes.

"Yet?" he sneered. "Wan't they always somebody? Settin' 'em agin their daddy, are ye?"

The woman's mouth hardened, and a look of tears came into her face. She rose quietly and went about her work.

II

It was about this time that the first of a string of happenings took place in the Wasatch range country. The Circle T. lost a bunch of cattle. Theft was rare, because the justice of the cattlemen was quick and decisive; yet this was neat robbery. Then the P. C. Q. sent out a hue and cry directly on the heels of the other; and before anything had been heard or done, a lone rider from a ranch far to the north, at the foot of the hills, brought word of a whole herd of horses run off in a night.

The cattlemen were amazed at the boldness of the thing. It was all the work of some one agent—of a past-master in the craft; they all agreed to that. Before many hours small parties of very grim men were threading every dip and hollow in the Wasatch country, heading in a great net for the hills.

Lem Williams rode casually by the sod house on Willow Creek. He found the woman in the garden—green now in the budding beauty of orderly beds—down on her knees, singing as she worked. She had begun to sing, these days; she just couldn't hold back the swelling hopes and ambitions that were springing now, for the first time, in fancied security.

She rose with a smile of greeting for the only man, except Bill, to whom she had spoken this year, wiping her earthy fingers on a faded seed-sack.

"Howdy?" she said cordially. "Will ye get down?"

Lem awkwardly took off his hat.

"No, ma'am," he said nervously. "I just dropped around to see if you had lost anything lately—any stock or anything." He felt a queer presentiment.

"Any stock?" the woman said blankly.

"Yes. We've lost some cattle. So has the P. C. Q., and I thought maybe you had, too. We're out on the hunt."

He ceased, looking at her in amazement. She turned as white as the little clouds sailing on the blue spring sky, and grasped the frail palings for support. Her slim body swayed twice, to the right and back. Her lips opened, and then closed as she got her bearings again.

"No," she said quietly. "No, we hain't lost nothin'."

There was an awkward pause; then Lem turned his horse and rode away.

"Funny!" he said aloud to himself. "Too derned funny! Poor woman—and the little towheads!"

He would have given a good deal if

he had not ridden by the house on Willow Creek, for among cattlemen there is an unwritten law concerning the punishment of thieves—a law that takes no account of outsiders; and knowledge gained by one belongs to all.

When he had gone, the woman turned to the children, standing obediently by in mannerly silence. She still held to the palings.

"Chaps," she said hoarsely, "y'all go on out in the field to daddy."

With tragedy in her eyes, she watched them file out of the garden, a little row of sturdy youngsters. Then she hurried into the house. Once inside, the long, accustomed bravery of her face gave way. She fell upon her knees by the shackly table, rocking back and forth with her hard brown hands clasped into tense knots.

"Oh, Lord A'mighty!" she cried aloud. "Oh, dear Lord, don't let it be! Don't let it be! It's Pawnee Sam out ag'in! I might 'a' knowed—I might 'a' knowed!"

As if the sound of the spoken name had conjured up the reality, the thing for which she had watched from the door of the sod house was materializing in the little swept yard.

A man on a powerful gray horse came around the garden. He was short and heavy-set, and the face under the wide hat was more than ordinarily evil. Sharp black eyes, bright and dominant, gleamed beneath a thatch of black hair.

He rode to the very door, and, leaning down, looked in. His eyes met those of the woman kneeling by the table. She gave a short cry, strangled in her throat.

"Hello, Hallie!" he said easily. "Where's Bill?"

At that, all the tense apprehension of the past months burst out from the woman's lips.

"Never again, Sam! Ye go on away! Oh, Lord, Sam, go away! Go away before he sees ye!" She leaned forward, her lips apart, breathless. "Please go away, Sam!"

The man looked at her curiously. Then he laughed.

"Can't do it, Hallie, without Bill. Got the finest bunch in the hills over there. Ain't a man in the country can take 'em out as slick as Bill—you know that. Needs a slick hand this time; they're after me already, though they're headed the wrong way," he chuckled. "Got to have Bill."

"For the chaps, Sam!" she cried shrilly, her voice sliding like a youth's. "Let him be! We've got a start—a home. Oh, Lord, Sam, cayn't ye let me have a home and a man now? He's settled down and workin', and the chaps'll be somebody hyar some day. Oh, Sam, for the chaps, go on away, quick, afore he sees ye!"

The anguish in her lean face was written plain. The man saw it and laughed. He turned his big horse.

"Can't accommodate you this time, Hallie," he said brutally. "Maybe next time. Got to have Bill now."

He had seen the man far over in the field. The woman did not move for a moment, as the big horse walked away. Her face was working pitifully.

"And he'll go! Oh, Lord in Heaven, he'll go!" she whispered dryly.

The squat figure swayed insolently in the saddle, with an overbearing bravado. As the distance widened between them, the agony in the woman's eyes grew, nearing some climax of pent-up strength. She leaned forward more and more, holding her breath.

As Pawnee Sam turned the horse at the fence corner her open mouth shut, and her face fell suddenly into deep, hard lines. She rose quickly and softly, reached behind the open door to where Bill's rifle stood, raised it steadily to her shoulder, looked along the barrel to the half-turned back of the man on the gray horse, and deliberately pulled the trigger. There was a crack, a flash, a bit of smoke—and Sam threw up his hands, swayed, and slipped out of the saddle. The gray horse stepped around and stood still.

III

HALLIE was still standing in the door, holding the rifle, looking with fascinated eyes at the inert heap in the yard, when a string of men rode around the house from the back. They were strangers, mostly, though Lem Williams and a few from the P. C. Q. were among them. They stopped in silent amaze. Then the foremost rode forward.

"What's happened, ma'am?" he asked quietly.

The woman turned her eyes to him.

"It's Pawnee Sam — I killed him," she said simply. "He was after Bill to help him run off a bunch he's got in the hills—and I killed him. He's bossed Bill for ten years down in Texas. They sarved two terms together—ranch mates, pen mates, thief mates! I hain't ever had a home, bringin' up the chaps mostly in a wagon. I cayn't stand it! I coaxed Bill to come hyar, and we got a start, a home. I was lookin' forrard to schoolin' the chaps some day; but Bill ain't a man when Sam's got hold o' him. The chaps is gittin' big enough to know; they cayn't ever be anybody with their daddy follerin' Sam. So I killed him!" She spoke as if all life had left her voice, as if it was a dull matter that must be iterated. She looked steadily at the foremost man. "I had a right—for the chaps!" she said again.

The man took off his hat. He was a man of unsuspected sensibilities.

"Yes, ma'am," he said gently, "you had a right." He opened his coat. A star of service shone on his flannel shirt. "I was after him myself. He was worth while. There's a reward of five hundred dollars on his head, dead or alive. You beat me to it, ma'am. You've done a service to the country." He turned to the heap. "Come, boys, put him across the gray — from the north ranch, ain't it? We'll take him into Dead Horse."

As the string of men, after a few awkward words, rode away around the house with their gruesome prize, the woman stood in the door with her eyes still fastened upon that spot in the swept yard. She realized dully that through all the years to come she would see the limp form of Pawnee Sam, killed by her hand, lying at the door of the little home she loved.

Then she raised her gaze to the distant field, where a wee white line followed obediently after the crawling dots of the horses and Bill. A breath of relaxation, of stolid courage and justification, swept over her lips—a sigh of tempered peace. The chaps had come into their future!

FROM HEART TO HEART

A RUBY in a drop of wine,
  A sapphire in a sea of blue,
A pearl for a shell of pearl unseen—
  The heart of you!

A rose in scarlet bowers of bloom,
  Untempered of the sun and dew;
Too deep for the trumpet of the bee—
  The lips of you!

A diamond in a crystal spring,
  A star astray in clouded skies—
The light of an older world that waits
  In your young eyes!

A statue in a niche of snow,
  A spark behind a hearth of flame—
The dull indifference of the lips
  That speak your name!

The cries of children in a house
  With children crowded, loud with cheer—
Your voice lost in the mad replies
  Of the throngs that hear!

But fire in wine, and rose on marble,
  A sunbeam on a dull-gray sea,
The cry of a child in a motherless world—
  Your call to me!

Aloysius Coll

THE BUSINESS SITUATION AND SOMETHING ABOUT INVESTMENTS—A GLANCE BACKWARD AND A LOOK FORWARD

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY

IN the January, 1908, issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, just one year ago, I published an article entitled "A Rare Opportunity for Making Sound and Large-Paying Investments." In the introductory sentences I said:

I doubt if we shall have again in many years an opportunity to buy sound securities—bonds and stocks of great railroads and strong industrial concerns—at prices so low as those of to-day.

I then gave a list of railroad and industrial stocks and bonds that I regarded favorably, which list I am now reprinting, for the purpose of showing the advance that has already been made in the prices of these securities. Here is the list:

RAILROAD STOCKS

	Closing price Nov. 23, 1907	Closing price Nov. 17, 1908	Change since Nov., 1907
Atchison	70¼	96½	+26¼
Baltimore and Ohio	78⅜	108⅝	+30¼
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul	97⅜	149¼	+51⅞
Chicago and Northwestern	131	173	+42
Delaware and Hudson	131	177¾	+46¾
Great Northern	113⅝	140⅞	+27¼
Illinois Central	118	148½	+30½
Louisville and Nashville	88	118½	+30½
New York Central	94½	116⅝	+22⅛
New York, New Haven and Hartford	135	158½	+23½
Norfolk and Western	62¼	83	+20¾
Northern Pacific	107½	156¼	+48¾
Pennsylvania	110¼	130⅛	+19⅞
Reading	81⅞	140⅝	+58¾
Southern Pacific	68¼	118	+49¾
Union Pacific	112⅞	183¼	+70⅜

INDUSTRIAL STOCKS

	Closing price Nov. 23, 1907	Closing price Nov. 17, 1908	Change since Nov., 1907
American Car and Foundry (preferred)	81	107	+26
American Locomotive (preferred)	85	109¾	+24¾
American Smelting (preferred)	85½	107⅛	+21⅝
American Sugar (common)	103	133¼	+30¼
General Electric	109	155¾	+46¾
National Biscuit (preferred)	90⅛	118¼	+28⅛

INDUSTRIAL STOCKS (*continued*)

	Closing price Nov. 23, 1907	Closing price Nov. 17, 1908	Change since Nov., 1907
National Lead (preferred)	83	106	+ 23
United States Steel (common)	24	57⅞	+33⅞
United States Steel (preferred)	82¼	113¾	+ 31½
Virginia-Carolina Chemical (preferred)	85	115½	+ 30½
Western Union Telegraph	60½	65¼	+ 4¾

BONDS

	Price in Nov., 1907	Price in Nov., 1908	Change since Nov., 1907
American Tobacco (six per cent)	90	106¾	+16¾
Atchison (four per cent)	80½	100	+ 19½
Baltimore and Ohio (gold fours)	90½	100	+ 9½
Chesapeake and Ohio (four and a half)	87½	103½	+16
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul	99	104¼	+ 5¼
Delaware and Hudson	89	103	+14
New York Central (four per cent)	86	94	+ 8
Pennsylvania (convertible, three and a half)	87½	97¾	+ 10¼
Southern Pacific	77½	94	+16½
Union Pacific (four per cent)	95¼	103⅜	+ 8⅛
United States Steel (sinking-fund fives)	78⅜	102⅞	+24¼
Western Union Telegraph (five per cent)	86	97	+ 11

I followed up this first article on investments in the January number with five others, covering with the series six months, from January to June inclusive. I discussed from month to month the business and financial conditions of the country, predicting as a logical analysis the recovery in business that has already sprung into pretty broad activity, and that is well on the road to a maximum heretofore unequaled. The very great advance in prices since the panic, shown by this table, has followed the recovery as a natural consequence.

SOUND REASONS FOR CONFIDENCE

I urged that in no previous panic had the general underlying conditions been so sound. Our money was as good as any money in the world, and our manufactories were not congested with overproduction. Neither were the shelves of our merchants loaded with unwieldy stocks of unsold goods. Our people as a whole were rich, and were accustomed to comforts and luxuries which they would insist on having. And this insistence meant, in the near future, a certainty of work for the big factories and for the thousands of small shops or manufactories of one kind and another. Moreover, nature had been deaf to the cries of the panic-stricken speculators and the vast aggregation of disaster-slanted brains. It promised an enormous yield of crops—which promise has been more than made good.

Under such conditions the recovery in business and in general confidence could not be long delayed. It was a certainty that it could not be long delayed. And yet Wall Street, the accepted barometer of the business and financial world, indicated, not only by the low prices of securities, but by a pitiable wail of despair, that in its opinion the country had gone to smash for good and all. The gloom was so dense with these high lights of finance that one couldn't have cut it with an ax. There were exceptions here and there, to be sure, but they were extremely rare.

TO HELP THE SMALL INVESTOR

I had two purposes in these discussions. The one was to help to restore confidence by making it clear that conditions were in reality not half so bad as they seemed to be. The other was to point out the very low prices of securities — the bargain-counter prices, in fact, for stocks and bonds of the very first grade. I was

anxious to see these good securities scattered among the people—the small investors — instead of continuing in the vaults of the millionaires, and in Wall Street as the football of reckless speculators.

It is a saying in Wall Street that the public never "comes in" until prices have soared to the breaking-point—never "comes in" until the manipulators of the market are ready to get out. My wish was to get you in early on this depression — to get you in ahead of the frightened "financiers" who were then on the run.

A FORECAST THAT HAS BEEN VERIFIED

Friends of mine, both in Wall Street and out of Wall Street, warned me of the awful danger of these optimistic articles, and of the disaster they meant to the readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. But one must do his own reasoning—must argue out his own conclusions—if he is to accomplish much for himself, or to be of any considerable benefit to others. My analysis of the situation was free from doubt and uncertainty. It was not a matter of guessing—not even a gamble as to the outcome. With this conclusion so clear to me, I saw no reason for yielding to the persuasion of those whose deductions I could in no way square with my own. And so I told you what I thought, and what I felt certain would be the result.

I am talking over this bit of history with you now, not for the purpose of throwing bouquets at myself, but rather TO EMPHASIZE THE STAND THAT MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE TOOK IN THE RESTORATION OF CONFIDENCE AND BUSINESS ACTIVITY, AND THE VALUE OF ITS ADVICE. All who followed my reasoning have made money, and a good deal of it. And the same advice that I gave to you, I followed myself. If I had not been willing to follow it myself, I should not have given it to you. In fact, I was then, as I am now, willing to take chances myself that I would not have recommended to you—would not now or at any time recommend to you.

So far as concerns this magazine, my wish, beyond all others, is that it should be a dependable magazine, and that you should learn to look upon it as such. IT IS A CONSTRUCTIVE, NOT A DESTRUCTIVE MAGAZINE. It stands for upbuilding and uplifting. It wants, and I believe it merits, your confidence, because there is not an insincere note in its pages from cover to cover. If it scores any one or anything, it does so because it believes it to be right to do so, and not for the purpose of sensationalism or circulation-building, or for any other ulterior purpose whatsoever. If it indorses a theory or condition, a person or a combination of people, or a corporate entity, this magazine does so because it is the straightforward thing to do—the honest thing to do.

MATCHLESS PROSPERITY BEFORE US

Notwithstanding the great advance in the prices of securities, the tide of speculation is by no means at its flood. There is not the chance of big profits for investors that there was a year ago, or even six months ago, but that most good stocks and bonds will show a considerable further advance is beyond question. We have now entered upon a period of matchless prosperity. Nothing save pestilence or famine, or some great calamity of nature, can prevent it. With the sounder and saner and more honest view-points of business and business methods, with the astounding annual output of our fields, our forests, and our mines, with our manufactories outranking those of any other country in size and management and organization, with our own market and the markets of the world for our products, and with favorable financial conditions and confidence in our chief Executive and in the earnestness and wisdom of our captains of industry, we must score a record in expansion and development that will make the most brilliant achievements of the past seem commonplace and indifferent.

And with this prosperity, which means unparalleled activity in all the channels of endeavor, it follows with unerring certainty that good securities will command higher prices. Higher prices for good stocks and bonds drag up with them the prices of doubtful and worthless ones. But my advice is to stick to securities that are known to be good—things sound and sure.

Here are a few that "look good" to me at the present writing:

THE UNITED STATES STEEL SECURITIES

I think extremely well of the Steel stocks—I mean the securities of the United States Steel Corporation. Size of dividend and degree of safety considered, United States Steel Preferred is to-day, to my mind, the best apparent purchase in the entire list. It is a seven-per-cent stock at par. It is now selling at 113¾, and at 113¾ it yields more than six per cent on the investment.

I wonder if you know how to figure these percentages—that is, to determine the yield of a security at a given price and with a given rate of dividend. Some of you know, of course, but to those who do not know it is worth while to learn. This is the way of it—take the percentage of dividend, and add two ciphers to it. Then divide the number thus obtained by the price at which the stock is selling, and you will get the yield on your investment — the percentage that your money will earn you.

For example, United States Steel Preferred, a seven-per-cent stock at par, is selling at 113¾. Add two ciphers to the dividend, making 700, then divide 700 by 113¾, and the result will be 6.15. Or, again, suppose a three-per-cent stock sells at 50. Divide 300—three with two ciphers added — by 50, and you get the yield on your money—six per cent. I hope this will be useful to some of you. It is really vital, if you are going much into finance, and almost every one is a financier to some extent.

To go back to Steel Preferred. With the enormous assets of the corporation, and with its great earning powers, I look upon this security—the preferred stock, mind you—as in the class of a bond. At 140, Steel Preferred would still yield five per cent—which is more, considerably more, than can be had from first-rate bonds. As a matter of fact, the best railroad stocks, to say nothing of bonds, when they have reached a normal selling value, will not yield so much as five per cent. It seems reasonable to conclude, therefore, that Steel Preferred will, not only advance to a five-per-cent basis, or a selling price of 140, but may very well go even higher. Meanwhile, it is safe, and is paying its quarterly dividends with unfailing regularity.

Steel Common, while vastly more speculative, is perhaps the most popular international security in the world. It is well regarded in all the money centers of the earth, and is constantly strengthening its grasp on the confidence of investors and speculators everywhere. The impregnable position of the Steel Corporation clearly suggests much higher prices for Steel Common, and it is the belief of men well grounded in finance and in the movement of prices that the stock must eventually go very much higher, and that it may reach 75 well within a year. I am not recommending this stock to you if you are a small investor, because it is far more volatile and speculative than Steel Preferred and other good preferred stocks that bear large interest.

THREE GOOD PREFERRED STOCKS

Another very good stock is International Harvester Preferred, now selling at 107. I believe this to be one of the best of all the industrial stocks, and a pretty good second to Steel Preferred. It is equally safe, I think, and its management is equally good. From the fact, however, that the Harvester Company is a much smaller concern, its securities may never become so popular as those of the United States Steel Corporation.

American Car and Foundry Preferred, now selling at 107, shows an attractive yield, and is, I think, a very good investment. In times of business activity this corporation is extremely prosperous; and as business activity is now swinging our way at a very rapid pace, Car and Foundry must soon begin reaping a big harvest once more. The railroads, which have spent little money on equipment during the past year, must begin to look sharp after the rehabilitation of their property, and with their inevitable demands for steel rails must go big orders for new and renewed rolling-stock.

Pressed Steel Car is a very similar security. Its seven-per-cent preferred stock is now selling at 99, and at this price is among the lowest of the first-rate seven-per-cent preferred issues. The

reason for its comparative cheapness may be found in the fact that this company, like Car and Foundry, has had little or no work for the last twelve months. But like Car and Foundry, also, it will doubtless soon be running its works to the limit of their capacity. It is, I understand, in very good financial condition, with plenty of money to execute the forthcoming orders as they materialize.

STANDARD RAILROAD STOCKS

Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, Reading, Atlantic Coast Line, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, all look to be good purchases, even at present prices. That all or most of them will show important advances within the next year, or at any rate the next two or three years, is altogether probable. New York Central, in 1905, sold as high as 167¾, and on a five-per-cent dividend. It wasn't worth the price, but it doesn't follow that it won't go as high again; and under new conditions it might be worth the price, and even more, and might pay good dividends on that price.

Pennsylvania has never reached quite such high figures as has New York Central, though it seems to me to be the better stock of the two, and present prices appear to sustain my view. Both of these, however, occupy very commanding positions — perhaps the most commanding positions held by any American railroads.

Atlantic Coast Line has registered as high as 170, and will probably attain again to its old figures. It may not go so high, and then again it may go higher; but that it is worth more than it is now selling for, and will bring more—a good deal more—is a safe gamble. It is a very well-handled road, and with the Louisville and Nashville, which it controls, covers a vast stretch of exceedingly productive country. It is the popular highway between the North and the extreme South, having the first call on the passenger traffic to and from the great winter resorts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

With the other roads that I have mentioned, and with a great long list that I have not mentioned, there is a similar margin of difference between present prices of their securities and the highest recorded figures. This informal article, however, is already too long, and I must not continue the discussion any further for the present month.

DON'T SPECULATE. DON'T BUY ON MARGIN. BUY SECURITIES OUTRIGHT, IF YOU BUY AT ALL.

This article is written on November 17.

WOMAN, THE HOME-BUILDER

MAN, thou hast built the house,
  But I have built the home;
And wheresoe'er thy feet may fare,
  Wherever thou mayst roam,
Back to this hearth which I have lit
  Thy weary steps shall come.

When unto dust thy house
  Shall crumble in dismay;
When stone and turret shall fall down
  On some disastrous day,
Our children's children shall not see
  My silent work decay.

Thine the imperial power
  Races unborn shall learn,
But mine shall be the victory
  For which high kings must yearn.
When time at last shall wreck thy house,
  My hearth's faint spark shall burn!

Charles Hanson Towne

CHARLES E. HUGHES, A REMARKABLE FIGURE IN AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN

CHARLES E. HUGHES, Governor and Governor-elect of New York, might be described as a professional sop to the hydra of public conscience. The politicians have a habit of tossing him to the public by way of appeasing its wrath. They have commonly done this with some lingering hope that the public would devour him, and let them escape while it was thus occupied.

Pathetic as it is to record the fact, they have been uniformly mistaken in their calculation. The public, instead of destroying him, has elevated him; and now, by dint of a most remarkable indorsement, it seems to have endowed him with the terrors of the many-headed monster and sent him forth to eat up the politicians! Which shows one way the plans of mice and politicians have of ganging agley.

This modest office lawyer, with small experience as a forum advocate and none as a demagogue, by a series of strange upheavals in the conscience movement of his State, has been brought to a unique place among the country's public men. With neither experience nor equipment, with no taste for the play of the politicians, he has beaten the politicians at their own game—generally by refusing to play it with them.

Little more than two years ago, at the opening of his first campaign for Governor, he presented a sorry spectacle of practical incompetence for the work of the stump solicitor. In the year just closed, his speeches, delivered to vast and acclaiming audiences in many States, marked the high tide of the campaign's intellectual achievement.

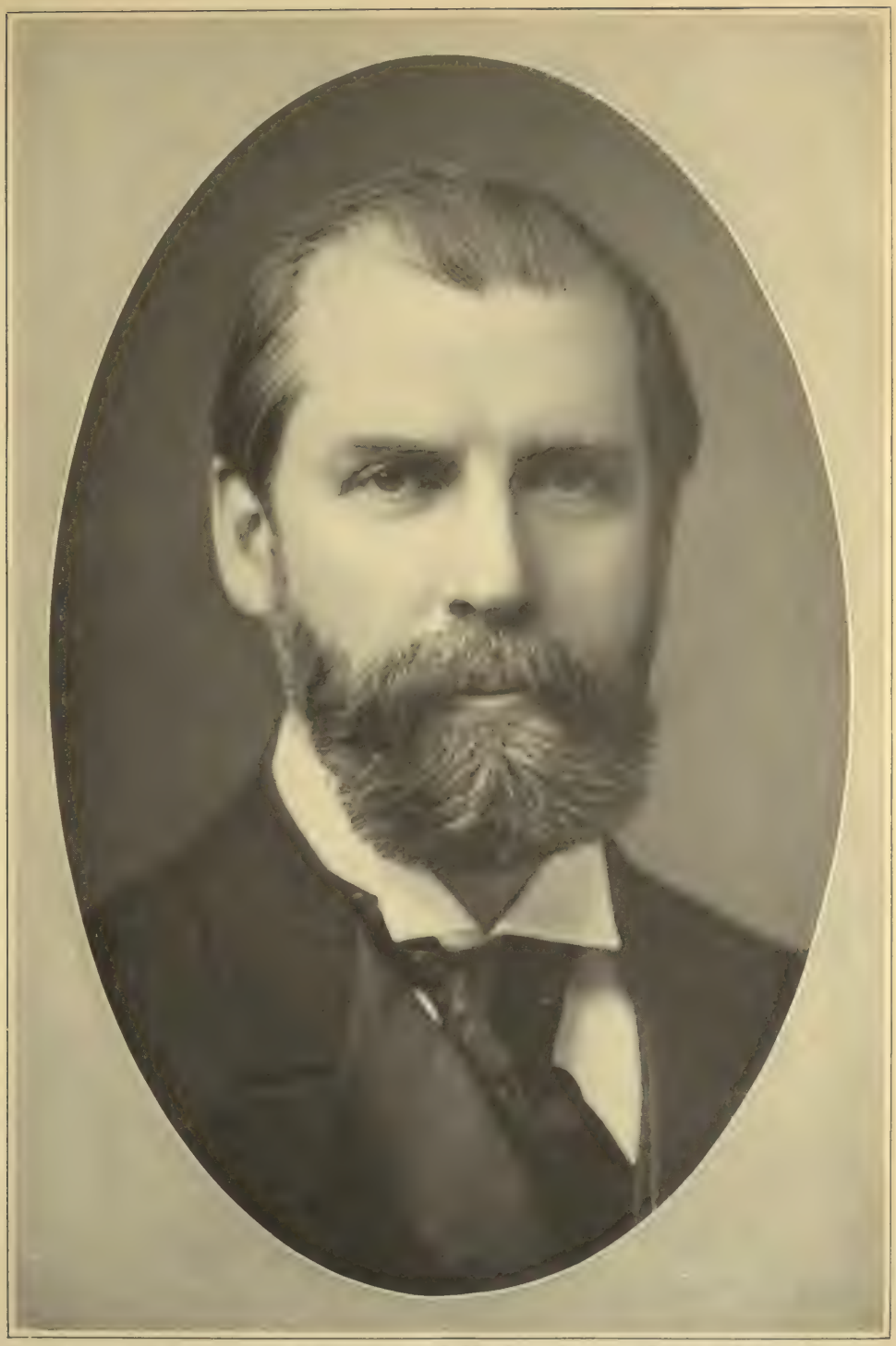
There is no estimating Hughes by ordinary standards. Other men have done much of the same work he is doing, but none has done it in the same way. What more will he do? How far will he travel? Nobody can guess, because nobody else ever did things quite in his way, or traveled just his gait.

Hughes is animated by the simple conviction that he must do the job that is cut out for him, according to his own ideas and in his own way. That is all. He was a good lawyer, but comparatively unknown, when he was chosen as counsel for the gas investigation in New York. It was a huge and thankless task, but Hughes went out for facts. He got them. That made his first public reputation as an investigator. The gas litigation, at this writing, is awaiting a decision of the United States Supreme Court, in a case based on the facts which were elicited by Hughes.

So when it came to the insurance investigation, Hughes was first used as a sop to the Cerberus of public opinion. He had made a reputation as an investigator, and the public insisted on the inquiry being conducted by a man whose integrity and ability appealed to it. He was chosen, and everybody now knows with what skill and persistence and singleness of purpose he did his work. That investigation is recognized as one of the towering landmarks on the route of the crusade for higher and better ideals in business and public life, and particularly in the interrelations of the two.

HOW HUGHES ENTERED PUBLIC LIFE

When it was over, Hughes went back to his law-office; but the people of New York had him in mind. He wasn't an aspirant for any public position. It was a spontaneous affair, the generation of the Hughes movement in politics. He was nominated for mayor, and declined to run. A very large number of people



CHARLES E. HUGHES, WHOSE REELECTION AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK WAS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF RECENT POLITICS

From his latest photograph—copyright, 1908, by Chickering, Boston

dimly opined that he would make a good Governor; a few men who were party leaders regarded the idea as preposterous, because he wasn't a politician. The party was in dire straits for a candidate who would make the right appeal and inspire confidence.

One day, as the story goes, somebody told Theodore Roosevelt that there was just one man with whom the Republicans could carry New York, and Mr. Roosevelt demanded the name.

"Charles E. Hughes," was the proposal.

The Presidential comment, delivered after a moment of earnest thought, was, according to this chronicle, similarly sententious:

"Bully!"

The politicians protested. They controlled the convention — that is, they could count a control. But they nominated Hughes. It was another case of offering up Hughes as a sacrifice to the devouring demon. It might be just as well for the party to name the best possible man, and, if it must lose the election, to lose while standing on high moral ground.

But it didn't lose. Hughes was the only man on his ticket to be elected; and being elected, he set about the business for which he had been chosen.

HUGHES AND THE LEGISLATURE

The Legislature was still pretty largely of the old-fashioned kind. It didn't understand Hughes, because he wasn't a politician. He told it what he thought ought to be done, and then he sat on the lid and waited for something to happen. When it didn't happen, instead of sending for the recalcitrant statesmen and dickering and dealing with them, he invaded their home districts.

He managed to be invited to deliver addresses at dinners and other functions in towns which chanced to be represented in the Legislature by men who were unfriendly to the Hughes program. Of course, the Governor must say something; and he did. He talked right out from the shoulder. He told the people what he was trying to get done, and how important it was.

In this cheery, social fashion he kindled fires under one after another of the legislators who were antagonistic to his bills. He appealed to the people. He insisted that if the people wanted the things done for which they had elected him, the people must bring pressure to bear on their agents in the State Senate and Assembly.

There was no room for doubt about the attitude of the people, after the idea burst on them that their Governor was making appeal to them. The legislators saw the point, and the Governor's measures passed. It wasn't the regular way, but it was proving effective.

The insurance-reform laws, the public-service-commission act, and, later, the famous anti-betting legislation, were passed by the same general processes of appealing to the people. The ballot-reform and direct-nomination proposals of the Governor failed, but he will get another chance for them.

A PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

In the height of the struggle over the antibetting legislation the Governor was pressed for consideration, at the Republican national convention, as a Presidential possibility. The politicians didn't want him, but they yielded and named a delegation of their own kind, instructing it to cast the State's vote for him. Once more, Hughes was the sop; he wouldn't be nominated, but maybe it would be the end of him.

He wasn't nominated; but neither was he ended. The people back in New York hadn't lost confidence in the man who had so much confidence in them. It became apparent that unless the Republican party put its best foot forward, the Empire State might be in danger when the Presidential vote should be cast. Public opinion all over the country had become interested in Hughes. It demanded his nomination for Governor as a sort of hostage—a guarantee of good faith in the party professions of reform intentions for the future.

So the State convention of September, 1908, met at Saratoga. Nobody was for Hughes, in that gathering. Everybody was against him. But from all over the land came the demand for his nomination. The Governorship of one State had become a national issue.

"If you don't nominate Hughes for

Governor of New York, we may lose Indiana," was the strange plea which Hoosierdom sent to Saratoga.

Ohio, and Illinois, and Wisconsin and all the rest of the middle West joined in the demand for Hughes. Once more he was tossed to Cerberus—nominated for sure defeat, they said; but if the people demanded it as the possible price of national victory, why, of course New York must make the sacrifice.

HUGHES AS A CAMPAIGNER

As soon as his great fight was won in the nominating convention, the West began demanding him on the stump. He opened the Republican campaign at Youngstown, Ohio, with a speech which nobody answered down to election-day. He furnished in that one speech the best ammunition the Republicans used in the whole national contest. This is not mere enthusiasm of eulogy; it is what everybody has admitted. Hughes toured the middle West and proved the most effective stumper on either side. His two years' experience, since his first campaign for the Governorship, had perfected him in the art of convincing oratory. He was the analyst, the logician, of the campaign.

"Going to nominate a mere cross-examiner for Governor?" his opponents had said contemptuously, two years earlier. But they forgot their contempt when Hughes cross-examined the political program of his opponents in the national race, and applied the dissecting-knife of merciless logic to some of their proposals. The cross-examiner won his case.

Nominated for sure defeat, they had said at Saratoga; but after his swing through the West he returned to New York and made a like campaign there. Discouragement gave way to hope, and hope to confidence, among Republicans; and when the votes were counted he had seventy thousand plurality.

Governor Hughes is at the middle of his career as Governor. He has found a new way of getting results, and he must put it to the test of further trial. It is too early to forecast the conclusion of his career.

When Roosevelt is out of office, a few weeks hence, Hughes will stand before the nation as the foremost exponent of the great body of sentiment which demands that big business shall be kept out of politics. That is a tremendous issue, in this country. To stand as the spokesman of so determined and wide-spread and righteous a movement is to occupy a position of the first potentiality among American public men of the time.

THE VOYAGE

Out, out upon the sea we sail
To brave the tempest and the gale,
To seek some golden shore afar,
Where Fortune and her favors are.

By some the harbor ne'er is won,
Despite the journey well begun;
The storm besets and ruin lies
Where yesterday were fairest skies.

For others, blest with kindlier winds,
The speedy ship the harbor finds—
A haven safe where all is well
And Fortune stands as sentinel.

For me, my craft is sailing on,
Through mists to-day, clear seas anon.
Whate'er the final harbor be
'Tis good to sail upon the sea!

Blakeney Gray

THE ACCOUNTING OF LOCKHART WARWICK

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "LAW AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW," ETC.

THE platform of the lonely railway station at Mount Manaton was much shorter than the train, so that the Rev. Dr. Glight, disembarking from the last car, was obliged to stumble uncomfortably among the ties of a siding. It was growing dark; the little doctor was near-sighted; and his suit-case wearied his feminine fingers. He wished already that he had declined Warwick's invitation.

In this unchristian mood, he saw Bessborough, tall and ponderous, descending from the Pullman ahead of him.

"Why!" he faltered. "Why, Bessborough!"

"Glight? You here, too?"

After a surprised pause, they shook hands with a heartiness obviously overforced by both. The celebrated lawyer gave a quizzical laugh.

"So Warwick has asked you and me for the same visit, eh?" said he.

"I had a letter from Warwick," said the clergyman somewhat stiffly. "I think I have not mistaken the date."

"He invited me for to-day by word of mouth," said Bessborough, "at the thirtieth reunion of the class, last June. I understand that he has quite a large establishment for a solitary bachelor. There may be plenty of others staying with him. Is no one here to meet us?"

They circled the station and found a smart mountain buckboard, drawn by a spirited pair of roans.

"Mr. Lockhart Warwick's?" questioned Bessborough.

The liveried driver touched his hat. The two bags were bestowed beside him, and the two guests took the rear seat. The road, dimly discernible in the gathering dusk, wound along the grade of the California upland. Great clouds threatened rain, and the air was singularly stagnant.

"Devilish deserted country!" said Bessborough curtly. "How far to Mr. Warwick's, driver?"

"About four miles, sir."

"Party of visitors there?"

"No, sir. You two gentlemen is all, sir."

Bessborough took no pains to smother a grunt of puzzled disgust, of which the clergyman politely affected to be unobservant.

"I was not able to attend our class reunion," said Glight. "I should have liked to see Warwick. He has never been back before."

"Queer fish!" commented the lawyer, dropping his voice out of the coachman's hearing. "Warwick hardly said two words to anybody, although none of the gang had met him for thirty years. He just sat around in a corner and blinked. Something wrong with his eyes, you know — snow-blindness, or something, that he got in the Klondike. Anyhow, that was his excuse for not helping us tear the lid off things, the way he used to. Do you remember the time—but of course you wouldn't."

"I sincerely regret Warwick's affliction," said Dr. Glight formally.

"Well, he's made his pile," retorted Bessborough, and shifted uneasily on the cushion. "You ought to tackle him for that blessed missionary college of yours. Got up to the million yet?"

"We hope and work and pray, Bessborough."

The clergyman spoke with a trace of professional intonation, and his companion sniffed irascibly. The good doc-

tor did not add that he had already appealed to Warwick; that, in fact, his present invitation to Warwick's place was the sole result of a money-begging letter which he had written, having noticed Warwick's name and circumstances in a newspaper. But why had Warwick simultaneously invited Bessborough—Bessborough, successful but unscrupulous, who stood, in his private and public life, for all that was worldly and much that was evil? Dr. Glight sighed.

Ever since leaving the railroad, the buckboard had been climbing a steady slope, bare, so far as one could make out, of habitation. The flat mountain-top, over which they now drove, had about it an odd suggestion of the sea shore. From it no higher ground was seen anywhere; the clouds drifted near; the infrequent trees grew squat, as if cautious of wind and weather. The driver finally guided his horses through a gateway in a rough wall.

"Warwick told me he rents this place from Jorgan, the artist," grumbled Bessborough. "Nobody would live by choice in such a wilderness, except an artist, or a fool, or Warwick. There he is, on the porch."

The ground story of the spacious and picturesque house was of native rock, above which jutted many gables of stained wood. At one side was a low, round building, connected with the main house by a short corridor.

"Jorgan's studio, I suppose," said Bessborough.

II

An elderly butler took their luggage; and their host ushered them into the broad hall. Warwick was a ruggedly framed man, long of limb, short of neck, with powerful shoulders slightly stooped, as if bearing an invisible weight. His clipped black beard lay close against the swarthy skin of his angular face; and he wore a loose suit of tweeds, markedly unfashionable.

"Now, you'll want to go to your rooms," said he briskly. "Simms will show you; but mind, I don't change togs for dinner, and neither shall you."

"Where are the spectacles, Lockie?" asked Bessborough. "Eyes better?"

"Oh, I'm seeing extraordinary clear to-night," said Warwick. "Extraordinary clear, I assure you;" and he smiled curiously at them as they ascended the stairs.

From the landing, Glight, with a sudden impulse, glanced back. Warwick was still planted on the hearth-rug, but the smile was gone. His brow was furrowed, and his lips were set in a straight line. He clenched one fist and struck it passionately against the palm of his other hand. The little clergyman wheeled quickly into his bedroom.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, to the reflection of his pale cheeks in the mirror.

The chamber was perfectly appointed, and a servant unpacked the doctor's traveling-bag. His preparations for dinner were soon accomplished, and he went down, a trifle timorously, to the hall; but Warwick had vanished.

Glight tiptoed into a library. Warwick was never a reading man; and Dr. Glight observed with amusement the monotonous rows of books, imprisoned behind glass, which lent a cold, unfriendly glitter to the luxurious bindings. From the library a door, now ajar, gave upon a dark passage; and at the end of the passage was another lighted apartment.

"That must have been the painter's studio," thought Glight; and he sauntered toward it.

Its equipment was peculiar—a blanketed camp-bed, a rude table, primitive toilet appliances, a gun-rack, and a row of pegs, from which hung jerseys and oil-skins. If the round room had been squared and walled with logs, it might have been a miner's cabin.

"Merely a Klondiker's boudoir," said Warwick from the library. "Dinner's ready!"

He waited for his guest to precede him to the dining-room across the hall; and Glight heard him fasten the door of the passage.

An excellent dinner was excellently served by the butler and a maid. Bessborough began the meal with enthusiasm, pledging Warwick in the first tumbler of champagne and rallying him with convivial memories. To these Warwick was sufficiently responsive for the demands of hospitality, but no more so than that. His glass was seldom touched. Bess-

borough did not once penetrate his courteous reserve; and Glight, after a few feeble essays, did not try.

"The weather," brilliantly remarked the doctor, sipping his *demi-tasse,* "is close to-night, I think."

"There's a big storm on the cards," said Bessborough.

"Probably," agreed Warwick lightly. "A big storm!"

He rose and pulled together the portières of the door into the hall. The man-servant placed a decanter of brandy and a silver tray of cigars.

"That will do, Simms," Warwick said. "We want to be quite alone. Clear the maids out of the pantry."

"Going to tell us a good story, are you, Lockie?" chuckled Bessborough. "You used always to have the spiciest ones. Let's make this married parson blush. I'm still a bachelor, like you;" and he applied himself zealously to the cognac.

Warwick, with inscrutable satisfaction, surveyed his ill-paired guests—the religious, high-minded clergyman, and Bessborough, keen and practised in the wisdom of a baser world.

"Stories, by all means," he said. "Shall I lead off?"

III

"THINGS happen to a fellow in the Klondike," began Warwick, as if searching his recollection for a diverting episode. "For instance, I was strapped in Dawson in the winter of ninety-seven. When the ice went out, and boats came up the river in the spring, I got a carpenter's job at eighteen dollars a day. I fed up and laid by a little dust. Then I decided that I'd make or break. I couldn't stand another winter, and I couldn't win to the States.

"Well, I bought a single-pack outfit and followed a fool stampede up Hunter's Creek. By the time we got there, the creek was staked from end to end, like a new city street; so I hit out alone over the divide toward the Beaver. There wasn't any trail. In the middle of a nigger-head swamp I ran into another prospector who was traveling lonesome, the way I was. The two of us made camp together. I recognized him for an old Spaniard who had fiddled in a Circle City dance-hall. His name was Caravigo."

Warwick paused to select a cigar; and the clergyman looked toward the curtained door.

"What's that rustle?" said Dr. Glight, listening. "Rain?"

"Get on with your Spaniard, Warwick," drawled Bessborough, who was somewhat bored.

"It seems," resumed Warwick, "that once, for a freak, when I was flush, I'd paid Caravigo a pound of gold for fiddling a Liszt concerto while the crowd was yelling for 'Sweet Marie.' Caravigo had never forgotten it, and he thought I was a fine man—a kindred spirit. Well, we made camp. The minute he unrolled his pack, I saw he'd been lucky to meet me. He didn't have grub enough for a week, and second-class grub at that. I gave him supper, and found some liniment in my kitty-bag and rubbed it on his ankle, which he'd sprained, jumping a log. That won his heart, I expect—that and the Liszt concerto business. Anyhow, the next morning he showed me the laundry-slip, and told me where he was bound.

"It was the same old yarn. I'd heard the like of it a dozen times. A drunken Indian, a quart of whisky, a mysterious gulch where you could kick up nuggets with your bare feet, a wild-goose chase into a trackless desert on half rations—and your own silly skeleton under a snow-drift for a rollicking finish. Caravigo had taken down the Indian's directions on a laundry-slip. I laughed at it; but it was more than I had. I was pointed nowhere in particular, and as well as go there I might hitch up with the fiddler. Besides, he was sort of a helpless, pathetic figure in that deadly country. I took out a cartridge from my revolver and tossed it up. It fell with the bullet to the north. I went with Caravigo.

"His crazy chart, naturally, was no good—no more of a guide than the tip of your nose. I laid the course myself, aiming to fetch up at the head-waters of the Klondike River. Caravigo thought we were following the Indian map. He couldn't speak English very well.

"One afternoon we were sailing down a kind of a precipice affair toward a run-

ning creek. Caravigo limped along behind, with a crutch I'd made him to favor his crippled ankle. I heard a squeaky shout—'Madonna! Madonna!' it was—and I looked back. The crutch had keeled over a little boulder, hanging on the ledge, and showed up gold-sign—yes, loose gold—gold almost ready to mint! I dropped my pack, and grabbed out my pan, and flew at the creek. I'd never made a real big strike; and this was big—enormous. The first pan of muck proved it, but I'd washed maybe two or three before I came partly to my senses. Caravigo was still squealing out 'Madonna!' alongside the boulder.

"I tramped half a mile or so down the gulch. It was virgin country—all ours to claim from. The walk steadied me, and I commenced to see straight. When I got back, the old Spaniard had moved down to the water. He had broken into the grub, and was gnawing, like a wolf, at a great hunk of raw bacon. In getting at the meat, he'd torn open the sack of beans, and the last of 'em was dribbling into the creek. I drew my gun—Caravigo didn't have any—and ordered hands up.

"'Rich! I'm rich!' he yelled. 'Rich, rich, rich!' and he capered about.

"No, it wasn't pleasant. I tied him to a tree—he wasn't strong, even in his delirium. Then I gathered up all I could of our provisions and took account of stock. We had been shaved down pretty close before. Now I could see that it would be a sprint between starvation and the best and swiftest one of us. As for the other one— Have a fresh cigar, doctor?"

Dr. Glight hastily declined, and eyed Warwick with dreadful apprehension.

"How about finding game?" suggested Bessborough.

"Not a feather," averred Warwick. "No chance of it."

The clergyman leaned forward.

"What did you do, Warwick?"

"Left him," Warwick replied.

"Left him?" echoed Bessborough, recoiling. "Left him to suffer and starve, like a dog—a lame, mad dog?"

"He didn't starve," said Warwick. "I don't think he suffered. I took care of that. When Caravigo's body was found, three months later, by the first stampeders up Lockhart Creek, there was the hole of my bullet in his skull."

IV

Dr. Glight pushed his chair back from the table.

"It is too horrible!" he broke out painfully. "I cannot sit here—cannot stay under this roof to listen to a—"

"Well, where else can you go, this weather?" railed Bessborough, with a hard laugh; but his voice was strained and shrill. "For Heaven's sake, let us understand you, Warwick," he said, and reached for the decanter.

"I have brought you two men here to-night on purpose to have you understand me," said Warwick, raising his voice emphatically. "My fortune is grounded on Caravigo's death."

The lawyer's face expressed only a little less of shocked dismay than Glight's; but Warwick noted neither. He looked straight ahead at the crimson tapestry of the door.

"I left Caravigo," he said stolidly, "and traveled down the gulch. I looked for the best gold-sign, and I staked out a discovery claim at quite a distance from where—from where I'd started. The creek seemed to shift to the east, and I knew my only chance was to the west, where I might strike a camp on the river. So I turned west. It was tough going. I don't remember much about it. When my grub was gone, and my belt and boot-tops, I ate some berries that gave me vertigo and cramps, and laid me out stiff for I don't know how long. And the funny part of it was that I was a millionaire all the time. I guess that's what kept me gripping to it. I crawled into a camp on the Klondike on my hands and knees, and the boys gave me the last slab of pilot bread they had in the tent."

Bessborough drew a long breath of relief.

"The Spaniard could never have lived through it," said he.

"I had just about enough strength," continued Warwick, not heeding him, "to hold my tongue. As soon as I could stand, I canoed to Dawson and filed my claim. I did a neat job in tipping off a few of my pals—the boys who gave me the bread were among 'em — and we

organized a secret outfit to beat the stampede. We did it, too. I sold out after a while, and that's all."

He paused, and thoughtfully crinkled the damask cloth between his thick fingers. The clergyman shook his head.

"No, that is not all," objected Glight. "Penitence—reparation!"

"Penitence?" sneered Bessborough. "Well, reparation—yes." He nodded at Warwick. "Had Caravigo any heirs?" said he.

Warwick smiled briefly.

"Do you both agree," he pursued, "that my next step should have been to hunt Caravigo's heirs?"

"More than that, Warwick," firmly insisted Glight. "You were called upon, by divine and human law, to—"

"One thing at a time, doctor," said Warwick. "Let us discuss one question, if you please, at a time. In Dawson the old Spaniard had left no acquaintances. After a while I went to Circle. In Circle his daughter, Carmen, a girl of eighteen, was employed in a bakery. She was poor, and proud, and friendless—and beautiful. The story of the finding of her father's body had drifted down there. She knew that Caravigo had been shot. Do you appreciate the Spanish nature? This girl's one idea was the detection of the unknown man whom she called her father's murderer.

"She had inherited a musical talent. I posed for a musical crank, and tried to make her talent an excuse for my interest in her. I hired a missionary's widow to live with Miss Caravigo, and I fitted them out with everything they could want. The excuse worked all right with Carmen, but it didn't go with anybody else. People commenced to talk about her and me. The temperature in Alaska sinks to seventy degrees below, but it doesn't freeze up Mrs. Grundy. Finally this gossip got to the girl, and she refused my help. I loved her, and I love her now. This I could not bring myself to tell her, but I asked her to bear my name."

"And she?" stammered Glight.

"She consented," said Warwick. "Her foreign notions, you see, of a marriage of convenience. She is my wife."

"With that black gulf between you—that impassable gulf of her father's tragedy?" Bessborough half arose from his chair and sank back again, frowning.

"She is my wife," reiterated Warwick, "in law; but our marriage was—and is—a legal arrangement, and nothing more; an arrangement to give me the right to protect her—to let her share my money, without stain."

"I see," said Bessborough. "An act of reparation."

"But what of justice?" cried the clergyman. "I need not speak abstractly. What of practical justice to this girl's life, to her right to happiness?"

"And your own right, Warwick?" added Bessborough. "Have you forfeited that? The situation is intolerable, I think. The marriage was a cruel mistake to both—but I beg your pardon."

"I should be begging yours," said Warwick earnestly. "I have brought my two old friends to sit here as an expert jury—representative, if you will allow me, of opposite view-points; but you have agreed twice—once in approving my search for Caravigo's child, once in condemning my method of restitution. Will the jury agree again?"

"I will agree to no deceit!" vehemently declared Dr. Glight. "I will agree to nothing except a confession to your wife."

"Ah!" murmured Warwick. "And you, Bessborough?"

"I reach the same conclusion by a different road," said the lawyer. "It is obvious, to my mind, that you ought not to be married to the daughter of the man you—to this woman. Tell her the truth, then. For lack of witnesses, if for nothing else, you will be safe from criminal prosecution; but her knowledge of the story would result in an immediate separation, and without scandal. She would not dare, on her unsupported testimony, to raise a scandal. Tell her the truth!"

"My jury works well together," rejoined Warwick. "A separation! Is that also a part of your verdict, doctor?"

"Inevitably," assented Glight.

"For the first time," said Warwick, "and not five minutes ago, I told her the truth about my love for her, and about her father's death."

"What do you mean?" vociferated the minister, clutching the table-edge.

Bessborough was quicker-witted. He sprang toward the portières.

"Let's see!" he snapped; and threw the curtains wide apart.

In the hall, leaning against the massive newel-post, stood a girl.

"My wife, gentlemen," said Warwick softly.

V

She acknowledged neither Glight's automatic bow nor Bessborough's astounded scrutiny. Her great eyes, the greater now for the pallor of her perfect face, were riveted fast upon Lockhart Warwick. Slowly she raised one hand to the carving behind her; the lace sleeve fell back from her rounded arm; and she turned, so that her white profile, immutable as a cameo, gleamed against the dark wood.

The simple movement broke a certain spell which bound the men to silence. The clergyman fluttered around indignantly on his heel.

"Really, Warwick!" he protested. "This preconcerted—"

"Eavesdropping—yes," said Warwick. "I told you that I should abjectly beg your indulgence. I do so. I wished her to hear your expert advice given impersonally. Your civilized refinement has been untried by Carmen. Its expert advice I wished her to hear directly—not through me. I would take, you see, no color of advantage of her—a fragile excuse for my impoliteness, but the only one I have."

"I, too—I ask pardons," spoke Carmen clearly.

She advanced into the room. Over the table hung a scarlet lamp. With her head dominantly erect, she crossed the shadowy barrier into the circle of ruddy light. It was like the calm, defiant entrance of a knightly swordsman upon the arena of a medieval tournament.

"I have to ask pardons, gentlemen. I do not know altogether—what you call—customs of this your world." She picked her phrases laboriously, but without the slightest embarrassment. "I am ignorant—I am not taught until lately, when I learn much. Oh, yes, so much to-night about this your world!"

"It appears," rasped Bessborough, still angered by the trickery of his host—"it appears, madam, that our ingenious scene was devised to instruct you!"

The brutality of the words, and the girl's brave loneliness, wrung Glight's sympathy as in a vise.

"My dear lady," said the kind clergyman impulsively, "if there is anything I can do for you—believe me, our world shall not leave you homeless, friendless. I promise you that. Mrs. Glight and myself—if there is anything—"

"Thank you, Glight," intruded Warwick.

"And, of course," followed Bessborough, after a pause, "if I can be of legal assistance—as to the separation, or otherwise—"

"Personified generosity!" observed Warwick grimly. "You hear, Carmen?"

"I have heard. I hear all."

"And do you understand?" pursued Warwick. "Do you understand the verdict of this higher, wiser world? We are not in the Yukon country now, Carmen. We are where the lives of men and women must be balanced as delicately as a canoe in Three-Mile Rapids. And there are no better judges of the various balances, I think, than Glight and Bessborough." He bowed constrainedly. "I ought to be willing to abide by their decision. Do you understand what must be done?"

"Do you?" she said.

"They decide that we must part," answered Warwick in a flat monotone. "That it is impossible and shameful—this form of marriage between you and the man who compassed your father's death. They have considered everything, and that is their decision."

"They have not considered everything!"

"Everything which has been told us," amended Glight.

"No, *señor*!"

Her hand strayed to the table and chanced upon the keen blade of a knife. A sinister fear mastered Bessborough, and he took a step in her direction; but Carmen disregarded him, slipping the blade for a moment between her graceful fingers. Suddenly she swept a little gesture with it and dropped the knife on the cloth. It was as if she had cut off Bessborough and Glick from her physical presence; and the minister withdrew vaguely toward the hall.

"Did they consider that you love me?" she demanded proudly.

Warwick started back, beyond the glow of the lamp.

"I love you!" he said, out of the shadow. "They know that I love you."

"And do they know that I, too—"

"Carmen!" whispered Warwick.

"Yes, my husband. May I not speak at last? What is done, that is done. What is to be, that will be. But my heart shall be yours forever!" Her voice rang like a silver bell. "The two wise men—what is their wisdom?" She waved her arm disdainfully. "My father is gone. You have told me how. I pray for his soul, as now I shall pray the good God to forgive you, who must needs release my father's broken spirit from his poor body. That was the cruel fortune of the so cruel North. That I can understand. But the wisdom of the two wise men? It is nothing. For why? Their wisdom is without love, my husband. Their wise world—I am ignorant—but it is not mine!"

"Nor mine, by Heavens!" cried Warwick passionately.

"They spoke of a black gulf between us, not to be passed," she recalled. "There is within me here a bridge to pass on;" and she clasped both her hands upon her breast.

"You can pray for my forgiveness," said Warwick, leaning forward. "Can you also forgive?"

"If you love me," said Carmen steadily.

Warwick glanced at the lawyer with misty, half-blinded eyes.

"Good night!" mumbled Bessborough awkwardly; and joined the clergyman on the stairs.

VI

THE sun was in a cloudless sky when Dr. Glight awoke. He hurried downstairs to find Bessborough pacing the library; while Simms, the butler, hovered about with the distracted countenance of a decorous servant who beholds the very pillars of social propriety crumble to the ground.

"Here's a flare-up, doctor!" prefaced Bessborough. "Warwick has gone!"

"Gone?" said the minister blankly. "He has gone?"

"Gone for good," said Bessborough. "Left me a letter."

"And one for you, sir," quavered Simms.

He handed a sealed envelope to Glight and sidled away doubtfully.

"Listen to mine first," proffered the lawyer. "This is what Warwick writes:

"DEAR BESSBOROUGH:

"I am completing my discourtesy to my guests last night by running away from them this morning. Invent any reason you can—perhaps it is to save you an argument and Glight a sermon. Money for winding up my household I have left with Simms, who is a trustworthy factotum, and who will give you, I hope, an edible breakfast. Before you finish it, I shall have commenced a long journey."

While Bessborough turned the notepaper, the clergyman's bewildered glance ran down the adjoining passage to the studio. The gun-rack and the row of pegs were unoccupied, and the bed was stripped of blankets. Bessborough continued the letter:

"I may add that my wife, having rejected, as you know, the verdict of the civilization which you and the doctor so comprehensively represent, has gone with me to begin a new fight for fortune in the North."

"Now, what the dickens does he mean by that?" queried Bessborough.

Dr. Glight mechanically tore open his sealed envelope. He drew from it two enclosures. One was a signed and witnessed memorandum, and the other was a bank draft; and at the six numerals cut across the draft the minister blinked incredulously.

"My college!" he breathed. "For my missionary college! No—it cannot be!"

He seemed afraid to move; and the draft shook in his fingers.

"Tainted money, eh?" jeered the cynical lawyer.

Glight stood speechless; but abruptly the scorn passed from the other's face, and his eyes became radiant with strong emotion.

"By the Lord, doctor, if you ask me," he cried, "I say that it is cleansed—fragrant—hallowed with a man's penance and a woman's love!"

"Amen!" said Dr. Glight.

THE OLD FARMHOUSE AT WEST HILLS, NEAR HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, IN WHICH WALT WHITMAN WAS BORN ON MAY 31, 1819

WALT WHITMAN'S EARLY LIFE ON LONG ISLAND

BY WILLIS STEELL

IN the definitive edition of his works, in ten sumptuous volumes, one may look in vain for the real Walt Whitman; and even in the biographies of him so far written one feels the absence of actuality. It is a cardboard man they present, not a man that one can walk around. In order to preserve the image of himself which the poet carefully set up—that of an "initiate"—his editors have outdone him, and have obliterated the human touches. They step into the artificial atmosphere which he created but did not breathe, and once there they begin to see with strange vision and to measure with outlandish tape.

Fortunately for the preservation of his memory as a man and not as a freak, there are still living people who knew Whitman and who treasure the recollection of their friend as a quiet gentleman of simple manners, an affectionate friend, a good neighbor, and a thorough patriot.

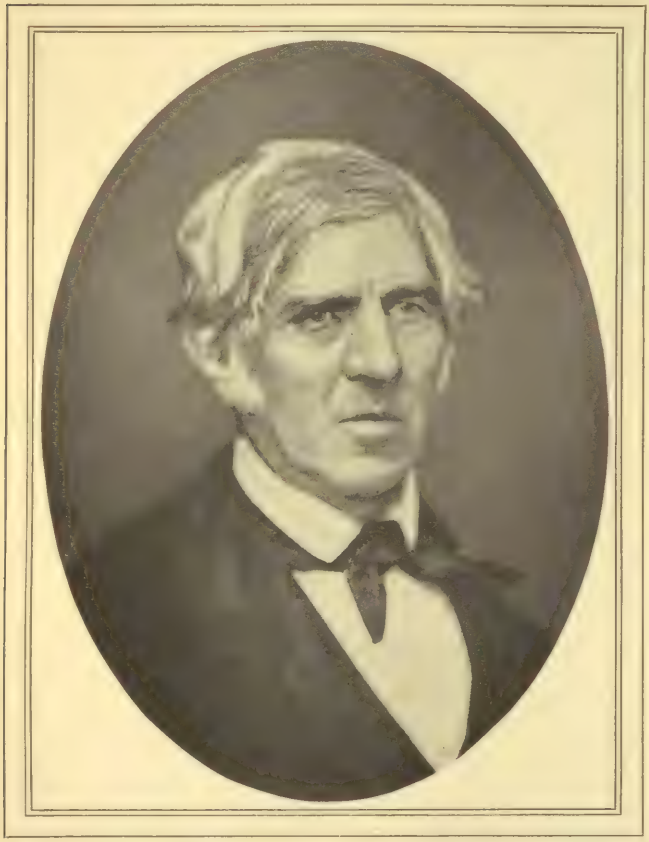
On Long Island, in the several villages and in the one great city where the poet's childhood, youth, and early manhood were spent, many witnesses are to be found to tell cheerful stories of his optimism and his great heart. If a little dazed by his fame as a poet, these old acquaintances never begrudged him any good he was able to get out of life, and would not deflower his poet's wreath after death. But they remember him as a fellow mortal, with faults like themselves, or, at least, with human failings, but at the same time big with warm feeling, generous sympathy, and surpassing magnetism.

It may be as well to call these witnesses before it is too late; otherwise, critics and biographers will have their own way in making of Walt Whitman a sightless

marble bust to fit into a niche in some Hall of Fame.

WALT WHITMAN'S BIRTHPLACE

In West Hills, a tiny hamlet on the north shore of Long Island which "trades" in Huntington village, nothing is remembered of Walt—a fact not strange since his father—Walter Whitman, wood-cutter and carpenter — after four children, of whom Walt was the second, had been born to him there, removed his family to Brooklyn when the future poet was a boy of four. The house in which Walt was born still stands, though without a memorial tablet. It is a shingled farmhouse of two stories and a lean-to, and after nearly a century it still affords a comfortable habitation to a well-to-do farmer's family.



WALTER WHITMAN, THE LONG ISLAND WOOD-CUTTER AND CARPENTER WHO WAS THE FATHER OF THE POET

From a daguerreotype

Although a visit to it promised to reward only a far-fetched sentiment, yet, it chanced that some light was thrown by my pilgrimage on the sweetness and simplicity of the poet's character, for I learned that in 1853 Walt took his father to the old home, to see it for the last time.

"An old, old man and very feeble he was," said the woman, herself aged, who told the simple story. "I remember him because my mother said he was Louisa Van Velsor's husband. Louisa Van Velsor married a Whitman, and the Whitmans have been around here since before the Revolution. I don't remember the son distinctly, except that he was pretty tall and had a nice smile. He took care of the old man like as if he was a woman."

A man in the neighborhood recalled directing the strangers to an older building, the Whitman ancestral home, now a woodshed on an adjoining farm. He had told his father of the incident, and that old gentleman had remarked:

"That was old Walt Whitman and one of his boys. Whitman must be going to die, for he said when he went away from here, away back in the twenties, that he wouldn't ever come back again except just once before he died. Old Walt Whitman was as obstinate as they make 'em, and I guess he kept his word."

BOYHOOD DAYS IN BROOKLYN

It was to Front Street, in Brooklyn, that "Old Walt" took his brood from West Hills. Here, while the eldest boy, Jesse, helped his father at carpentering, Walt had to "mind" the two younger children, Mary and Hannah. He proved but a slack nurse, for their home was near the Brooklyn ferry, and the wonder-

ful river, with its many strange craft, immediately fascinated the youthful Walt. It was a fascination that endured through his long life. Although never a traveler by sea or land, whenever the poet had the choice, he chose to live near a great river, and he ever loved a ferry.

One might as well be writing of Shakespeare's early life as of Whitman's for the ensuing eleven years, so blank they seemed. The family prospered, and moved five times, each time to a better neighborhood, and, to Walt's unutterable homesickness, each time farther from the river. It is known, because he has said so, that his friends were boys who worked or played near the water. He had one particular crony — a driver of a coal-cart, whose good fortune it was occasionally to cross the river by means of the horse ferry and to rattle up the rough streets of New York. Once Walt made the trip with this man, and his first near view of the metropolis was had from the dusty seat of the coal-cart.

MRS. WALTER WHITMAN, MOTHER OF THE POET—HER MAIDEN NAME WAS LOUISA VAN VELSOR

From a daguerreotype

At eleven years of age, a halt was called to these vagrant excursions, and Walt was sent to a lawyer's office. He could read, but he could scarcely spell. How he was to make himself useful he didn't know; and when he found that the lawyer's windows overlooked the panorama of the upper bay, Walt didn't care. There, day after day, he would sit and stare, drinking in strange impressions, while the simple tasks set for him were left undone. Perhaps, in his case, these impressions served as well as a regular school; but the time came when he must learn to spell, and where could he gain that necessary knowledge better than in a newspaper-office?

To two local weeklies—the *Long Island Patriot* and the *Star*—the lad was sent in succession, and spelling was taught him at the printer's case. At the latter office an adverse verdict was passed upon him; notwithstanding which he was not dismissed, because everybody liked him.

"A nice little fellow, but born lazy," the verdict was.

Again his companions were of the class who worked with their hands—"rowdies, roughs," as he called them, who "cocked their hats to suit themselves." In Myrtle Avenue, where the Whitman family lived for a period, in a house which is still standing as a butcher's-shop, the neighbors used to warn Mrs. Whitman that her boy was going to the bad because of the comrades he affected, but Walt persuaded his mother that they were mis-

taken. The lad had a way with him that was difficult for his mother, or any one, to resist. It was not coaxing; it was bland, and he usually won his point.

Indeed, by the testimony of Jeff Whitman, his younger and best-loved brother, Walt had an unerring instinct in the selection of his friends; he did not choose bad ones, but those of strange character.

WALT WHITMAN, AUTHOR OF "LEAVES OF GRASS"

From a daguerreotype which was made in or about 1854, and which is probably the earliest existing portrait of the poet

WALT'S LOVE OF THE SEASHORE

By this time Jeff and he had discovered Coney Island—a wild and desolate strip of sand which the ocean alternately tore away and brought back to suit its own fantasy. An occasional fisherman's shack was then the only human habitation. Here Walt learned to know and love the sea, beside which the ferry dwarfed in fascination.

Every Saturday afternoon, in weather which in a boy's estimation was "good," the brothers wandered away to Coney Island. They raced up and down the level sand, bathed and slept; and while the more active Jeff dug a few clams to take home as a propitiatory offering, Walt dreamed and sought to understand the tongue of the ocean. His blood swung to the rhythm of the waves, and never afterward coursed in a normal, commonplace flow. What strange words he formed to go with the lap and the boom, what weird fancies coyly approached him and withdrew with the tide, even he could not remember; they remained in-

articulate. But this inchoate utterance, this singular vocabulary, lingered with him, influencing his novel expression of himself.

Thereafter, as long as he lived in Brooklyn, a day at Coney Island was part of his week. Later, when he had attained the dignified position of editor of a daily newspaper, regularly as Saturday afternoon came around, he deserted his desk, leaving, as he said, "the nations to take care of themselves" while he resumed his interrupted series of colloquies with the sea.

WALT ARRESTED FOR ASSAULT

Walt was a youth of seventeen, but as tall and broad as a man, when his family removed to Norwich, Long Island, where he joined them in May, 1836. A summer of delightful loafing, with tramps that led him to the Great South Bay, was followed by a winter as a country schoolteacher in Babylon. He "boarded 'round," and in consequence became acquainted with more kinds of people than he had ever known before. In consequence of his occupation, and of his itinerant way of living, this part of Long Island is richer in recollections of Walt Whitman than any other section. In fact, through his arrest on a charge of assault and battery, Walt became something of a public character on the "merry South Side."

The Whitman family were, at this period, farming the old Merwin place, about a mile and a half west of Babylon. Between their farm and that of a neighbor named Carman lay a pond where Walt delighted to fish. One day, while he was sitting in his boat and angling, young Benjamin Carman, who was fishing also, thought he could have better sport by annoying Walt. At first he threw stones so as to disturb the water near the fisherman; but as this had no apparent effect upon Whitman's temper, he got into his boat and began rowing round and round the poet.

Even this annoyance failed to call forth a remonstrance. Instead of rebuking his annoyer, Walt engaged the lad in conversation until he incautiously rowed within the swing of the other's fish-pole. Then Walt brought the pole across young Carman's shoulders and thrashed him severely, dismissing him finally with the advice never again to interfere with a fisherman.

Walt did not tell the story, but young Carman did, and his father swore out a warrant for Whitman's arrest before Justice Joel Jarvis, of Huntington. News of the arrest spread quickly, and when the constable produced his prisoner it seemed that all of the South Side was there to see. General Richard Udall prosecuted, but the schoolmaster pleaded in his own defense. He did not dispute the evidence, but contented himself by telling the jury that he had trounced the boy for interfering with a fisherman's vested rights. When the jury filed back into the court-room, Justice Jarvis looked over his steel-bowed spectacles at the foreman, one John Edwards, and asked him if the jury had agreed upon a verdict.

"We find," said Edwards, a stubborn Englishman, "that 'e did not 'it 'im 'ard enough."

No admonition or persuasion of the justice could make the jury change its finding into a more regular form, and in the court records the verdict stands precisely as rendered.

FIRST ESSAYS IN LITERATURE

Walt Whitman, as described by the old ladies of Babylon, was a handsome youth, full of life, broad-shouldered and muscular, holding himself erect and walking easily, but never in a hurry. His dress suggested the seaman, for his collar was cut low, and his shirt-front usually rolled back, exposing his robust chest. While his clothes were coarse, they were neatly kept, and the terse description, "rough as a farmer and neat as a sailor," fitted him well.

As a teacher, Walt was successful in arousing his scholars' desire to learn; but he seldom taught from books. He conveyed what he had acquired from the study of trees and skies and waves, and he was sensibly ahead of his era in the introduction of the personal element in his work. Men and women who are now old remember him as the only teacher who tried to make the paths of learning pleasant. They liked him, and so did their parents, for Walt, while quiet in his manners, and not much of a talker, could

interest them by his conversation when he tried.

He was already making an effort to write. A Hawthornesque sketch, "Death in the Schoolroom," which was published a year later under the initials "W. W.," had a basis of fact in a happening of his own class-room. This dearer hope took him out of teaching and back to the printing-press. From Babylon, in 1838, he went back to Huntington, where he founded the *Long Islander,* a weekly publication which is still issued regularly.

At Huntington there are elderly men who can point out the stable on the main street which was once Walt's publishing office. A short winter served for the experiment, but these survivals of his generation recall quite vividly the hermit life lived by Whitman. He dwelt in his office, "doing" for himself, except on rare occasions, when a subscriber paid in real money and not in cord-wood or potatoes. Then Walt used to take his dinners at the village inn until his cash had been eaten up.

In the main, this winter was so uneventful, and Walt was so seldom seen abroad, that he had packed up his scribbled sheets and his few belongings—the paper having suspended publication—and had been back in Brooklyn for nearly a month before the Huntingtonians realized that he had gone. The *Long Islander* resumed publication under more stable management, but except the one visit paid there with his father, fifteen years later, Walt was seen in Huntington no more.

Equipped with this experience, he applied for, and obtained, two editorial positions of some importance—first, on the Brooklyn *Times,* and then on the Brooklyn *Eagle.* Once more he took up life as he had left it, spending his leisure on the water-front of Brooklyn, or on South Street, New York, and fleeing to the sea whenever city life became too crowded. His friends were printers, young men who worked with their hands; he had no "society" acquaintances; he knew few women.

Finally deposed from his place on the *Eagle* for his antislavery editorials, he followed his father's trade of carpentering, and built small houses for workingmen, carrying to his toil daily a dinner-pail and a book.

The "real" Walt Whitman of this epoch resembled every other workman—content to build a house and sell it; to build another, and sell that; so quiet, reserved, and simple outwardly that none of his intimate friends ever suspected what was "simmering" within. He was very affectionate toward these friends, liking to hold their hands and to buy them little gifts. When one of them was sick or despondent, Walt went out of his way to exert what he already called his "magnetism" to heal the sufferer or cheer him up.

A volume of Emerson brought the "simmering" poet to a boil; suddenly he quit carpentering and disappeared to the eastern shore of Long Island to meditate on his "Leaves of Grass." On his return to Brooklyn he set up his poems in the office of Rome Brothers, in Fulton Street.

The poet had found himself, but in the same degree he had lost the Walt Whitman that Long Islanders knew. From the moment that he had conceived his mission to be that of the poet-prophet of America, much of the "old man," in the biblical phrase, he put away. He had created a rôle; his subsequent effort was to live up to it.

AT TWENTY-ONE

Upon the mountain tops of Hope we stand;
  Below the valleys of Decision roll;
Beyond the vales by Freedom's breezes fanned
  We glimpse the peaks of Truth that are our goal.

Mayhap we'll never gain those heights so fair
  That gleam above the mists of Doubt and Pain;
And so we linger, breathing Hope's pure air,
  Unmindful of the struggle on the plain.

Littell McClung

STORIETTES

A Premature Explosion

BY ANNA MATHEWSON

GODFREY LEFFINGWELL, the third of that stiff, unnicknamable appellation, had not enjoyed his breakfast, though it had been served with the usual rigid punctuality, though the morning was balmy, and though he was but twenty-nine and in excellent health.

Opposite had sat his widowed mother, whose nose, forehead, and standards were all abnormally high and unmitigated by any sense of humor. By a supercilious remark she had acidulated the cream of human kindness with which Godfrey was prepared to eat his cereal; for her sarcasm was directed at Flossie Burton, the first girl toward whom his fancy had seriously inclined.

He left the maternal criticism unanswered, but retaliated, on reaching the quiet New England street, by forsaking his route to the ancestral law-office and passing the home of the happy-go-lucky Burtons. No Flossie appeared, though he walked slowly; but from the gate suddenly emerged a small colored woman, butting her way with an empty baby carriage so hastily that her neat apron was caught and torn by the latch.

To Blanche Johnson had been awarded the distinction of laundering the Leffingwell linen for so long that she considered herself a privileged retainer of that family. She, therefore, accepted Godfrey's chivalrous assistance as a matter of course, and burst into speech as torrentially as she had come through the gate.

"Mighter knowed somepin'd go wrong, atter dat dream las' night!" she panted, straightening the hat that obliterated one eye and propelling the rickety vehicle beside Godfrey. "Serves me right for goin' outside my regular famblies; but Mis' Smiff said dese folks wanted deir washin' took, an' I s'posed dey'd do, dough dey wasn't quality like you' ma, Mist' Gawdfrey. I'll settle dat ol' Smiff woman—sendin' me plumb into a lun'tic 'sylum!"

"What!" gasped Godfrey, too amazed to silence these comments upon Flossie's family.

"Yassir; dat's what 'tis — private lun'tic 'sylum, Mist' Gawdfrey. Jus' lemme tell yo'!"

With volcanic force the recital poured forth. Her bewildered listener saw vivid visions of a "respectable cullud pusson" entering the Burton abode; being led by the cook to the top floor; being left there to extract the laundry from a hamper, and then convey the bundle homeward, *via* the kitchen. But, not finding the back stairway, she had timidly descended the front one, and had opened the vestibule-door, meaning to regain the kitchen from outside. Fearing, however, that to use the main entrance would be deemed a liberty by the unknown family, she reconsidered, closed the door, and proceeded through a hall toward the culinary department.

All was silent as she cautiously turned the knob of what she supposed to be the kitchen-door. To her horror, there leaped from the room a hideous clamor, wherein masculine and feminine notes mingled in one raucous "*Booh!*"

She portrayed it so explosively that Leffingwell jumped.

"What?" he again helplessly gasped.

"Yassir; jus' like dat! Muster took twenty people fo' such a holler. Den still ag'in, an' an ol' lady come out in de hall—Mis' Button 'twas—an' sorter 'pologize. Nawsir; I don' know what she said—somepin' 'bout her son George, I b'lieve; but I's too skeered to care fo' nothin' 'cept gittin' away from dat house fas' as I could git. Come out de kitching-do' an' lef' dat bundle o' clo'es right on de back po'ch; grab de wagon an' run

fo' dear life. Me enter dat place ag'in? Not fo' million dollars! Gwine tell Mis' Smiff what I think o' her rec'mendin's. My new apron, too, busted on dat ol' gate! Mawnin', Mist' Gawdfrey."

The irate Blanche whisked round a corner, intent upon vengeance and Mrs. Smith.

But a ray of light now brightened Mr. Leffingwell's anguish—this unseemly performance must be a frolic of Flossie's brother, George, probably augmented by college chums on a visit. Alas, the next moment his troubled eyes beheld the suspected youth, carrying a grip, evidently *en route* from the station to the "private lun'tic 'sylum," and his reluctant ears received a slangy greeting as they passed.

What a family to marry into! Was he not mistaken in thinking Flossie superior to the rest? All his inherited prejudices arose and clamored.

Had it not been beneath the Leffingwell dignity, he might have inquired into the mystery, or he might have accompanied George and heard Flossie's account of the incident, which ran thus:

"You remember how you scared everybody last month, getting in quietly and shouting 'Booh!' at us? Well, we decided to return the compliment this time, and give you a reception to raise your hair. So we listened until the vestibule-door opened softly, and when this knob turned — oh, Georgie, darling, such a noise! Mother, Marjorie, and I in different keys; grandpa booming like a foghorn, and father giving an Indian war-whoop, the most blood-curdling thing you can imagine. But when the door shut quickly without a sign from you, mother grew pale and whispered, 'Mrs. Black!' Marjorie and I bolted into the china-closet, for we couldn't face her. Oh, you don't know—she's the stranger who moved in next door, with her aunt from Boston. Her aunt died yesterday, and mother offered the use of our phone, telling her to come in the front way without ringing. And then to be met with yelps and howls! Terrible! We didn't breathe till mother came back to say that, instead of Mrs. Black, we had merely scared a poor little colored laundress out of her wits. So our joke died a violent death, and after this we'll never say 'booh' to a goose! Thank goodness, it didn't really matter!"

Nevertheless, thanks to Blanche Johnson, perhaps it did really matter. For once in his deliberate life, Godfrey acted on impulse, and departed by the afternoon train for Washington to see his friend, the Hon. Cecil Calthorpe of the British embassy. Calthorpe's stately sister had won Mrs. Leffingwell's unqualified approval.

Later on, Flossie, becoming conscious that some unknown obstacle had barred her progress in a certain direction, accepted Daisy Green's invitation to visit Chicago. Daisy's sprightly brother was popular with all the Burtons.

But if it had not been for the premature explosion of a practically meaningless monosyllable—

For the Honor of the Corps

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE

THE rays of the Sicilian sun had begun to slant among the palms and pines of the garden. The inmates of the little hotel in Palermo were waking from midday siestas, and planning their afternoon forays upon the sights of the city. Miss Ethel Follansbee, of New York, reclined gracefully on an ancient stone hemicycle and jabbed her parasol with meditative languor into the gravel walk. Miss Follansbee's parents, still in their cool rooms, showed a woful lack of enthusiasm as sightseers; but fortunately Mr. Gerald Carter, one year out of Yale, was not equally recreant.

They had all landed from the steamer two days before; and steamer friendships are close—for the time, at least—especially when a boy and a girl spend most of the hours together talking bad Italian and trying bravely to improve it. Carter came strolling along the walk, quite ignorant, of course, that he would

find Miss Follansbee on the stone hemicycle. He raised his hat and tried to look surprised. Then he sat down beside her and poked his cane once or twice into the gravel.

"Any plans for the afternoon?" he asked.

She shook her head rather disconsolately.

"Mother and father are resting still. I hardly believe they'll be down in time to go anywhere."

"Is that any reason why we shouldn't?"

"Where shall we go?"

"Oh, I don't care," he said vaguely. "Let's just stroll. The streets here are mighty interesting, and we can change our minds if we find something better."

"Wait a minute, then. I'll run up and tell mother and father I'm going;" and Mr. Carter waited somewhat longer than a minute.

Then they wandered out together, with a wise aimlessness worthy of older and more experienced travelers. They loitered along winding ways ranged with tall, dingy buildings whose marvelous Gothic windows you could not see, because the streets were so narrow; around medieval-looking market-squares whose queer meats and vegetables and fish made you a trifle less hungry and were better forgotten; and, finally, up into the comparatively broad Maqueda, with its modern shops, its streams of Sicilian fashion and Sicilian poverty, and here and there a rough fellow doffing his cap or crossing himself and murmuring prayers before some glass-guarded street-side Madonna in a battered gilt frame.

They were passing a café of the better sort, where a row of little round tables on the sidewalk invited the fashionable wayfarer to his ice or his sirup. The dark room behind enticed but few, for the Sicilian loves to be seen even more than to see. Carter turned to his companion.

"Don't you want to stop and try one of their ices?" he suggested. "I've heard they're good."

Miss Follansbee assented with enthusiasm. They were living the life of the town, and each experience counted. A waiter took their orders. Then their eyes wandered over their fellow patrons. The survey was casual enough, but it was returned with much more than legal interest, for the Sicilian man-about-town is not reticent in his scrutiny of women.

Three young cavalry officers sat at the next table, with their short gray cloaks thrown back, and each fixed his dark eyes on Miss Follansbee's face and kept them there with a calm insistence which, despite all the self-poise of the American girl, began at last to prove embarrassing. She reddened under the stare, and turned away, but it seemed to reach her cheeks even through the back of her head.

Then one of her unsought admirers spoke, ostensibly to a companion, but in a voice he made no effort to lower. Possibly he assumed that the girl, being a foreigner, could not understand Italian. More likely he did not care.

"Ah, my Luigi! What pretty blue eyes these American ladies have. If I mistake not, that smile of the *signorina* was for you."

The youth addressed twirled up his little black mustache and waved his cigarette deprecatingly.

"Doubtless she admires all brave soldiers. A fair field for each of us! I shall not grudge you your chances."

They laughed, and Miss Follansbee flushed a deeper crimson. Carter swung round in his chair and glared savagely, but the three ignored his presence, and the stare still bore steadily upon its victim's back.

"Camillo is right," broke in the third, "and Luigi is generous only because he knows he is irresistible. Let me beg of you, though, my friend, that you will be more constant to this conquest than you were to the little Annunziata."

"Annunziata? Ah, but she was of a different sort," said Luigi disdainfully.

"Truly different," exclaimed Camillo. "Our Sicilian girl can avenge inconstancy. In her black eyes are poniards; in the blue ones are only tears. Therefore be kind in victory."

There were indeed tears in Miss Follansbee's eyes — tears of mortification and nervous resentment. She half rose from her chair.

"Come, let's go, Mr. Carter. I—I don't really think I care for an ice after all."

"But see now," protested Luigi. "She is going. She does not appreciate—"

"Coquetry—mere coquetry," began Camillo, and then he was conscious of a tall, broad-shouldered fellow towering above him, with a face glowering with rage.

Carter's eyes blazed from one to the other of the three. His Italian was crude and halting enough, but it shot from his lips with a vigor that more than made up for bad grammar and slender vocabulary.

"I don't know what you call this kind of thing in Italy, but in America we'd call it cowardly blackguardism. If I were alone here, I'd punch a little decent manners into all three of your heads!"

He didn't know the Italian for "blackguardism," so he let it go in English; but the meaning hit the mark square and hard. There was an instant of silence; then Luigi rose, his olive face a shade paler. He drew a card-case from his pocket, took out a card, and, with a formal bow, handed it to the American.

"I am at the service of the *signor,*" he said.

Carter glanced at the name, and thrust the card savagely into his pocket.

"All right!" he said.

At that moment an Italian officer stepped from the door of the café and walked quickly to the table where the young men stood. His short hair, almost white, was brushed straight up, and a bushy gray mustache curled across his face. Carter could not place his rank by the undress uniform, but from the confused salute of his three adversaries he guessed that it was high. The newcomer bowed with grave courtesy.

"I have to tender you, *signor,* a sincere apology for the inexcusable behavior of my young men. I desire you to know that there are Italians who appreciate the treatment due to ladies and to foreigners who are the guests of their country. Pardon me if I say that the affront offered to you is second to the affront offered to the honor of my corps. That affront it is my duty to assume. I beg you will give me the card you have just received."

Carter hesitated.

"I thank you, *signor,*" he said at last, "but this affair is personal. The customs of your country are not mine, but I take the responsibility for what I've said. Least of all do I want to hide behind authority."

"I do not stand on my authority," said the officer quickly. "With me, too, it shall be personal, and you will pardon me if I say again that the offense to me is first. You will give me the card."

The tone of command, and the age and presence of the speaker, bore down the opposition of the younger man. He drew the crumpled card from his pocket and surrendered it. The three young officers still stood stiff at attention, with pale faces. The old man bowed to all four, turned on his heel, and reentered the café. Then Carter's thoughts went suddenly back to his companion.

Miss Follansbee was in tears. There seemed to be nothing more to be said, so he gave her his arm and they went out. Once in the street, her self-control returned, but Carter was still badly upset, blaming himself for his outburst, full of apologies to the young woman, doubtful most of all about his surrender of the card and the quarrel.

"I'm nothing but a boy and an ass! That's the truth of it," he said bitterly. "First I lost my temper, and then I went clean rattled."

"I think you were very brave, and—and I didn't mind it at all," she insisted, now in the rôle of consoler. "They were perfectly horrid. There'll be a duel, of course, and I'm, oh, so relieved that you aren't in it on my account! I do hope that dear old gentleman won't be hurt, though."

Through the evening vague and impossible schemes by which she might avert the trouble of which she was the innocent occasion presented themselves, one after another, to Miss Follansbee's mind, but each seemed more impracticable than the last. Carter gloomed helplessly; and so, at last, they went to their rooms and to a restless pretense of sleep.

In the morning, Ethel came down late to her coffee, and Carter had gone out; but just before luncheon she found

him in the writing-salon, glaring with knitted brows at a Palermo newspaper.

"You wasted your sympathy," he said savagely. "I've heard of Sicilian ways of doing things, but this brings it pretty near home. Listen;" and he read:

"Last night the Lieutenant Signor Luigi di Fano was assassinated by a dagger-thrust near the church of San Giovanni dell' Origlione. The assassin is unknown."

Miss Follansbee looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"Don't you see?" he said. "Di Fano was the name on the card I gave that murderous old devil. He said he'd make it personal, and I should say he had, all right! This *is* Sicily, only I couldn't have dreamed—"

But Miss Follansbee sat dazed.

"And he seemed such a lovely old gentleman!" she murmured.

In the barrack of the Palazzo Sclafani, the General Caravelli read the same paragraph, pulling his big mustache with a grim smile on his dark face.

"Ah, these Americans!" he murmured. "They condemn the Italian for his avenging of the private wrong. Men are the same the world over; but truly, I would not have thought it of the boy. He seemed of the gentle blood, and this was not the act of such."

But in a darkened room in the Via del Protonotaro the little Annunziata sat brooding, with the traces of many tears in her dark eyes, while her kindred went in and out silently, casting upon her glances of condolence and of pride.

The Cure

BY HARRIET GAYLORD

"I WONDER what bee father's got in his bonnet now?" queried the Rev. Josiah Marcy's wife as she watched him stand for ten minutes in absent-minded thought, his gaze on the cottage across the way.

"What is it, Josiah?" she asked as he entered the doorway of the parsonage.

Her husband's absorbed, serious mood passed, and he chuckled.

"What is it? Oh, I'm planning to abduct a young female."

"Josiah!"

"Now, don't get riled, mother. I'm going to take you along as chaperon."

"For the land's sake, what do you mean?"

"I'm going to take Amy Burt with us down to Ella's wedding to-morrow, and get her to take an interest in life again."

"She won't go!"

"Don't you be too sure. I'm going to put it to her straight, and I'm going right over to do it now."

Before his wife could get her breath, the white-haired country parson was on his way bare-headed across the street.

"I want to see Amy," he said to her mother. "I'll go right out into the orchard."

"I wish you would," exclaimed the girl's mother. "I don't know what we'll do to rouse her. Seems like she's just fading away. Hour after hour she lies out in the hammock where she used to sit with him."

"Yes, I know," answered the Rev. Josiah gently. "It has gone on too long."

"Good morning, Amy," he said genially, as he took his seat on a rustic bench between two apple-trees. "Why, you look like a white blossom yourself. I'm glad you don't wear black any longer."

"Ed loved white," the pale, pretty girl listlessly replied.

"Yes, I know. Let me see, it is a year since he died, isn't it?"

"A year and one month. We should have been married a year ago last Thursday."

"Ah, my child, you have suffered! One of the best years of your life has been devoted to pain and grief. I feel rebellious about it, Amy."

"Rebellious?"

"Yes. Youth was not meant to grieve. It would pain Edward sadly if he could see your suffering."

"Oh, don't say that! It is the proof of my love."

"Was Edward selfish?"

"Never."

"Would he want you to spoil your youth?"

"Never."

"Then why should you do what would hurt him? Do you want to be selfish?"

"You know I don't!"

"My child, I have sympathized with you keenly in your overwhelming sorrow. Does that give me the right to speak frankly to you now?"

"Yes."

"My dear, grief unduly prolonged is merely a bad habit."

The girl sat erect in indignation.

"Mr. Marcy!"

"It is not merely a bad habit," he went on calmly. "It is a sin—the sin of selfishness. The time has come when you should no longer hug your grief to your heart before the world, but try to help other people to find happiness. I want you to go with us to Marcyville tomorrow, to see Ella married to Daniel Willcox. I want you to try to rejoice in her happiness. The best cure is to cut most deeply with the knife."

The girl expostulated, wept, rebelled, but she had a New England conscience; so finally the pale, pretty martyr consented to the sacrifice.

As they drove over the mountain next day in the buggy behind old white Maria, the comfortable parson and his spouse tried to divert and arouse their patient, with results at first pathetic, in the end more satisfactory. Jolly, red-cheeked Ella flung her arms about the girl's neck in greeting.

"Oh, you shall stand up with me!" she cried. "Myrtle Hazen has just come down with the measles."

"I couldn't!" Amy shrank painfully from the ordeal, but the Rev. Josiah patted her shoulder.

"Think how happy you will make Ella, my dear," he whispered, and again the white-faced martyr was led to the sacrifice.

Under the magic influence of clothes, her soul warmed a trifle as she helped Ella to dress.

"You'll stand up with Robert Whitman," cried Ella. "He is such a love! Dan's chum at Dartmouth, you know. He's going out to Manila next week—a splendid business opening. Oh"—and she hugged Amy from sheer delight—"I am so happy!"

Could Amy say or feel, "I am so sad," at such a moment?

When the ceremony was over, a great jollification began. During the serving of refreshments, Amy and Robert Whitman distributed bits of wedding-cake, and his merry daring and evident ignorance of her tragic grief made her feel more like her old self than anything that had occurred since the death of her lover. At last he insisted on ensconcing her in a corner, where they would be quite by themselves. After piling a small table high with dainties before her, he leaned back in his chair.

"I want to see how a lily eats," he declared.

"I'm ashamed," actually laughed Amy, "but I'm awfully hungry, and I'm going to eat like a peony. But you must eat, too."

"Sure!" He proved his pleasure at her suggestion. "Tell me why you are so pale," he demanded.

"I—I haven't been well for a year."

"Do you know how you made me feel the minute I looked at you?"

"No—how?"

"As if I wanted to pick you up and hold you in my arms and kiss warmth and life into you."

"Mr. Whitman!" The lily's cheeks were flooded, and she rose in indignation.

"What's the matter? Sit down! I'm just being honest. It isn't right for a beautiful girl like you to look so pale and sad. Any man who didn't feel as I did wouldn't be *decent!* Sit down."

She collapsed into her seat with a little nervous laugh.

"I'm not used to such abrupt ways," she gasped. "Is this your usual method of talking to a girl you have just met?"

"Not a bit of it! No girl ever made me feel this way before. Now, that statement requires proof, and I haven't any time to waste. I've got to start for Manila on Wednesday of next week. Will you go with me? I have never before seen a girl I wanted to marry, but the minute I saw you I was done for. That is straight. Please! I'll try to make you very happy—"

The look in his honest eyes stirred

Amy's whole being as nothing in Edward had ever stirred her except his death. She gazed at him in fascination, then gasped:

"Why, I can't! Don't you know?"

"Know what? Don't tell me you are already engaged?"

"I was—but he died!"

"You poor little girl!" His eyes were a caress. "And I seem to rush in on your grief. How long ago?"

"A year."

"Oh, but you mustn't spoil your life any longer. Let me try to make it happy again. I will, dear, I will!"

"Please, please don't say any more to-night! You—you are so appallingly sudden. Let me get my breath."

"All right, dearest; only remember, my time is so short I couldn't wait to win you slowly. I must have you to take care of—to make happy. Don't forget!"

His hand touched hers for a moment; then he talked in rollicking fashion of himself and his prospects. Finally he cut an apple in two.

"We'll let Fate decide," he declared gaily. "You eat half and I'll eat half, and then we'll count the seeds."

She laughed like a happy child. This devotion was sweet to her wounded soul. They counted: "One, I love—" on to "Eight, they both love," and there were no more seeds.

"You've hidden some!" she charged.

"No, honest Injun! 'They both love!' More than I dared hope!"

"You're breaking your promise!" Amy rose. "I shall not talk to you any more to-night."

"Dearest—" he protested; but she nipped his fervor short.

"You go and get the old shoes. I'm sure Daniel and Ella are going soon."

Later, in Ella's deserted room, a bewildered but no longer white-faced martyr tried to reason herself out of her ebullient, unwonted interest in life. She conjured up the image of the dead Edward, an ordinary enough young farmer, flailing her vacillating soul with scorn when a laughing, manly, masterful face would come between her and her ashes, murmuring:

"Live, beloved, live. Let me show you that life is good!"

Ah, she would have her dream of happiness this one night! She would stay awake and make believe; then to-morrow she would say no, and go back to the servitude of her sorrow.

A rap at her door woke her from a sound, dreamless sleep to find sunlight flooding the room. The hired girl handed in a box with dainty wrappings. Amy blushed as she tore open the fastenings, and laughed to find within a rosy-cheeked apple. On Robert Whitman's card were written the words:

Count and let Fate decide! How can I wait till breakfast to see you?

Somehow the past seemed dead, and she had a morning heart. When she had cut open the apple, she sang the words for pure joy:

One, I love; two, I love; three, I love, I say;
Four, I love with all my heart;
Five, I cast away.
Six, he loves—

Was that all? No, she found another! "Seven, she loves!" Surely there would be eight? But the Fates had spoken. She hesitated for a moment, then recklessly flung open Ella's desk, and, wrapping the seven seeds in a bit of paper, enclosed them in an envelope. Summoning the messenger who had brought the box, she sent her answer to her impetuous lover; then she gazed with dire consternation at her flushed face in the glass.

After breakfast the exultant young man piloted her toward a rose-covered summer-house in the garden.

"Did you mean it?" he demanded. "You sweet, pale little lily, have I won you?"

"I'm a wicked, faithless girl!"

"You angel! Wicked! You!"

"Suppose you had died! What would you think of me for behaving like this?"

"My dear, my dear, for twelve long months you have grieved for your lost lover. The best man on earth isn't worth that much sorrow in any woman's heart! If you mourned for me one week, I should feel myself rich indeed."

"You say so now to gain your point."

They had reached the door of the arbor, and stood drawing in breaths dizzy with the fragrance of roses and springtime and youth, their eyes locked together.

"Dearest, leave the dead past!" he

murmured, taking her hands and carrying them to his lips. "Give your present and your future to me! Could you let me go so far away without you?"

"Oh!"—and the word was a sob—"no, I couldn't! That's just it! I don't want to do it, but I've got to give you my life!"

"Happy, are you, little bride?" asked the Rev. Josiah a week later, as he held Mrs. Robert Whitman's hands just before she started on her long journey.

She flung her arms about his neck and kissed him on his cheek.

"You dear old thing! Suppose you hadn't had that inspiration to take me to Ella's wedding! Happy? Ask Robert!"

Joseph Ledowsky's Coat

BY CLARISSA MACKIE

WHEN a capricious customer finally decided that the only coat which suited his fancy was the one adorning young Joseph, Mr. Ledowsky simply waved a soiled hand toward his son.

"Take it off, Choseph," he said briskly.

The customer departed with his purchase, and Joseph, gorgeous in pink shirt-sleeves, confronted his parent, who was jingling some change in the cash-drawer.

"Now I ain't got no coat," he said plaintively.

"Find one," returned Mr. Ledowsky crisply.

Joseph's face brightened. He fetched a coat from the dusty window and slipped it on.

"Look!" he said excitedly.

Nathan Ledowsky peered over the rims of his huge spectacles and surveyed his son with manifest disapproval.

"Der coat has a elegant looseness, Choseph, and der style iss genteel, but we can sell it for a dollar fifty—it iss too expensive, eh, mama?"

From the inner gloom of the shop, where rows of garments hung limply on racks stretching into a smoke-laden obscurity, emerged Mama Ledowsky, diffusing an odor of garlic. She raised a fat forefinger at her son, and the young man quailed beneath the piercing glance of her black eyes.

"Mind, Choseph! Your papa lented twenty-five cents upon that coat only last winter, and times iss hard! There iss a coat here—"

She waddled into the shadows whence she had evolved.

Joseph looked wistfully at the reflection of his stooping figure in the grimy mirror. Despite his nineteen years, he was thin and undersized, with narrow, sloping shoulders, which were now concealed by the generous proportions of the flashy coat checkered in bright blue and gray. The sleeves were three or four inches too long, while the padded shoulders imparted a grotesque width to the upper part of his body and formed unsightly protuberances—much like epaulets—above his arms.

The coat was many sizes too large for Joseph Ledowsky, but he yearned toward its luxurious amplitude with the craving of one who has always been buttoned too snugly into the small sizes of second-hand garments.

"It is so new, papa," argued Joseph as he removed the coat. "I will pay for it—I will work harder—"

Nathan slammed his greasy ledger on the counter.

"Put it back and mark it 'bargain,'" he squealed impatiently. "Times iss bad, and if you kin work harder, you be about it now!"

Again Mrs. Ledowsky's bulk issued from the shadows.

"Here iss a coat you kin have, Choseph," she said, with an indulgent smile creasing her countenance. "It hass a bigness like der other, and der checks iss pritty, too."

She held out a wrinkled garment, colored in squares of dingy brown dotted here and there with moth-holes. The coat had been pawned six years before; and something in the appearance of the man who offered it, and the fact that

there was an ugly little slit just below the left shoulder, had caused Nathan to huddle it into an obscure corner and forget all about it.

Joseph surveyed the coat dubiously.

"It ain't so stylish," he muttered peevishly. "Maybe I kin mend it and press it."

He laid it aside, and hung the coveted blue coat in the window just as Sadie Levy passed along. Joseph stepped to the door and spoke to her.

"Hello, Sadie," he said bashfully.

"Hello, yourself!" returned Miss Levy, pushing the heavy, dark pompadour out of her eyes. "Are you going to wear that swell coat to the dance to-night, Joe?"

Joseph hastily explained the incident which had left him coatless for a brief period.

"And he wouldn't let you have this one?" she cried indignantly. "It's elegant, Joe! Ain't he mean?"

Joseph nodded miserably.

"Don't forget who you're going to take to-night," she said significantly as she flashed around the corner.

As if Joseph could forget that he was to take pretty Sadie Levy, who would wear a peek-a-boo waist, and sparkling combs in her hair—while he, her escort, must bring humiliation upon her with his shabby, moth-eaten coat!

It must be borne, however, and Joseph did the best he could with needle and hot irons, further embellishing his toilet with a shining celluloid collar and a purple necktie. Even then, the coat betrayed its ancient origin, and the moth-holes looked worse than ever.

At the dance-hall Sadie rejoined him outside the dressing-room, where she had laid aside her wraps. She looked at his coat in speechless indignation.

"Joe Ledowsky, I can't dance with *that!*" she said at last. "I ain't got the nerve to do it!"

She vanished within the ballroom, and presently Joseph's miserable eyes observed her waltzing with a black coat.

Whenever she approached the doorway, where her escort peered wistfully in at the gay scene, Sadie turned her head away. Joseph saw her dance with several black coats, with one gray coat, and, finally, with the identical coat which had hung in Nathan Ledowsky's window that afternoon. Joseph recognized it by a small rip in the right elbow.

After a time, the orchestra paused to take breath; and in that instant Sadie Levy dismissed her partner of the blue checked coat, and appeared at Joseph's side.

"Come!" she whispered breathlessly. "It ain't no fun to dance with them, Joe! I was awful mean!"

"You could be ashamed of me, Sadie," he said resolutely, "with all them stylish fellers"; but she was clinging to his arm, the music rippled into rhythm, and they swayed into the whirling throng.

Joseph Ledowsky could dance well, and Sadie gave herself up to a strange contentment even while her bright eyes rested on the moth-eaten holes on the padded shoulder nearest her.

"It ain't the coat so much as the feller in it," she said suddenly.

Joseph blushed with her as their eyes met. His chin went up, his back straightened, and he felt much older as his arm tightened about her.

When it was all over, and they had walked home through the brilliant streets, Sadie paused on the door-step.

"You got my key?" she asked.

Joseph thrust a thumb and finger into the small-change pocket on the right side of his coat.

"It's went down through a hole," he explained as he fished diligently in the lining of the garment.

When he drew out the key, he brought out a tight little wad of paper, which unfolded into a soiled twenty-dollar bill.

"That coat ain't so bad!" cried Sadie gleefully.

"It was a fine coat before that," said Joseph meaningly. "And, Sadie," he continued, thrusting the bill into her hand, "you take this money—and go to the bank—and put it in for—*Mrs. Joseph Ledowsky!*"

"There ain't no Mrs. Joseph Ledowsky," whispered Sadie shyly.

"Come two years from now, when I can save money, there will be!" said Joseph boldly.

Just then the arc-light on the corner sputtered and blinked, and in the darkness which ensued Joseph received his answer.

LIGHT VERSE

PARENTAL

TWO children from the selfsame parents came,
And one was bad, the other free from blame.
One robbed the bank and lived on alley beer;
The other filled his parents' hearts with cheer.
One spent his time behind the prison-bars;
The other rode around in motor-cars.
The moral of this tale—though all in vain—
To you, kind reader, will no doubt be plain.
The parents, for the good boy that they raised,
Should by a grateful world be thanked and praised;
As for the other—here's their recompense—
He was, of course, the work of Providence!

Thomas L. Masson

BALLADE OF THE ANTIQUE SHOP

DULL sheen of pewter vessels, glint of brass,
And bulk of ancient wood—a chest of teak
Some China sailor brought his waiting lass;
A highboy of mahogany, where never streak
Nor stain outstayed the waxing day each week;
Quaint spreads where lavender survives the must,
And luster tea-sets—pray, your choice bespeak,
For all the hands that treasured these are dust.

What fantom faces crowd the vaporous glass
O'er which the eagle perches, with bright beak!
On them how many seasons' snow and grass
Have lain, on withered and on rounded cheek!
Yet grows the gilded bird nor old nor weak,
Though they are all in one oblivion thrust.
And still the mirror shimmers, silver, sleek;
But ah, the hands that polished it are dust!

And she that wrought this sampler, to surpass
All samplers else—ambitious she, though meek—
Her name is in the corner there. Alas,
And on a crumbling slab of stone, oblique
Against the winds upon a hillside bleak.
"Where thieves do not break in, where moth and rust
Spoil not," she stitched, "my treasure will I seek."
And ah, the hands that wrote it, they are dust.

ENVOY

Dear lady, connoisseur of things antique,
Dost sometimes hear, across the bargain lust,
The ceaseless, grim *memento mori* creak—
"The hands that shaped and used us, they are dust"?

Katherine Hoffman

THE INFINITUDE OF LOVE

TO love you more than I do now,
To be more kind when doubts assail,
And stronger—seeing you are frail,
This you would have my New Year's vow.

Your daily way I may endow
With greater kindness; cease to rail
Impatiently, when like a slough
Our worries gulf us, sick and pale.

But, dear, no effort would avail
To change my love in one detail.
No matter when I try, nor how—
Because I cannot—I shall fail
To love you more than I do now!

Edward W. Barnard

THE SIMPLE LIFE

MY wants indeed are very few—
A nice string orchestra or two
To play at even while I dine;
A stable, and a limousine;
A house in town, and in the hills
A bungalow devoid of frills;
A house-boat down in Floridee,
A cottage somewhere by the sea;
A library in which to find
The wisdom of all human kind;
Well stocked with poets, and with tales
In which the action never fails;
A navy small—steam, sail, and gas;
A farm replete with garden-sass;
A game-preserve well stocked with birds,
And pastures filled with lowing herds;
An ice-box crammed from base to chin

With canvasback and terrapin:
A man to shoo away the flies
When lazy summer round me lies;
Another one in winter cold
To keep the furnace blithe and bold;
An opera-box three nights a week;
A club or two in which to seek
Relief from sudden loneliness,
Which on the best of us will press;
Some high official sinecure
With salary that's safe and sure;
And then a million cash allow
For things I cannot think of now—
Give me but these, and you will see
You'll hear but few complaints from me!

Wilberforce Jenkins

A LEGEND OF HELLAS

HER marble form was born of white sea-foam,
First wrought upon imagination's wave;
Her eyes, twin stars, were plucked from heaven's high dome
And placed as beacon-lights to guide and save;
Her hair was wooed and kissed by furtive beam
Of silver moonlight, and her wondrous smile
Poured forth bright sunshine in full golden stream,
Illumining each dark and treacherous aisle.
Thus was Alcestis formed, and statue-like
Was placed upon a niche within my mind.
Then Cupid entered, armed with shaft to strike
The marble breast, the statue's heart to find.
But lo, the image moved! With conscious pride
I turned, and found Alcestis was my bride.

Kenneth Bruce

I AM ENAMORED OF THE MORNING

I AM enamored of the morning,
And whatsoe'er it has for its adorning—
The clean, clear, free, fresh airs;
The globèd dews
With their prismatic hues,
Opaline, sapphirine;
The sheen of myriad leaves;
The yet ungarnered sheaves;
The pinnacle of the pine
With the wayfarer wind
Holding exalted gossip; the enshrined
Sequestered pools still dappled with the dusk;
Breathings of flowery musk
And nard and frankincense.
Here there is no pretence!
All things are primal, mirthful, hale of heart.
Earth has forgotten art,
Sloughed dotard fashion,
Regained its Eden passion;
Life, like a sound oak-bole,
Is sane, is whole,
And to the eyes of the true worshiper
This benison will confer—
Rapt beauty-glimpses of its inner soul!

Clinton Scollard

IN THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

HAMMOCK-SWUNG from pine to palm
California lies,
Looking toward the Isles of Calm
Down the sunset skies;
Poppies swoon upon her breast,
Poppies on her brow;
Softly drop the dreams of rest
From the redwood bough.

Dreams of argonauts and gold,
Dreams of flowers and fruit,
Music heard in days of old
Mingled lip and lute;
Life seems like a seraph-psalm
Sung in paradise!
Hammock-swung from pine to palm
California lies!

Clarence Urmy

A BRIDGE QUARREL

WE played at bridge, and she and I
Were partners. Sometimes, on the sly,
Her satin slipper pressed my shoe;
She gazed at me with eyes of blue
And softly smiled, as if to say:
"What shall I play?"

We played at bridge, and she and I
Lost long and heavily. "Oh, why,"
She cried, "why did you lose the game?"
I said: "Well, I think that's a shame!
You lost the game as much as I!"
She said: "Oh, fie!

"You know I took in all the tricks,
And had two honors! Points were six!"
I said: "You know you won but two,
And trumped my tricks the whole way through!"
She said: "Well, if I ever heard
Talk so absurd!

"You really are ridiculous
To think of making such a fuss
About a few old trumps and things;

I don't like bridge, but then it brings
Out all one's brains, I have been told."
"I make so bold,"

I interposed, "to say that you
Have not lost much where they came through!"
She said: "You horrid, horrid thing!
I'd give you back this stupid ring,
But that I'd hate the world to know
We quarreled so!"

I said: "We never did, till you
Began to bridge the whole day through;
I never have a single game
Of hearts from morn till night!" "A shame,"
She said; "let's play—just me and you!"
I said: "Pray do!"

Celia Myrover Robinson

A MODEST AMBITION

Worthy Homer sometimes nods.—*Horace*

HE wished for fame, but of a modest kind.
He knew he'd not a true immortal mind,
But did his best whatever he was at,
And sought the simple praise that goes with that.

Quoth he: "The bay of Homer's not for me;
That's not my style of immortality.
Be this for laurels green my highest bid—
I'd like to nod as well as Homer did!"

Carlyle Smith

AFTERNOON TEA

TEA in the afternoon—
I don't refuse it;
I always have a spoon
With her who brews it;
So, when the time is up
And the tea's ready,
Joy overflows my cup—
Tea makes me heady.

Often so much I drink
On these occasions,
It gives my heart, I think,
Wild palpitations;
Yet when I tell her so,
Pardoning treason
She ever answers: "No,
Tea's not the reason!"

Now, Doctor Cupid, pray
If you discover
Signs of heart-failure, say
So to a lover.
Said he: "The signs are sure,
But you can please her
And get a certain cure:
Marry the teaser!"

Cyril Evers

TO AN AMERICAN BEAUTY

MY love's a rose—
A perfect flower;
Her beauty grows
With every hour.

And when she smiles,
A fragrance rare
My heart beguiles
With visions fair.

And when she pouts
At me forlorn,
I have no doubts
About the thorn!

Blakeney Gray

THE REASON

"KISS me, sweet!"
"And wherefore, pray?"
"Just because I'm glad to-day;
Just because my heart is light,
And the azure skies are bright,
And in all this earthly bubble
There's no hint of pain or trouble;
Just because—but why repeat?
Kiss me, sweet!"

"Kiss me, sweet!"
"And wherefore, pray?"
"Just because I'm sad to-day;
Just because my eyes are wet
With the tears of old regret,
And in all the world about
All the sunshine's blotted out;
Just because—but why repeat?
Kiss me, sweet!"

Berton Braley

A HAPPY COUPLE

YOU'LL find her at the little teas
Where gossip is the fashion;
In bridge much happiness she sees,
And dress with her's a passion.

He likes a quiet billiard-game;
To yachting he's devoted;
And at the club he has won fame—
For poker there he's noted.

The happiest of men is he
In all the ranks of swelldom,
And satisfied with life is she;
They ne'er dispute—or seldom.

A happy married couple—lo,
They know not broil or tangle;
They only meet at meals, and so
Have little time to wrangle!

Nathan M. Levy

BEAU GILFEATHER

HE was sitting on his doorstep
In the long New England evening,
Looking up at Hemlock Mountain
And the quarries where he labored,
Thinking of the purple hills of Tipperary,

When the fiddles began playing
In the country club across lots;
Then he stirred, and like one dreaming
Up he leaped, and wandered dancing
Down the meadow, singing melodies of Ireland.

Mr. Manners and Miss Tarleton
Think they led that pretty german;
But 'twas really young Gilfeather,
Dancing down the moonlight meadow
With the queen of all the fairies for his partner!

Sarah N. Cleghorn

A MATTER OF HISTORY

I WAS reading history—
Lives of queens and kings,
Massacres and mystery—
Entertaining things—
When I was disturbed. I swear
This one's temper tries!
Some one came behind my chair,
Covered up my eyes!

When once more my eyes were free,
I beheld a sight
That made all my anger flee;
Was it sylph or sprite?
'Twas Clarissa, young and gay!
Books were left alone;
I began to learn straightway
History of my own!

Harold Susman

A BALLADE OF OLD PRESENTS

THE mouchoir-case, lace-trimmed, beflecked
With pink rosettes or azure bows;
The shaving-pad, its cover decked
With mottoes, thoughtful or jocose;
The slippers, on whose velvet toes
Forget-me-nots and heartsease rear
Suggestive heads—where, where are those?
Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

The smoking-jacket, "*chic*, select,"
The cushion labeled "sweet repose"
(How oft has its protuberance checked
An idle youth's desire to doze!)
Silk, scented "hangers," rows on rows;
Shoe-bags and travelers' toilet-gear,
And "daily thoughts" in rime and prose—
Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

The quilted muffler, to protect
A manly chest against the snows;
Suspenders—painted!—for the Elect,
And collar-bags for lesser beaus—
Are these but dust the sad wind blows
To cosmic voids beyond our sphere?
Oh, ye who wrought them, which maid knows
Where are the gifts of yesteryear?

ENVOY

Princess, or nymph less grandiose,
Prithee refrain, though men be dear,
From Yuletide toil till they disclose
Where are the gifts of yesteryear!

Anne O'Hagan

NOWADAYS

HUSH, my little one! Hush, my pretty one!
Daddy will rock you to rest.
Sleep, my little one; sleep, my pretty one,
Here on your daddy's vest.
Mother will come to you soon, my dear,
Only a few hours yet;
She will come home when her speech is done—
For mother's a suffragette!

Charles S. Gerlach

THE PATH TO HEAVEN

TWAS a wee little path, this path I would sing;
It ran through the meadow and skirted the spring;
In and out 'mong the sumacs, and on through the wood
Where the tall, green-domed hemlocks in majesty stood.
Across it a squirrel frisked lissome and gray,
And a chipmunk perched chattering not far away.
'Twas a wee little path, as was said at the start,
But 'twas ample to lure both my feet and my heart,
For it led to a tryst-spot—the old poplar-tree,
Where Clarissa was patiently waiting for me!

Richard Wightman

PRESIDENT NORD ALEXIS AND HIS NEGRO REPUBLIC

BY G. J. M. SIMONS

THE republic of Haiti, and its sister republic of Santo Domingo, on the same island, are the only two negro nations that have won their independence from white men, and have managed to maintain it. Haiti has been free since 1804, when it broke the ties which bound it to France. Some of the choicest of Napoleon's troops were unable to subdue it, not so much because of the fighting power of the blacks as because of the ravages of yellow fever.

In the struggle there arose one man of pure negro blood—Toussaint l'Ouverture—who showed himself the equal of his white opponents both in diplomacy and as a statesman. The treachery of the French general, Leclerc, betrayed this remarkable leader into captivity and exile. He was succeeded by the ferocious Dessalines, who fought with a barbarity truly African. It was Dessalines who declared the independence of the republic; and though he overthrew the constitution, made himself emperor, and ruled as a tyrant, nevertheless it was by his act that Haiti attained an independent nationality. Though its government has always been essentially despotic, grasping, and irresponsible, still the small republic has managed to sustain itself in spite of greedy presidents and innumerable revolutions.

The area of Haiti—which occupies about one-third of the island—is estimated at some ten thousand square miles, with about a million and a half inhabitants, four-fifths of whom are full-blooded negroes and one-fifth mulattos. In the whole republic there live fewer than five hundred white men, who tell strange stories of the people among whom they live. Haiti began with French civilization. That was overthrown; and since then the country has evolved a curious civilization of its own.

DARK PICTURES OF HAITI

Some of the foreigners who have visited the negro republic have described it with a somewhat exaggerated pessimism. More than one of them has declared that it is reverting to African barbarism, that its religion is deeply tinged with voodooism, and that in the interior of the island mysterious rites are practised, amid which human flesh is eaten under the euphemistic name of "the hornless goat." As a matter of fact, the Haitian peasants are kind-hearted. Their tastes are very simple. The soil of the island is so rich that scarcely any effort is needed to afford ample means of living. This, of course, has influenced the customs and the temperament of the people, making for indolence and a slipshod way of living. Still, the peasants work their plantations of cotton and coffee, and gather the fruit of the island for exportation. It is only in the harbor towns—malarious, insalubrious, and seething with political agitation—that one finds the brutal type of negro, made still more brutal by contact with foreign sailors, who in these places give themselves up to every sort of license.

The president of the republic, who holds practically autocratic power, is a very remarkable man. In 1902 the chief executive was General Simon Sam. It was discovered that under him the accounts of the national treasury had been

EDITOR'S NOTE—As this article goes to press, news comes that revolutionists under General Antoine Simon have defeated a force sent against them by Nord Alexis, and are threatening his capital. Whether the veteran president succeeds in quelling the outbreak or is driven from power, the crisis in Haiti adds interest to the present article, the author of which is a Dutch traveler and journalist, editor of the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*.

GENERAL NORD ALEXIS, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI—A NEGRO AUTOCRAT WHO IS SAID BY SOME TO BE MORE THAN NINETY YEARS OLD

From a photograph

PRESIDENT NORD ALEXIS'S BODY-GUARD MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PORT-AU-PRINCE, THE CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI—THIS IS A REGIMENT OF SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN, COMMANDED BY NO FEWER THAN TEN GENERALS

THE PALACE OF THE PRESIDENT OF HAITI, ON THE CHAMP DE MARS, AT PORT-AU-PRINCE

falsified, and a very large sum of money stolen. Simon Sam immediately resigned, and hastily departed from Port-au-Prince lest some sharp and deadly penalty should be visited upon him. The Haitian people then turned almost unanimously to one of their number in whose ability to govern they had confidence. This was General Nord Alexis—a man who was verging upon his eightieth year, yet who retained the tropical vigor which one finds in the full-blooded negro of a certain type. He was elected for a term of seven years, and, according to the constitution of Haiti, will retire from office on May 15 next.

One of his first acts was to bring order out of the chaos of national finance. He did this sternly and successfully. Since then he has maintained a grip of iron upon the country, suppressing incipient revolutions, and governing, as a Haitian president must govern, with unflinching determination.

A VISIT TO NORD ALEXIS

Not long ago the present writer, having a card of introduction to President Nord Alexis, visited him in his palace on the Champ de Mars, at Port-au-Prince. It was a Sunday morning when I arrived there. Shabbily dressed soldiers, barefooted, and with little show of discipline, were on guard before the doors. Antique cannon, placed in the middle of the passage, also blocked the way. In spite of my card the soldiers refused me entrance. I spoke in French, asking for the officer of the guard. No one replied; but at last a palace officer appeared, wearing the uniform of an admiral, and led me through the gate.

On a broad balcony I found a number of ministers of state, admirals, inspectors, and others, all in gorgeous uniforms, for the president's body-guard, which numbers six hundred and fifty soldiers, has no fewer than ten generals; and though the navy consists of only three or four small gunboats, there is an admiral to each one. On the right of this assemblage was a band, playing marches and waltz music. In the garden below, amid cows and goats, the regular Sunday parade of the Governmental Guard was taking place. A black general, dressed in a brilliant uniform, with heavy gold epaulets, and surrounded by a richly appareled staff, was galloping about, followed by an escort of such ragged soldiery as even *Falstaff* would have been ashamed to march with.

Passing into a cool corridor, also guarded by yawning soldiers, we ascended a broad staircase, on every step of which stood a sentinel armed to the teeth. It reminded me of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." The palace officer, observing that some of the sentinels were asleep, kicked them as we passed, and finally we reached the reception-room, which was furnished in the European fashion, but was very squalid in appearance. It was adorned with a large picture—a frightful daub—representing the first president of the republic, Dessalines, on horseback. Nord Alexis honors the memory of this man, ignorant and tyrannical though he was, because, after all, he was the liberator of his country—one who defeated the French, exterminated the white inhabitants, and gave their property to the officers of his army.

M. Marcelin, minister of finance, came into the room and shook hands with me. He has the manners of a European and, next to the president, is the most powerful man in Haiti. He could hold his own in Wall Street, so "smooth" is he as a financier, and he has carried through many transactions extremely profitable to himself and to his followers.

While speaking to M. Marcelin I was presented to a cousin of the president, who had just returned from the French military school at St. Cyr. His talk was rather interesting, especially when he spoke of Nord Alexis.

"Yes," he said, "the president interests himself greatly in affairs of state. He seems never to grow old. All kinds of stories are told as to his age; but the real reason why no one knows the exact year in which his excellency was born is because in our country etiquette does not permit any one to ask another's age. Such a question is deemed impolite, and no one ever answers it. However, I believe that the president is not older than eighty-five years. This seems pretty old, but he is really young in body and mind, as you may see from the way in which he directs the evolutions of the parade. He is wonderfully courageous, and a born

general. Mme. Nord Alexis"—her death has since been reported—"is a negress. She speaks only French. The president likes white men very well, but only when they do not meddle with our politics."

One of the president's secretaries—a splendid negro, resembling a native of the Sudan—added something to this:

"All sorts of tales are heard about our president; but the only thing which is desired is peace and national prosperity. When he orders revolutionists to be shot he is accused of being a barbarian. Yet foreigners and outsiders generally do not understand the conditions which prevail in Haiti. There is only one way to maintain peace and order, and that is to be strong, severe, and honest. It is untrue that the president receives vast sums from the treasury. He draws only his annual salary of twenty-four thousand dollars, with an additional fifteen thousand dollars for traveling-expenses. He is an extremely busy man. Early in the morning he dictates his letters, after which he has conferences with his ministers. Of course, he is a soldier before all else; yet the people esteem him as a statesman also. They love him for his sense of justice. He never forgets a favor, and he rewards amply all who have served the country. He is a devout Catholic, and laid in person the cornerstone of our beautiful new cathedral at Port-au-Prince. It is utterly nonsensical to say that his excellency is given over to voodooism and the so-called green serpent worship."

THE NEGRO PRESIDENT

Shortly afterward the president himself, in a green uniform, entered the room, followed by a retinue of court officials. His excellency looked very old. His shoulders were a little bent, and he stooped in walking. His head is long, and his face is bony. Extraordinary in proportion is the under part of his face, from the side of his nose down to the point of his chin. A huge pair of blue, concave spectacles hid his dark eyes. His was the face of a negro, *pur sang*, one who might have come straight from darkest Africa. His voice was low and rather rough. His French was somewhat better than the *patois* which is generally spoken in the island.

He seated himself in an easy chair, and received me thus, at the introduction of M. Marcelin. His manner was very courteous, and he said that he liked to receive foreigners and to give them any information which they desired. I asked him whether the revolutionists who were then sheltered in the foreign consulate would be shot if they came out into the streets. He answered tranquilly:

"That is quite untrue, *monsieur*. They have permission to go wherever they like. They are free men, and under the protection of the Haitian laws."

"But it is said that your soldiers would kill the whites."

"That is a foolish story. The refugees in the different consulates chatter like parrots; but they also laugh, because the consuls believe every word that is uttered. In fact, the Haitian government is strong. We shall maintain the strictest order throughout the island. We do not need the help of foreign battleships to protect strangers in our country. We are ourselves quite able to look out for them."

This practically terminated my interview with President Nord Alexis. When I left him I was served with iced champagne, and ushered out with great consideration.

There was nothing in the impression which I gained to make me feel that the president of Haiti was a barbarian. I could well believe that he would crush with extreme severity any resistance to his authority; but, on the other hand, the ministers from foreign countries make him out much worse than he appears to be. According to them, the old man with his bloodshot eyes behind the dark blue spectacles is a cruel savage. They assert, moreover, that his age is ninety-nine instead of eighty-five, and in saying this they unconsciously pay a tribute to his power.

On the whole, Nord Alexis is probably a fitting representative of his people, who are as yet unfitted for any other sort of government, whose cities are cesspools, whose prisons are too horrible to describe, and who, nevertheless, are naturally good-tempered, amenable to kindness, and suffering only from what seems to be the hopeless incapacity of the African for better things.

A LION RAMPANT

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF "THE ROOM BEYOND," "HIS FATHER'S SON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

WE had hardly realized what it was going to be, until the night of the bankers' dinner. They held a sort of jubilee when the worst of the panic was over, and they could abolish the clearing-house certificates—something like burning the mortgage on a church.

It was after two o'clock when father started home. We had given up our automobiles during the hard times, and father took what Jim calls the one-fifty car, which means a dollar-and-a-half cab. He got out at the corner, and started up the walk to the house. Just at the hydrangea clump he saw the limb of a tree lying across the cement. Father kicked at it, but it only yielded a little and settled back into place, so he lighted a match and stooped down to look at it.

Fortunately, Jim was out late too. He got out of another cab at the corner, and almost ran into father, who was standing on the curb and trying to light his fountain pen with a match. It was by the flare of the match that Jim recognized him.

"Why, hello, dad!" he said. This was Jim's story, later. "Aren't you ashamed to set me such an example?"

Father tried to smile, and said he had eaten too much, and he thought he'd better walk around the square before he turned in; but Jim coaxed him back, and they started for the house. Half-way up the path father stopped.

"I don't think I'll go in, after all," he protested. "I'll—I'll wander around the garden. There's nothing like night air when you've overeaten."

"Fudge!" said Jim. "You come to my room, and I'll give you some soda."

"Two glasses of champagne, James," father said, almost hysterically, "and a thimbleful of Benedictine—that is all, I give you my word; and yet, to save my life, I cannot help thinking that that limb of a tree lying across the path there beside you is—moving!"

Jim looked. Then he stepped back and lighted a match. It *was* moving, thickening up until it was twice as thick as a man's arm, and inching along slimily. And it was a boa-constrictor!

Of course, when both of them saw it, they knew it was real. Jim said it had its head lifted, and that it was at least eight inches thick. Then, as it seemed to be hunching itself together, they turned around—or, no, they didn't turn; they backed down to the gate and stared at each other solemnly.

"We'd better try the back door," Jim suggested; so they went to the corner and cut across the Frisbee grounds, burning matches to see that they didn't step on another boa-constrictor; and sure enough, when they had got over the fence, and father had sprained his knee, there was another curled up like a rubber fire-hose on the back-door mat.

It seemed to be asleep, and Jim wanted to step over it and ring the bell, but father wouldn't have it. He said he could see it shaking the very tip of its tail, as if it was angry.

"I'm going to pull the fire-alarm," he said furiously; "and after I drown out this menagerie, I'm going to go across the street and kill somebody at that amusement park."

There was what mother called a catchpenny park just across the street. The place was called Eden Garden.

They got to the alarm-box, and father gave the thing a jerk. Jim was enjoying himself immensely; he leaned back against the Frisbees' stone fence, and told father to send in a general alarm while he was at it. And the top of the fence moved under his arm! It was another snake, and the last they saw of it, Jim said, it was prying the cover off a sewer-drop, trying to get into the ground.

About that time people began to run through the park gates, and a young man came across to father. He had a blanket over his arm, and there was a swarthy man with him, carrying a basket. When they saw father, they stopped.

"What's burning?" the young man asked.

"Nothing," father snorted, giving the thing another jerk. "Some of the snakes have got out of Eden, and I'm sending for St. Patrick." The engines were coming up the street by this time, Jim said, and father had worked himself into a frenzy. "I'll show them," he choked, "that respectable members of the community cannot be bitten by snakes!"

"I AM SORRY MY PETS HAVE ANNOYED YOU, MISS ATWOOD"

"Bitten!" exclaimed the young man. "Where did she bite you?"

"It doesn't matter whether she bit me on the leg or on the back porch," father snarled, and then the engines came.

It was Suzanne, mother's maid, who roused us. When mother saw the engines, she said she had been warned by a fortune-teller that she would be burned

alive, and told Suzanne to save herself and me. I went down-stairs to the front door, and there was no sign of fire anywhere, except what the firemen were raking out of the engines. On the veranda step was a good-looking young man, in a pair of slippers and an automobile-coat, and an Indian in a white turban. Between them they were trying to coax a snake into a basket.

"Nice little girl!" the young man was saying. "That's a lady. Quick, now!"

When the lid was on the basket, the young man turned to me.

"We thought it was Isabel," he explained, "and she is as quiet as a dove; but this happened to be Emma Louise, and she is having a tantrum."

"What is burning?" I demanded, for the house seemed quiet.

"Nothing," the young man said, evidently trying not to notice what I had on, "except an elderly gentleman, who is burning with rage. I am sorry my pets have annoyed you, Miss Atwood." He knew my name! "I am Balsinger, of Eden Garden, just across the street. We are neighbors, you see. You can go on, Kubar. If you care to come over any time, Miss Atwood, I would be glad to send you a pass."

"You need not trouble," I said coldly.

He seemed in no hurry to go. He stood looking at me, and I think he remembered he had no collar on, for he turned up his coat.

"I'm thinking of changing the name," he persisted, undaunted. "Paradise Place—how would that do? Alliterative, you know, Eden Garden—Paradise! Funny, too, our gatekeeper's name is Peter. Won't you let me send you a pass?"

"It would be quite useless, thank you," I replied.

This time he seemed to understand that his garden was not an agreeable subject, for he lifted his hat, and with a brief assurance that he would keep his serpents in Eden after that, he swung down the path.

Mother was a Peabody, and the Peabodys once owned all that part of the city. We lived in the old Peabody house, and most of the estate had been sold to desirable people. Just across, however, there were fifteen acres of building-lots that mother refused to sell, because she could not be sure what kind of people would buy them. There were plenty of new people crazy to live on North End Avenue; but rather than sell to them, we pastured cows for years in the heart of the city. The papers used to compute the interest going to waste, and said that every blade of grass the cows ate was worth something like fifty cents.

Father knew what was going to happen when he got mother to lease the land for five years. Nobody would build, we knew, on such a lease, and the rental seemed surprisingly large. We never dreamed of the truth — that we were to have a white-and-gilt, electric-studded, shoot-the-chuting amusement park on the Peabody land.

A man named Balsinger had secured the property, and all through the spring his men hammered and sawed. They put up a fifteen-foot white fence, and a gate with towers like a medieval drawbridge. The whole place blazed with electric-lights, and all summer — we didn't dare go away anywhere, for fear we might meet our neighbors—all summer a band played over the gate, and drank beer, and wiped its mouth on its gold-braided sleeve.

We were very cool to father. We had to eat dinner to rag-time, and Evans, who had been in the Peabody family for years, took to serving things with jerks, and going around the table in a sort of dance step, keeping time to the music. If it happened to be a slow, dreamy waltz, dinner would last for hours.

So you can understand how I felt toward Mr. Balsinger. I could not forget, although he looked like a gentleman, that *his* peanuts littered our pavements, that red tissue-paper from *his* popcorn blew over our lawns, that *his* menagerie howled at feeding-time, that *his* mob streamed past our house on summer evenings, wheeling some of the babies and carrying the rest. Worst of all, it was *his* elephant that got loose one day, and played diabolo with mother's Pomeranian and a clothes-line. The next morning, when I was examining the lawn, covered with tracks like

dinner-plates, he had the effrontery to come over.

"I am at your feet again, Miss Atwood," he began, taking off his hat.

"Why, are these your tracks?" I asked icily.

"I am more sorry than I can say," he said abjectly. "He's usually a good-tempered beast, Tommy is. But—if you don't mind my saying it—never shoot an ammonia pistol into an elephant's trunk. He is sure to be unpleasant."

"He stuck his trunk through the dining-room screen," I said accusingly.

"He only wanted peanuts," Mr. Balsinger pleaded. "It took about four pecks to obliterate the memory of that ammonia."

It was mother who had used the pistol, but I did not consider it necessary to explain. It was queer, now that I saw him in daylight, to notice how black his eyelashes were, while his eyes were rather light gray.

"I will have the turf as good as new by afternoon," he said, seeing me look at it.

"I think it hardly possible," I answered shortly. "It has taken a hundred years of cultivation to make it what it is."

He did not seem impressed.

"I'll have as good a lawn as that in Eden by next summer," he said coolly. "If I don't, I'll get down on my hands and knees and eat it. Do you like moving pictures?"

"No."

I was standing, waiting, but he was not in a hurry to go. His eyes were not so light, after all.

"I'm sorry. There's a good prize-fight this week, and a trip up the Nile by motor-boat. Took them both myself." Mother had come out from the breakfast-room, and was eying us through her lorgnon. "Been over a number of times," the owner of Eden was saying. "Went over first in a cattle-boat, and tended cattle. Stoked a liner to get back. Always had to hustle. Used to get up at four o'clock and drive the ice-wagon at college. Went into the show business with a sick bear that I bought for three dollars and a bottle of whisky. That's eight years ago."

Mr. Balsinger had thrust his hands into his pockets, and was staring reminiscently across at the white paint and tan-bark paths of his Eden. From there his eyes came back slowly to the velvety turf at his feet.

"A hundred years, eh!" he said. "A century of weeding and cultivation!" He looked at me whimsically. "I suppose eight years hardly counts, does it, Miss Atwood?"

"Hardly."

Mother was still looking, so I did not dare to smile. It was almost impossible not to, his cheerfulness was so infectious. He started to go; then he turned around and looked square into my eyes.

"I'm not so sure of that, either. This is the day of quick results. It's a question of wanting a thing badly enough."

"What are you talking about?" I called, for he had started. "Do you mean—Eden?"

"No," he said. "I mean — paradise!" And with that he went. It was most unusual, any way you think about it.

After that, for three weeks I saw him only when he flew past, driving a dizzy red-and-white automobile, with "Eden Garden" in gilt letters on the bonnet. He had put an army of gardeners at work, cutting and rolling his lawns, and they began to look really creditable. On the Fourth the crowd was terrible. Father said he wasn't going to countenance the outrage by watching the fireworks, so he went to bed early. In the middle of "The Fall of Pompeii," however, he sent Evans down for mother. It seemed that a rocket stick had come down and hit him on the head. He said he had not been near the window, and that the thing must have turned a double somersault to get in at him.

Next day a pass to Eden Garden came to me in the mail. There was no card, but stuck through the edge were half a dozen blades of new grass, about an inch and a half long. And that very evening mother's sister at Lakewood ate a bad oyster, and they sent for mother. Father took her to the train, and he did not come back. Jim and I were alone after dinner, and quite by accident I mentioned the pass.

"Burn it?" Jim said. "Not on your life! Get your hat, like a good girl, Alicia, and I'll go over with you."

I had no excuse. I was perfectly aware that the moment I set foot under the medieval bridge, my great-great-grandmother, who was a Van Zandt, would turn right over in her grave under the pavement of the Dutch Reformed Church.

We went brazenly beneath the band, past Peter the gatekeeper, under the electric sign that read, "If you have laughs, prepare to shed them now"—and the thing was done. We walked along beside a lagoon, in a perfect frenzy of light, and the first thing we saw was father! He was standing in front of a Japanese shop, rolling balls of some sort. We watched him pay the Jap a bill and get a queer-looking little hairpin-tray. Just as we were wondering what he would do with it, he went up to a pretty woman with a baby in a perambulator, and held out the tray.

"Pray accept it, with my compliments, madam," he said in his finest manner. "It is for the young lady in the carriage."

The baby wasn't a girl at all; any one but father could have seen that. The woman took the tray and stood staring after him as he sauntered along with his hands behind him, and the next we saw of him he was going on a trip to the north pole. We saw him

WE SAW HIM ONCE AGAIN THAT NIGHT, COMING DOWN A ROLLER-COASTER

once again that night, coming down a roller-coaster. He had his hat over his eyes, so that no one would know him, and a woman behind had got hold of his collar and was screaming her head off. Having the sanction of the family, so to speak, I felt better; and when we met Mr. Balsinger, and discovered that he belonged to Jim's "frat," it was only proper to be nice to him. He was, in a manner, our host.

After that we went often. We would wait until father and mother were in the midst of double Canfield, buying the deck for fifty cents and getting a nickel for every card they got out—for mother won't really gamble—and then Jim and I would slip over to the park. Sometimes Jim would wander away and leave Mr. Balsinger to me, and he was really most interesting. I must admit that there were times when I had to try very hard to remember the ice-wagon and the cattle-ship and the automobile with "Eden Garden" on it. And all the time the lawns were growing marvelously.

Then, the first thing we knew at home, Jim had accepted the assistant managership of the park. There was a scene, of course, with mother, father's rage being mitigated by the fact that it was the first time Jim had ever wanted to do anything.

"It's business," Jim said. "I'm not going to lead the camel, mother, or peddle popcorn. I tell you, that fellow Balsinger is a comer, and little Jimmy is going to trot along too!"

Burgoyne Estep came back from the Adirondacks in the middle of July, and proposed to me. Up to the instant I saw him, I had expected to accept him, but at the last minute I said no. The truth was that that very morning a man from the park had come across the street, carrying a gorgeous green-and-gilt basket. And lying in it, with a card in an envelope, as if it had been a bouquet, was a neatly cut piece of turf, well covered with strong young grass. There was nothing but the card. Fortunately, mother was not up at the time.

That evening father came home in a terrible temper. He slammed down the evening paper on the hall table, and shouted for mother. He stamped upstairs, and in five minutes I was sent for. Mother was in her dressing-room, and father was walking up and down, talking to himself. When I went in he stopped in front of me.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he demanded. "What do you mean by encouraging this nickel-in-the-slot fellow—this Balsinger?"

"I never did," I said. "I—I hardly know him."

"There!" father shouted triumphantly, wheeling on mother. "It's the fellow's audacity. I told you so. I set him back properly. I told him what I thought of his impertinence. I said we expected something better than a razzle-dazzle on our daughter's coat of arms!"

"If you mean, father," I began, "that the person across the street has dared to go to you—"

"Dared! Why, confound his impudence, he did more than that! He said I made him regret he had not married you first, and telegraphed for my consent afterward!"

I could have wept with fury, but when I took the whole thing to Jim, he only laughed.

"A razzle-dazzle on his coat of arms!" he said promptly. "Why, bless your little heart, a good electric-studded razzle-dazzle is worth more than a duke's coronet, nowadays. And, anyhow, Balsinger has evidently made up his mind to get you, so you're as good as got."

I am sure there was never such another wooing. Mother decided to take me away at once, although it was not necessary; nothing could have induced me to enter Eden again. But she thought it best to wait until after the 12th of September. That was the anniversary of Great-grandfather Peabody's birth, and on that date the Peabody heirs were obliged, according to his will, to go back to the old place for at least part of the day. If the idea was to keep its founder fresh in the family mind, it succeeded. Every one spoke of him unfeelingly; and after the old house burned down, it became a sort of basket picnic, with all the relatives flying back to Bar Harbor or Lenox as soon as they decently could. The farm could not be sold, under the

will, and no one would rent it; so it had become a tangle of woods and underbrush and weeds, with about a half-acre cleared around Great-grandfather Peabody's tombstone. And it was there we always picnicked.

Mother pretended she liked to go, but none of the rest made any effort. Father snarled about eating cold food, and Evans gave notice twice when the 12th came on a rainy day. This year it was more than usually awful, for I was in disgrace. Aunt Louise was still suffering from the bad oyster, so we had it to ourselves.

This brings in Mr. Pickwick, although, when Jim mentioned his project to me, I never dreamed he would choose the 12th of September.

"Here's the idea, Alicia," Jim said. "You see, Balsinger is a crackerjack at taking moving pictures, and he's got an idea. We are going to have a lion hunt, out in the country somewhere, with me stationed on an elephant and firing blanks as fast as my loader can hand 'em to me. Maybe we'll have the other elephant out, too, with natives on him, to make it look natural. Balsinger is going to have the camera outfit on the back of a runabout, with a piece of meat fastened to it, and Mr. Pickwick tied to it with a thin line. Start the wagon and the machine, and we ought to get a corking picture of old Pickwick on the trail, drooling for blood."

"Suppose he should break loose!" I shuddered.

Jim laughed.

"Pickwick?" he said. "Why, he's so tame he thinks he's a cat, and he tries to crawl in every lap he sees. The children ride him, and scratch his back for him, and feed him peanuts that he can't chew because he hasn't any teeth. Gentle? Why, he won't bite a flea for fear he might hurt it. The only trouble is to find a place wild enough near town. By Jove, the Peabody farm!"

I forgot the whole thing at once. The next time the red-and-white automobile passed the house, I looked over the driver's head without bowing. After that, for three days he went past looking straight ahead, and I knew that he had realized the outrageousness of his conduct. Then, on the fourth day, he deliberately waited to catch my eye. I had to see him, and there was nothing to do but to bow. It was really extraordinary. I had not exchanged a word with him for a week, and yet in that time he had proposed for my hand, been rejected, quarreled with me, and made it up.

It was typical of Jim to forget Founder's Day, as we called the G. G. F.'s birthday, and to set the picture-taking for the 12th. Of course, we didn't know it then. We drove out to the farm, father and mother and the Peabody lawyer, Mr. Whittle. Evans went along with a hamper, and I had the annual bouquet for the grave.

"It is a barbarous piece of business," father growled to mother. "I don't know why your grandfather thought such a lot of his birthday. It was the one time in his life when all the credit went to somebody else."

By the time we got there it was high noon, and very warm. They were all so disagreeable that I left them there, father and Mr. Whittle playing cribbage on top of the tombstone, and mother reading a novel under a tree. Evans had put the wine to cool in the creek, and was wiping the mud off his shoes. I slipped away into the woods, and very soon I came to the ruins of what had been the original Peabody homestead. There were vines to hide the ugliness of its charred logs—yes, it was a log house—and near by was what had been a spring-house. There was nothing left but some of the wall, and the spring had spread out and formed a little lake bordered by the old garden gone wild—sunflowers and four-o'clocks going to seed, purple phlox and coral honeysuckle, and under foot a tangle of ripe clover.

No doubt my Great-grandmother Peabody made butter there, and suddenly I wished that we had always stayed at the old place, and that I could make butter, and marry some one who hadn't three generations behind him. I had a terrible feeling that the true state of the family was represented by the pallid hollyhocks of the garden around me, rather than by the prosperous turf at

"IT'S THE FIRST TIME I HAVE SEEN YOU WITHOUT A BACKGROUND OF RELATIVES"

home. It was only natural that I should think of Mr. Balsinger, and from that to seeing him upside down in the pool was only a step.

He was standing just across, by the spring-house wall, and he had a leather leash in his hand. When he saw me he stopped staring and took off his hat. It was clear that he was glad to see me.

"I was looking for a beast," he called cheerfully, "and I find beauty. Is there any way to cross this moat that surrounds the family castle?"

"You needn't cross in this direction," I replied indignantly. The family castle, indeed!

"But I do need to," he called. He was jumping from one log to another. "It's the first time I have seen you without a background of relatives, in all the time I have known you."

He was over.

"You have never known me at all," I began; "and to do as you did, going to father, and saying—"

"That's just it, Alicia," he broke in eagerly. "It was the only way to know you. Every time I looked across the street, you hid behind a hedge composed of past ancestors and present family. You will have to admit that the family was always present."

"You said," I reminded him angrily, "that you wished you had run away with me and married me first, and then telegraphed father!"

"So I do," he said calmly. "When you think about a girl so much that you let somebody stick you with a white ele-

phant that's been bleached with peroxide and ammonia, it's time to get the girl."

"I am not surprised, if this is your ordinary method of getting what you want," I stormed. "I never heard of such a thing. You—you act as if you were bargaining for a two-headed calf—with as much sentiment."

He was really astonished.

"Sentiment?" he echoed. "Why I'm afraid to start about that for fear I can't stop. I went to your father first, to do the honest thing, but—sentiment? Why, girl, I love you so much that you'll have to love me! You can't help it. Look up at me."

He caught both my hands, and there were queer little tingles where the Peabody pride was oozing out of my fingertips. His bare palms were hot, and he was very close, looking down straight into my eyes.

"Love?" I temporized. "But why—why didn't you say—"

Suddenly, as if he had seen what he wanted to see, he threw up his head with a quick gesture, and drew my hands high up on his shoulders.

"You!" he said. "You, too! Isn't it wonderful?"

"Let me go!" I cried, panic-stricken. "You know it's impossible. They would never listen to me. What—are—you—going—to—do?"

"Do?" he mocked. "I am going to kiss you, Alicia. If you don't approve of it, close your eyes. I love you, love you, girl! In all the world there is only—you!" He kissed me then—quite a number of times—and last, lingeringly, on the mouth. "Our betrothal kiss," he exulted, still holding me close. "Yes, our kiss, my lady, for you kissed *me*, too!"

Suddenly he freed me, and stood gazing over my head at something beyond me.

"Great Scott!" he said, as a shout came from the direction of the clearing, and another, a sort of view halloo, from behind us in the woods. "I forgot all about him!"

"Forgot what?"

"Nothing," he evaded, "only—I'll have to go. I forgot something that can't wait. I—" His voice trailed off; he was still staring into the woods. "I mayn't have another chance," he said. "I don't care what happens—I am going to kiss you good-by."

"Not if there is any hurry."

I edged away from him. There was another halloo, closer now.

"Stay right where you are," he said suddenly. "Or perhaps you'd better get out on that log. That's better. Now, no matter what happens, don't move away from there—not a foot, not an inch!"

"I don't see why—" I began, but he was gone, running through the underbrush with his head low. Once he stopped and broke off a branch of a sapling, then on again and out of sight. I stood on the log for some time. Then—it seemed so silly, and he had no right to be so peremptory, when we weren't even really engaged—I started slowly toward the clearing.

There seemed to be a good many people around. Twice excited-looking men ran across my path, and one of them yelled something to me—I couldn't hear what. Then I came to the edge of a little hill, with the clearing just below me; and suddenly I understood what was going on.

Our trap had been drawn into the center of the opening, and the horses taken out. The backs of the seats were turned over, and lunch had been spread on them; but no one was eating. Standing huddled together on the extemporized table were father and mother and Mr. Whittle, while Evans stood in the back of the trap, with a bottle of sauterne poised and a face as white as milk. Sitting on the tombstone, his tongue out with the heat, his moth-eaten mane ruffling in the breeze, his tail waving benevolence and expectation, was Mr. Pickwick.

Just as I came in sight, father reached down and fumbled over the table, his eyes glued to the lion.

"Confound it!" he groaned. "He's had the last sandwich. Evans, haven't you anything else? Where's that lobster salad?"

"I beg your pardon, I think you finished it, sir," Evans quavered, without turning around. "I—I think there's some cake, sir."

Mr. Whittle eagerly stooped and

found the cake. As he raised himself, Pickwick, who had been purring with a noise like distant thunder, raised an impatient paw and smartly tapped a wheel of the trap. Mr. Whittle dropped the cake as if he had been shot, and it was gone in two gulps. Father was wild.

"What do you mean by doing that?" he demanded fiercely. "We could have made that last an hour. You—you are infernally careless, Whittle!"

"Never mind," said Mr. Whittle with affected cheerfulness. "It may finish him. He's had enough caviar and lobster to kill almost anything. Try these olives on him."

But Mr. Pickwick liked the cake. He waited for more, and none coming, he raised himself on his aged legs and tried to crawl into the trap. Mother slapped at him with her parasol, and he drew his head back and shut his eyes, wincing like a tabby cat.

"Don't do that!" father yelled. "*Don't—do—that!* You'll make him angry. Good old fellow, nice old fellow! Confound the luck, he don't like those olives!"

At first I had been terribly frightened, but now I could see a dozen men posted around the clearing, behind trees. I even thought I could make out Jim, with a helmet and puttees, and near him a man in a gray suit like Mr. Balsinger's, only he had a black box in front of him, fastened around his neck with a strap.

Mr. Pickwick sat down suddenly and pursued something along his tail to the tip. Then he began to circle around the trap, rubbing against the wheels and purring, with father and the rest turning like tops to keep facing him. What with excitement and the sun, the Peabody blood began to boil, and mother stooped unexpectedly and gave Mr. Pickwick three smart slaps with her parasol. He was so surprised that he gave a little yelp, and then he ran away, looking back over his shoulder to see if she was coming after him, and scurrying low like a scared cat. Just outside the clearing he ran into a keeper, and after a little scuffle he was captured. Of course, they didn't see that. Father had dropped to the back of a seat and was mopping his face, while mother was trying to look as if banging wild beasts on the nose with a linen parasol was a mere bagatelle.

"A lion!" father exploded. "Upon my soul, I wouldn't have believed it. If it wasn't ten miles from town, I should suspect that idiot Balsinger and his Noah's Ark! I never heard of such a thing. Evans, get the horses. We'll have to get away before he comes back."

But Evans wouldn't put a foot on the ground. He said the trap might take root and grow there, for all he cared. I wouldn't have thought Evans had it in him. And then, tardily enough, they remembered me.

"Alicia!" mother said, jumping up and turning white; and I must give her credit for starting to get out of the trap. But at that moment Mr. Balsinger himself appeared and heard her.

"She is quite safe," he said. "The lion has been captured, and there is no harm done. If you will tell me where your horses are—"

"No harm!" father choked. "I knew you had something to do with this. Confound your impudence! I'll teach you to endanger my life, and then come and say there's no harm done!"

I saw him reach for the whip and Mr. Balsinger fold his arms without moving; then I ran headlong down the hill through the bushes. When I got to the clearing, Evans and Mr. Whittle were holding father, and Mr. Balsinger was standing in the same place, with a red line across his cheek and blood coming from a cut on his ear. Father was beside himself.

"I tell you, you'll never marry her!" he was shouting. "Don't you dare to defy me, you, making me the center of a circus performance! You and your snakes and your lions and your impudence!"

"Father, aren't you ashamed?" I demanded. "Look what you have done. He is bleeding."

"Blood!" father sneered. "It isn't blood; it's pink lemonade. Let go of me, Whittle!"

"Evans," Mr. Balsinger said quietly, "I have a little family matter to discuss with Mr. Atwood. Suppose you go for the horses."

Evans went; people had a way of doing what Mr. Balsinger told them. Then he turned to me.

"Alicia," he said, "I had meant to wait until October, but under the circumstances we had better be married the last of this month—say the 25th; you could get some things together by that time."

Mr. Whittle was alone, and small. Father shook him off and began to get out of the trap.

"I am sorry things had to be as they have been," Mr. Balsinger went on, not glancing at father. "I'm sorry, too, to appear to threaten; but really, if your father doesn't control himself better, I shall have to do it."

"Do what?" Mr. Whittle demanded from the trap.

"You see, Alicia, although the escape of Mr. Pickwick was unpremeditated—being the fault of your brother, who dropped the rope—still, having come out to get a moving picture, and the opportunity presenting itself just now, I succeeded in obtaining what will be the most popular exhibition film in the country. That bit where the gentleman dropped the cake, and the other, when your mother valiantly whacked the ferocious beast on the nose with her parasol—I wouldn't sell those poses for half a million dollars. By hurrying"—he looked at the sky—"I think I can use the film to-night. The Emmanuel Church

"DON'T DO THAT! DON'T—DO—THAT!"

is having its picnic to-day at the park, and—"

Mother gave a little gasp and sat up straight.

"You wouldn't dare—" she began.

"What wouldn't I dare—for you, Alicia?" he asked me. "Of course, if I were a member of the family, I wouldn't think of exhibiting it in what is, perhaps, not a favorable light. Real terror is unmistakable. It cannot be faked."

"Surely no gentleman would do such a dastardly thing!" said mother again feebly.

"Not unless he was compelled to, Alicia. Of course, it could be arranged. If, for instance, your father will admit that this is blood on my handkerchief, and not pink lemonade—"

FATHER—"I'll be hanged if I will. I don't want to speak to you!"

MR. BALSINGER—"And that instead of a razzle-dazzle on my coat of arms, I may have a lion rampant—"

FATHER—"I'll sue you. I'll get out an injunction!"

MR. BALSINGER *(chuckling)*—"By to-night!"

MOTHER—"Alicia, you are not in earnest about marrying this person?"

ALICIA—"I don't know. I—"

MR. BALSINGER—"Are you?"

ALICIA *(feebly)*—"Yes."

MR. BALSINGER *(to father)*—"Blood or pink lemonade?"

FATHER *(sullenly)*—"Blood."

MR. BALSINGER—"And a razzle-dazzle on my coat of arms?"

FATHER—"A lion, confound you!"

"That's bully!" Mr. Balsinger said heartily. "Now we are all happy and friendly again, and we'll forget that film. Alicia, my automobile is just across that field in the road—I left it there so that you would not have to walk far."

"Get into the trap, Alicia," mother ordered.

I stood between them, uncertain for a moment. Then—I saw his eyes, and for all his sureness, they were strained and anxious.

"G-good-by, mother," I said, and held out my hand to him.

THE ROAD OF MEMORY

UPON the Road of Memory
  I lingered long to-day,
And oh, the things that I did see
  Upon that precious way!

A little chap with dark-brown eyes,
  With others, came along;
He was not big, nor very wise,
  But happy was his song.

He sang of days that were to come,
  When he should be a man;
They made a truly wondrous sum,
  The things that he did plan.

But when he looked me in the face,
  'Twas with a wistful eye;
Then turned and gazed far into space,
  And gave a little sigh.

And then he spoke. His voice was kind,
  His words—ah, they were good!
He whispered softly: "Never mind—
  We've done the best we could!"

For on the Road of Memory,
  That leads to Yesterday,
He was the lad I used to be
  Before my locks were gray!

John Kendrick Bangs

THE BALKAN STATES, THE STORM-CENTER OF EUROPE

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN

AUTHOR OF "THE REAL YELLOW PERIL," ETC.

IF the royalty of northern and western Europe may be said to furnish the romance of present-day history, the sovereign houses of the Balkan states may be said to contribute the melodrama. Some might add, the tragedy; but the latter word always conveys an impression of somber dignity and impressiveness which is entirely lacking from even the most barbarous scenes of savagery that have disgraced the courts of Servia, of Montenegro, of Bulgaria, and formerly of Rumania.

The uncle and predecessor of the present ruler of the Black Mountain had his reign brought to an end through the hand of an assassin. The indescribably horrible murder of Alexander and Draga of Servia is too fresh in the public memory to need more than passing reference here, beyond mentioning the fact that the true details of the affair have never yet been published, simply because they were too shocking to be put into print. Alexander's father abandoned his throne at a few hours' notice, in order to escape a fate such as that which overtook his unfortunate son.

To go back a little farther, in 1868, Michael III of Servia and his sister, Princess Anka, were killed by bravos, shown by legal investigation on the part of the Hungarian authorities to have been hired and instigated by the late Prince Alexander Karageorgevitch, father of the present King Peter of Servia. It was, in fact, in consequence of his conviction by the Hungarian courts of having instigated the murder, that old Alexander Karageorgevitch was expelled from the dominions of Emperor Francis Joseph.

The life of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been repeatedly attempted. Plots to kidnap his children and to hold them to ransom have several times been frustrated by some lucky chance. The Bulgarian statesmen to whom he owed his throne, and who were his principal lieutenants and advisers during the first decade of his reign, have nearly all met with violent deaths. The state of affairs in Bulgaria during the last decade of the nineteenth century may be imagined when I mention that a stranger, happening to call upon any of the members of the cabinet, would find a loaded carbine on the statesman's desk, and a couple of revolvers within easy reach, for all the world like the editorial sanctum of a Rocky Mountain mining town in the old lawless days.

THE ASSASSINATION OF STAMBOULOFF

Mme. Stambouloff, the widow of Bulgaria's greatest premier—the man who brought about the election of Ferdinand by the Bulgarian national assembly, and who used to be described as the Bismarck of southeastern Europe—still preserves, as a gruesome ornament of her drawing-room, the severed hands of her husband, which are mounted on a black velvet background in a frame just beneath his portrait. They were cut off by his murderers when he was raising them to shield his face and neck from the knives of his assassins, who had fallen upon him in broad daylight, under the very windows of the leading club of Sofia. If his murderers struck only at his head and at his hands, it was because they had been informed that his body was protected by a shirt of the finest steel chain-mail. No one knew that Stambouloff wore armor, save one of the dead premier's most in-

timate and trusted friends; and no one else could have revealed the secret to his enemies. Yet, while the actual assassins have paid the penalty of their crime, the known instigator of the murder, and the false friend who betrayed the victim, still remain unpunished, and continue to play prominent rôles in public affairs.

Ferdinand's predecessor on the throne of Bulgaria—Alexander of Battenberg—was seized at night in his palace by officers whom he had loaded with favors of every kind, and by members of his picked body-guard. They carried him into Russian territory, where he was detained a prisoner for several days, until the late Czar was led by the remonstrances of every government in Europe to command his release. Prince Alexander went back to Sofia, where he was received with great rejoicings by the people; but he remained there only long enough to sign his abdication, keeping silent as to the reason therefor, but declaring that he had no alternative. To this day the true cause of his renunciation of the Bulgarian throne, and the means of irresistible pressure which the late Emperor of Russia was able to bring to bear upon him, remain a mystery of state.

The profligacies of Prince Couza of Rumania, predecessor of the present king, were such that they revolted even the easy-going Rumanians. One night he was arrested in his palace, forced to sign his abdication, and ordered to leave the country. The woman for whose sake he had deserted his universally respected wife had to flee from the palace through the streets, with bare feet, and clad only in a night-dress. She was the Princess Marie Obrenovitch, who was the mother of King Milan of Servia, and who had run away from her own husband to make her home with Couza.

This, I am aware, is not altogether a flattering picture of the courts of southeastern Europe. It will help my readers to realize that they have much in common with those petty German courts of unregenerate days which were so amusingly burlesqued by Offenbach in his "Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein."

RUMANIA'S GERMAN KING

Of all these Balkan rulers, the most powerful and the most universally respected is undoubtedly King Charles of Rumania, who, nearing seventy years of age, has for some time past been in such feeble health that his reign seems to be drawing to a close. The manner in which he obtained his throne was a very curious one, and is not generally known. His father, Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern, was the boyhood friend and childhood playmate of Napoleon III. Charles Anthony's mother was Princess Antoinette Murat, niece of King Joachim Murat of Naples, and an adopted daughter of the first Emperor Napoleon, who gave her away at her marriage. She was on terms of sisterly affection and intimacy with Napoleon's stepdaughter and sister-in-law, Hortense de Beauharnais, Queen of Holland.

After the overthrow of the Napoleonic empire, and the withdrawal of Queen Hortense to Arenenberg, in Switzerland, where she lived under the name of the Duchesse de St. Leu, she had Antoinette Murat, Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, staying with her for months at a time. Antoinette usually brought with her her boy, Charles Anthony, who thus may be said to have grown up with Louis Bonaparte, afterward Napoleon III.

Another of their playmates was Hortense Lacroix, the foster-sister of the two boys, Mme. Lacroix having been wet-nurse to both of them. Later on, Hortense Lacroix married the French painter Sebastien Cornu, and achieved considerable distinction as a writer. Throughout Napoleon III's reign she was one of his most loyal friends and trusted advisers, insisting, however, upon remaining in the background, and never appearing at his court.

When the Rumanian throne became vacant, through the deposition of old Prince Couza, the last of the Hospodars, and the leading statesmen of Bucharest turned to Napoleon III to advise them as to the choice of a new ruler, he took counsel with his foster-sister, Mme. Cornu. She, recalling the fact that their old playmate, Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern, had several sons—who through their mother were grandchildren of Stéphanie de Beauharnais, married to the Grand Duke Charles of Baden—recommended the emperor to nominate

Charles, the second of these boys, for the proffered crown.

Charles was little more than a lad at the time, a mere subaltern of the First Regiment of Prussian Guards, when he assumed the reins of government at Bucharest more than forty years ago. During his long reign he has helped to develop his country into the most prosperous and powerful of the Balkan states. Not long after ascending the throne he secured the hand of Princess Elizabeth of Wied. He had made her acquaintance in a rather romantic fashion by catching her in his arms when, having tripped, she was falling headlong down the stairs of a palace where she was staying, and where he was just arriving on a visit. They have had one child, a girl, who died at the age of seven; and failing any other issue, they have adopted a nephew, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, who is married to Princess Marie of Coburg, the eldest daughter of King Edward's sailor brother. The crown princess is known as one of the fairest and most fascinating of the daughters of royalty. Her aunt, the

FERDINAND I, KING (CZAR) OF BULGARIA, WHO RECENTLY DECLARED THE INDEPENDENCE OF HIS COUNTRY, REPUDIATING HIS NOMINAL ALLEGIANCE TO THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

From a photograph by Pietzner, Vienna

Queen of Rumania, is still more widely celebrated through her literary activities by her pen-name of "Carmen Sylva." Charles contented himself with the title of Prince of Rumania until after the war of 1877 between Turkey and Russia, in which he rendered effective aid to the Muscovite armies. After peace had been restored, he assumed the title of king, and caused himself to be crowned at Bucharest, not with a diadem of gold, but with a crown made of metal from the Turkish guns captured by his soldiers at the storming of the forts of Plevna.

CROWN PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA, ELDEST SON OF KING FERDINAND

From a photograph by Karastosnoff, Sofia

THE DANE WHO RULES GREECE

More familiar to Americans than any other of the southeastern courts is that of Athens, where King George has reigned for even a longer time than King Charles of Rumania. The ruler of the Hellenes, whose Christian name was originally William, is a brother of the King of Denmark, of the widowed Czarina of

Russia, and of Queen Alexandra of England. He was serving in the English navy as a midshipman when the crown of Greece—after having been offered to the late Duke of Edinburgh, and afterward to the grandfather of the present Earl of Derby—was tendered to him. Naval tradition asserts that when the Greek delegates came on board the English man-of-war on which he was serving, in order to notify him that he had become their sovereign, they found him at the masthead, whither the captain had relegated him in punishment for some boyish prank.

When Prince William—who was forced to assume the name of George as being more agreeable to Hellenic ears—arrived at Athens to assume his duties, few believed that he would remain there for any length of time. By reason, perhaps, of the ages of Turkish tyranny to which they had been subjected, the Greeks were reputed to be the most turbulent, lawless, and intractable nation of Europe. Only a few months before they had deposed their Bavarian-born monarch, King Otho, and had packed him about his business; and it did not seem likely that the young and inexperienced Danish prince would be better able to cope with the difficulties of the situation.

CHARLES I, KING OF RUMANIA, THE GERMAN PRINCE WHO HAS REIGNED FOR NEARLY FORTY-THREE YEARS AT BUCHAREST

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF RUMANIA, WIDELY KNOWN AS A WRITER UNDER THE PEN-NAME OF "CARMEN SYLVA"

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest

King George has disappointed these gloomy predictions. With a discretion, a tact, and a soundness of judgment for which few would then have given him credit, he has succeeded not only in maintaining himself upon his throne, but likewise in imposing his authority upon the people. His imperturbable calmness has made a deep impression upon a race so passionate, so demonstrative, and so effervescent as the modern Greeks, and the unvarying sobriety of his speech and of his judgment has inspired general respect among a nation so loquacious and impulsive.

In most countries that have chosen an alien prince for their ruler, the latter has usually endeavored to strengthen his position by assimilating himself in every conceivable fashion to the people of the land of his adoption. King George has done exactly the reverse. He has declined to adopt the Greek faith, although he has allowed his children to be brought up in it. Realizing the advantage of maintaining an absolutely impartial attitude

MARIE, CROWN PRINCESS OF RUMANIA, FORMERLY PRINCESS MARIE OF COBURG

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest

between the rival political parties, he has held himself aloof from his subjects, and refrained from singling out any for particular friendship and intimacy. Indeed, so careful is he to avoid laying himself open to the imputation of favoritism, that he restricts his social circle at Athens in a great measure to the members of his own large family, and to foreign visitors.

The latter, providing they are persons of refinement and culture, and properly accredited, always find a warm welcome on the part of King George; and this is especially the case with Americans. It is hinted that one reason for his cordiality may be the fact that he owes much of his great personal fortune to speculations in American grain, under the advice of the late General Meredith Reed, during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, when the Russian grain ports of the Black Sea were closed to the world.

Queen Olga, who is a Russian grand duchess, has accomplished wonders in the way of the foundation and endowment of hospitals and charitable institutions. As a little illustration of her essentially feminine thoughtfulness, I may mention that she always keeps on hand a quantity of Russian earth, some of which is placed in and on the coffin of any Muscovite

FERDINAND, CROWN PRINCE OF RUMANIA, NEPHEW AND ADOPTED SON OF KING CHARLES

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest

CONSTANTINE, CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE, WHO IS MARRIED TO THE KAISER'S SISTER, PRINCESS SOPHIA OF PRUSSIA
From a photograph by Böhringer, Athens

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, THE KING'S SECOND SON, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF CRETE
From a photograph by Böhringer, Athens

sailor who may chance to die at the great Evangelistos Hospital at Athens; for Russians of the lower classes, who are extremely superstitious, think that their prospect of reaching heaven largely depends on having their bodies laid to rest in the soil of their own country.

Of the children of the king and queen, the eldest, the crown prince, is married to Princess Sophia of Prussia, sister of the Kaiser. The second son, Prince George, formerly governor of Crete, and physically the Anak of Old World royalty, is married to the daughter of Roland Bonaparte, who is one of the proprietors of the notorious Monte Carlo gambling-establishment. The third, Prince Nicholas, is married to the Grand Duchess Helen Vladimirovitch of Russia, sister of the Grand Dukes Boris and Cyril. The fourth, Prince Andrew, has as his wife the daughter of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, who came over here three years ago in command of a

GEORGE I, KING OF GREECE, THE DANISH PRINCE WHO HAS REIGNED FOR FORTY-FIVE YEARS AT ATHENS

British cruiser squadron. Then there are Prince Christopher, and a daughter, Princess Marie, married to the Grand Duke George of Russia.

THE BOYCOTTED KING OF SERVIA

With regard to the reigning house of Servia, it is unnecessary to say very much beyond the fact that King Peter, who was raised to the throne upon the assassination of his predecessor, seems as a monarch to have lost all the nerve and courage which enabled him, as a French officer in the war with Germany, in 1870, to win the cross of the Legion of Honor for conspicuous gallantry on the battlefield. He has not had the determination to disassociate himself from the butchers of King Alexander and Queen Draga. The fact that these men, despite the protests of the foreign powers, continue to hold high office at his court and in his government, naturally lends color to the story that he was privy to their horrible crime, if he did not actually instigate it. It is on this account that Peter has been

ABDUL HAMID II, SULTAN OF TURKEY, WHO IN HIS REIGN OF THIRTY-TWO YEARS HAS LOST MOST OF HIS DOMINIONS IN EUROPE

From a photograph by Downey, London

PETER I, KING OF SERVIA, WHO ASCENDED THE THRONE IN 1903, AFTER THE MURDER OF KING ALEXANDER

From a photograph by Jovanovitch, Belgrade

boycotted by all the other monarchs of Europe, who have one and all refused to acquiesce in his offers to visit them, until he clears his name.

His wife, long since dead, was the eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, and a sister, therefore, of the Queen of Italy. By this marriage he has a daughter, a young woman of twenty-four, who spends much of her time with her aunt at Rome, and two sons. The elder of these boys, the Crown Prince George, has acquired a somewhat unenviable name in connection with the exuberance of his youth, his impatience of every kind of restraint and discipline, and the general wildness of his character. There may, however, be some exaggeration in the reports circulated about him, and it can be said in his favor that he is a youth of high spirit and good abilities.

King Peter has one brother, Prince Arsène, a ne'er-do-well, who was divorced by his Russian wife, a daughter of the house of Demidoff. Arsène is a colonel of cavalry in the Servian army, but he is much better acquainted with the less reputable features of Parisian boulevard life than with active military service, and is a source of embarrassment rather than of assistance to his brother.

The Servian monarch is fortunate in the fact that no prince of the house of Obrenovitch remains in existence to pose as a pretender to his throne. The Obrenovitch dynasty became extinct in the male line when King Alexander was murdered. It is still represented in the female line by Colonel Constantinovitch, son of that Princess Anka who was killed with her brother at Belgrade in 1868.

THE PRINCE OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN

As for the Prince of Montenegro—who is understood to be anxious to follow the example of Ferdinand of Bulgaria,

GEORGE, CROWN PRINCE OF SERVIA, KING PETER'S ELDEST SON

From a photograph by Jovanovitch, Belgrade

PRINCE DANILO OF MONTENEGRO AND HIS WIFE, WHO WAS THE PRINCESS JUTTA OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ

From a photograph by Wolff, Neu Strelitz

and to assume the title of king—he has boasted that princesses are his country's principal article of export. One of his daughters, now dead, was the wife of the present King of Servia; another is the Queen of Italy; two others are married to the Grand Dukes Nicholas Nicholaievitch and Peter Nicholaievitch of Russia; yet another is the wife of Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg; while Princess Xenia is on record as having declined offers of marriage from the late King Alexander of Servia and from Ferdinand of Bulgaria. She has several brothers, the eldest of whom, Crown Prince Danilo, or Daniel, is united in childless marriage to a daughter of the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who, as a great-great-granddaughter of King George III of England, is remotely in line of succession to the British crown.

The court of Montenegro is poverty-stricken, and the reigning prince is in constant straits for money—a condition of affairs for which not only the meager resources of his little state, but also his own extravagance and his mania for gambling, are responsible. The prince is the head of the dynasty of Petrovitch, which has reigned over the Black Mountain for several hundred years. Until 1845, the sovereignty was associated with the ecclesiastical primacy; and as the so-called vladikas were condemned to celibacy, they were always succeeded on the throne by their nephew.

Peter II was the last of these vladikas, or prince-bishops. His nephew and suc-

NICHOLAS I, PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO, WHO SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE IN 1860, AFTER THE MURDER OF DANILO I

cessor, Danilo I, separated the civil from the ecclesiastical functions, and married the lovely Darinka, daughter of a noble Slav family of Trieste. But he, too, had no sons, and on his assassination, in 1860, he was succeeded by his nephew, the present ruler of Montenegro. Prince Nicholas is a great Shakespearian scholar. Gladstone once said of him that he was the most gifted and remarkable man of his acquaintance, while the late Czar, Alexander III, publicly proclaimed him as his "only faithful and true friend."

ACTRESSES WHO HAVE MADE NOTABLE MARRIAGES

BY RICHARD MATTHEWS

A NEW piece by Jerome K. Jerome, called "Fanny and the Servant Problem," was recently presented in London with Fannie Ward, the American actress, in the name part. The plot of the play—which Mr. Jerome classifies as a "quite possible" one—tells of an actress in the music-halls, who marries, in Paris, a man whom she supposes to be a painter, but who turns out to be a lord. The domestic question comes in when *Fanny* discovers this last fact, and faces

THE COUNTESS POULETT (FORMERLY MISS SYLVIA STOREY)

From a photograph by Bassano, London

the problem of finding out, likewise, that the servants at Bantock Hall are her own poor relations, with her uncle at the head of them as butler.

Now, the "quite possible" factor in this story, as it presented itself in the first instance to the mind of the dramatist, was the marriage of an actress to a peer—an event of such frequent occurrence in England that it has ceased to attract any particular attention. And it may be added that these unions seem to be at least as lasting and successful as the average between American heiresses and European noblemen.

ANNA, COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN (FORMERLY MISS ANNA ROBINSON)

From a photograph by Bassano, London

The Countess of Clancarty, who died two years ago—her husband has recently married again—and who was famous in her day as Belle Bilton, of the London music-halls, was not the only British

THE BARONESS VON DITTON (FORMERLY MISS MAY GATES)

From a photograph by Bassano, London

MRS. YARDE-BULLER (FORMERLY MISS DENISE ORME)—HER HUSBAND, THE HON. JOHN REGINALD YARDE-BULLER, IS THE ELDEST SON OF LORD CHURSTON

From a photograph by Bassano, London

peeress of her rank who crossed the footlights to matrimony. Anna, Countess of Rosslyn, the Countess Poulett, who was Sylvia Storey, and the Countess of Orkney, formerly Connie Gilchrist, followed the same path to a coronet; and Rosie Boote reached a still loftier grade of the peerage when she became Marchioness of Headfort, in 1901. The former Eva Carrington—her real name, I believe, was Evelyn Chandler—is only a baroness, but her husband, Lord de Clifford, bears one of the very oldest English titles—one of the few that date from the thirteenth century.

None of these marriages provoked more comment, or received more attention from the veracious chroniclers of the press,

than that of Camille Clifford to the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, the eldest son of Lord Aberdare, which took place in 1906. Miss Clifford is a native of Norway—her real name being Ottersen—and came to the United States in a very humble capacity. Her good looks soon procured her a position in the chorus of a comic opera. Oddly enough, it was this Norwegian girl whom Henry W. Savage picked to impersonate the typical New York beauty in the company he sent to England to play "The Prince of Pilsen." She remained in London, where she supported Edna May in "The Belle of Mayfair," singing "Why Do They Call Me a Gibson Girl?" It was during the run of this popular piece that she met Lord Aberdare's son and—despite some parental opposition—became engaged to him. No self-respecting manager of a musical comedy could afford to neglect so good an opportunity for advertisement, with the result that Miss Clifford was featured in the cast to such an extent that Miss May took umbrage and left it herself.

Anna Robinson, who married the Earl of Rosslyn, from whom she was recently divorced, is an American

From a photograph by Bassano, London

MRS. BRUCE (FORMERLY MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD)—HER HUSBAND, THE HON. HENRY LYNDHURST BRUCE, IS THE ELDEST SON OF LORD ABERDARE

who ran away from school to go on the stage in the play that first made Charles Frohman famous, "Shenandoah," in which she describes herself

MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN (FORMERLY MISS EDNA MAY)

From a photograph by Bassano, London

as having played almost every female part. She remained with Mr. Frohman for three seasons in the early nineties, except that for three months she was "loaned" to the late Richard Mansfield. According to a story printed last year in a London newspaper, during this portion of her career Miss Robinson was assigned to play one of the witches in "The Scarlet Letter," and was standing in the wings, enveloped in a long brown cloak. Mr. Mansfield passed her, stopped, threw back the hood from her face, and said:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am a witch," she told him.

LADY DE CLIFFORD (FORMERLY MISS EVA CARRINGTON)

From a photograph by Bassano, London

"A witch? Nonsense," replied Mansfield. "We have quite enough of them without you. Take off that cloak at once. I will tell the stage-manager that in future, when we play 'The Scarlet Letter,' you are to be the village belle."

THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT (FORMERLY MISS ROSIE BOOTE)

From a photograph by Bassano, London

Of course, if this had been published in an American paper, we might have taken it with a grain of salt; but in England, you know, they are not supposed to have any press-agents.

After her Mansfield excursion, Anna Robinson and her sister, Margaret, appeared with Crane in "The Governor of Kentucky," playing the twins.

"I fancy we shall hear more of these girls in the future," said a critic of the day; "possibly as stars, when some of the present upshooting ones begin to tumble down the skies. Having paid this just and moderate tribute to her talent and her assiduity in seeking to develop mentally, I see no harm in dwelling on her beauty. She is a brunette,

with a creamy complexion faintly flushing here and there with peachblow tints."

The Earl of Rosslyn, it may be recalled, was once an actor himself, and came to this country several years ago, under Frohman management, to play a small part under the name of James Erskine. Miss Robinson's début on the London stage was made at the Criterion in 1901, in "Undercurrents," by R. C. Carton. The rôle was that of an American girl, and it was said at the time that Mr. Carton's only criticism of her at rehearsals was that her intonation did not prove sufficiently nasal to satisfy the average Englishman's idea of the typical American. The countess retired from the stage on her marriage. She was preparing to return to it again in "The Education of Elizabeth," a year ago, but ill-health interfered, and she is said to have taken to writing a book of her recollections instead.

Another English peeress who was once an American actress is Lady Ashburton, formerly Frances Belmont. Miss Belmont, whose real name was Donnelly, was one of the fifty or sixty stage beauties who have gone down into history as members of the "original Florodora sextet."

But it is not by any means in England only that young women of the stage have made marriages that have attracted public attention. There have been many similar cases in America, the most conspicuous, of course, being that of Edith Kingdon, who left Mr. Daly's famous stock company to become the wife of George Gould.

When "San Toy" was new in this country, the song "Rhoda Had a Pagoda" was sung at Daly's by a particularly charming débutante, Minnie Ashley. Later, on the same stage, Miss Ashley again won favor in "A Country Girl"; but the public was not permitted to enjoy her talent very long, for in 1903 she was wooed and won by William Astor Chanler, a great-great-grandson of John Jacob Astor, and himself an ex-Congressman, author, and African explorer.

It is not necessary more than to mention Mabelle Gilman, whose marriage to William Ellis Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, aroused so much comment when it took place in May, 1907. Miss Gilman, who is a California girl, first became known to New York playgoers in Augustin Daly's musical comedies. She began with a small part in "The Geisha," and when Violet Lloyd went back to London, Mr. Daly promoted her to be *Mollie Seamore*.

"Her work in this rôle is most remarkable," said the New York *Sun* at the time of the shift. "As far as enunciation goes, she is Miss Lloyd's superior. It is a pleasure to hear this actress sing her songs, purely for the sake of the words."

Miss Gilman remained at Daly's until after "A Runaway Girl" was brought out, in which latter production her part was taken over, after her departure, by Marie Cahill. She starred, later on, in "The Mocking Bird," one of the most tuneful pieces ever heard in New York, but doomed to a brief career owing to bad management.

Among other American actresses who have married well is Amy Busby, who was such a general favorite when she played opposite William Gillette in "Secret Service." There were many rumors, at the time, of her engagement to the star, but she surprised everybody by becoming the wife of Eugene H. Lewis, a prominent New York lawyer. Mr. Lewis died a couple of years ago, and his widow was recently married to Theodore Douglas, who is well known in mining and financial circles.

Another case in point is that of Gladys Wallis—"little Gladys Wallis," as every one called her—who first became famous with Crane in "The Senator," and who for ten years past has been the wife of Samuel Insull, of Chicago. Mr. Insull is an Englishman who came to the United States a good many years ago to become Thomas A. Edison's private secretary, and who is now at the head of the Edison electrical interests in the West.

Edna May, too, may be added to the list, in view of the éclat that attended her marriage, in June, 1907, to Oscar Lewisohn, son of an American "copper king." Miss May—whose maiden name was Edna May Pettie, and whose first husband was Frank Titus, a professional bicyclist—was married to Mr. Lewisohn in England, where her greatest dramatic success was scored, and where she has since made her home.

THE STAGE

WHERE THE TROUBLE LIES

THE October crop of play failures was the biggest any month has had to offer in the history of the New York stage. Three Broadway houses closed their doors for periods varying from a week to a fortnight, while others kept open to an attendance not sufficient to pay the bill for electric lights. Of course, the managers laid some of the blame on the Presidential election, in spite of the fact that the campaign was the quietest within living memory. Moreover, while such distractions may injure successful plays, it is scarcely credible that they could bring instantaneous death to new pieces; and there was no one—not even the producers themselves—to deny that the October dead ones were hopeless after the first night's showing.

Why is this, you ask? Why isn't a manager half-way capable of telling in advance what is good from what is not even passable? To my mind, the answer is simple. It is because the opinion of the intelligent public is the very last factor that he places in the scales on which he weighs each new play as it comes up for consideration.

"Will the leading part fit Mr. Big Name?" "Will Miss Beauty look the heroine?" "I have Mr. So-and-So under contract for another season; this piece is just the thing for him." "There is open time at that theater of mine; this set would go beautifully on that stage." "My rival across the street scored a big hit with a play that had a very small cast; so this one, with only five characters, for me!" "Malfeasance in office is very much in the public eye just now, so this drama about a dishonest Governor is sure to go." "This author had a big hit with his last one; he's a favorite, sure." "The people are tired of well-known names; I'll take this play by a new one, and play him up as a discovery."

These, and others like them, are the reasons that enter into the average manager's calculations when he puts the T-square on a new manuscript which has had the rare good luck to get as far as serious consideration. The audiences that are to sit in front of the footlights and see that particular story realized on the stage are the last things he takes into the accounting. Is it any wonder the failures outnumber the successes ten to one?

It is an open secret that most of the big hits have been made with plays in which their managers have had little confidence. "Paid in Full" is perhaps the most noteworthy of recent examples. Even after it had been tested on the road, its sponsors had so little faith in it that they decided to lay it aside after a very brief trial. The last night was set down to be played at Albany. Eugene Walter, the author, was in despair. He had tried and tried again to get managers to put his play on, and now, after he had at last succeeded in accomplishing this herculean task, the thought that his work was to be laid aside before a New York production was reached made him sick at heart.

In this extremity, he recalled the very flattering notices that one of the metropolitan critics had given his other play, "The Undertow," when it was put on for a week by the stock company at the Harlem Opera-House. From Albany, whither Mr. Walter had gone to sit by the bedside of his favorite brain-child, he sent an urgent request to this critic, asking if he could not possibly come up from New York to see the play, and pass judgment on it. The critic was Mr. Acton Davies, of the *Evening Sun*. He made the hundred-and-fifty-mile journey, saw the play, liked it immensely, and said so in print.

But even this, probably, would not have induced the managers to risk a New York performance had not a play that came over from London with a big reputation failed to draw here. Thus, you see, accident stepped into the game, as it so often does in this matter of plays. With an unexpected open date on their hands, they decided, as a last resort, to

offer "Paid in Full" on Broadway, which they did, seven weeks after it had closed so ignominiously in Albany. To-day, five companies are playing the piece, and Mr. Walter's work is sought for on every side.

In the same way, an unforeseen vacancy at the Court Theater, in London, was the wedge that enabled W. Somerset Maugham to get a showing for his "Lady Frederick," which had already been declined by the very manager who finally brought it out. Within eight months, Maugham had four plays running in West End theaters, including "Lady Frederick," which proved the biggest success of all.

FELICITATIONS TO FAVERSHAM

The American stage has now three actor-managers — James K. Hackett, Henry Miller, and, the last to join the ranks, William Faversham. It is natural, perhaps, that two out of the three should be of English birth. In London, actor-managing is the rule and not, as with us, the exception.

Mr. Faversham has been very fortunate in the selection of a play with which to inaugurate his new régime. Oddly enough, it is not a new piece, but a version of a Spanish drama which had already been brought out in New York with the severe handicap of "Independent Theater" heading the bill-board. For, whether rightly or wrongly, New York playgoers always condemn in advance any piece that is offered to them under so-called "high-brow" auspices. The two leading actors in the play, nine years ago, when it bore the original Spanish name of "El Gran Galeoto," were John Blair and Florence Kahn. In view of its present success, it is of interest to turn back to the notices printed in November, 1899. One critic remarked:

> The play itself is a very serious study of human emotions and social relations. It had a single performance at an irregular theater two years ago, and it is not likely to be offered to the public as regular food.

Mr. Faversham's version, called "The World and His Wife," was made by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, and introduces comedy relief in the shape of a new character, a member of the British embassy at Madrid. The story has been modernized to the extent of referring to misdeeds in the commissariat department of the Spanish army during the war with the United States.

Mr. Faversham has not a great deal to say in the piece until the very end, where perhaps his long speech could be cut to advantage. But his rôle is the pivotal one upon which all the trouble revolves; and, of course, without trouble there would be no play. That an erstwhile star should be willing to appear in a part lacking in opportunities for showy work augurs well for the new enterprise, in which Mr. Faversham's wife, Julie Opp, serves him well as leading woman. In fact, the entire cast of eight is most effective.

BAD REALISM AND GOOD

On the same night that brought "The World and His Wife" to Daly's, Frederic Thompson presented "Via Wireless" at the Liberty, where his "Polly of the Circus" ran for more than four months last year. "Wireless" is not likely to accomplish as much in the shape of an endurance test, in spite of frantic advertising that drags into the limelight of publicity even the indorsement of the President of the United States.

The devisers of the thing were evidently carried away by the lure of Marconi's invention, as being something altogether new to stageland. After getting hold of a short story by Edward Balmer, on which the whole piece is based, they proceeded to build backward and forward from an episode that requires a yacht to founder on a reef, while news of the wreck is flashed to a passing steamer. But, however novel and attractive this may have appeared to the quartet of playwrights, they failed to analyze the make-up of a thrill.

The sputtering of a Marconi instrument was the will-o'-the-wisp that led them astray. This sputtering is, no doubt, a great adjunct to any scene—ten times as alluring as the tick of a telegraph-instrument, which gives forth only sound, without the flashes that make the Marconi so appealing to the showmen. But to have twenty minutes of clicking and flashing, accompanied by a soliloquy

from the operator telling what is happening on the unseen reef, is too much like getting one's entertainment at second hand. To be sure, the stern section of the ship, containing the wireless-room, bobs about most realistically; but this, too, grows monotonous when one finds that there is nothing else to look at for one-third of an hour.

Somewhere I have read an account of a wireless operator at sea, during a fog, taking from another vessel a message that came with startling vividness—so startling, indeed, as almost literally to give him an electric shock.

"Where are you?" he flashed back at the stranger.

The reply terrified him. It showed that the other ship was almost upon his own vessel, and it was only by the quickest and the most strenuous work that a collision was averted. This, as I recall it, was a real happening, which, it seems to me, would furnish a far more thrilling scene for a play than the one worked up with so much acclaim in "Via Wireless." In this case you would have actual peril threatening the characters you were looking at, and not impending over those you could not see.

But the Marconi episode is not the only alleged "big scene" in "Via Wireless." The other is an actual reproduction—or so the program says—of a furnace-room at the Midvale Steel Works, near Philadelphia. It is certainly very realistic in appearance, and the Luna Park shops deserve all the credit in the world for their accuracy in the art of imitating; but the action that takes place in the glare of the furnaces is disappointingly weak. In short, the best parts of the whole play—and it has some very good parts—are those of which the management has never thought to boast. One of them is an extremely pretty love-scene strung on a wireless message, and the other a dramatic episode in the last act, where the villain is unmasked.

Paul Armstrong, one of the four playwrights implicated in "Via Wireless," was represented the very next week by a far better play, wholly his own, revived after a false start of two years ago. This is the racing drama "Blue Grass," whose human nature and touches of real comedy count for more than all the electric flashes and imitation gun-work of twenty plays like "Via Wireless." To be sure, the crucial incident of "Blue Grass"—the race—is enacted off stage, just as is the foundering of the yacht; but in the racing play we have two people watching the contest who are vitally interested in its outcome, and the thrill of their suspense carries over the footlights. This same method of depicting a horse-race was used in "Checkers" with equal effectiveness. It is far more potent in its appeal than all the treadmills that were ever devised, the long career of "Ben Hur" to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Blue Grass" is not likely to duplicate the popular hit of Mr. Armstrong's "Heir to the Hoorah" or "Salomy Jane." In fact, as I read the proof of these lines, there comes the announcement of its early withdrawal. Nevertheless, it is a play of which the author has a right to feel proud when the royalties from "Via Wireless" will have been long forgotten.

Notable in the cast of "Blue Grass" were George W. Marion, whose fame as a producer of plays has hitherto eclipsed his work as an actor, and pretty Olive Wyndham, transferred from "The Man From Home." Miss Wyndham was new to New York till she came here, in August, as leading woman to William T. Hodge. "Blue Grass" gave her a better opportunity than did "The Man From Home." Her work in watching the outcome of the horse-race showed that she has some of the real ability possessed by Maude Adams, as well as a voice that reminds one irresistibly of that favorite among all the female stars.

Harking back once more to "Via Wireless," it may be noted that a little drama from the French, "The Submarine," shown in vaudeville, gives ten times as much thrill as the theatrically impotent Marconi flashes. Of course, it is no very pleasant sight to see four men dying for want of air twenty fathoms under water, but there is no denying that the episode has real dramatic value—which, however, is more than can be said for the second scene of "The Submarine," in which the audience has to watch the funeral services on the quay over the bodies of the victims. This is

altogether unnecessary, not to say exceedingly bad taste.

ETHEL BARRYMORE REBELS

Why does Ethel Barrymore imperil the success of Somerset Maugham's clever comedy, "Lady Frederick," by her refusal to make herself sufficiently ugly in the all-important boudoir episode of the last act? This forms the crux of the entire play, and is the scene that carried the piece for a year's consecutive run in London, where Ethel Irving played it without a break in five different theaters. The extent to which Miss Barrymore goes in seeking to disenchant her boy lover is limited to whitening her face and letting loose a stray lock or two of her hair. As Miss Irving played it, she confronts the young man as a sorry-looking object indeed, precisely as any plain woman would appear fresh from her bed and before submitting herself to her maid, her mirror, and her make-up box.

There is no excuse for Miss Barrymore's shirking of this piece of realism. In fact, she is the one actress who could carry it through without any real sacrifice, for every playgoer knows that she is a singularly pretty woman. When one recalls "The Silver Box," in which, as the scrubwoman, Miss Barrymore so effectually sank her identity as to be almost unrecognizable, her superficial treatment of the last act in "Lady Frederick" seems all the more unaccountable.

For the rest, Miss Barrymore is charming as the woman of kindly heart, of varying moods, and of many creditors; although it is to be said that she puts on and off *Lady Frederick's* Irish accent as if it were a wrap the need for which is regulated by the temperature. Moreover, for some reason or other, the scene with the dressmaker, which was a perfect cameo of humor in London, goes for practically nothing in New York. But the performance in the main is so delightful as to form the most successful vehicle for Miss Barrymore that has fallen to her since she appeared in "Cousin Kate," some four years ago.

A DIP INTO MISS CAHILL'S PAST

Marie Cahill, like olives and oysters, is an acquired taste. Some people do not care for her at all, and it is useless to make them try to do so. Others find in her peculiar mannerisms an insistent charm; and there are enough of these in New York to crowd even so large a theater as Wallack's when she happens to have a musical comedy that pleases. This she seems to have secured in "The Boys and Betty" — a piece which certainly has the merit of being different from the ordinary musical show, in spite of the fact that it is the fourth in six months to have a musical composer as one of its principal personages.

This character in "The Boys and Betty," by the way, is capitally played by a man new to Tin Pan Alley environment—John E. Kellerd. Kellerd, who created the villain, *Colonel Thorpe,* in Belasco's "Heart of Maryland," was born in London. His father married his music-master's daughter, who died eleven days after her son's birth. If any one who sees "The Boys and Betty" thinks that Kellerd fakes his piano-playing in the first act, let me tell them that at eight years old he could play both the piano and the violin.

Miss Cahill, who in private life is Mrs. Daniel V. Arthur, the wife of her manager, began to star five years ago in "Nancy Brown," in which she sang two famous songs written by colored men—"On the Congo" and "You Can't Fool All the People All the Time." After that came "Moonshine," with music by Silvio Hein, whose charming melodies have done so much to lift "The Boys and Betty" into the popularity it enjoys. Next she was *Marrying Mary.*

Going back beyond her stellar days, a good many years ago, Miss Cahill was *Patsy* in Hoyt's "Tin Soldier." Later on she followed Fay Templeton — recently married and off the boards — in the title rôle of "Excelsior, Jr.," and then she blacked up for *Alice,* the maid, in a "Runaway Girl" at Daly's. This earned her her first really important rôle on Broadway in "The Chaperones."

REALISM TO THE LIMIT—IN SCENERY

"I shouldn't think she'd ever select a play like that!"

Such was the comment of one woman in the audience on Mrs. Fiske's judgment in picking "Salvation Nell" with which to open her new season.

"Mrs. Fiske would make a rotten play go," was the remark of a man at the same performance, while another was overheard to say: "This is certainly the most daring thing I ever saw put on the stage!"

Assuredly, if a young woman is permitted to see "Salvation Nell," there is no reason why she shouldn't be allowed to take in almost anything that comes along. On the opposite side of Forty-Second Street, Mr. Fiske is still presenting *Mr. Arliss* in "The Devil," a play in which vice triumphs. I am not certain, however, whether "Salvation Nell" is not more questionable in its moral tendencies than "The Devil" itself.

Nor did the piece hold my attention uninterruptedly to the end. The story, by no means new, is told in an exasperatingly discursive fashion. The fact that the heartiest and most spontaneous applause of the evening is elicited by the setting of the last act is significant. The entire drift of the affair is toward photographic reproduction of actual scenes rather than the artful presentation of an absorbing story.

The final set, by the way, has been compared with the last scene in "Du Barry." I should say it even overtopped that famous stage picture, because there is more variety in its view of the windows of a row of tenement-houses on Cherry Hill. But in "Du Barry," the closing scene was the fitting culmination of a play which had risen step by step to a dramatic climax; in "Salvation Nell," the setting is there simply because the management thought that it would be effective. The movement of the piece did not demand it. The same bit of action that takes place against this background could just as well be shown against any other street panorama. Without Mr. Fiske's money to give it an elaborate mounting, what would Mr. Edward Sheldon's play be?

Certainly, the new dramatists cannot complain that they are receiving no attention this season. Mr. Hurlbut, with his "Fighting Hope"; Mr. Harris, with his "Offenders"; Jules Eckert Goodman, with his "Man Who Stood Still"; Mr. Sheldon, a graduate of Harvard last June, with his "Salvation Nell"—all these novices have had New York productions of the first order. The playwrights, in fact, have fared considerably better than the critics, whose verdicts have been summarily reversed in several recent instances. They praised "The Golden Butterfly" to the skies, and yet people would not go to see it in sufficient numbers to keep the piece in town for long. "Samson," and Gillette's acting in it, displeased most of the reviewers; nevertheless, the play has settled down into a solid success at the Criterion. "Marcelle," praised to the extent of having the press comments emblazoned in electric letters on the Casino's front, was moved to Philadelphia before the Christmas month came in.

REALISM TO THE LIMIT—IN ACTING

Late advices from the London world of plays note the feeble impression made by Henry Arthur Jones's first output since the ill-fated "Evangelist." Mr. Jones is still inclined to preach, and his last sermon takes the form of New Year resolutions, cast into a three-act comedy and labeled "Dolly Reforming Herself." The play also contains another stand-by of Mr. Jones—the dropped letter; and, in spite of admirable acting by Ethel Irving — the original *Lady Frederick*—and Robert Loraine, it has won but faint praise. Like the latest product of England's other leading playwright—"The Thunderbolt" of Pinero—it seems likely that "Dolly" will not be thought strong enough to stand the sea voyage to these shores.

On the other hand, the mother country continues to let the States try out plays for her, as I pointed out in this place a month or two ago. Martin Harvey now proposes to do "The World and His Wife," of which Mr. Faversham has made such a success, and announces that he will follow it with another adaptation from the Spanish—"Marta of the Lowlands," which Harrison Grey Fiske presented in New York some five years ago. Arthur Bourchier is to do Gillette's version of "Samson" at the Garrick, early in February, and later on Henry Miller is to take both "The Servant in the House" and "The Great Divide" to London. And they have just put on Haddon Chambers's "Sir Anthony," done here two years ago.

In exchange for all this, England sends us the Sicilians—for without the sensation they made in London last winter it is altogether unlikely that this Italian company would have ventured across the Atlantic on the strength of their Continental reputation alone. In New York they opened in "Malia" ("Enchantment"), with Mimi Aguglia as the star. Beside the realism of her acting, that of all other players pales into mere genteel dabbling. For an example of the primitive passions let loose, the stage in this country has never offered anything like it. "Salvation Nell" may be the last word in realism of scenery, but "Malia" is the final syllable in realistic acting. There is no such thing as seeing it unmoved.

Jana is in love with her sister's husband, struggles against temptation, but finally, during a scene with the object of her passion, suddenly gives way to it with complete abandon. Instantly she repents; but he tries to follow up her advance, and the woman's efforts to keep herself within bounds make the big scene, which is followed by one almost as exciting in the last act, wherein *Jana's* lover has a fight with the other man, and finally kills him. This final struggle, with the friends of the family endeavoring to keep the combatants apart while the two men try to get at each other through every possible loophole in the crowd, is one of the finest bits of stage-management we have ever seen. Meanwhile, *Jana* lies prone on the ground at one side, passing from one fit of hysterics into another.

Most of the New York criticism agrees with that of London in declaring that "Malia" is worth seeing as something new in realism. A few of the reviewers contend that Signorina Aguglia's wonderful exhibition belongs in a gymnasium rather than on the stage, being muscular rather than artistic.

THE WITCHERY OF HARRY LAUDER

Do not be surprised if you are disappointed in Harry Lauder at the outset, when you are seeing him for the first time. This impression is almost inevitable in the case of a man who has made the furor of this young Scotchman, who draws a salary of five thousand dollars a week, and who is heavily insured by his manager lest some accident befall him between October and February—the term of his present American visit. You expect you can scarcely express what, when you see the packed theater, with an overflow audience seated at the sides of the stage, as was the case when Mr. Lauder appeared at the American in New York.

My own experience was just this—I timed him when he came on, and discovered that it was ten minutes to ten o'clock. When he began to apologize for not singing another song—after having told stories with three changes of costume and given us as many ballads—I looked at my watch again and was amazed to discover that it was fifteen minutes to eleven. Verily, those were the swiftest fifty-five minutes I had ever lived! My first impression was one of disappointment, but scarcely had he withdrawn than I was wishing that he would come back and do it all over again. It is in the man's manner that his greatest charm lies—in the pervasive good-nature of it, just as if it were possible for the whole creature to twinkle like a merry eye.

It is plainly evident that the Lauder audiences are largely made up of people who have heard him before; for when the band breaks into the prelude of any of his songs, the first notes are the signal for a fresh outburst of applause. And these constant admirers are scarcely to be differentiated from personal friends of his.

"Good boy, Harry!"

"Sing us another song, like a good fellow!"

Suggestions of this sort are shouted from the auditorium and received in perfectly good part. The impression he gives out is that of a man entertaining his own friends in utterly informal fashion in his own house. For all that, he is one of the best character impersonators we have seen; he is absolutely non-theatrical in his method, and this is another secret of his success.

Harry Lauder is the biggest card of the new opposition circuit working in the vaudeville field this winter. Last year, it will be remembered, Klaw & Erlanger retired from the contest, hav-

ing been paid, as was understood, a large sum by the United Booking-Office. It is said that the latter organization feels far more bitter toward the William Morris faction, which has already secured quite a respectable chain of theaters, and which is the outgrowth of a long-established booking-concern.

If the brevity of most of the turns is to be a permanent feature, not a temporary result of Lauder's big space in the bill, the innovation is to be strongly commended. Variety should be the keynote for vaudeville, even if this theatrical *genre* be no longer known by this name; and to drag out each act to fifteen or twenty minutes, regardless of its nature, is to rob the whole entertainment of its chief charm—kaleidoscopic shifting. Of course, if you could find three Harry Lauders, variety wouldn't be so necessary; but it would bankrupt any manager to pay the salary of three such men to be used in one evening's bill.

A BRIGHT FARCE AND AN UNEVEN DRAMA

"The Patriot" is a great improvement over "Caught in the Rain." Willie Collier was concerned in the writing of both plays, but in "The Patriot" he has not insisted on inserting so many purely theatrical tricks to win laughs as he did in the other farce. For his collaborator in "The Patriot" he had J. Hartley Manners, an Englishman, who no doubt supplied what little plot there is in the thing, while Collier put in the laughs, of which there are many, most of them obtained through emphasizing the contrast between American ways and British customs. English people, as well as Americans, enjoy humorous comparisons of this sort, and I should not be at all surprised to see "The Patriot" as big a hit in the West End as it promises to become on Broadway.

On the same night in which Collier came to New York in a play about an Englishman who prefers to remain what he really is—an American by adoption—Annie Russell reappeared there, after an interval of two seasons, in a play written by an Englishman. Miss Russell's long absence from the boards was not due to illness, as was a previous disappearance, but to her inability to find a suitable vehicle. She missed "Paid in Full," it is said, owing to the disinclination of her husband, Oswald Yorke, to making himself into such a cad as *Joe Brooks*. Now, by an odd shift of fortune's wheel, he has a rôle that is little better.

"The Stronger Sex" was written by a new dramatist, John Valentine, and has already been played in the West by Maude Fealy. It tells the already sufficiently familiar story of a woman who finds that her husband has married her for her money, but with the new twist that she does not tamely sit down and mope over the discovery, which comes to her on her wedding-day, but proceeds to put her husband through a course of sprouts that is gall and wormwood for him, if thoroughly delightful for the audience. Miss Russell is charming in the star part; and if the whole play were as clever as its second act, she would possess in it almost as valuable a property as "Miss Hobbs" once proved. Unhappily, however, the first act is deplorably weak, being crowded with people who do not appear again, and who have no business on the scene at all. The talk is forced, although some of the critics seem to have found it smart, and the whole action of the piece is sluggish. But from the very rise of the curtain on the second act, the play takes on such a swift movement and novel character that the opening portion would almost appear to have been written by some other hand.

Miss Russell's last previous appearance in New York was made when she opened the Astor Theater by flying over the stage on wires as *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Shakespeare had not been selected as the inaugural attraction of the new house without much weighing of other possibilities beforehand. Prominent among these were a Salvation Army play — no relation to "Salvation Nell" — by Bernard Shaw, called "Major Barbara," in which Miss Russell had appeared with some success in London; "Friend Hannah," a Quaker heroine with a story woven around her by Paul Kester, and "Clothes," by Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock. This latter, the only one of the three to reach Broadway, was afterward played there by Grace George.

Matthew White, Jr.

A TANGLED CODE

BY S. E. KISER

AUTHOR OF "LOVE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE-BOY," ETC.

FARNHAM sat looking blankly at the wall, too busy with his thoughts to notice that Miss Wallis was waiting to begin the day's work by taking his dictation. She was young and much too pretty to be working in a Chicago business office where the light was poor and the hours were long. There was about her an air of feminine timidity that was hardly compatible with her present surroundings.

Turning toward her, at length, Farnham said:

"I forgot that I wanted you. I've just received word from Danville that my father is very ill. I am going to him, and I don't know exactly when I shall be back. I shall have to leave you in charge here. We can't close the office."

"I am very sorry," she answered. "I hope he may get well."

"Thank you. I'll telegraph the New York office, and if anything important comes up, you can get me on the long-distance. I don't think of anything, though, that can't be put off for a while. All you'll have to do is to stay here and explain to people who may come in to see me that I've been called out of town, but will be back in a few days. Give them circulars, get their names and addresses, and try to find out what they want."

Having dictated a few letters of pressing importance, Farnham telegraphed an explanation to Rawlinson, the head of the Columbian Investment Company, in New York; and half an hour later Gertrude Wallis found herself in charge of the Chicago branch. As he was hastily leaving, Farnham informed her that she would find in the upper right-hand pigeon-hole of his desk the company's code-book, which was to be used in case she had occasion to telegraph to Rawlinson.

In his haste—or perhaps it was on account of his troubled state of mind—the manager forgot that the code-book in the upper right-hand pigeon-hole was an old one which he had used when he was in the grain-brokerage business, and that the one which he meant to have the girl use was hidden away in a tin box in one of the drawers of the desk.

On the day after Farnham's departure a heavy storm—the papers referred to it as a cyclone—swept through the country between Chicago and Danville, wrecking buildings and twisting wires into a jumbled mass that made communication except by mail impossible. It was while matters were in this condition that Rawlinson wired from New York to Miss Wallis:

McDermid returned. Cleveland matter adjusted. Inform Farnham. No wire from here.

There hung above Farnham's desk a portrait of Rawlinson, and this would have apprised Miss Wallis of the fact that he was a fine-looking man, still rather under middle age, if she had never seen him. But she had seen him. He had been in the Chicago office several times during the past year, and he had always been very courteous to her. From occasional remarks dropped by Farnham, she had gathered that the head of the company was a bachelor; and it is possible that she had occasionally found herself wishing that he, instead of the somewhat unceremonious manager of the Chicago branch, might have been her employer.

These matters did not figure in her calculations, however, when Rawlinson's

telegram was received. Wishing to prove her trustworthiness, she lost no time in trying to communicate with Farnham; but she soon learned that it would be impossible to reach him for at least a day or two, either by telegraph or telephone. After copying Rawlinson's telegram, she forwarded it by mail. Then she got the code-book out of the upper right-hand pigeon-hole, according to Farnham's instructions, and began the work of preparing a reply.

It was an unfamiliar and somewhat tedious task; but at last she found the word "lonesome," which in the cipher meant: "Have sent particulars by mail." So it happened that Rawlinson, sitting in his New York office, received this message from Chicago:

All Southern wires down. Lonesome.
GERTRUDE WALLIS.

He read the words several times, and then laid the telegram aside, intending to take up other matters; but a moment later he picked it up again.

"Lonesome?" he said, half aloud, to himself. His thoughts wandered back to the first time he had seen Miss Wallis in Farnham's office. He lighted a cigar and watched several rings of smoke dissolve in the atmosphere. His own stenographer was in an adjoining room, and he could faintly hear the rapid clicking of her typewriter, but he was only half aware of the fact that business was going on as usual.

At length he reached for his code-book and looked for the word "lonesome." It was not to be found. He got up, and, with his hands clasped behind him, walked over to the window, where he stood for a long time, looking out over a wilderness of roofs toward the big spider-web which hung between New York and Brooklyn; but his thoughts were in no wise concerned with the things he saw. Finally he returned to his desk, found a telegraph-blank, and wrote:

Lonesome here, too. Coincidence.
WILLIAM RAWLINSON.

It did not take Miss Wallis long, after she had signed her name in the messenger-boy's book, to find the word "coincidence." In her code-book it meant: "There is no reason why we should not proceed at once."

"Proceed at once?" she mused. "What does Mr. Rawlinson mean? What is there to proceed about?"

The more she studied the matter, the more mystified she became. In order to avoid any possibility of going wrong, she telegraphed to Rawlinson again, as follows:

Don't understand "coincidence." Is it important? Hope I have made no mistake.

In a surprisingly short time she received this answer:

Quite important. You are not mistaken. Frankness delightful.

After she had tried for about the eighth time to translate this message with the aid of the code in her possession, she began to cry. She found that "frankness," according to the book, stood for "Disregard new venture," while "delightful" meant "Sell five thousand July." She could not guess where she might get five thousand July to sell, or who would want to buy five thousand July, or what it would be worth if she had it.

"I have made some horrible mistake," she sobbed, as a tear splashed upon the telegram over which she was bending, "and the company may be ruined. If I could only reach Mr. Farnham!"

She called up the telephone-exchange, but learned that Danville was still isolated, and the Western Union office informed her that there was no chance of getting a wire inside of thirty-six hours. Then she decided to throw herself on Rawlinson's mercy, and trust him to help her out of the predicament into which she had stupidly fallen. It was nearly noon when he received her third wire, which read:

Disregard former message if anything in it concerning new venture, provided not already gone too far. Let me know at once. Terribly anxious.

Rawlinson rumpled his hair and permitted several deep lines to spoil the smoothness of his brow. After repeated attempts, he evolved this answer:

Venture not entirely new. Others have

preceded us. Think we have gone too far to turn back now, dearest. Am writing.

When she had read this, Miss Wallis permitted the sheet of paper to fall from her fingers, and the desk before her seemed to rise and begin to float away. She hastily grasped the back of a chair, and clung to it as if she feared lest it, too, might escape. At last she sat down and scrawled in the messenger's book something that was wholly meaningless. Then he went away and left her alone.

She took up her code-book and began to turn its pages with trembling fingers, looking for the word "dearest," which was soon found. Its meaning, as used in the cipher, was, "Execute order at earliest possible moment."

Her last hope fled. There could be no further doubt that she had made some terrible blunder. She half expected to hear things crashing around her. While she sat wondering how long it would be before she could know the extent of the calamity, another message was delivered to her. She got the envelope open somehow, and read:

Am adjusting matters so can come to Chicago soon. Answer if happiness reciprocated.

It was time to close the office for the night when Rawlinson received her reply, which he read and then read again. It ran thus:

Explain. Happiness reciprocated. Will wait not in my book.

As a matter of fact, Miss Wallis had written:

Explain "happiness," "reciprocated." Will wait. Not in my book.

But telegrams sometimes undergo curious changes in transmission, and Rawlinson had no means of knowing that the one he received meant something wholly different from that which Miss Wallis had intended to send. As it was, he decided that she wished him to understand that in her bright lexicon there was no such word as wait. He was a man who could decide quickly. Summoning McDermid, his assistant, he said:

"I shall have to be away for three or four days. You can reach me at the Chicago office if anything important comes up."

Then to Gertrude Wallis he wired:

Am starting at once.

He reached Chicago late in the following afternoon. Thousands of people were tumbling out of the great office-buildings and hurrying toward car-lines and railway-stations, but William Rawlinson heeded them not. Fearing that Miss Wallis might have started for home, he lost no time in making his way to the office of the Columbian Investment Company. He was conscious of a sudden pang when the girl, pale, and evidently the victim of some great trouble, faced him in the manager's office.

"Well!" he said, after they had stood silently gazing at each other for a moment. "You see, I have come as quickly as possible."

"I hope," she answered with a fearfulness that he did not understand, "it is not terribly serious—nothing which you cannot easily set right?"

"If it were not serious, I should hardly be here, should I?"

"I—I don't know. I'm so sorry!"

He looked at her curiously for a moment, and then said, with a smile:

"Come, little girl, let us cast ceremony to the winds. You haven't even shaken hands with me."

"But the five thousand July?" she answered. "Is that what is causing the trouble?"

"Five thousand July what?"

"I don't know. I couldn't get you to tell me. Every answer you sent seemed to make it worse."

There was something in her look which caused him to draw from his pocket the messages he had received, and to spread them out on the flat office-table.

"It is evident," he said, "that there has been a misunderstanding of some kind between us. Let us try to straighten it out."

Half an hour later, when they were preparing to leave the office, she said:

"I shall always keep that old code-book as my dearest treasure!"

"No," he replied, "we will keep it as *our* dearest treasure!"

MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS

BY RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON

WITH A PORTRAIT (FRONTISPIECE) BY ANTONIO ARGNANI

MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS is one of the cleverest women in New York—and New York is a city that has many clever women. An Englishwoman who has lived only a few years in America, she has already gained for herself a unique place in metropolitan society. She does what no one else does, and what no one else could do. Not of great wealth, she accomplishes much more on a comparatively slender income than other women with unlimited financial resources.

Mrs. Guinness's most remarkable quality is her faculty of bringing together in the happiest accord people who are utterly unlike in their positions and occupations, in their social codes and their views of life. It has often been said that the salons of eighteenth-century France were the product of a small society of culture and leisure, and that no such institution could exist in the big and busy world of to-day. Yet, if there is anywhere a modern counterpart of the old-time assemblies of the Parisian grandees and beauties and wits, it is to be found in the Tuesday evening gatherings in the roomy and comfortable house on Washington Square that is Mrs. Guinness's home.

Here talents of many and various kinds give the *entrée*. Here may be seen such social leaders and favorites as Mrs. John Jacob Astor or Mrs. James B. Eustis, meeting on common ground with men like Mark Twain or the doughty Jerome, with leaders of business and finance, with famous singers from the Metropolitan, with the celebrities of the stage and of half a dozen branches of art and literature — in short, with the most interesting people that can be gathered in a great world-city. The usual stiff conventionality of social intercourse yields here to the general air of wholesouled enjoyment. There is singing or instrumental music, or perhaps a dance. Such a born leader is the hostess that she makes every man and woman a happy and harmonious part of the democratic ensemble.

Socially successful as she is, Mrs. Guinness gives only a minor fraction of her life to society. She is deeply interested in art, and is a clever draftsman and colorist, making a specialty of pastel portraits. A specimen of her work—a study called "Girl in Furs"—attracted much attention when she exhibited it at the National Academy a couple of years ago. She is an excellent horsewoman, and she reads and speaks several languages. She has two fine children, and to them, to her husband, and to her studio, her time and her energies are mainly devoted.

Mr. Guinness is related to the well-known Dublin family to which Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh belong, but he has nothing to do with their brewery interests, being descended from a Guinness who chose banking for an occupation. He is at present connected with the banking-house of Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., in Broad Street. His wife was Miss Bridget Williams-Bulkeley, of Baron Hill, near Beaumaris, North Wales. The Williams-Bulkeleys are one of the two most prominent families in Anglesey, the island county that forms the northwest corner of Wales, the other being the house of Paget, which holds the marquisate of Anglesey, and which has had several matrimonial alliances with America. The present head of the Williams-

Bulkeleys is Mrs. Guinness's brother, Sir Richard, the twelfth baronet, who is lord lieutenant of the county.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Guinness traveled a great deal, making not only the familiar European rounds, but journeying through such less-known countries as Greece, Russia, and Turkey. She spent several winters in Egypt, and went with a party of relatives to East Africa, where she had some personal experience of big-game hunting. She disclaims having bagged any lions, but admits that a rhinoceros fell to her gun. "It was so large, you see, that I couldn't very well miss it," is the way she puts it. Since she married and settled in New York — which was early in 1902 — she has visited Florida, Cuba, Mexico, and Canada. Every year, too, she takes her children to England to spend part of the summer with her mother, the widowed Lady Williams-Bulkeley, who lives at North Cross, near Windsor.

Many artists—Von Glehn, Troubetzkoy, Ernest Rosen, and others — have painted portraits of Mrs. Guinness. Prince Troubetzkoy's—a full-length figure in a cloak, slender, graceful, and piquant — has been reproduced more than once. Another, recently drawn by an Italian, Antonio Argnani, forms the frontispiece of this magazine. Signor Argnani, who is a native of Bologna, a few years ago won an important prize at the biennial exhibition in Venice—to which many of the best artists of several European countries contribute—with a painting called "La Dame en Blanc." He is known as a portraitist in London, where the Duchess of Beaufort and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, formerly Miss Eloise Breese, of New York, have been among his sitters; but he is now making his first visit to America. This example of his work shows that he has a remarkable gift for depicting the charm and grace and refinement of a beautiful woman.

THE ALTERNATIVE

This thing of brass is here;
  These things of stone abide.
These blocks of marble rear
  Their cold and sculptured pride.

These things of wroughten steel,
  Of centuries long dead,
Their presence still reveal
  Despite the ages sped.

Impassionate and still,
  Insensate all are they;
Untouched by joy or ill
  As lifeless mortal clay.

Durst say 'tis Nature's plan
  That these shall live for ay,
The while the soul of man
  Alone shall sink and die?—

The soul of man that breathes,
  And strives with godlike might;
The soul that loves, and wreathes
  The world in bays of light?

Durst say that this is truth?
  Then better far that we
Give up the dreams of youth,
  And stone and iron be!

John M. Woods

THE CRIME OF MISS MERRIVALE

BY ADELE MARIE SHAW

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I'M not one of those women who want to fumble every baby they see. I never in my life stopped to coo over some mama's cherub swaddled in pinky perambulator-quilts, and I wasn't thinking of babies on the day when I fell into crime for the sake of one.

I was entirely occupied with myself. I'm a mousy kind of person to look at—too quiet, and too small, and too peacefully dressed. After Esther's death I had grown mousier and quieter than ever; but on this day I didn't feel quiet or timid or any of the things that people believed me to be. I was fresh from the exhilaration of doing something daring. I had resigned my position!

It was a teaching position that I had resigned, and it was my dishonest principal to whom I owed my daring. He had ordered me to sign a report promoting a girl whose work was worth exactly nothing, and I had refused, and resigned in the same breath. If I hadn't been all alone in the world, with no one dependent on me, I couldn't have afforded the defiance.

When I left the school-building after writing my resignation, I was so absorbed that I took the Broadway car. If I had gone up-town by the Elevated, my usual route—but there is no use in thinking of that.

Broadway was gay with shoppers, and the florists' windows were enough to make one forget there had ever been a schoolroom. I began to plan what I would do with the next morning. A free morning in the middle of the week!

I had no interest to spare for the people about me, and I was annoyed that I could not keep my eyes from the baby across the aisle. I noticed her first because she was so beautiful, and then because I had never seen a child look so frightened. She was dressed in good taste, and her brown baby coat matched the lights in her bronzy curls. I thought she might be two or three years old. Her face was thinner than it should have been, and her gray-blue eyes looked larger than was natural. She had one of those baby faces meant to be full of laughter and bouncing happiness. That was one reason why she was such a pathetic mite—the happiness wasn't there.

She held her tiny body as rigid as possible, and kept glancing in a terrified way at the woman who had her in charge. The woman was a big, handsome creature, with perhaps a trifle too much style in her get-up; but everything she wore was as harmonious as it was expensive, and there was something imposing about her splendid body. A fine, large woman always fills me with admiration, and often with envy.

I didn't envy this woman, though, for I didn't like her face. I felt my exhilaration oozing out every time I looked at her. I tried not to see her, but wherever she was you had to see her.

The child had been planted on the seat in such a way that she kept tipping about and slipping, and whenever she lost her balance the woman yanked her back in a fashion that made my blood boil. Finally the child began to cry softly, the tears dripping on her cheeks, though she made no sound. The woman's face flushed a dark, ugly color, and I saw her deliberately lean down and pinch that little creature's wrist. It was as devilish a nip as you could imagine. I can see that baby's face and the fascinated terror of it now when I dream bad dreams. Her eyes had a really dreadful expression for a child. What mother, I wondered,

could have trusted her child to such a fiend?

Suddenly the car lurched, and the baby fell to the floor. She bumped her head dreadfully. I sprang forward to help pick her up, but the woman's glance froze my interference, and I saw her again meet thumb and forefinger in the child's flesh as she put her back upon the seat. There was none of the cross guardian slapping a child one minute and hugging her the next about it. It was sheer ugliness.

That was a horrid ride. All the way up-town the woman bullied and tortured the little creature; and yet what roused one most wasn't anything she *did*. It was, even in her anger, the death-cold indifference with which she treated the forlorn little thing.

Apparently, nothing that she did attracted attention, except from those close at hand. I think no one but myself saw the pinching. The little girl cried out only once, and that was at the very end.

The handsome woman sat next the door, the child beside her, and beyond the child another woman, who held in her lap a little boy. The other woman must have noticed something, for her face looked indignant. The little boy held up his brown bear for the baby to see. She turned toward it with a look of pitiful longing; then she was snatched up and set over next the door.

The other woman put her arm about the little boy, and never glanced again at the baby girl. But I did. I couldn't help it, and my heart was sore in my body. She sat there, wedged against the wall, her tiny feet straight out before her, her face set in an unchildlike struggle; she was trying not to be discovered crying.

It was so unnatural that it was awful. She was too little for it; the tears overflowed again, and she caught her breath in a sob. I suppose my look helped to anger the woman, for the dark color came with a rush under her smooth skin, and she bent down and whispered something I didn't hear. It was then that the child cried out—sharply, as an animal will when it is caught in a door and mangled.

"Please don't, mama! Don't —— me!"

I lost a word; but I knew then, as well as I did afterward, what that dreadful little shriek meant.

The very beasts of the field would have been moved to interfere, but what could I do? The word "mama" showed me that interference would be difficult. And almost immediately the woman rose and got off the car. The smile and tone with which she thanked the conductor as he handed down the little girl made me sick. She could be gracious, and she was a good actress.

I followed them, for I was near my own corner. The mother wrenched the child along without looking down at her. I kept close to them, my heart pounding away under my cloth jacket, and everything in the world forgotten but the misery of what I had seen.

All at once, at the end of the first block, the baby pulled away from the woman's grasp and plunged ahead in a desperate little run.

"Unka Steve!" she called.

I saw a tall young man seize her and hurry across the side street just beyond. Somehow I got to him. The woman was kept back by a van. I am so small that I can slip through where other people have to wait.

"Don't let her have it! She's cruel to it!" I shouted at the man.

I must have been a little beside myself, as we all are when we see cruelty that we can't prevent. The young man had signaled a cab, but the stupid driver had gone off without seeing the signal or hearing the young man's whistle.

He looked down at me without any amazement.

"What can I do?" he said. "I'm only a friend of Jim's. The court gave her to Netta. I'd run off with her in a minute if I could."

He said this so fast that if my every faculty had not been set on hearing I might not have caught it in the midst of the hubbub that had arisen. People were gathering in a thick crowd. It was their determined effort to find out what was going on that had kept back the mother.

"What is it? Lady fainted?" some one asked.

"My baby! That man has kidnaped my baby!" shrieked the woman, and the mob turned its head toward the voice.

"Give her to me—come to the Venetia, around the corner—Miss Merrivale," I cried; and before the child had been fairly seen in the young man's arms, she was in mine and I had disappeared.

II

It is easy to push out of a crowd on the side away from the excitement. Everybody was looking for a *small* baby in a man's arms, for the woman was still crying out, "He has kidnaped my baby!" I dared not make too great haste, and I even lingered a moment on the outskirts of the throng, as if curious, before I got away.

There are two entrances to the building on that corner, and I went in by the one on the avenue and out by the one on the side street. This one was almost opposite the Venetia. The crowd was now blocking traffic in all directions, and its bulk, I then believed, hid me from the woman. A policeman passed me, hurrying toward the jam of people. I turned into the alley at the side of the Venetia, and went up in the service elevator.

"Did the cleaning woman come to do my rooms to-day?" I asked Mike, the janitor's assistant.

He knew me well—I had got him his position—and he made some joking allusion to the baby, intended as a compliment to me. I told him that I was "taking care of her for a sick mother," and was "going to take her to her aunt." I had never, that I remember, told a lie in my life before.

I was thankful when I was in my own sunny apartment at the top of the house, with the door locked and that trembling bundle still grasped in my aching arms. For a long time I was too busy to be scared. I was determined to stop that trembling, and I lighted the gas-log to make the place warmer, heated some milk in the chafing-dish, and found some cookies in the kitchen. I carried the little thing wherever I went, and she kinked one arm tightly about my neck. Pringle, the kitten, followed us, purring like a mill-race.

While the little girl ate, and Pringle alternately lapped warm milk and stood on two legs to have her ears rubbed, I was so hot with indignation at the shocking neglect the child's coat had covered that I was hardly scared at all. And her bruised, uncared-for body hadn't suffered half as much as her frightened little soul. Do the best I could, I could not make her smile. She clung to me between mouthfuls, begging, "Papa! Papa!"

"We'll go find papa," I told her over and over again.

When she had eaten, I stripped off her shoes and stockings and held her tiny feet to the gas-log blaze. Terror had made her cold; she needed warmth. Then, for the first time, the stiff little body relaxed and she sank back into my arms. Pringle, jealous, leaped into my lap and crowded down beside her; and when both were asleep, I began to be scared. I suppose there never was a worse scared woman!

The baby shivered and jerked in sudden terror in her dreams, and Pringle woke and gave a sleepy lick to the little hands I warmed against my cheeks. Every sound came to my ears like doom. I did not dare to go out as usual for my dinner, and I did not dare to stay where I was. I ought, it seemed to me, to have fled at once and carried the baby with me. The man had not come or sent a message. Had they arrested him?

I did not once wonder whether or not I had done right to believe in him. I knew I had. I could feel his eyes searching mine, and hear his voice demanding, "What shall I do?"

When it grew dark, I deposited Pringle on a cushion and undressed the baby without waking her. Her curls shone with a glint of the bronzy lights that had first caught my eye, and they fell against the peach-bloom of Esther's prettiest dressing-sack in a soft tangle that I longed to comb out and smooth across my fingers. As I tucked her into the pillows on my couch, and drew a blanket over her, she stirred without opening her eyes; and then she smiled—the first hint of brightness on her wee face.

"Papa make nes' for Marzhie," she said, and sighed a long, heart-breaking sigh of comfort.

She thought she was back with "papa" somewhere; and, law or no law, it was "papa" who ought to have her. I had stolen a baby, and I was glad I had. That was all there was about it!

THE LITTLE MAN JUMPED FOR THE INCLINE, BUT STEPHEN OLIVER WAS BEFORE HIM

But at half past seven, when the bell rang, all my bones melted with fear. I held to the table where I stood, and looked around at my books and Esther's ferns in a frenzy of cowardice. If only Esther were there to tell me what to do!

Somehow, at last, I got to the door and opened it. Esther and I had lived alone. We couldn't afford a maid. I have been told, since, that when I finally stood on the threshold, looking inquiringly at the figure on its farther side, I was as cool and smiling as the most innocent of the law-abiding. I didn't feel it.

The figure that I confronted was a tall workman in overalls.

"Sorry to be so late, Miss Merrivale," he said. "The boss sent me round. He said the trunk had got to be mended today." He made this announcement in a rough-and-ready way, loud enough for any employee of the Venetia to have his curiosity satisfied. I had known him instantly, even before he pulled off his soft hat. You can't easily disguise a face from me. It was the tall young man.

"I'd given you up." This I said before the door closed; then, safely on my own side, I went on: "You'd better get a trunk out of the storeroom and do a little hammering."

"I had to come in these clothes, because I am watched," he explained. "The chances are that I have been shadowed even here. The man who was tinkering about my rooms lent me these togs. He's holding the fort there till I get back. You're a brave girl. I hope you haven't been—worried."

He picked up the steamer-trunk I pointed out and carried it into the living-room, giving me, as he stood up, another of those close, searching glances that had filled me with such confidence in the afternoon. More than ever, I liked his eyes and his voice.

"Worried! There never was such a coward as I am since the beginning of the world!" I groaned; but I smiled, and he didn't believe me.

"This hinge needs fixing," he said, and fell to work with a screw-driver, giving a few needless blows with a hammer for the behoof of any listener in the corridor outside.

The electric light shone squarely on his face as he looked up. It was a man's face; it had decision and repression without hardness, and a glow of that humor which is the final mark of civilization. I entirely forgot that, in other clothes, his presence would have been an indiscretion. I began to think more clearly. His coming had removed the paralysis of fear.

"We've got to talk fast and think fast," he said. "I suppose Netta has prejudiced you against Jim."

"I never saw any of them till to-day—in the car. I don't know who the baby is."

He stared at me, his eyes filled with a light that made me feel like a child pleased at unexpected praise.

"The baby," he said, his eyes still on mine, "is Marjorie Harding. Her father is James Harding. You'll have to take my word for it that Jim is the right man to have her. I've known him for years, and I'd trust my own daughter to him. Not that I have a daughter, but I know Jim."

He pounded vigorously a moment. I watched him. I was ashamed to be glad when he said he hadn't a daughter. What affair of mine was it if he was married and had a family?

"You've seen the mother," he went on, without looking up. "She's a dangerous woman. The papers were full of the thing—her side of it. She played the abused wife so well that every wool-head on the bench was ready to wring Jim's neck for her. And Jim looked dissipated. He was only miserable. He'd stuck it out for five years, to save scandal. No man has a right to leave a child with such a woman. He'd taken care of her—the baby—he and an old nurse-maid. He lived in terror, though. Netta's temper is the kind that murders. But he was foxy. He never petted Marjorie where Netta could see him."

"Why—"

"She'd have found out that she had a new way to hurt him. For a long time she ignored the child; then, of course, something brought it home to her—how Jim cared."

"But why did she want to keep her?"

"To torture Jim." He gave a fierce turn to the screw he had put in the place of the weak one. "Do sit down," he said. "You've no idea how plausible

that woman can make herself. When Jim married her, she was still human, or seemed so; but they lost their money, and—I tell you, Miss Merrivale, I do not believe that, for cold, brutal selfishness, there is her match on God's earth to-day!"

"Where is Jim—Mr. Harding?"

"California. Will you help me get Marjorie to him?"

He had risen. From his height, he was looking straight down at me. I met the look.

"Yes, I will," I said. "See here." I turned toward the couch, where the child still slept, and drew down the striped blanket. "Look," I repeated, and pushed up the wide sleeve of the dressing-jacket. "And that is not the worst."

I choked over the last words, though I was ready for action, not crying.

"No, that is not the worst," he echoed.

The sound of the words had in it what I felt but couldn't say. It was not impotent rage, either. There is a heaven-born fury that can see to strike.

"I'd better start to-night," I went on.

"Good for you!" he cried, and grasped my hands in both of his, with a grip that hurt the flesh and healed the spirit. "I've brought time-tables, money, and a code by which we can telegraph each other. My name is Oliver—Stephen Oliver; the address is on the paper with the code."

While we finished our plans, Pringle, who had waked to sniff at the trunk, leaped to his shoulder and settled with a loud and steady purring against his cheek. He lifted her to his knee and thumped and rumpled her gently as we talked, and the volume of her purr grew and grew till it sounded like the bubbling of a million pots. It was a pleasantly quieting sound in the midst of the tension. I had already settled on what I would say to Mrs. Wilson in the next apartment; she would take care of Pringle while I was gone.

Evidently the police were not watching me—had not heard of me. I got away safely on the half past nine train. There would be no stop till we reached Poughkeepsie. I settled in my section with a sense of blessed relief, and asked the porter to have the lower berth made up immediately.

While I waited for him, I leaned back against the cushions, feeling less alone than I had at any time since Esther's death. Marjorie's eyes were shut, but the transparent look of her face, and the bluish shadows where the long lashes rested, went to my heart in a pang that tightened my arms on her. I slipped off her wide, floppy-rimmed hat, to let her head rest more comfortably against my shoulder, and smoothed back the curls that tumbled over her eyes.

"Thank God," I thought, "she is safe now!"

Then I looked up. In the section ahead, facing me, a cruel gloating in her half-closed eyes and on her smiling lips, sat Marjorie's mother.

III

For the next half hour, with Marjorie trembling in my clasp, I fought off the woman's claim. The passion of protection with which I clutched the child choked me when I should have been most clear. I failed.

The conductor, scandalized, found the scene prolonged beyond his patience. At last some one—I think it was a brakeman—gripped my elbows from behind. The woman seized Marjorie. Till now the little thing had been too frightened to speak. At her mother's touch, she bore her testimony. As her arms were dragged from my neck, she threw her whole writhing little body toward me.

"Don't let her — take me!" she screamed.

Mrs. Harding smothered the words in her shoulder. The hostility of the looks fastened on me by my fellow passengers did not change. The presence of listeners, my suffering, Marjorie's terror, had transformed the stolid beauty of this abnormal being; she glowed with the lust of triumph. Her wonderfully melting voice, her swimming eyes, her beautiful hand pressed to a passionately agitated bosom, had told more powerfully in her favor than the proofs she showed, and they would have been enough. To those onlookers who did not hold me a vicious criminal, I was a madwoman.

"Crazy, and over children," I heard one dowager mutter. "There are old maids like that—but so young a woman—terrible!"

I looked from one to another of the faces turned toward me. Not one encouraged a plea for aid. And who could blame them?

I followed Mrs. Harding. With Marjorie's frightened face still clamped against her shoulder, where no one could see its terror, she was moving toward the dressing-room.

"You'd better go back," said the conductor, and touched my arm.

"Am I under arrest?"

As I turned on him, and gazed straight up into his eyes, I thought he must see that I was a woman to be believed; but the aversion with which he blocked my way was not modified.

"Mrs. Harding does not want you held for arrest," he answered coldly.

"She does not dare to have me arrested! She doesn't dare to face the law, with her child's body black and blue and swollen where she has pinched and beaten it!"

My voice I held quiet, but my face must have looked desperate. He glanced over and through and around me as if I had not spoken, and passed on.

I stationed myself at the door of the dressing-room. Mrs. Harding had locked herself in with Marjorie. No sound came to me from the other side of the door. The long train pounding on beneath me said: "*Failed*—you have *failed*—you have *failed*," till I could have sworn it had a human voice. My thoughts seemed all spilled in a useless agony.

What was she doing to Marjorie? What could I say to Stephen Oliver? Then, from the sick depths of my defeat something rose up in me, and the wheels pounded out: "*Back*—get her *back*—get her *back!*" Of course I would get her back! I could no more live with that child in Netta Harding's power than I could live with my head under water. But how, *how* to do it?

When Mrs. Harding opened the door and came out, I was Elizabeth Merrivale again, not a cowering thing crushed by the first failure. Marjorie lay limp in the woman's arms. I saw that she was drugged; she could no longer show terror of her own mother. The door had been shut a long time, but I feared it must have been a heavy dose that could send a three-year-old child into complete drowsiness so soon. Whatever plan I made would be all the easier to execute with no danger of an outcry from Marjorie; and while I planned, she was not suffering. I crept into my berth and sat canvassing the poor possibilities.

In the next section there was no motion. Mrs. Harding was not undressing. At a quarter past eleven we should be at Poughkeepsie. There she would undoubtedly leave the train.

I felt sure she must have seen me carrying Marjorie across the street to the Venetia. While the detectives watched Stephen Oliver, she had managed her own inquiries. She would be afraid of publicity.

The best plan I could conceive was poor enough, but some plan must be tried within an hour. I worked open the double windows at the head of my berth, and peered out. The night was dark and the wind cold. I could just make out the ground beside the track. I laid my long veil on the pillows, felt to see that the code and the money were pinned inside my clothes, took a challis dressing-jacket from my bag, and set the bag and my hat near the window. Then I put on the challis sack, covering my shirt-waist, so that I looked as if I were preparing for the night.

The first time the porter passed my section, to answer a call farther up the car, I slipped out between the curtains. Every one was in bed. I went quickly down to the dressing-room, but not into it. As I passed the corner beyond the berths, I thrust into the metal cuspidor a bundle that I had arranged, and lighted it. I always carry vestas when I travel.

I could see through the empty vestibule, where the platforms swung curve on curve as the train rushed on through the dark; no one was in sight. The folded step-ladder leaned against the wall, as the porter had left it. I mounted it, and jerked the signal-cord, dropping almost to my full weight before I let go.

The paper I had crushed into the cuspidor was burning well; smoke was beginning to rise from the bits of blanket tucked inside. I was back at my berth before the porter had finished arranging the windows for the old gentleman beyond. I had not been away a minute.

I heard a voice fretting about a draft. Very likely the breeze from my wide-open window was stealing out under my curtains. I was thankful that I had been able to secure a whole section. I dared not peep into the curtain-walled aisle.

An exclamation — from the porter, I suppose—with a swirl of smoke sucking in at my feet, came close on the shock of the brakes grinding the train to a standstill. Cries broke out instantly. People in all manner of attire leaped from their berths. Mrs. Harding was out of hers, fully dressed, bag in hand, before the porter could get past her to investigate.

"What is it?" "Open the doors!" "Accident!" "Fire! We're on fire!" And then, from some hysterical woman: "My God, we're going into the river!"

Mrs. Harding had forgotten Marjorie. She led the rush for the door. I slid under the curtains to the deserted berth, seized Marjorie, and was back, wholly unnoticed. With my veil I tied her upon the pillows. My arms nearly failed me as I pushed her through the window and tried to sway the dead-weight of the bundle to one side before I let her drop. It seemed forever before I could get myself through after her, small as I am; and I had an instant's agony as I let myself go, lest I should fall on her.

I found her safe. I had thrown out hat and bag, but the bag must have rolled. Groping, I gathered hat and pillows into my arms, with the unconscious baby, and clambered away from the track. I ran as fast as I could for the weight I carried and the roughness of the rocks, making for the black shadows of the trees above — and came straight up against a barbed-wire fence. I tore myself, clothes and hands, but I rolled Marjorie under and crawled after. For a minute I was too breathless to lift her, so I dragged her up a little precipice on the pillows, and peeled them away from her as I gathered her up again.

Then the first light shone out on my side of the car. It sent me stumbling forward in worse haste. The light multiplied itself. Lanterns flashed along the whole length of the train. Marjorie grew heavier every second. I wondered if she were dying—drugged to death. To be found with a kidnaped child dead in my arms! My position appeared to me plainly for the first time.

Shouts came up from below as the searchers pounced on the bag and the abandoned pillows. Passengers had joined the train-crew. One fat man was puffing with extraordinary speed directly after me, flashing his electric-lamp ahead. Once it showed me the way. My breath was coming in useless gasps. They were getting nearer.

I had to free my right hand to cling to the trees. The rocks grew steeper, tangled with vines. I caught my foot and rolled. The crackling of bushes came from all around me. The boulder that stopped my fall was covered with the vines. Grasping them to save myself, I plunged my hand into nothingness, yet I could see the rock towering over me. It was either two rocks leaning together, or it held a little cave. I broke through the twisted stems and crouched inside, over Marjorie, dragging broken trailers before the black heap I made.

The fat man, puffing dreadfully, wasn't ten yards away. He sent the beam from his electric-lamp to the very spot, but his eyes couldn't have followed it. After long eternities there was a whistle of recall. With snorts and puffs and a heavy roar, the train was gone. The slamming down of platforms sounded like oaths as it pulled away. I was alone in the dark.

I have always been afraid of the dark. The darkness of the country is awful. Crouched in that hole in the rocks, with the cold wind searching my bones, I was aghast at what I had done. I had heard that kidnaping meant twenty years in the State prison. And stopping an express-train—that, too, was a crime!

All at once I discovered that Marjorie was awake. The violence of the motion, or the cold, had broken through her drowsiness. I spoke to her quickly and softly, and the way her little arms flung out to hold to me is meat and drink to me still. The terror eased. I should not have to say to Stephen Oliver:

"I have lost Marjorie!"

Staggering, I climbed to my feet, her arms still about my neck. No one sprang from the shadows to intercept me. No one had been left behind to watch, but searchers would be sent—from the next station. I had heard them say so. I

would get as far from the railroad as I could.

I have never been able to tell any one about that night. Perhaps, if I had had any dinner, or if the wind had been less sharp, or if I had not stumbled into a ditch and made my skirts heavy with water—but even then it would have been no less full of alarms. I could see Netta Harding's malicious eyes in every gleam across the path. It seemed years that I strained on and on under Marjorie's weight, always with awful shapes pursuing. Often I sat down, but the shapes, like men creeping upon me, drove me to my feet. Sometimes, on the highway, Marjorie walked, my hands under her arms, till her steps failed and her head fell against my knees.

It was well on between midnight and morning when I saw a light moving queerly in the open, and muffled figures with it. A great door creaked wide, and I was looking into a barn. A steam came from it into the nipping air, and the smell of animals close-housed, with the fragrance of hay and a waft of kerosene from the lantern.

Life came stinging to my numb body. I traveled faster and faster toward the light and the muffled figures, folding Marjorie tighter as I got nearer.

"Please," I began, and then the lantern wavered.

Strong arms took us both as into a tower of refuge.

IV

"It's a blessin' we were up with the sick bossy," said Aunt Reba afterward.

That was all the complaint she and Uncle Enos ever made over the trouble they had thrust upon them for the next two weeks. It was they who outwitted the persistence of country gossips, they who did the talking with the inquiring constable sent scouting by telegrams along the line, they who got my messages to Stephen Oliver and his to me, they who set us again on our way.

Aunt Reba's circumstantial account of the orphaned life of her Cousin Ellen's daughter—that was myself—and of the young woman's devotion to an equally orphaned child left to her care—that was Marjorie—had made it easy for me to be, and to keep on being, Ellen Bristol. I had changed my black dress for dark blue, and with her curls shorn to close ringlets, her clothing new, the color beginning to warm her cheeks where the purple shadows lay more lightly, Marjorie was half disguised.

Before we reached San Francisco, Stephen Oliver had been there a week. James Harding had vanished. His last letter had been from Los Angeles, a month before. Marjorie and I settled down to wait in a boarding-house. Advertisement, search — everything failed. Then, on a day when the sky was blazing with promise, so gay that my hope went like a ball of lead down and out of sight just because the blue seemed so heartless, a distracted motor-cab came hurtling up the street, and jerked to a stop under our windows. Stephen Oliver bolted from it through the door, which happened to be standing open while the maid scrubbed the threshold.

I saw him, and knew something must be wrong. It was not his way to bolt. I was at the head of the stairs by the time he was on the wet sill.

"What is it?" I called.

"Jim! Sails in ten minutes for Japan! Don't stop for your hat!" he answered.

I had my hat on. Marjorie and I had just come in from walking up and down the block. Marjorie, hatless and coatless, as I had that instant stripped her, was in my arms, and we were all three in the cab, before the astonished maid had had time to close her mouth.

I wrapped my coat about Marjorie and listened. The air swirled past us so we seemed to be blowing into space, but I made out:

"Position—business house in Tokyo—Holliday thinks — gone already if she sailed on time—uh!"

We had collided with a dray. We lost a minute getting away. Then again we were flying.

"Catch—papa!" shouted Marjorie between gasps.

But should we catch him? Policemen pursued us, vainly waving commands; people abroad upon the streets looked at us with curiosity or rage as we leaped past.

"She's there!"

Stephen Oliver, with Marjorie held high, was out of the cab and half-way

up the dock. I swift beside them, plunging through the crowd to the very edge of the water where the gangway should have been. It was gone! Sailors were replacing the section of the ship's rail.

Marjorie's head was tipped back. Her eyes danced from face to face of the throng leaning from the deck above us.

"My papa! My papa!" She had seen "Jim." If Stephen Oliver's grip had been less sure, she would have been in the water.

"Hi!" he yelled to the sailors. "Wait there—get this child to her father!"

The sailors grinned. The mob jeered, then grew interested.

"What is it?" asked the woman beside me. "Lost child?"

The word went like flame across the packed mass of human beings.

"Jim! Jim Harding!"

Stephen's voice carried above the confusion. Every face turned to us—even a listless one straight over the spot where I stood. The listless face lifted slowly, then bent downward; its look, frowning, traveled along the crowd on the pier. The look came to Marjorie. The listless face changed, charged with a thousand volts of joy. The mob caught the look. With a frantic gesture at Stephen, Harding sprang for an officer. We saw him arguing violently. The officer shook his head. They were casting off the cables.

A commotion behind us pushed us aside. A shabby cab had rolled up the wharf, a shabby horse stood panting within arm's length, a quiet little man had tripped from the cab and was waving a shabby bag at the officer. The officer saw.

"Just a minute, Mr. Wilts!" he howled.

"One of the owners of the line," explained the woman still beside me.

"Steve—ready!" yelled Harding.

White with excitement, he stood at the head of the gangway. Those on deck had made way for him. Above and below, everybody was watching. The planks heaved into place. The little man jumped for the incline, but Stephen Oliver was before him. The officer fumed in his way, the little man fumed behind, but over the shoulder of one, with the other dancing with rage at his heels, Stephen passed Marjorie to her father.

"By, kiddie!" said Stephen.

Then he was back on the pier. The little man was aboard, the gangway had slid to its resting-place, and the crowd went mad yelling its head off—a perfect roar of joy. The woman beside me cried and laughed and cried again.

"Goo'-by, 'Isbeth. By, Unka Steve!" shrilled Marjorie in a pause, and the yelling began again.

All at once I realized that she was gone. She had her arms tight about her father's neck. My arms were empty. I lost her face for tears, though I waved till it was out of sight.

I was alone; the old desolation had taken me back to itself.

"The cab is just on the other side of those bales."

I looked up into Stephen's eyes waiting for mine. Always, since then, the sight of the cargoes that go down to the sea in ships, the dusty, horsy, salty smell of wharves, the breeze from the ocean, or the sound of cheering, sets my heart beating out again the blessedness of that hour.

V

The railroad never hunted up the Elizabeth Merrivale who stopped the express. Netta Harding went to South America. Jim came home.

Once, in the early fall, when Stephen and I took Marjorie, with our own little Esther, to riot over the heads of Aunt Reba and Uncle Enos, I was brought face to face again with the terrors of that night on the train. I was alone with the children, while Stephen, carried off to a private car, talked business with a director of the road. The conductor came for the tickets, and when I said, "My husband has them," he looked at me and I at him. It was the man who had told me I ought to be behind bars.

I think I grew pale with the remembrance; but just then, as it often happens in day-dreams, but seldom in a contrary world, Stephen came back, and with him his friend.

"Come into my car, Mrs. Oliver. I'm lonely," said the director of the road. "Well, well, Marjorie Harding, if you don't grow like a weed!"

DESMOND O'CONNOR*

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS," "JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

XXI

THEY gazed wide-eyed at each other, these two who had loved so fondly, who were severed so completely. Margaret was the first to recover herself. The consciousness that she had been slighted stimulated her pride, and her pride rallied her faculties.

O'Connor stood stupefied, distrusting the evidence of his senses. For a moment he thought he was dreaming.

"Margaret!" he stammered. Then, rousing himself: "For God's sake, *madame*, what do you here?"

She was mistress of herself before he had finished speaking.

"Surely, sir, my presence in my own house need not surprise you," she answered very calmly, standing with the port of a queen amid her poor surroundings.

O'Connor was bewildered. He looked round at the one bare room which had constituted the forester's home—its scanty furniture, its rough, unadorned walls, its one naked, staring window. Then his eyes traveled back to the face of the Countess of Anhalt, pale, composed, scornful.

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the sound of saw and ax as the soldiers loopholed the walls.

"Your own house!" he repeated, wondering.

"It has been in the occupation of my forester," said Margaret coldly, "but he is absent at present. Nevertheless, it is my house, my property, and I must request you to withdraw with your soldiers."

"My God, *madame*," cried O'Connor vehemently, "you do not know what you are risking here! The French army is in retreat. You are under the very feet of the advancing allies. Try to realize your imminent peril!"

"I have no fear of the allies and no desire for French protection. I have met with little consideration and less happiness under the flag of France. I repeat that I am in my own house, and again request you to withdraw."

She took a high tone, supported by the consciousness of what she believed to be her rights, and as ignorant of the masterful ways of belligerents as a babe might have been. O'Connor realized this, and his heart bled for her. His eyes fell before her haughty regard. She misinterpreted his wandering glance.

"You need not look round," she said coldly. "I am quite alone. Your friend Anne Van Rhyn is no longer in my service. You will not find her here."

Desmond flushed.

"Poor girl!" he said. "She is suffering for a fault that was not her own. She was only—"

"We will not discuss her, *monsieur*," Margaret interrupted haughtily. "Will you be good enough to favor me by withdrawing your men?"

"I grieve to disoblige you, *madame*," he replied, stung by her manner. "My orders are to hold this place."

"Against whom?" she demanded.

"Against such pursuit as may develop. We form a portion of the rear guard, and it is our duty to delay the enemy as much as possible."

She threw a scornful glance at the little garrison.

"With half a dozen men?" she asked in a tone that roused the Irishman's pride.

"With such force as I can dispose of," he answered firmly. "These half dozen—to be accurate, we are eleven—are all that are left of five swords and over a hundred bayonets that went into action this morning. You see the wreck of my own company, *madame*."

"Well, sir," she insisted, and her mien

* This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August [illegible]

was as haughty as ever, though there was womanly pity in the eye that glanced over the scanty remnant, "it is a foolish action you contemplate, and I will not permit it. Take your men elsewhere."

"I have told you that my orders are to hold this house," repeated O'Connor.

"And I have told you that this house is mine. I now demand that you leave it, and at once."

"In the stress of war," he explained, "private rights lapse. I am here under orders, and I cannot quit my post."

"You mean that you will not!" she cried angrily.

He bowed profoundly.

"And I will not."

"Then I shall go myself," retorted the countess furiously. "Your presence is an insult!"

"Oh, *madame*," cried Desmond, deeply pained, "believe me, I shall trouble you as little as may be. I cannot suffer you to go forth alone. You do not know what you may encounter."

He paused and ran his eye over the room. It offered no shelter, no concealment. A little door, facing the entrance, arrested his attention, and he pulled it open. It admitted to a tiny closet—scarce more than a hutch, built as a lean-to against the house, and evidently used to store the forester's winter stock of firing. It was piled to its slanting roof with close-packed rows of fagots, only a little passage, a mere niche, having been left clear in the center for convenience of access.

"You would be safer there," he said. "Those fagots might render it bullet-proof. Will it please you to take shelter? I shall not intrude on you."

"I shall not remain here," said Margaret firmly, and even as she spoke half a dozen shots rang out sharply from the wood. Then, after a brief interval, came a single report, and silence.

"They are upon us," cried O'Connor, springing to the door. "Pick up your muskets and come within," he called to the men at work on the clearing. "I saw a bugle with one of you," he continued. "Sound the recall for the scouts. When the enemy hear it, they may fancy we are in force. And stand ready to close the door in case of a rush, no matter who is left outside. They must be close upon us!"

The shots were not repeated. The stillness of the summer evening settled down on glade and forest, pierced only by the clear, shrill notes of the bugle. The men engaged in cutting at the wall worked feverishly, the countess looking on, but not comprehending their purpose. The reports had startled her. She addressed Desmond as he turned back from the door.

"What was the meaning of that firing?"

"I cannot quite understand," he replied. "It must have come from a detachment either of Austrians or of English, but at what they loosed their pieces I cannot tell. Heaven send my sergeant is safe!"

Margaret inwardly echoed the wish, but did not give it utterance.

"Why are the men making those holes in the walls?" she asked, speaking from mere curiosity; but Desmond misunderstood her purpose.

"They are loopholing the walls so that we can fire in any direction," he replied. "I regret that I am forced to damage your property in this way, but war recognizes only its own necessities."

This hurt her, and she turned away, but came back almost instantly.

"Surely this is a foolhardy venture," she said. "It cannot succeed. How can your little band hope to check the advance of an army?"

"We do not hope to check it," he answered, "but we may delay it. We have eleven lives here, and if each costs the enemy but five minutes—and with luck it may, fighting thus from cover—we shall have done what we are here to do."

"But that means—" the countess began, breaking off aghast as the man's purpose dawned on her.

"It means success." O'Connor supplied his own word.

"No, annihilation!" she gasped, gazing at him with horror in her eyes.

"It is our trade, *madame*," O'Connor went on, as if explaining something to a child. "We fight while we can, and die when our time comes. But you—I know not what to do with you when the attack develops."

"Do not concern yourself for me, *monsieur*," she answered. "We women have a kind of courage of our own. We suffer while we must, and die when our time comes."

She turned away, leaving him stricken to the heart by the hopeless misery in her voice and in her eyes. A cry from one of the men on guard roused him.

"Look at here, yer honor! What d'ye make o' this?"

Desmond sprang to the door. Four figures were emerging from the cover, carrying among them one apparently wounded. O'Connor was on the point of ordering the door to be closed when he recognized Sergeant Quirk and the three other scouts. But who was the fifth?

The little group raced across the clearing,

and as they ran a dropping fire pursued them from the wood. Some of the balls gashed the log walls with white scars; but the fugitives reached the house seemingly unhurt.

"Stand by the door!" shouted O'Connor. "Admit them, and bar it instantly!"

Two of the men carried their inanimate burden within and laid it on the bed, as directed. Rourke followed, and Quirk came last, sauntering in his cool, light-hearted way, as if a score of unseen muskets were not making him their target.

"They're middlin' bad shots, anyway, an' that's all to the good," he remarked. Then, lifting the skirt of his coat and examining a ragged hole newly made in it, he went on: "It's a good job me coat is so long. If this was a jacket, it's shot through the back I'd have been."

"What has happened, sergeant?" O'Connor asked, after seeing the massive bar fixed across the doorway.

"It's the Austrians," replied Quirk. "They're close on our heels, divil a doubt of it; but I don't think they're in any great force yet."

"Infantry, I suppose?" questioned Desmond.

"Well, sir," replied the sergeant, pointing to the hole in his coat, "it wasn't cavalry done that. Nor that," he added, indicating by a jerk of the head the senseless figure on the bed.

"Who is he, and where did you pick him up?"

"It's a staff officer, an' we seen him fall. He was ridin' fit to split, an' shots comin' behind him. I thought he had got away. He was just on the edge of the clearin', when a chance bullet took him and rowled him off his horse for all the world like a sack of flour. It was just then I met Rourke comin' in to the bugle, so we picked the poor fellow up an' carried him in. He's the same officer that brought the order that sent the brigade into that tight place there beyant."

"The Vicomte de Louville!" cried Desmond surprised. "Now what brought him here? I thought he was half-way to Ghent by this time."

"He was sent back to carry fresh orders to the brigade. Leastways, that's what I med out from what he said afore he fainted."

"Fresh orders to the brigade!" repeated Desmond. "He'd have been seeking long to find it. There had need be a fresh brigade to carry the orders to!"

No further words were exchanged. They wrought hard to complete the loopholes, and all was silent in the room save for the sound of their labor and the difficult breathing of the wounded man. The countess crept over toward the bed, shrinking back at every step, yet slowly advancing, as if drawn by a power she could not resist. She bent over the form that lay there so still, peering into the man's face; then she started back with an exclamation.

"Heavens, it is M. de Louville!"

O'Connor heard what Margaret said, and turned his head.

"So the sergeant tells me. Is he badly hurt?"

"I cannot tell," she answered. "He is breathing, at least. Come, see! He has opened his eyes."

"There wasn't much life left in him when we picked him up, if I'm any judge," remarked Con.

The sergeant had been amazed beyond measure when he saw Margaret in the cottage. He had not ventured to ask for an explanation of her presence, but in due time one occurred to him which he accepted without question.

"I niver seen the like of Masther Desmond for puttin' the comether on the girls!" he muttered. "May I niver ate another bit if they wouldn't follow him into purgatory itself!"

He turned again to his work, but chose a position from which he could steal an occasional glance at his officer and the lady. They approached the bed, and O'Connor bent over it.

"You're right; it is the viscount," he said. Then, in gentle tones, speaking close to the wounded man's ear: "Are you badly hurt, *monsieur?*"

De Louville stirred and made a feeble effort to rise.

"The Irish Brigade," he said faintly. "They are to abandon the wood and hold the bridge."

He fell back with a moan, and O'Connor took his hand.

"Very good," he replied. "The orders shall be carried out;" and the viscount pressed his hand feebly. "Let me see to your wound," Desmond continued. "It may be but a trifle, and we are all surgeons here, more or less."

"For pity's sake let me be," gasped the wounded man. "I am hurt to death—I know it too well. You would only torture me."

O'Connor saw plainly that the man was dying, and did not insist.

"Margaret," De Louville uttered very faintly. "I thought I saw Margaret."

"I am here," she answered, coming closer. "Can I do anything?"

"Ah, countess," he said, speaking slowly

and with difficulty, "the king's will fails for once. It cannot reach beyond—"

His voice failed him, and he lay still.

O'Connor looked at the countess. Her eyes were fixed on the dying man, and he could not catch their expression; but he drew back, ashamed of the exultation in his own.

"It is true," he muttered. "If this poor fellow is mortally wounded, Margaret is free. The king's will cannot reach beyond the grave!"

The countess did not notice him. She was smoothing M. de Louville's pillow.

"Are you so badly hurt, viscount?" she murmured.

"I am dying," he gasped. "It is just as well. Only—"

His voice failed him. Margaret bent lower.

"Go on," she said. "I am listening."

The dying man roused himself.

"Are you Margaret? Why are you here? I don't understand."

"Never mind why," she answered gently. "I am here; I am Margaret. You were saying—?"

The viscount made a visible effort to rally his fleeting senses.

"It is Marie," he murmured. "I left her for your sake—by the king's orders. She was a faithful soul. Poor child! And when I die—where will she find bread—to eat?"

He spoke in broken gasps, with manifest exertion, but Margaret caught his words. She looked down at him with tear-dimmed eyes as he lay, his lids closed, his fingers picking aimlessly at the coverlet.

"Be at ease," she said softly. "She shall never want while I live."

He understood her. His eyes opened and thanked her with a silent look; then the expression faded out of them, and he lay very still. And so passed the Vicomte de Louville.

"God rest him!" Margaret murmured, turning from the bed, "and pity the poor girl who loved him!"

A shout ringing through the room startled her and recalled her to herself. For the moment she had forgotten where she was.

"On guard all!" yelled Sergeant Quirk, stepping back from the window from which he had been peeping. "Here they come!"

At the same moment a bugle without sounded the advance.

"Now, lads, good aim for your lives!" cried O'Connor. "Make every shot tell!"

A volley crashed against the house, but without damage, except to the window, which gave back a tinkling echo of broken glass. The range was too long.

O'Connor flung open the door of the little fagot-room, and stepped to Margaret's side.

"Come, *madame,*" he urged. "I must insist."

He led her to the hutch, hat in hand, as he might have led her from a ballroom. Bowing low, he held the door open for her to pass, but ere he relinquished her hand he bent over it.

"One instant, *madame,*" he said. "I may never have another opportunity. Try to forget that hour of my madness—forget and forgive."

He closed the door as she passed through, and turned to face his responsibilities.

"Now, sergeant!" he shouted. "Have a man at every loophole, and keep loaded muskets at hand. They'll try to rush us in another minute!"

XXII

The position of the little garrison was, in Desmond's view, critical. To most people it would have appeared desperate. A considerable force threatened the house from the west. How soon a further attack might develop from the south none could tell; but the young major was quite cool and serene, and proceeded with his arrangements for offering the best resistance in his power. He had no expectation of preserving his life, or that of any of his little force. His sole object was to delay the enemy as much as possible.

Seven loopholes had been finished. Three faced west, as the window faced. Two looked south, one on either side of the door, and there was one in each of the remaining walls. The bare, unshuttered window was an obvious point of danger, and caught O'Connor's eye at once. Bullets were whistling through it, and a couple of men had been wounded already.

"Here, Quirk," he called, "we must contrive some way of masking that window, or we won't last ten minutes. They can see inside."

He looked around. The men on either side of him were firing steadily. There was room for only three to use their weapons, but their comrades stood behind them, handing them loaded muskets and recharging those they had emptied, so that the fire was well sustained.

"Don't all group together!" Desmond shouted. "Farrell, Connolly, here—one of you to each of those other loopholes, and keep a good lookout on all sides, or they'll be working round on us. Now, Con, give us a hand."

He crossed over to the bed, followed by the sergeant, and removed the patchwork coverlet which had been thrown over De

Louville. This movement brought them in front of the window, and a fresh volley from without splintered the rafters above them.

"Jouk down, yer honor," cried Quirk, "or we'll never get there!"

O'Connor gathered the coarse quilt in his arms.

"He doesn't need it, poor fellow," he remarked. "The rest of us won't be an hour behind him."

Cautiously, and bending low, the two regained the window. Then, crouching beneath the sill, one on either side, they managed to fasten the coverlet to the splintered window-frame, where it hung loose, completely masking the opening.

Before they had completed their task, Desmond saw the sergeant wince and heard him draw breath with a sharp intake.

"Hit, Con?" he asked as they moved away.

"Just touched, sir. They're poor sportsmen," the other replied, holding up a bleeding hand which showed two fingers manifestly broken. "Lucky it's me left, or they'd have spoiled me shooting!"

"They're a long time showing themselves," O'Connor remarked, as he bound up the other's injured hand. "I suppose they're surrounding us."

"Surrounding is grand tactics entirely when you want to make a force surrender," remarked Con philosophically; "but it's not worth the insides of an empty bottle when we're only fighting for time."

"They seem very careful of their own skins," O'Connor observed, with a laugh. "I hope they'll decide that it's safest to starve us out."

"They're beginning to show themselves, sir!" shouted Rourke from his loophole. "I think they're getting ready to rush us!"

Major and sergeant sprang at once to different points of observation, Quirk peering through a loophole, and Desmond cautiously lifting a corner of the improvised curtain that hid the window.

The Austrians were gathering on the edge of the wood, but it was obvious that they did not care to face the stretch of open ground that separated them from the cottage. An officer could be seen here and there trying to urge them forward. O'Connor seized one of the spare muskets, and, kneeling, rested it on the window-sill.

"Take good aim, boys!" he cried. "Don't let them get too close; but, above all, don't hurry!"

An officer sprang out of the cover with drawn sword. He waved it and pointed toward the house. A volley crashed from the wood, and Connolly fell at his loophole, shot through the brain. Sergeant Quirk picked up his musket and stepped into his place.

Then the charge came. About twoscore men, headed by the officer—he was a colonel by his uniform—raced across the glade, making for the most vulnerable point of the stoutly built log hut, its entrance.

"Bayonets to the door, quick!" yelled O'Connor.

Singly but rapidly the aimed muskets spoke from the house, and every shot told. The room was a reek of smoke, but the men at the loopholes kept up their persistent fire, handing their empty pieces back to their comrades. A dozen or more had fallen in the Austrian ranks, but they had crossed half the distance and still came on determinedly, the officer three or four paces in advance.

O'Connor sighted carefully on this conspicuous figure. It was not without compunction that he pulled the trigger, the man's action was so like what his own might have been; but his hand never quivered, and the Austrian colonel fell.

Confused by the loss of their leader, the assailants wavered. Two men bent to raise the officer, and others stopped with them. The rush had spent itself. The steady musketry of the Irish told. Men were falling fast in the open. Dogged and reluctant, some running, some limping, the Austrians regained cover.

The sum of the garrison's casualties was one man killed and five slightly wounded.

"Come, this will do!" cried O'Connor exultantly, when the result was made known. "Only six men hit, and nearly half an hour gone! At this rate we should do it, sergeant."

Con Quirk shook his head.

"That was only a flash in the pan, yer honor. The colonel's falling sickened them—not but what the boys shot well, too, an' I'm proud of them, but it was yer own bullet that stopped that rush. They'll be at it again mighty soon."

"No doubt," replied Desmond, "and when they come again they'll get the same answer. While you've nothing else to do, boys, you might amuse yourselves cutting another hole or two to command the approach to that door. It's there the tug of war will come."

"What about the window, yer honor?" asked Rourke. "D'ye think they'll try that?"

"It's too small to be of much use to them, except to shoot through," the major answered. "They could only climb in one at a time, and as long as we've a man left he could stop that with an ax. When we're

all down," he added in a lower tone to the sergeant, "they can come in wherever they please."

"So they can, sir, an' the divil thank the begrudgers! I wonder where little Trudchen is," Quirk added in an altered tone. "I wouldn't say no to a kiss from her purty little lips this minute!"

"See if the lady is all safe inside," ordered Desmond.

Con peeped into the fagot-room.

"She's within, on her knees, very quiet—praying, I think."

"Not hurt?" inquired Desmond.

"No; there's nothin' to touch her. She's in a nest of fagots. What'll they do with her, Masther Desmond, when they do break in?"

"Treat her with every courtesy, I should hope," Desmond replied, "and send her to Ghent or wherever she wishes to go. We sha'n't be here to see."

"Hark!" cried Quirk, raising his hand. "They're at it again."

"That volley was against the front of the house—from the south," said Desmond. "Can it be that the English have got here at last?"

"No, them's our ould friends have worked round that side to get a fairer offer at the dure," the sergeant replied. "That was a bad schame of approach they tried, an' they've found it out."

The firing from the wood was close and continuous, and those within the house could hear the bullets pattering on the logs. There was no reply, for the enemy did not show themselves.

"Whoop, keep it up, ye darlints!" laughed Con. "Powdther must be cheap where yez come from!" Then, as one of the men reeled from a loophole and fell with a convulsive movement, the sergeant added, in graver tones: "By the powers, they've nicked poor Thady O'Byrne—a dacent man. I've had many a glass with him in me time. He's one of the ould lot that was at Cremona."

"See if he's much hurt, Quirk," said O'Connor, as another man stepped to the vacant loophole.

"Nothin'll iver hurt him agen," replied Con, bending over the fallen soldier. "Clane through the head! To be sure, what can ye expect when his head's the only part of him they could see?"

The rain of bullets never ceased. It spent itself in vain on the heavy logs, but now and then a ball, chance-directed, found a loophole. Two more men were struck almost simultaneously.

"This will never do," ejaculated O'Connor. "Keep your heads down, boys."

"Then we can't see them comin'," a voice made answer from out of the smoke.

"Try and hear them, then. I can't have you all shot down like rabbits. I haven't enough of you."

The men crouched down as ordered, and O'Connor went around the room, satisfying himself that the clearing was still unoccupied.

"Ye ought to be careful yerself, sir," remonstrated Quirk. "The ball that would hit a private wouldn't blush to make a hole in a field-officer."

Desmond laughed.

"I have to take my chance," he said. "Some one must see what they're up to."

"It's my opinion they'll wait till dark. That'll give them full as good cover as the trees beyant," observed Rourke.

"I'll be very much obliged to them if they do," rejoined Desmond. "By that time the colonel will have finished with the bridge, and will be half-way to Ghent."

"I don't think they will, then," said Quirk. "They'll just make a cockshy of us for a while, and then they'll make another offer to cross that bit o' ground. One thing is, when they get close up them rapparees in the wood'll have to quit shootin'."

"On guard, boys!" O'Connor shouted. "They're coming!"

The Austrians advanced with a determined rush. They did not hang in cover, as before, but made straight for the door, supported for almost half the distance by volley-firing from the wood. Desmond felt that the death-grapple was at hand. He glanced round at his sadly diminished garrison. All that were left stood at the southern wall now, save one who watched the window.

His men aimed coolly, and no shot was thrown away; but they were barely enough to man the loopholes, and their fire was slower. There were no men behind them to reload. Still, they checked the rush in a measure, if they could not stay it. The Austrians came on to the very walls, and attempted to shoot the defenders through the embrasures; but the house was built on a little knoll, and they could not reach high enough. They fell back, leaving a trickle of wounded men to follow as best they could, and a few prone figures that could not follow.

This momentary success had been dearly purchased. The place was a shambles, and only a couple of men remained on their feet. Desmond marveled to find himself still untouched.

Sergeant Quirk was close behind him. He was lying, propped against the body of a fallen comrade, the blood gushing from a

ragged wound in his neck. Nevertheless, he seemed cheerful as ever. He was busily engaged in loading a musket, and he nodded reassuringly to his officer.

"We give it them good that time," he said, but his voice was faint. "Keep yer eye on them, Masther Desmond. Me legs is no good to me, but I can load for ye yet a while."

He primed the musket he held and handed it to O'Connor, receiving the latter's empty piece.

"You gallant soul!" cried Desmond, as he took the weapon and turned again to the embrasure. His thought was: "There goes the last of my old friends!"

XXIII

O'Connor's eyes were fixed on the enemy, and he did not see the door of the fagot-room slowly open and Margaret peer out. She had endured a lifetime of terror and suspense in every moment she had been shut up there, hearing everything, seeing nothing. When the crash of the last attack subsided and comparative silence succeeded, she could bear it no longer, and crept forth.

The condition of the room startled her horribly. For a moment she thought she was alone in a house of the dead. Then her eyes lighted on Desmond; and cautiously she stole toward him, threading her way among the corpses, sometimes lifting her dress with an involuntary shudder to avoid a pool of blood. She reached the embrasure and stood within a hand's reach of him. He did not see her. Even as she paused his musket spoke.

Without turning his head, O'Connor once more reached back his hand with the empty gun.

"Are you loaded, Con?" he whispered.

The sergeant was lying back against the dead soldier who supported him. He was too far gone to be roused even by the voice he loved best in the world. His musket lay across his knees.

Margaret understood. She took the empty weapon from Desmond's hand, and exchanged it for the one that Quirk had loaded. Desmond took the musket from her hand without a word. His eyes were fixed on the embrasure, and he had noticed nothing. Using the powder and ball that lay at the sergeant's side, Margaret proceeded to recharge the weapon she had received.

"Load, Con, for your life!" cried O'Connor. "I've got one of the officers down, and here goes for another!"

He pulled trigger, but no report followed. Quirk had fainted before he could see to the priming.

"No priming, Con!" Desmond uttered reproachfully. "And it was you taught me to load a gun!"

He turned as he spoke, and saw Margaret. She might have been a ghost, such amazement and horror were in his eyes as he stared at her.

"Go back, *madame*, go back!" he almost shrieked in his surprise. "You are in deadly peril here."

Margaret's fingers were busy.

"I thought it was ready," she said. "Now it is. Never mind me. You have your work to do."

"God bless you, you are a brave woman," he said, and turned again to front the foe. "Is my poor sergeant dead?" he asked, speaking without looking back.

"No, he has fainted, I think. But you are wounded yourself," she replied.

"It is very slight," he answered. "Go on loading—that is, if you will not go back to safety."

She did not answer, but busied herself with the musket he had discharged. O'Connor stood at the center loophole—the one nearest the door. Right and left were two other men, one wounded. They were the last of the garrison. As he looked out, he saw the Austrians dragging a great tree-trunk into the open. It took more than a dozen men to lift it. Evidently their plan was to dash in the door as his men had done, but with a battering-ram of far greater weight.

He delayed them for a moment, his bullet striking down one of the bearers; but another speedily took the vacant place. The end was very near.

Desmond handed his empty musket to the countess, receiving from her the one she had loaded. He glanced down at her as she knelt.

"Since you are so kind and gracious," he said, "may I hope I am forgiven?"

"Oh, how could you hurt me so?" she cried in a passionate outburst. "What had I done to deserve it?"

"Nothing," he answered brokenly.

"Say it was the wine misled you."

"It was madness," he wailed. "Yet all I did, I did hoping to serve you—to save you!"

"To serve me!" She was puzzled. "I cannot understand."

"Here they come!" he shouted, turning suddenly away from her.

The heavy trunk, borne by a dozen men on each side, was advancing across the open like a great centipede, gathering pace as it came. O'Connor fired. The foremost of the bearers pitched forward, shot dead in his tracks. As he fell, the next man

stumbled over his prostrate body. The mass of timber came to the ground. The rush was checked.

Like an echo to Desmond's shot, a volley rattled out from the wood. The musket fell from his hands, and he staggered back from the loophole, falling at Margaret's feet.

"Oh, my God, he is dead!" she cried. She knelt beside him and raised his head. "Speak to me, one word—oh, my knight! Desmond, can you hear me? I believe you, I trust you, I love you! Won't you speak to me—one word?"

O'Connor's eyes opened. He smiled up in her face. She saw his lips move, and bent down to catch his utterance.

"What time is it?" he asked, speaking very faintly.

Margaret drew back bewildered. Was his mind wandering? She glanced at her watch.

"Half past six."

"More than the hour! Thank God," he murmured, and fainted.

She took his head in her lap and laid her hand above his heart. It was beating, though feebly.

"Why ask me the time?" she murmured, and fell to wiping away the streaks of blood that trickled down his face.

With a mighty crash the door was driven down, and the Austrian soldiers streamed in. They paused a moment at the sight of the havoc they had made. Not a man was on his feet to oppose them. The volley that had stricken down O'Connor had also laid his last comrades low.

An officer who headed the rush turned and struck up the bayonets of the leading files. He cast a wondering eye over the place. The floor was littered with corpses. Here and there a convulsive movement showed that life still lingered in some bullet-torn frame. A dead man was stretched on the bed, and close beside the door, where the fallen lay thickest, a woman crouched, bending a pale face above a head which lay, scarce paler, in her lap.

"Halt there!" cried the Austrian leader. "Here are only one woman and a few dead men. Is this all the force?"

It was a superfluous question. The door of the fagot-room swung open, disclosing the tiny interior beyond; otherwise there was not a spot where a rat could have sheltered unseen.

Very tenderly Margaret lowered Desmond's head to the ground. She glanced down at it, pitifully yet proudly. His strange conduct was still an enigma to her, but she knew that what he had done had been done for her sake. He was still her knight!

Then she faced the captain and replied to his query, a pride she did not try to dissemble shining in her eyes.

"As you see, *monsieur*—these were all."

The Austrians were staring round the little chamber. Bullet-gashed, blood-stained, cumbered with the dead, it told of a heroic resistance. Two full battalions had taken part in the attack, and they knew what their losses had been.

"*Himmel!*" gasped the captain. "Is this all we have won? They have made us pay dearly for it!"

He lifted his hat, as much out of respect to the gallant dead as in courtesy to the lady, whose rank and breeding he could not mistake.

"And what makes you here, *madame?*" he asked. "Here, among the rear guard of a fleeing army?"

"I am the Countess of Anhalt," Margaret replied. "I am here on my own estates. I chanced to be in my forester's cottage, and could not leave when it was occupied for purposes of defense by these poor fellows."

"You are fortunate to have escaped uninjured, *madame*."

"Perhaps," she said, and the officer was puzzled at the reply. "This gentleman"—she pointed to Desmond—"is still breathing, though sorely wounded. Will you have him attended to?"

"Our surgeons are busy with our own men," replied the Austrian. "Your friends here have furnished them with full employment. But we will do what we can, nevertheless. This was the officer in command, I presume?"

"Major O'Connor, of the Irish Brigade," said Margaret, as if performing the ceremony of introduction, and the captain raised his hat once again to the senseless figure on the floor.

"The Irish Brigade," he said. "I have met these gentlemen before. Hard hitters all!" He turned to a lieutenant who stood in the doorway. Margaret noticed that these were the only two officers with the storming-party. "Carry the dead without, Von Bussman, and see if you can find a surgeon to look at the others."

While a fatigue-party, directed by the lieutenant, addressed itself to this task, the captain turned again to Margaret.

"And you, *madame*, what are we to do with you?"

"I demand that I may be received into the Austrian lines and sent to Vienna at the first opportunity."

"You wish to go to Austria, then?"

"That is my desire," replied Margaret. "These," she added—but her eyes were fixed on Desmond alone as she spoke—

"these, if they live, will be sent thither as prisoners of war, I presume?"

"That, of course, *madame*," replied the officer, "and the dead will be buried with all due honor. They have made a gallant fight!"

XXIV

Gaston de Brissac, hastening northward with the defeated army, had little leisure for plotting, but he did not forget his purpose. As soon as the confusion which reigned in Ghent had somewhat subsided, he prosecuted a diligent inquiry as to the fate of the Countess of Anhalt. It did not take him long to learn that the castle had been abandoned, all the inmates having been safely taken to Ghent, according to orders issued by the Duc de Vendôme as soon as it became evident that the French would be forced to retire.

Gaston met many of these refugees. He even found opportunity for conversation with Anne Van Rhyn, but he could learn nothing from her. All she knew was that her mistress had quitted her apartment on the morning of the battle, and that no one had seen her since.

All Gaston's researches led him to the same blank negation. No one knew what had become of the countess. He was certain she was not in the town. Ghent was not a large city, and it seemed impossible that a lady of Margaret's consideration could remain in it unknown to him. In little more than a week he had tracked down all the other fugitives from Anhalt, but of Margaret there was not a trace. He began to nourish the hope that the chances of war or accident had befriended him at last, and that the countess had perished. Could he but secure actual proof of her death, he might take up the inheritance with clean hands.

The whole town was ringing with the fame of the Irish Brigade. Colonel O'Brien had seized and mined the bridge. The Austrians had surprised him at the work, but after a spirited action he succeeded in holding them off till the structure had been destroyed. The pursuit from this direction was checked, and the army was saved. Unfortunately, the gallant old soldier did not live to reap the reward of his success. He fell with a score of his brave comrades on the banks of the canal he had defended so well. The news was carried to Ghent by the few stragglers who survived the wreck of the Irish Brigade.

Major O'Connor, whose gallant defense of the hut in the woods had sufficed, and only just sufficed, to afford Colonel O'Brien the time he needed, was also acclaimed as a hero. The brigade itself received special mention in an order of the day, signed by the dukes of Burgundy and Vendôme, which also expressed the regret of the army that not a single officer of the devoted corps had survived to accept the honors which all alike had so bravely earned.

The credit of the brigade stood higher than ever in the service, and its ranks filled rapidly as the Wild Geese arrived in Flanders. Indeed, more young Irishmen applied to join than could be received on the establishment. To complete the roster of commissions was more difficult, the men refusing, as the terms of their enlistment entitled them to do, to serve under officers other than those of their own nation.

Not until long afterward was it learned that two or three of the defenders of the log house had fallen into the hands of the Austrians, alive, though sorely wounded. Meanwhile it was assumed that O'Connor had perished with his men.

Every day that passed confirmed Gaston de Brissac in his assurance of his cousin's death, and, indeed, it was currently reported and believed in Paris as well as in Ghent. It only remained for him to secure such proof as would satisfy the law.

The Vicomte de Louville, too, was missing, and as time went by without tidings received, he, too, was given up as dead.

So far as active operations were concerned, the campaign was over. The Duc de Vendôme resigned the command, which was assumed by the Marshal de Villars, but little of importance in a military sense occurred till the two armies went into winter quarters. Then Gaston, with ample time at his disposal, set himself to work in earnest at the task of unraveling the mystery of Margaret's fate.

First he inquired for Anne Van Rhyn. He had long since ascertained where she lodged, and he sought her there without misgiving; but she had gone. It cost him some trouble to ascertain that she had started for Vienna a month before. Thus his first clue snapped in his hand.

Why to Vienna? With what motive could the girl have undertaken so long and perilous a journey? He could imagine but one—that she had received news of her mistress and had gone to join her. This thought was so unwelcome to Gaston that he refused to entertain it. If his kinswoman were alive, surely he must have heard of her in all these months; or, if not he, then another. But, inquire where he would, he could meet with none who had tidings of the countess.

He could not conceal from himself that Margaret had abundant reason for keeping

secluded, especially if she were ignorant of M. de Louville's death—that is, if he actually were dead.

Here was another cause for misgiving. If both the viscount and his cousin were still in the land of the living, O'Connor having perished, Gaston could conceive of no reason strong enough to induce either of them to continue to defy the king's will. He cursed his ill luck, but consoled himself by the reflection that he had as yet no certain clue to Anne's motives or movements, and that a thousand things might have led to her departure from Ghent. But why to Vienna?

When assured tidings of Margaret came to him at last, it was from an unexpected quarter.

A soldier was brought before him—he chanced to be officer of the day—for some trivial breach of camp regulations. The name struck De Brissac, and he glanced up from the defaulters' sheet to study the man's face. He was an ordinary young fellow enough—evidently from Paris.

"Your name is Jean Corbeau?"

"Yes, my captain."

"You are down here as having been drunk last night, and creating a disturbance in the camp. The sergeant tells me you are drunk often."

"It is hard if a man may not have a little recreation after all this fighting," whined the soldier.

"That is not the point. How do you manage to get drunk without money?"

The pay of the army was largely in arrear, as Gaston well knew.

"I have a little money, my captain. My sister sends me some from time to time."

"What is your sister?"

"She is a washerwoman in Paris, *monsieur.*"

De Brissac's eyes glistened. She could be none other than the Vicomte de Louville's mistress.

"Her name?" he demanded.

"Corbeau, *monsieur,* the same as my own—Marie Corbeau."

"Washing must be a fine trade if she can afford to keep a worthless soldier in drink," remarked De Brissac, expecting the reply with confidence; but when it came it startled him.

"It is not from her trade, *monsieur.* A great lady is very good to her, and sees that she wants for nothing."

"A great lady?" repeated Gaston, knitting his brows. "A great gentleman, you mean!"

"No, *monsieur,* it is as I say—a great lady."

"Liar!" thundered the captain. "It is the Vicomte de Louville who supplies her, I know well!"

"Alas, no, *monsieur,*" replied Corbeau, terrified by his officer's threatening manner. "M. de Louville is dead. I will not conceal from *monsieur* that formerly he was very kind to Marie, but after his death she fell into great poverty till this charitable lady relieved her."

"The lady's name?" demanded the captain.

"The Countess of Anhalt," the soldier replied unhesitatingly.

So Margaret was alive and well—somewhere! It remained for her cousin to discover where. He assumed a bullying tone.

"I do not believe you. I know the lady you mention. How came she to take any interest in your sister?"

"I cannot tell, my captain," replied the man.

"Does she know your sister?"

"I believe not, *monsieur.* My sister has never seen her, nor have I."

"Fellow, you are inventing all this tale," retorted De Brissac. "I shall deal severely with you for attempting to deceive your officer."

"As God hears me, *monsieur,*" Corbeau broke in eagerly, "I have told you nothing but the truth. As to why the lady interests herself in my sister—you know her; ask her. It may be that, as she was affianced to the Vicomte de Louville, she pitied my sister, since poor Marie had to relinquish him."

"I can easily test your story," said De Brissac. "Whence did the Countess of Anhalt send these supplies?"

"From some place in Austria, my captain."

"Be more precise. Whence?"

"I do not know, *monsieur,*" replied the man. Then, seeing his officer's brow darken, he hastened to add, "I can easily ascertain, *monsieur.* I will ask my sister."

"Do so," answered Gaston sternly. "Write to your sister, and give me the letter. I will see that it goes to Paris by the first express. And be sure the information she sends you is full, for by that I will test you. Get the name of the town, the name of the street, the name of the house where the lady lodges. I shall know thus if you are trying to fool me with a trumped-up tale. At present, I confess it looks like it, and if you deceive me I shall know how to deal with you. Now you may go."

Corbeau withdrew, thanking his lucky stars, and, having money in his pocket, sought the solace to be found in a wine-shop. Before drinking away his senses, however, he found a comrade skilled with the pen, and bribed him with a bottle of

wine to write a letter to Marie, wherein he explained that the safety of his neck depended on his securing full information as to the Countess of Anhalt's whereabouts. This letter he handed to an orderly, to be passed on to Captain de Brissac, who was prompt to forward it to its destination.

Gaston had come to count on those great estates as his own, and now they seemed farther from his grasp than ever. While O'Connor lived, he had not despaired; but now it seemed as if all his work must be done over again. Corbeau's story he never doubted for a moment. It had rung true, and it fitted in well with Anne's departure for Vienna. But one thing puzzled him. How had Margaret come to know of Marie's whereabouts, and why had she interested herself in M. de Louville's cast-off mistress? It almost seemed as if the viscount and his cousin had come to some understanding on the subject.

But this was an unprofitable speculation, and Gaston dismissed it with a shrug. After all, since Margaret assumed the care of Marie Corbeau, it would seem that the viscount must be dead. De Louville removed from his path, was not De Brissac free, as he had been before the king had intervened, to woo and win his cousin? Thus the estates would come to him by marriage instead of inheritance—perhaps a pleasanter way, if the fates willed it so, and certainly less troublesome.

He waited with impatience for the reply to Corbeau's letter, for it took many days for a message to travel from Ghent to Paris and back. Sometimes he tormented himself by thinking what he could do if Marie refused to furnish her brother with the information he sought. But this thought only troubled him in his moments of despondency. He had frightened Corbeau thoroughly, and if the sister loved her brother sufficiently to supply him with pocket-money on a campaign, surely she loved him enough to send him information which, while it cost her nothing, would save him from the strappado.

At last Marie's letter arrived. The Countess of Anhalt lodged at the Three Stars in the Hofstrasse, Bregenz.

(To be continued)

BEYOND THE CITY

TAKE me far beyond the city,
  Where the men speak straight an' plain;
Where the women folks is gritty,
  An' where life ain't all in vain;
Where the wind whines down the cañons
  With the drenchin', driftin' rain,
Kinder makin' of companions
  Out o' man and beast again.

Westward, ever westward goin',
  Up the narrow, windin' trail,
With the rain an' sleet a blowin'
  Down the rushin', roarin' gale;
Hastenin' while the daylight lingers,
  Weary, dreary mile on mile;
Freezin' feet and numbin' fingers—
  Take me there a little while!

With the lonesome twilight dyin',
  And the night a creepin' near,
And the pines and firs a sighin'—
  Lullin' music to the ear;
With the storm-wind in the cañons
  Like a starved wolf's sobbin' cry,
And the wild things for companions—
  Take me back before I die!

Percy M. Cushing

NATURE'S MUSIC

HARKEN! How sweetly from dull inanition
Sudden are born alluring harmonies!
It is the wind, that gipsying musician,
Playing upon the woodland's stops and keys!

Clinton Scollard

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THE NEW FLORIDA

THE MARVELOUS DEVELOPMENT OF THE LAND OF PONCE DE LEON AS A GREAT WINTER PLAYGROUND AND AS A STATE OF VAST INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL WEALTH

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

FLORIDA is a land of many colors—a rainbow land of green palms, red poinsettias, blue water, white beaches, and yellow oranges. It is an Arabian Nights dream of Aladdin palaces that gleam in gardens more fantastic than those of Babylon; and of a throng of princes and princesses who appear suddenly, as if by magic, every January and disappear mysteriously in April. It is a fantasy—a pageant—a new Egypt with more marvels than were ever created by a Pharaoh's fancy.

And yet, such is the unique comming-

A RELIC OF EARLY SPANISH DAYS IN FLORIDA—THE CITY GATES OF ST. AUGUSTINE, WITH TWO ADJOINING FRAGMENTS OF THE OLD CITY WALL

ling of the practical and the ideal in this enchanted peninsula, it is also true that Florida is one of the busiest, most enterprising, and most prosperous of American States. Its towns and cities have in five years doubled their size. No other State produces so much phosphate, cypress lumber, resin, or turpentine. No other State makes so many Havana cigars or grows so much long-staple cotton. And perhaps no other region, in any part of the world, can show so happy a blending of the joy of life with the business energy that creates material progress and modern civilization.

FORT MARION, THE OLD SPANISH FORTRESS WHICH DEFENDED ST. AUGUSTINE—IT IS CONSTRUCTED OF COQUINA, OR SHELL-ROCK, AND WAS FINISHED IN 1756, HAVING BEEN NEARLY A CENTURY IN BUILDING

From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

THE QUEST OF PONCE DE LEON

The first white man who set foot upon the sands of Florida was the noble Spaniard, Ponce de Leon. That was very nearly four hundred years ago. He had been told by the Indians of a wonderland in which all manner of delights were to be found. There was gold in abundance; and there was a magical spring of water which gave to those who drank of it the power to withstand death and the ravages of time—the fountain of eternal youth.

Nothing was too wonderful to be true, in those glorious days of discovery; so Ponce de Leon believed the story, and in the spring of 1512—twenty years after the first landfall of Columbus, and seven years before the invasion of Mexico by Cortez—he set sail for Florida on a voyage that will never be forgotten. No other explorer has ever typified more poetically the human craving for riches and health. He landed in a country that was not only new, but unlike any other region that Europeans had ever seen. Its shores were guarded, as if it were paradise itself, by coral-reefs that stabbed ships from the bottom of the sea, by sentinel sharks that patrolled the harbors, and by great alligators that kept watch in the rivers and lagoons. The Indians, too, were not at all like the gentle natives who had welcomed Columbus, but dis-

THE OCEAN BEACH AT SEABREEZE, NEAR DAYTONA, FLORIDA—THIS SMOOTH, HARD BEACH STRETCHES NORTH AND SOUTH FOR THIRTY MILES WITHOUT A BREAK, AND IS A FAVORITE COURSE FOR DRIVING AND AUTOMOBILING

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

A TYPICAL SCENE AT PALM BEACH, SHOWING THE SEMITROPICAL VEGETATION OF THIS WINTER PARADISE IN SOUTHERN FLORIDA

From a photograph by Kirk, New York

played a hostility such as the Spaniards had not met with before.

But the glint of the gold and the ripple of the magic spring led Ponce de Leon on. He found pearls in the possession of the Indians, but no gold and no rejuvenating waters; so, after several weeks of exploration, he sailed back to Spain and entertained the king for days with the story of his adventures.

As soon as he could gather a second force, Ponce de Leon returned to his search for gold and for the waters of eternal youth. He became a man of one overmastering idea. For nine years he went up and down the Florida coast, until his last fatal expedition, when he had forced his way far inland, and was wounded by an Indian's arrow. His men carried him to Cuba, where he died and was buried with all military honors.

THE GOLDEN FLORIDA OF TO-DAY

Ponce de Leon had failed; and yet, if he were alive to-day, he would find that his dream has practically come true. Men are now finding gold in Florida—not in mines, but in the forests, farms, fisheries, and factories. Not all the gold that was found in Nevada and Arizona last year, for instance, would equal the wealth that went to Florida for her fruits and vegetables; nor would the total output of Alaskan gold-mines be enough to buy the cigars of Tampa and Key West.

Florida, be it known, is becoming rich. She has banks of her own—ten dozen or more. She has three thousand shops and factories. There are enough golden oranges and grapefruits in her groves this winter to pay back the price—five million dollars—that the United States paid to Spain for the territory in 1821. She will have enough cotton and tobacco, both of the highest quality, to bring five millions more; and the lumber that Floridians shipped from their five seaports in 1908 was sold for ten millions.

There is a golden gum, too, that exudes from the pine-trees of Florida. It was overlooked by the Spaniards, but when

refined it becomes the indispensable resin and turpentine of commerce, so valuable that Florida is selling her surplus this year for fourteen million dollars. Phosphate, at present, yields about half of this amount; but it is probably the most precious natural product of the State. It is a plant food, used to enrich the soil. A village doctor was the first to discover it, thirty years ago; and since then Florida has sold sixty million dollars' worth, mostly to Germany and other European countries. This sum seems large enough, but it is a trifle compared to what Florida will make from her phosphate when she learns to use every ton of it at home, enriching the soil of her own farms and gardens.

What with this buried treasure of phosphate, the riches of her soil and trees and waters and workshops, and the earnings of the tourist season, the people who now live in Florida have a yearly income of more than one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. This amount, we may observe to the countrymen of Ponce de Leon, is very nearly equal to the present governmental revenue of the kingdom of Spain.

As to the fountain of eternal youth, that search has not yet been altogether successful; but this at least can be said, that no other State is farther from the gates of death than Florida. Her average annual death-rate is about nine per thousand; and she has seventy-one veterans of the Ponce de Leon cult who have rounded out a full century and are still in the land of the living.

In this month of February, which is

AN AVENUE OF PALMS IN A PALM BEACH GARDEN

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

THE OCEAN WALK AT PALM BEACH

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

undertake to establish an institute of longevity, he could not do better than to place it in this land of eternal summer, where it is "bliss to be alive and glorious to be young."

Nature plays the tune of life in Florida with her foot on the soft pedal. Each day is like a melody from Mozart. There is no crashing of the cymbals or pounding of the bass drum. There is less of stress and strain. Men work, and work hard—for the State, as it exists to-day, has practically been created in less than twenty years; but in Florida, when work is done, it is easier to relax. There is a the central month of the Florida season, fully sixty thousand winter-driven Northerners will bask in her gentle climate. We might almost call her a steam-heated State, as the warm waters of the Gulf Stream curve around her shores so unceasingly that there is no sting of cold in her unfailing breezes. She furnishes a great outdoor hospital for sick babies and little children. And if Professor Metchnikoff, the Parisian scientist, who maintains that the normal lifetime of man should be a century and a half, should

FLORIDA PINE-TREES FESTOONED WITH SPANISH MOSS

From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

spirit of tranquillity in the caressing air and in the perpetual verdure of the orange-groves.

The truth about this balmy climate, in its effect upon human energy, appears to be this—that it is easier to be lazy and live comfortably in Florida than elsewhere, while a man of vigor and ambition is more likely to reap a high reward for his exertions. The Seminole Indians, who were the original Floridians, certainly were not a listless people. They fought against the white man with the ferocity of panthers, and cost the United States twenty millions in money and fifteen hundred lives before they finally surrendered.

There are droughts, of course, and frosts, once in a while, and crop failures; but, in the main, the man who cultivates land in Florida feels that Nature is his ally. She has to be guided, rather than fought, as in northern countries. She allows the soil and the sunshine to work for you every day, so that farming becomes a continuous performance. If a crop fails, there is no need to wait until next year. You can plant a new crop to-morrow.

A Connecticut man—General H. S. Sanford—first taught the United States to appreciate Florida as our national garden and hothouse. A man of remarkable force, he spent much of his life, and the whole of his fortune, in teaching Floridians to grow tropical fruits, and in persuading Northerners that these fruits were good to eat. With oranges there was no difficulty, and the demand grew until Florida, from end to end, looked like a green field spangled with gold-dust.

But the grapefruit was not immediately popular, as the orange was. Even in Florida it was lightly esteemed until about twenty-five years ago, when some New York epicures discovered its value as an appetizer and a breakfast tonic. Then the trade began with a rush, and now Florida sends us a million crates a

WHERE THE LATE JOSEPH JEFFERSON SPENT SOME OF HIS LAST HOLIDAYS—THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ACTOR IN A TRICYCLE-CHAIR AT PALM BEACH

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

SUMMER PLEASURES FOR THE WINTER VISITOR IN FLORIDA—

From a photograph—

year, and could probably sell twice as many more.

WEALTH FROM THE SOIL OF FLORIDA

There are at the present time more than fifty thousand farms and plantations in Florida, most of them growing fruits and vegetables—three crops a year —for the Northern market. This is so extensive a business that the bare figures do not present a complete picture of it to the mind. Whoever would realize what it means must go in winter to the railway-yards of Jacksonville, and see the long fruit-and-truck trains sent thundering northward. These trains have the

—AN OUTDOOR RESTAURANT UNDER THE PALM-TREES OF PALM BEACH

—*by Kirk, New York*

right of way over all others, except the Florida Specials. All ordinary passenger-trains — even the expresses — are whisked out of the way to let them pass. They are the freight aristocrats of the railways, each making a thousand-mile race against time out of a land of summer into a region of snow.

Some of these hurrying cars are filled with strawberries from Ocala; four million quarts came from near that bustling little town last year. Some are packed with pineapples from Fort Pierce; about fifteen hundred such cars will be pulled northward this season. There will be celery-cars from Sanford, lettuce-cars

from Gainesville, cabbage-cars from Evinston, tomato-cars from Dania, potato-cars from Hastings, and orange-cars from everywhere.

Florida has a large assortment of new fruits, too, which she is ready to send us as soon as we learn to appreciate them.

THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION AT TALLAHASSEE, THE PICTURESQUE LITTLE CITY IN LEON COUNTY THAT IS THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA

There are at least four of these which some day, I venture to predict, will become as popular as the pineapple and the grapefruit—the mango, the avocado, the guava, and the sapodilla. The mango, which blends the flavor of many fruits in one, was brought from India, and grows on thick-foliaged trees that are pyramids of bloom in the flowering season. The guava is seemingly a plum that has set out to make itself into a grapefruit, while the sapodilla suggests a persimmon on its way to be a cantaloup. As for the avocado, or alligator-pear, it is a salad fruit, unlike anything else known to Northerners. It is usually eaten with pepper and salt; but those who wish to enjoy a flavor that is wholly new and delicious should squeeze over an avocado the juice of a lime, add a little olive-oil and vinegar, and either some chopped onion or a dash of Worcestershire sauce.

NATURAL WONDERS OF FLORIDA

Much of the scenery of Florida is very similar to that of southern California; but she has some enchantments that are peculiarly her own. Nowhere else is there such a phenomenon as the Silver Spring, near Ocala, where a river bursts from the earth at a single bound, with deep waters that are as clear as the ether. As you glide over it in a glass-bottomed boat, you have the sensation of being poised high in the air in a magical flying-machine. Nowhere else is there a river just like the Ocklawaha, or a driveway like Ridgewood Avenue in Daytona, both of which are virtually roofed with the branches of giant oaks, draped with long streamers of gray moss. And nowhere else, on the rim of any ocean, is there to be found a beach like that of Ormond, where a score of automobiles may race abreast in a straightaway course of nearly twenty miles.

Not even in his dreams could a Northerner imagine as weird a scene as the view at Sulphur Springs, near Tampa, where gray trees stand guard over gray waters that bubble up from a waste of gray sand; or as brilliant a picture of tropical splendor as the group of royal palms at Palm Beach—pillars of living granite, shading from gray to burnished green, and topped with great canopies of tasseled leaves.

For those who love the water, in all its colors and aspects, there is no place like Florida. It is the paradise of the house-boat and the canoe, because of its innumerable lakes and waterways. Here, if you wish to be placid, you may skim over the broad, gentle waters of Tampa Bay and watch the antics of the pelicans. If you wish to be thrilled until your nerves twang like harp-strings, you can set out with a motor-boat among the coral reefs of Miami and harpoon a tarpon — the silver king of the fishes. You can dredge for clams, or go out in the open sea for mackerel. And if you want to chase big game, you can pursue the hammer-head shark by day, and at night, with a search-light and a rifle, you can make war upon the sleeping alligators. Because of this latter sport — fire-hunting, as it is called—the alligator is being driven back to the inland swamps of Florida.

THE CONTRAST OF OLD AND NEW

It would be difficult to find a State which has as many contrasts and surprises as Florida. Here is our oldest town — St. Augustine — founded by Ponce de Leon and his men almost four centuries ago. Its streets are narrow and medieval. Quaint Spanish houses are huddled together behind aged palm-trees. Crumbling walls of coquina—a sort of shell-rock—

RETURNING FROM AN ALLIGATOR-HUNT—THREE MILLION ALLIGATORS WERE KILLED IN FLORIDA BETWEEN 1880 AND 1900, AND THE SPECIES IS NOW THREATENED WITH EXTERMINATION

mark the spot where the Spanish, French, and English once fought for sovereignty. And near the beach stands the most tragic relic of the Spanish era—old Fort Marion, with its battle-scarred walls and its windowless dungeons.

Even more unique is the island city of Key West, where alert commercialism and dreamy romance are blended in a most confusing medley. This isle of the Gulf Stream was one of the last strongholds of the pirates. Hither they towed their prizes and here they buried their treasure, until the last of them—old Joe Ralda—was compelled to mend his ways in 1821. It was here, too, in a dingy little coffee-house, that Gomez, Garcia, Palma, Zayas, and Maceo met together and planned the Cuban revolution of 1895—the beginning of the end of Spanish rule in the New World. And yet this remote coral-reef of piracy and revolution has now grown to be a thriving factory-city, making one-third as many Havana cigars as Tampa—nearly a hundred millions a year. It has also become, since the Spanish War, the most important naval outpost in the southeastern corner of the United States.

A TYPICAL SCENE ON ONE OF THE INLAND WATERWAYS OF FLORIDA—MISENOR'S LANDING, ON THE TOMOKA RIVER, WHICH CAN BE REACHED BY STEAM-LAUNCHES FROM ORMOND

From a photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

Big things are now being done in Florida. In no other State, I venture to say, are so few people doing so much. Here is the tiny town of West Palm Beach, with perhaps four hundred families, building a sixty-thousand-dollar school and draining enough land to give

every family a square mile apiece. Here you can see the white city of Miami, and the tourist city of St. Petersburg, and the cigar city of West Tampa, and the jungle city of Daytona, all of which were little or nothing but climate when the twentieth century began.

Three important waterways have recently been opened, partly by government aid and partly by local enterprise, so that Tampa and Jacksonville are now ports for large steamships, and an inland channel runs nearly the whole length of the State. This latter is itself one of the wonders of Florida—a four hundred-mile tide-level canal.

A PINEAPPLE PLANTATION AT WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

A SIX-YEAR-OLD GRAPEFRUIT TREE AT WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA—THIS TREE WILL PRODUCE FOUR BOXES OF FRUIT, AND IS SO HEAVILY LOADED THAT IT IS NECESSARY TO PROP THE BRANCHES TO KEEP THEM FROM BENDING TO THE GROUND

Civic patriotism runs high in most Florida communities. There is little State feeling, and State enterprises are not well supported; but everywhere the tourist meets bodies of residents who are optimists, zealots, fanatics, on the subject of the especial advantages of their own neighborhood. In Jacksonville this local spirit runs so high that every twentieth man is a member of the local board of trade.

Jacksonville is easily the preeminent city of

Florida. It has one-tenth of the State's population and one-fourth of her energy. In location it is the New York of the Southeast, being at the mouth of the St. John's River, which runs two hundred miles south to Sanford, and also having a deep channel to the sea. It may be called the gateway between Florida and the North. Young port as it is, it already has seven miles of docks, an immense dry-dock, and an outgoing commerce by sea of sixty million dollars a year.

Financially, it is a solid city. In its nine banks are twelve millions of home capital, and the total bank clearings for 1907 aggregated over eighty millions. As a center of manufacturing, too, it is surprising its Northern competitors. You can buy a home-made automobile in Jacksonville, if you wish, or a locomotive, or a steamship. If you want something daintier, you can buy home-made perfume, made from Florida roses, or go to an ostrich-farm and select a plume from the output of a hundred great birds. About a million dollars a month is now being paid for goods manufactured in Jacksonville, without including the product of the big railroad-shops.

Moreover, Jacksonville is a clean, healthy, handsome city. Since its disastrous fire of eight years ago, it has literally made all things new. It has covered the ashes of the burned city with eight thousand new buildings, including several sky-scrapers of fine proportions. Like New York, Jacksonville has its Riverside Drive, running along the banks of the broad St. John's and under the boughs of great oak-trees and moss-hung cypress. Even here, in the far north of the State, I found peach-blossoms in December, and rode through avenues hedged with palms and camphor-trees.

Following ambitiously after Jacksonville come Tampa and Pensacola, both on the western rim of Florida, and as different as can be imagined. Pensacola is historic, with quaint ruins of Spanish fortifications and relics of the seventeenth century; Tampa is new, without history or lineage, and smelling everywhere of fresh paint. The chief commercial asset of Pensacola is undoubtedly its magnificent harbor, while Tampa's business future is guaranteed by the fact that it is the natural metropolis of the whole middle western region of Florida.

TAMPA AND HENRY B. PLANT

Not many years ago, Tampa was a fishing village; to-day it is widening out over great areas of gray sand, with a population equal to that of Haverhill or San Diego. It has nine banks, with six millions of deposits. Three railway systems focus at its docks and transfer to several lines of steamships. More phosphate is shipped from Tampa than from any other American port. Fish, too, and lumber and cattle and turpentine are exported from here to various cities in the North.

But, above all else, Tampa is the city of cigars. More clear Havana cigars are made here than in Havana. Every work-day in the year a million Havana cigars are rolled into shape in Tampa's hundred and fifty factories, and sent out in their cedar boxes. They bring to their makers about seventy thousand dollars a day, or more than twenty millions a year.

This extraordinary cigar industry, giving work to nine thousand highly paid experts, is based upon two facts—the high tariff on cigars made in Cuba, and the mild and Havana-like climate of Tampa. The fine Cuban tobacco is a thing of the utmost delicacy. Its silky leaves are injured by a breath of cool air; and it seems that none but Cubans, with their gently deft fingers, can fashion them into shapely cigars. It is one of the unique sights of Florida to see a workroom in a Tampa factory, where several hundred Cubans sit, men and women alike, rolling cigars with incredible swiftness, while a loud-voiced fellow countryman, standing in a sort of pulpit, reads to them the news of the day or the latest novel from Havana.

It is here in Tampa that the tourist listens to the romantic story of Henry B. Plant, who undertook to do for the west coast of Florida what Flagler has done for the east. Plant was born poor in the chilly State of Connecticut. He worked up by the same path as the original Vanderbilt—the ownership of boats and railways. Then, after he had gath-

LONG KEY VIADUCT ON THE FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY — FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES, SOUTH OF MIAMI, THIS RAILROAD RUNS ALONG A CHAIN OF ISLANDS JOINED BY VIADUCTS SPANNING THE INTERVENING CHANNEL. WHEN COMPLETED, IT WILL RUN TO KEY WEST, FROM WHICH A SEAGOING FERRY WILL FLOAT TRAINS TO HAVANA

ered into his possession a dozen millions or more, he began to dream of the wonders that such an immense fortune could perform, and he decided to build for the tourist and the pleasure-seeker such an Aladdin palace as neither Florida nor any other American State had ever seen. It was a purely oriental conception. Here was to be an earthly paradise, into which none could enter except the rich. In the center of a vast walled garden, such as the Caliph of Bagdad or the wealthiest of the Pharaohs might have owned, was to rise a vast caravansary looking more like a palace than a hotel. It was to be a great rose-colored structure, embroidered with flowering ivy and topped with white towers and minarets. Inside were to be such treasures as are only made for kings—rare tapestries, rugs, statues, paintings, antique cabinets. It was to be a temple of health and repose. There was to be no cold or hunger or sickness or any sort of unpleasantness. There was even to be a small separate building, hidden by tropical foliage, in which business matters were to be attended to.

All this strange fancy Mr. Plant made come true. Here, in a remote, sandy wilderness, the haunt of the wild duck and the alligator, he built his garden and his palace. After his death, in 1900, the whole property passed into the possession of the city of Tampa, so that the exclusive garden is now a public park and the palace is the finest hotel in western Florida.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY-YARD AT PENSACOLA—PENSACOLA WAS FOUNDED BY THE SPANIARDS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND IS THE CHIEF CITY AND SEAPORT OF WESTERN FLORIDA AND AN IMPORTANT NAVAL STATION

From a copyrighted photograph by the Detroit Publishing Company, New York

FLAGLER AND HIS WORK FOR FLORIDA

Of all living men, however, the one who has done most for Florida is a certain Bismarck of commerce and finance named Henry M. Flagler. On the east coast, especially, "Fla." stands for Flagler rather than for Florida. So marvelous a transformation from a sandy wilderness to a five-hundred-mile streak

of terrestrial paradise has nowhere else been wrought by the genius and enterprise of one man.

From the moment when he saw it first, in 1884, Florida seized upon Mr. Flagler's imagination. He was then a work-worn millionaire, with thirty-five years of business-building behind him; but as he sat under the palm-trees he forgot it all and began a second career, fully as romantic as that of Ponce de Leon, and, happily, much more successful.

At the suggestion of a friend in Washington, he had gone to St. Augustine to escape the severity of a northern February; and he was so impressed by the restfulness and unique charm of the place that he ordered a great hotel to be built there. Another friend, Mr. Frederic Robert, lured him two hundred and sixty miles farther south, to Palm Beach, which the delighted Flagler immediately began to transform into a garden of the gods.

By this time he had bought a railway that ran south from Jacksonville—a pitiful wire-way of rust that lay forlorn and unprofitable. He remade it, and built it farther and farther south, until now it hems the entire east coast with a double thread of steel. Even to Miami, which lies near the extreme southern tip of the mainland of Florida, it is a a notable line, running through a tropical region that looks much more like Algiers or Egypt than like any other section of the United States.

A RAILROAD IN THE SEA

But from Miami southward, it is such a railway as no one who has not seen it can imagine. As if it could resist the lure of the sea no longer, it leaves the land and leaps straight out into the gray-blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, linking a line of green islands together like a string of emeralds. One hundred and fifty miles in length, and every mile a marvel!

Some of the islands are tiny stepping-stones, and some of them are large and dense with tropical foliage—rubber-trees draped with flowering ivy, and pines festooned with Spanish moss. Shady lagoons tunnel underneath this foliage, and give the lazy alligators a place to hide when the roar of the train frightens them. Immense soaring birds—the original aeroplanes—curve and circle overhead. And in the open sea between the islands, heavy-bodied ducks scurry off to a quieter feeding-ground; tall white herons, like winged clothes-poles, fly from beside the track on either side; fishes of many colors jump and splash in the water; and far off on the horizon are the sails of ships, which have not yet found out how to go to sea on tracks of steel.

When this nautical railroad is finished it will run to Key West—less than ninety miles from Havana. Even here there will be no change of cars, for huge ferries will float the trains across the water. The same Pullman that carries you from New York will take you all the way, not only to Havana, but down the length of Cuba to Santiago. Such a trip will be possible in a year or two. At present this seagoing railway runs as far as Knight's Key, forty miles from Key West, and very nearly one-third of the remaining mileage has been completed. Great docks are now being built at Key West, and nearly a hundred acres of land have been made ready for the terminal buildings.

What with this wonderful railway, and his chain of nine great hotels, Henry M. Flagler has invested in Florida a sum approaching fifty millions of dollars. He has given the United States a new five-hundred-mile coast-line. Single-handed, he has accomplished a task so costly and difficult that in any other country it would have been a national undertaking. No one but a twentieth-century American would have dared to carry it through alone.

He is now a remarkably young old man of seventy-nine, this empire-builder of the new Southeast. Seventy years have passed since he was a country boy in New York State, accepting as a matter of necessity the hardships of the Northern winters; to-day, he lives in a marble castle at Palm Beach, while thousands of tourists are enjoying a semitropical winter in the wonderland he has opened to them.

Personally, Flagler cares little for luxury. He is neither a hunter nor a fisherman. He is a business man, pure and simple. He loves to do big things.

He has no fear of incidental difficulties. All he asks is that the proposed work shall be possible for human energy and brains to do.

It is said that when the plans for the seagoing railway were placed before him, he studied them for some time. Finally he turned to J. R. Parrott, his railway manager, and asked:

"Can you do this?"

"Yes," replied Parrott.

"Then do it," said Flagler.

The next day the building of the most unique railway in the world began.

THE FLORIDA OF THE FUTURE

Flagler has faith in Florida — such faith as removes jungles and builds railways in the midst of the sea. Looking south of her, he sees a new Cuba, too busy and prosperous for revolutions. He sees the shuttling of ships through the Panama Canal. He sees the union of North and South America in a confederacy of commerce. He sees Florida as a great central State, sending the product of her farms northward and the output of her factories southward. Such is Flagler's confident vision of the future, and he has backed his judgment with most of his immense fortune and with his high reputation as a man of business.

Other men, too, in Jacksonville, Tampa, Key West, and Pensacola, have seen this vision of the future Florida. They, like Plant and Flagler, believe that in the end geography wins. They believe themselves to be the advance-guard in a new land of boundless possibilities; and at the present moment they are laying plans to conquer the Everglades, to build a new railroad to Atlanta, and to cut a waterway across the upper end of the State.

They know that when their sandy swamps are drained—a work that costs one-third as much per acre as irrigation—they will have a habitable country as large as New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts combined, with twelve hundred miles of coast-line, and land enough to make five million people prosperous. More than this, they see that their State lies midway between fifty million people in the south and ninety million people in the north; and they are confident that in the years that are near at hand it will become the center of a busy highway of commerce, adding its full share to the wealth and prestige of the Great New South.

THE CROWN OF WASHINGTON

He loved his trees, his flowers, and the yields
Of lush green meadows, and the harvest-fields.
The soul within him yearned for paths of peace;
His prayer was ever that dread war might cease—
That back once more there in his vernal bowers
He might enjoy the rest of tranquil hours,
And train his vines, and till his fertile lands
With his own hands;
That where the tocsin sounded there might swell
The pleasant chimes of some cathedral bell
To summon men to rest from daily toil.
For war-like spoil
He had no temper, yet at duty's call
Wife, home, and flowers, peace and comfort—all
He sadly left lest honor be undone,
Nor e'er knew rest again! Oh, Washington,
No crown of gold, with brilliant jeweled sheen,
Adorns thy brow, but one as fresh and green
As were the scenes you loved—the laurel leaf,
The diadem of our Unselfish Chief!

Blakeney Gray

THE CARPET-MAN

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE

AUTHOR OF "THE RENAISSANCE OF PETER VAN BRUNT," "FATHER BY GRACE OF THE COURT," ETC.

UNTIL he reached the hall and rang for the elevator, the morning was much as other mornings to Fenwick. Even the subsequent delay, while the negro boy scrambled about below upon mysterious business of his own, was not unusual. But when Fenwick finally put his finger upon the electric button and kept it there, not at all as usual was that which followed.

A girl stepped off the elevator at Fenwick's floor — an utterly charming girl, even in the dimness of the hallway. Under one arm she carried a copper candlestick; under the other, a cloisonné jar. Behind her loomed a tall colored woman laden with bundles.

Fenwick, after a discreet glance, moved aside to let her pass, but she did not pass. She handed him the copper candlestick.

"Good morning," she nodded. "Have you been waiting long?"

Fenwick, equal to most occasions, accepted the candlestick, and bowed.

"About three minutes," he answered.

"Oh, you wouldn't mind that!" she said cheerily. Then she handed him the cloisonné jar. Fenwick shifted his hat to the other hand, and accepted the jar. "Pink, have you the key?" she demanded of the tall colored woman.

"Miss Lucy, it's in that jar," replied Pink, with a grim look at Fenwick.

"Why, of course," smiled the girl. "I'd lose my shoes if they weren't tied on." She approached Fenwick, and put her hand into the cloisonné jar. "The shoes they make nowadays work large, I think," she remarked to Fenwick, still smiling, as she secured the key.

She fitted it into the lock of the apartment across the way. Fenwick, although cautious by disposition, and with a New York crust added to his original shell, allowed the elevator to depart without him.

The girl shook the door; then she pounded. Fenwick moved forward.

"Let me try," he suggested.

He returned the cloisonné jar to the girl. The copper candlestick he set upon the floor beside his hat. Then he removed the key from the lock, turned it right side up, put it in again, and opened the door.

"Thank you," sighed the girl. "I always have such trouble with keys. In Virginia, we don't use keys."

"Some of these locks are a bit stiff," returned Fenwick mildly as he picked up his hat and the candlestick.

The girl went into the apartment. The colored woman followed. Fenwick, a bit dazed, remained fixed upon the landing.

"Come right in!" called the girl. "It's here."

Fenwick, with alacrity, went into the apartment, and passed through the hall into the little drawing-room. He dimly realized that the place was piled with furniture, but so many had been his recent impressions that his mind refused to register any more. Just now it held but one, and she was waiting for him in the tiny library.

She was standing before a roll of carpet. As Fenwick came in, she pointed at it with a slim forefinger.

"There it is," she remarked. "Now, what do you think of it?"

Fenwick regarded the roll of carpet.

"Great!" he murmured.

"Oh, I don't mean the pattern," put in the girl. "There are quantities of Uncle Amos's things that I don't like at all. I never cared much for pink

roses on a green velvet ground myself. In fact, I don't like carpets." Then, with a deprecating glance at Fenwick: "Please don't think I meant to be rude."

"Rude!" exclaimed Fenwick. "Rude! How?"

"Why, not liking carpets. Most people are so proud of their—their professions, you know; and so, no doubt, you must simply love carpets."

"Why?" inquired Fenwick.

The girl, for the first time, looked at him with attention, and her serene blue eyes seemed to take a deeper shade.

"Of course," she said abruptly, "you are the carpet-man, who was to be sent up from Robinson's to estimate on laying this in the dining-room?"

"Oh—yes, of course," said Fenwick promptly, for your safe horse, when he bolts, achieves the wildest runaway. "Certainly. And I'm — er — simply crazy about carpets," he continued; "especially this carpet."

"Oh, I don't want to sell it," exclaimed the girl. "I wouldn't sell one of dear old Uncle Amos's things for anything! It doesn't seem quite the same to rent them out, do you think so?"

"Certainly not," replied Fenwick. "Are you going to rent this carpet out?"

"Why, of course," smiled the girl. "I'm going to rent the whole apartment out—furnished—if I can. I know this isn't the season, but I had to come on to see about the things. Uncle Amos left me so much furniture and so little money" — with a sigh — "but people here in New York seem to own no furniture at all. They just have clothes and trunks."

"And money," supplemented Fenwick, whose fog was lifting.

"Aunt Van Winken, who lives in the white house on the corner—Pink and I are staying with her—disapproves. She didn't like Uncle Amos or his furniture, but she utterly disapproves of all this" —with a wave of her hand toward the drawing-room. "She says I'm the first Darcy to go into trade. She says Pink and I and our bundles remind her of Chinese coolies. She washes her hands of us and our apartment. She says it will not pay. She says the people who rent furnished apartments have been uplifted. They have ceased to demand cozy corners. They want mechanical pianos, and—as a sort of balance—antiques. So you see, I've got to succeed. I've got to rent it—just to show her; and I've had two offers. One was a woman with three dogs—"

At this point the tall colored woman appeared in the doorway. Again she gave Fenwick a grim look.

"Miss Lucy, is this here carpet-man goin' to do his measurin' soon? 'Cause if he ain't, I can start in on the dining-room."

"Certainly, Pink. He's—he's measuring now—with his eye." Once more the girl pointed at the carpet-roll. "Do you think that would be enough for the dining-room?" she asked Fenwick, with an appeal in her eyes before which he went down without a sound, without a struggle.

"May I see the dining-room?" he asked gently.

"Why, of course! Come down this hall. It's rather dark, isn't it?—and sort of thin—and twisting. But the sun shines into the kitchen," she added triumphantly. "Pink noticed that at once. This"—with a wave of the hand—"is the dining-room. You may measure as much as you like. And make it come out right, please! There are twenty yards and seven inches in that roll. And I'll begin at once on the books." With a polite little bow, a quick little smile, a gentle pat on Pink's shoulder, and a light clatter of heels upon the bare floor, she was gone.

Fenwick looked at Pink, immovable as an obelisk in the doorway. Then he paced the room from one end to the other. Then he took out a note-book and a pencil. He wished the woman would go. He couldn't make up his mind while she stood there watching him. He couldn't decide whether to drop the affair now, or to go on with it. He walked to a window and did vague sums upon his note-book.

At length he was released, for a clear voice summoned Pink, who, stony as ever, withdrew reluctantly. Fenwick put away his note-book, and gazed out of the window. There was a glimpse of the

river on this side, but he did not see it. Just now, he saw nothing but two wistful blue eyes and the shining hair that waved above them.

Never before had Fenwick indulged in a day-dream at half past nine o'clock on a business morning; but then, never before had he met this particular girl. As a rule, he dodged girls. What course to pursue he did not yet know, but one thing was certain — in this case there would be no dodging.

It was Pink, reappearing, who shattered the day-dream.

"Miss Lucy says when will you lay it?" she demanded, as one who flings down a challenge.

Fenwick turned from the window and pocketed his note-book.

"I'll see—" he began, but Pink cut him short.

"Miss Lucy's busy," she remarked. "I'll take the message. And I'll show you out."

Fenwick, encountering her eye, met suspicion so open that he dared not argue. He meekly followed Pink down the thin hall, and was shown briskly out. Just before closing the door, she spoke again:

"Are you-all comin' back, Mr. Carpet-man?" she asked with a sniff.

"I am," retorted Fenwick. "I'm coming at four."

Although the door was closed in his face, he failed to resent the fact. He gave the elevator-boy fifty cents. He patted upon the head an ugly mongrel surreptitiously introduced by the said boy into the vestibule.

On the steps, he met a hard-featured man with a bag. Fenwick took him by the arm.

"My dear sir," said Fenwick, "are you by any chance a gentleman hailing from an emporium known as Robinson's, who comes here in answer to a summons from one named Darcy, about the measuring of an exquisite carpet creation in green and pink?"

The man released his arm rudely.

"Aw, go on back and sleep it off!" he suggested.

"Are you from Robinson's?" returned Fenwick, beaming upon him.

"I'm from Robinson's—yes," acknowledged the man, with a belligerent air. "I don't pipe your game, though, young fellow."

"Take your time," said Fenwick. "You will in a moment." Reaching into his pocket, he produced a five-dollar bill. "Now," he remarked, "if you are detained—if you don't show up here till four o'clock this afternoon, and if, when you do show up at four this afternoon, you let me help you lay that carpet—then this is yours."

The man looked at Fenwick wearily.

"Wake up!" he remarked. "It's morning."

"Never mind me," said Fenwick, waving the bill. "Will you do it?"

The man held out his hand.

"Oh, no!" said Fenwick gently. "Afterward."

The man grinned reluctantly.

"You're coming to, aren't you? Well, I'm on."

"At four," said Fenwick.

"At four," assented the man; whereupon they parted.

II

Of course, reason asserted herself. She always does. At luncheon, alone in a quiet corner, Fenwick called himself names. He vowed he would not go up town at four o'clock. He would change his mind. At two o'clock he decided to go up-town at four, and tell Miss Darcy that he had changed his mind. At three-thirty he went up-town.

There was no sign of the man from Robinson's. A fifteen-minute wait failed to produce him, and Fenwick, unable to restrain himself, went up-stairs alone. To his concealed joy, Miss Darcy herself opened the door, greeted him, led him to the dining-room, and then took up her position upon a tiny step-ladder near the window.

Fenwick became aware that the situation was increasingly difficult. The girl's serene eyes, her silence, the absence of his confederate, the lack of tools, of knowledge, and the appalling presence of the carpet, began to tell upon him. Grimly, he opened the roll, manipulated it, fought for time and ideas as he covered the floor with it. Once, backing in his confusion through a swinging door, he found himself stranded, amid waves of carpet, in a butler's pan-

try. He emerged, red with mortification, to meet squarely the merciless and unamused eyes of Miss Darcy. At something in their expression, Fenwick dropped the carpet and stood erect.

"How much longer," she inquired from her step-ladder, "are you going to keep up this farce?"

"Farce?" he echoed.

"Certainly," returned the girl. "A more painful exhibition I have never seen."

Fenwick squared his shoulders and grew rather white. He said nothing.

"Are you from Robinson's?" asked the girl.

"No," said Fenwick.

"I thought not. Are you a carpet-man?" went on the girl.

"I am not," said Fenwick.

"I saw that. Well, what do you mean," continued Miss Darcy, "by coming in here and pretending that you are?"

"At first—this morning," said Fenwick, "I didn't understand; but when you said 'Come in,' I was glad to come in as anything or anybody."

Miss Darcy flushed.

"Of course, I made a mistake. You should have known that. But why"—sternly—"have you come back again this afternoon?"

"To see you," said Fenwick sincerely, and had the sense to add nothing more.

Miss Darcy's eyes dropped to the carpet.

"Pink, come here!" she called. From the dimness of the hall Pink emerged stonily. "Pink, when you looked out of the window after this—this person—left this morning, what did you see?"

Pink glared at Fenwick.

"I saw him meet a man with a bag," she asserted. "I saw him talk and carry on, and wave his hands like a wild man."

"Steady, Pink!" put in the girl.

"Well, he wave one hand, anyhow—like this." Pink waved one hand. "I observe him talkin' to the man very stealthy, and then they both go 'way. I think he's a robber," concluded Pink.

"Never mind what you think, Pink," said Miss Darcy. "Get the man to come out here."

During the pause which followed, Miss Darcy and Fenwick both gazed hard at the carpet. Presently Pink returned with the man from Robinson's. At sight of Fenwick the man from Robinson's grinned.

"I didn't give it away," he remarked. "They were on all the time. I've earned my money all right. I was waitin' in the hall when Gipsy Nell here came down and got her hooks onto me. And you can help me lay it now. I've earned my money all right."

Fenwick took up his hat and walked to the hall-door. As he passed the man with the bag, he surprised that individual with the gift of a five-dollar bill. At the door he turned once and looked at Miss Darcy; then, without a word, he walked down the hall, opened the door, and closed it gently behind him. But it was reopened almost immediately.

"Do you live across the hall?" inquired Miss Darcy, holding the door open about an inch.

Fenwick wheeled about.

"I do," he cried. "I live here with the Bradburys—my married sister—but either take me or leave me. I'm a robber, or a kidnaper, or anything you please, except a carpet-man. It's all my fault. I'm all sorts of an idiot. I'm a worm at your feet; but just one thing more—please consider the temptation."

Through the crack of the door Miss Darcy shot forth a little smile.

"Is your name really—Fenwick?" she asked shyly.

"It is. Will that fact help me?"

"Well—" Miss Darcy fidgeted with the door-knob. "Cousin Ella Van Winken and your sister went to college together. Cousin Ella told me that when I rented the apartment in this building. She wants me to meet Mrs. Bradbury. She still calls her Grace Fenwick. So this afternoon, when the elevator-boy told Pink that you lived on this floor, and that your name was Fenwick—"

"But," broke in Fenwick breathlessly, "why didn't you tell me, in Heaven's name? Why did you let me—"

"This morning I didn't know," said the girl.

"But this afternoon?"

"This afternoon, you deserved—"

"Yes," admitted Fenwick, "I did. Please open the door a little more."

"Not a crack," said Miss Darcy firmly. "I shouldn't be here at all. Pink disapproves of you."

"Does Pink disapprove of all your friends?" inquired Fenwick.

"No," answered Miss Darcy. "But she didn't want me to see you this afternoon, and—I was obliged to sit on her. So I'm going to shut the door."

"But when may I come? When may I see you?" imposed Fenwick.

"I don't know," answered Miss Darcy. "Perhaps never."

She shut the door. Fenwick gazed at it in blank dismay. Suddenly it reopened. "Unless you can get around Pink," said Miss Darcy.

Thereupon the door closed again; and this time it remained closed.

III

It was some time before Pink left the dining-room to answer the insistence of the telephone. Miss Darcy, kneeling before the book-shelves, dreamily called, "Who is it, Pink?" but received no answer.

"Yas, sah—no, sah—I don't want to talk to nobody — yas, sah — no, I don't blame anybody fer — yas, sah — no, it wasn't that you was exactly *fresh,* Mr. Fenwick—I got to look out for Miss Lucy. She ain't got no mother—oh, no, sah—'deed she is—well, I don't so to say *disapprove* of anybody—oh, well—no, sah—when I size folks up—yas, sah—of course, that makes a difference—yas, sah — yas, sah — oh, yas, sah — a' right, sah—good-by!"

Pink, turning from the telephone, saw the girl in the doorway.

"Oh, Pink!" breathed Miss Lucy.

Pink came forward slowly, attempted a stony face, but could not compass it.

"Honey," she said, "I got a message for you. Mis' Bradbury and her brother, Mr. Fenwick, 's comin' to call on you this evenin'. And here I stand like a great ninny, when I got to go home and press out yer white dress!"

IMMUNE

Thunder on, ye lighting bolts!
Shake the heavens with your jolts,
O'er the meadows hover;
I vex not my soul at all
With the havoc that ye call,
Or the ruin you let fall—
I'm a lover!

Blow, ye winds cyclonic, blow!
Spread abroad your stores of woe,
Drive mankind to cover;
What care I how fierce the blast—
If 'tis coming, or is past—
How the sky is overcast?
I'm a lover!

All ye miseries, pile high
Till ye touch the topmost sky,
All the green earth over;
Trouble troubles me no jot,
Weather chill or weather hot,
Rain or shine, it matters not—
I'm a lover!

In her eyes my heaven I find.
To all else completely blind,
I shall ne'er recover;
All is peace beneath her smile;
Life is free from pain and guile,
And will so continue while
I'm her lover!

Stanton West

THE SO-CALLED "TIDAL WAVES" WHICH FOLLOW GREAT EARTHQUAKES

BY PROFESSOR T. J. J. SEE

OF THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY, MARE ISLAND

EVERY one has heard of the great "tidal waves" which frequently accompany a violent earthquake along the ocean coast, and which in many cases do more damage than the earthquake itself. Such waves are not really tidal, but are produced by seismic disturbances of the sea bottom, and should properly be called seismic sea waves.

The terrible commotion of the water thus arising may inundate the shore and lay waste cities and even whole districts lying near the level of the sea. It often destroys the shipping in a harbor by dashing the vessels against the rocks or washing them far inland. Sometimes ships are torn to pieces, or borne along with the inundation and stranded high and dry; while in other cases they are capsized and lost with their whole crews. Not infrequently cities are first shattered by the shaking of the earth, and afterward overwhelmed by the sea.

A seismic wave, as it nears the shore, sometimes attains a vertical height of sixty or even eighty feet. Such a mass of water carries everything before it, and vastly augments the horrors of an earthquake. As it moves with a velocity of some five hundred feet per second, or a mile in ten seconds, its impact is so terrific that no building can withstand its force. Anything left standing by the earthquake is almost sure to be overwhelmed by the sea; and to those who are so unfortunate as to witness such ruin of man's frail labors, all nature seems bent on their utter destruction.

A few illustrations will make clear the nature of these appalling phenomena, and enable us to grasp more fully the cause of such tremendous convulsions of the elements.

A DISASTER IN ANCIENT GREECE

In the year 373 B.C., the whole of the Peloponnesus was shaken by a terrible earthquake. Aristotle tells us that the shock caused yawning chasms to open near Bura, on the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth, and that the Greek cities of Bura and Helike were leveled to the ground. Pausanias says that not even the sacred images in the temples at Bura were spared, but everything was literally shattered to pieces and overthrown.

Then, on the following day, while the earth was still trembling, the bottom of the Gulf of Corinth subsided, and carried down with it the ground under the ruins of Helike. The waters rushed into the resulting depression, and in the commotion which ensued ten vessels of the Lacedæmonians, lying at anchor in the harbor of Helike, perished. The sea was raised into a mighty wave, which engulfed the remains of Helike in its rushing waters and advanced far over the land. After the inundation it was found that where the city had flourished in safety since the days of Homer, the salt water was now so deep that only the tops

EDITOR'S NOTE—Professor See's article was written shortly before the recent disaster in southern Italy, but the theory it sets forth corresponds precisely with the reported phenomena of the earthquake and seismic wave that destroyed Messina and Reggio.

of the trees about the Temple of Neptune were visible above its surface. The sea bottom must have sunk about one hundred feet, or perhaps more.

Helike—"spacious Helike," as Homer described it—was the most important city in Achaia, and its obliteration from the sight of mortals naturally excited great wonder and astonishment among the Greek philosophers. Plato was then fifty-four years old, at the height of his intellectual powers, and at the head of the Academy in Athens, while Aristotle was a boy eleven years old. Thoroughly as these wise men must have discussed the disaster, which long remained a subject of speculation among their followers and their successors, the awful fate of Helike continued to bewilder and perplex the wisest of the Athenian sages. Some ascribed the catastrophe to the wrath of the gods, because of the impious conduct of the people of the Achæan city; others assigned it to natural and necessary causes.

The Greek philosophers attributed earthquakes to the agitation of vapors confined within the earth and seeking to escape and diffuse themselves in the atmosphere. Aristotle says that in the case of Helike the efflux of the vapors was obstructed till they finally broke out and caused the cataclysm. We shall see later that the Greeks were correct in ascribing earthquakes to vapors confined within the earth, but they did not understand how these vapors obtained access to the interior.

Of the seismic wave that engulfed Helike, Aristotle speaks in a way which shows that he was familiar with the fact that sea waves often accompany earthquakes. The Greeks generally attributed these aquatic upheavals to Poseidon, the god of the sea, "the earth-shaker"; and here again their poetic imagination led them very near indeed to the truth. From the earliest ages, many such waves, following upon earthquakes, had been observed in the eastern Mediterranean; and it was quite natural that both phenomena should be ascribed to the mighty power of Poseidon, who was worshiped almost everywhere in Greece, especially by those who sailed the sea. His temples usually stood on the headlands and isthmuses, and were very prominent and celebrated throughout the Peloponnesus, which is an earthquake country. In such a region it was natural for the people to give reverence to the mightiest of the hidden forces of nature, which shook the earth beneath their feet, and raised great waves in the sea to roll in upon the land.

THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE OF 1735

As another illustration of an earthquake and typical sea wave, we may choose the destruction of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, November 1, 1735. On this occasion the disturbance was so terrible that it was felt all over Europe, and even in North America and the West Indies, where the sea was considerably agitated. In the European lakes the waters showed oscillatory movements, due to the passing undulations in the earth. The greater part of the city of Lisbon was destroyed by the shock, especially where the ground was soft.

A short time afterward, the water in the harbor withdrew and left bare the bed of the river Tagus, in which many vessels lay at their anchors. In the excitement incident to so great a calamity, the people of Lisbon congregated on the quays; and an hour or so later, they were horrified to see the sea returning in a great wall of water some fifty feet high. Its movement was so rapid that the doomed throngs had no time to escape, and about forty thousand people perished, along with the vessels which had been anchored in the harbor. The quay is said to have sunk, and it is certain that all the lower parts of the city were overflowed. At Cadiz the wave was sixty feet high, and the whole coast of Portugal suffered severely from this dreadful inundation. At Madeira, far out in the Atlantic, the water behaved as at Lisbon—first withdrawing from the shore, and returning later in a great wave; but the movement was not so extreme as on the mainland.

The center of the disturbance must have been somewhere beneath the ocean, in the region between Madeira and the Portuguese coast. The sinking of the sea bottom in this region caused the water to withdraw from the shore; then, when the currents flowed in to fill up the depression, they raised a corresponding ridge, and when it collapsed the great wave

came ashore to add to the horrors of the earthquake.

OTHER MEMORABLE SEISMIC WAVES

Another typical sea wave occurred at Callao, Peru, in 1746. On the 28th of October in that year the whole Peruvian coast was shaken by a terrible earthquake, no fewer than two hundred shocks being experienced. Twice the ocean retired from the land, and returned as a great wave, which is said to have been eighty feet high. Twenty-three ships were in the harbor of Callao; of these, nineteen were sunk, while the remaining four were carried inland and stranded at a considerable height above the sea. A large part of the coast around Callao subsided, and much of the town sank into the bay. Of its four thousand inhabitants, only about two hundred escaped alive.

On November 18, 1867, the American cruiser Monongahela was lying in the harbor of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, when a severe earthquake occurred. Here, too, the sea first withdrew from the shore, and then returned in a great wave. The advancing wall of water caught up the Monongahela and carried her into the streets of St. Thomas.

Two other memorable waves occurred on the west coast of South America in 1868 and 1877, respectively. On August 13, 1868, the United States war-ships Wateree and Fredonia were lying in the harbor of Arica, anchored in seven fathoms of water, when the whole region was shaken by a terrible earthquake, which was felt from Valdivia to Guayaquil. The city of Arica was leveled to the ground, and devastation spread far and wide. No sooner had the great shock passed than the officers of the ships noticed the water in the harbor slowly draining away; and in a short time the ships lay on the dry bottom, unable to move. In less than an hour's time their astonishment at the withdrawal of the sea was converted into terror at the sight of its return in a great wave fifty or sixty feet high. It came with awful swiftness, advancing at the rate of a mile in ten seconds, and carrying everything before it. It picked up the stranded and helpless Wateree and carried her about half a mile inland, where she was deposited without material injury. The Fredonia was less fortunate, for she capsized, and every one aboard her was lost.

When the wave had spent its force against the high ground behind the city, the sea again withdrew, and the harbor was laid bare as before. After a short time a second wave, not quite so high as the first, returned and swept the shore. This periodic oscillation of the sea was kept up with slowly diminishing intensity for a couple of days, before calm was finally restored. Meanwhile, the waves were propagated across the Pacific and observed all over the world. Nearly all the shipping about Arica was lost in this terrible fury of the sea, and the whole coast of Chile and Peru was devastated for hundreds of miles.

On May 9, 1877, another severe earthquake was felt along the west coast of South America, with its highest intensity near Iquique. After the worst of the shock had passed, the sea withdrew, as in the Arica wave of 1868, and in less than an hour's time returned as a mighty wall of water about sixty feet high. The whole coast, after being devastated by the earthquake, was again overflowed by the sea, and the same universal ruin spread along the shore. At Arica, the stranded hulk of the Wateree, which had been used as a hotel since 1868, was again picked up and carried still farther inland. This showed that at Arica the wave of 1877 exceeded that of nine years before. Nearly all the shipping in the harbor was lost, and again the waves rolled across the Pacific and were observed in Japan, the East Indies, and almost all over the world. As in 1868, when the first wave withdrew from the land, the harbor was again laid bare; then a second wave would return to sweep the shore; and thus, at intervals of something like an hour, the sea kept oscillating for fully two days, before calm was finally restored by the friction of the water against the bed of the sea.

THE CAUSE OF SEISMIC WAVES

A seismic wave is due to a sinking of the sea bottom at some distance from the shore. When this happens, the water, of course, flows in from all sides to fill up the depression. Then, when the currents meet at the center, and raise a ridge by their mutual impact, the ridge collapses

under gravity, and sends the first great wave ashore. Where the ridge of water once was, a second depression in the sea-level is thus developed; the water again flows in as in the first case, and the process keeps on repeating itself. As the water is very deep along the west coast of South America, the movement is not much obstructed by friction, and consequently the furious oscillation of the sea may be kept up for a long time.

On June 15, 1896, the northern shores of Japan were visited by terrible earthquake shocks, which were recorded on seismographs in Europe. The disturbance originated beneath the Tuscarora Deep—the great depression in the bed of the Pacific that stretches from Japan toward the Aleutian Islands. This oceanic abyss, which reaches a depth of forty-six hundred fathoms, or more than twenty-seven thousand feet, is known as the worst earthquake region in the world. On the Japanese coast, as on that of South America, the water first withdrew from the shore, and later returned in a great wave. No fewer than a hundred and seventy-six vessels were carried inland and left stranded there. Along a region seventy miles in length the coast villages were washed away, and thirty thousand people perished from the earthquake and the inundation.

In other instances the water rises suddenly, overflows the coast, and washes ships inland, without any previous withdrawal from the shore. For instance, on December 29, 1854, the city of Simoda, in Japan, was overwhelmed by a sudden inrush of the sea about an hour after a violent earthquake.

Seismic waves of this class are produced by an upheaval of the sea bottom, which lifts the overlying water bodily upward, causing it to rush in upon the shore. No doubt the reader has often heard of the upheaval of islands and volcanoes in the sea. Such uplifts might cause a sea wave on the neighboring shores. If an area of considerable size is upraised, the inundation will be all the greater and more wide-spread. Such sudden risings of the sea have been observed in many places, but they are less frequent and less dangerous than waves caused by the sinking of the sea bottom.

To sum up our investigation of the so-called "tidal waves" that follow violent earthquake shocks, we see that they are due either to the sinking or to the elevation of the sea bottom. To complete our explanation of these terrific and wonderful manifestations of nature, we may now add that mountains are formed by earthquakes; and that earthquakes themselves are due to the secular leakage of the ocean bottoms.

THE MOLDING OF MOUNTAIN-CHAINS

The great depth and the enormous pressure of the sea water, with the aid of capillary forces, drive it through the rocky crust of the earth till it comes to the intensely hot strata some twenty miles below the surface. The earth is everywhere at high temperature inside, and steam is developed under the crust; when the pressure of the steam accumulates, it finally shakes the solid crust till it gets relief through some opening. We know how the lid of a tea-kettle on a stove becomes agitated and keeps on shaking till the steam escapes at the sides. The same thing happens when the waters of the ocean work down into the hot rock beneath the earth's crust; steam is developed, the rock slowly swells, and, finally, shakes the crust above to get more space —which is usually effected by the expulsion of lava at the edges of the sea.

Thus, along the shores of the ocean, the crust of the earth is uplifted to form mighty mountains. Geographers long ago noticed that most of the great mountain-ranges run parallel to the shores; and this is the cause of the parallelism. They have all been formed by the expulsion of lava from under the oceans in great earthquakes, millions of which have occurred in past geological ages. The lava is forced outward toward the land, because steam forms under the oceans, but scarcely at all under the land.

Now, when lava is expelled from under the sea to form mountains along the coast, the sea bottom is undermined, so that it will sooner or later give down to secure stability. This sinking of the sea bottom causes the principal class of seismic waves, of which we have given an account.

Sometimes the steam forces an island to rise in the sea, and a volcano breaks out. The fact that all volcanoes are near

the sea proves that they depend on the oceans; and the further fact that they emit chiefly the vapor of steam shows that they are caused by the leakage of the oceans.

As I have already said, the Greeks of two thousand years ago had observed the fact that great and destructive sea waves accompany earthquakes; but it is only recently that the students of terrestrial phenomena have been able to formulate a clear and satisfactory theory of the agencies that cause these terrifying upheavals. The explanation given in this article puts into the matter-of-fact language of modern science the truth which the Hellenic myth so gracefully foreshadowed.

Where the ancients saw in earthquake shock and tidal wave the handiwork of angry Poseidon, ruler of the sea and shaker of the earth, we recognize the working of the mighty natural forces that have molded, and are still molding, the ocean deeps and mountain crests of this ever-changing globe.

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE HUNGER TEST," "UNDER BARE POLES," ETC.

ANDREW NORMAN, though on the westward side of fifty, was a bachelor—a fact in itself enough to make a marked man of him from Bald Skipper Tickle to Come-by-Chance. In addition to this questionable distinction, he persistently preached the creed of "every man for himself." Thus he acquired a reputation for selfishness; for along that coast, where folk set great store by argument and lengthy talk, a man is known by his words rather than his deeds.

When Molly Devine told how Andy had given two plugs of tobacco to her old father, and hinted her belief that the misanthrope was less hard than he pretended, he explained the matter so that his questionable reputation did not suffer.

"They two plugs was fair rotten wid mold," he said.

Of a winter night, Andy would often invite half a dozen men and women—and they could bring their babies along with them—to his cabin, to sit by his fire, drink his tea, and listen to his arguments against generosity.

"Look at me," he would say. "I be's fat as a swile, from never missin' a hearty mug-up from one end o' the year to t'other. Can ye tell me the reason? I'll tell it myself. I be's a single man, wid just myself to work for an' feed. There don't be another house in Little Harbor what don't feel the pinch o' hunger some time between fishin' an' fishin'. Fill yer mug, Peter Walsh — the stuff'll spile if ye don't drink it up. Every man for hisself, say I. If every man on the coast cares for hisself, who'll suffer? The women an' the childer, ye say, Dave Cormey? It don't be no country for women an' childer, anyhow. If ye don't be able to live widout marryin', then leave the coast. Have some more o' that desperate bad 'lassy-cake, Mrs. Walsh. Don't be afeared to eat it. I made it out o' spiled flour, so it didn't cost me much. If I be'd a rich man, now, I'd do better nor marry. I'd live on Little Gull Rock, I would, an' eat figgy-duff every day, an' hen's eggs, an' potatoes freighted clear 'round from St. John's. Aye, an' cabbage an' corned beef —an' I'd take in two noospapers, an' smoke Sailor's Sweetheart 'baccy instead o' Fisherman's Luck. There'd be one contented man on the coast, anyhow!"

By years of such talk Andrew Norman became famed as the most selfish-minded lad north of St. John's. And so it chanced that Mr. Alfred Raymond, a gentleman from New York, who was fishing for sea-trout at Bald Skipper Tickle, heard some of Andy's views of life, sec-

ond-hand, and immediately set out for Little Harbor to investigate the author of them. Mr. Raymond had plenty of time to spend on sudden whims, and was himself a bachelor. He, too, was selfish; but, unlike Andy, he did his best to conceal the fact from his friends and the world. He also considered himself a very keen student of human nature.

Raymond found the selfish man of Little Harbor drying fish on the rocks before his hut, and the two were soon in conversation. What seemed to the New Yorker to be the strangest of all Andy's views was his idea of a contented life.

"Do you mean to say that your ambition is so poor a thing as that—enough food, and no work, and a life of useless solitude on that desolate rock?" he asked severely.

"Aye, sir, that be's what I mean," replied Andy. "No more fishin'; figgy-duff an' all manner o' rich food every day; an' two noospapers from St. John's. If I be'd a rich man, now, I'd ax for no better life nor that."

"It would be an utterly useless existence," said Raymond.

"Every man for hisself—that be's my motto," asserted Andy.

"You are an extraordinary individual," replied the gentleman from "up-along."

"Ye may lay whatever names ye like onto me," returned Andy; "but I holds to my argument."

"What's your idea of the yearly income of a rich man?" asked Raymond, firm in the clutches of his new whim.

"There be's rich men an' desperate rich men," said Andy. "Now, sir, I be's o' the opinion as how, in some parts o' the world, there be's men wid as much as six hunder' dollars every year o' their lives, widout ever hittin' a clip to earn it. But for myself, I'd think a lad who has a dollar a day, widout fishin' for it, be's rich enough for anything."

"Your ideas are not extravagant," said Raymond. "How much do you usually make at the fishing?"

"In a good season I's made as high as two hunder' an' eighty dollars; but one year I didn't make more nor fifty, an' lost my skiff atop o' that," replied Andy.

"Why, that must mean starvation!"

"I be's alive yet, sir."

"But you must be lazy! Now, the men with families—surely they do better than that?" queried the stranger.

"Nay, sir, I be's the smartest fisherman in the harbor," replied Andy.

Raymond got Andy to pull him out to Little Gull Rock, which lay about half a mile off the harbor. Its bleakness struck a chill right through him, and he turned to the native with increased wonder.

"If you really mean it," he said, "you are a very remarkable man! I should like to try you for a year. I'm a student of human nature, and I've often spent more than three hundred and fifty dollars on less important experiments. If you stand the test, man—if you prove your words—I'll be famous as the discoverer of the most unemotional, cold-hearted human being in the world!"

"What d'ye mean, sir?" asked Andy.

"I mean that I'll pay you three hundred and fifty dollars—no, I'll make it four hundred—if you will live for a year on that rock, alone, with never more than an hour or two ashore at the one time, and no sort of work except your cooking and pottering about the cabin. I'll send the cash around from St. John's next week, on my way home."

Andy puffed at his pipe in silence, while Raymond drew a note-book and fountain pen from his pocket and wrote out the following agreement:

I, Andrew Norman, of Little Harbor, do hereby agree to live alone on Little Gull Rock, for the space of one year, beginning within a month from this date, to prove certain sentiments which I have expressed regarding my ideas of a life of contentment. Should I, at any time within the year, leave the said Little Gull Rock for a longer period than two hours, or entertain any companions on the rock, or work at the fishing, or fail in any way in my principles of life as stated to Alfred Raymond, of New York, I shall willingly relinquish all claim to such balance of the four hundred dollars supplied me by the said Alfred Raymond as may be on hand at that time. "Every man for himself" is my motto. My idea of a happy life is to live alone on Little Gull Rock, with plenty to eat and nothing to do. Let my neighbors look out for themselves.

Raymond read it aloud; then Andy spelled it over to himself.

"D'ye mean it?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the whimsical sportsman. "Put your name to the paper, and give me your word that you will honestly observe the conditions, and the money shall be yours inside of two weeks," replied the other.

So Andy, without more ado, laboriously wrote his name at the bottom of the agreement.

II

When the money arrived in cash, Andrew Norman was unable to keep to himself the story of his queer agreement. Some of his acquaintances positively refused to believe a word of it—until they saw the parcel of bank-notes. Then, of course, they could not deny that there seemed to be something in it.

Andy ordered all manner of provisions from St. John's, and built himself a small, snug cabin on Little Gull Rock. Then, as far as appearances went, he lived a life of selfish contentment for close upon three weeks. In reality, those three weeks held but little of enjoyment for the hermit. He had too much time for reflection. Argument was all very well—but reflection, he found, was a very different matter. He could not keep from thinking of the scanty fare in some of the cabins in the harbor, and from wondering what his old neighbors were saying about him. It may be amusing to say hard things of yourself; but it is quite another matter to suspect people of saying them without any urging on your part.

Just how long Andy's reflections would have allowed him to remain on the rock, if he had not been otherwise disturbed, I cannot say. He was awakened, one night, by the feel of a hand under his pillow, where he kept the three hundred dollars which remained of his money. Reaching up in the dark, he caught a man by the throat; and after a minute's struggle he lit a match and found that the housebreaker was Corney Sandys, of Rocky Cove. Corney was neither large nor strong. Also, he was considerably shaken and bruised. He burst into tears when Andy put the match to the wick of a candle.

"For the love o' mercy, ye'll not be sendin' me to jail?" he wailed.

"What be'd ye lookin' for?" asked Andy.

"Money," replied Corney, between sobs. "I be clear mad for want o' money, wid winter a comin' on, an' no warm clothin' for Mary an' the young uns, an' no luck at all wid the fish. It be's almighty hard to see the childer starve, b'y!"

Andy nodded reflectively. Then he lit the fire, put on the teakettle, and dressed himself. He put poor Corney into his own bed, and fed him with hot salt pork and tea well sweetened with molasses.

"Now, lad, ye lay quiet till I gets back," he said. "I be's a goin' 'round to Rocky Cove wid this little bag o' grub, an' to tell Mary ye'll be home to-morry—that ye had a bit o' an accident. I'll trust ye to lay quiet, b'y. In the mornin' I'll give ye some money."

"Sure, now, be ye tellin' me the truth?" whispered Corney.

"Did I ever tell ye a lie?" asked Norman.

"Aye, lad, ye've telled a thousand lies—a tellin' us about your bitter, hard heart," replied the other.

When Andy got back to Little Gull Rock, two hours after sunrise, he found Corney Sandys still asleep. Before waking his uninvited guest, or even relighting the fire for breakfast, he sat down and wrote the following letter:

Dear Mr. Raymond,—i has broke my agreement and so gives up the money. A friend, Corney Sandys of Rocky Cove, be now visiting me. The money be mine no longer, and so i gives part of it to Corney, him having a wife and six little ones and no fish or money, and the rest i gives to old Bill Pently, who is sick, and some more starving people. i think you will be glad the money will be so useful to poor people.

Your obegent sarvant,

Andrew Norman,
of Little Harbor.

When the folk of Little Harbor and Rocky Cove expressed their opinion of Andy's actions with the firing of sealing-guns and the blowing of horns, he seemed confused for a moment. Then, for the sake of the old argument, he roared:

"The rich food give me cramps! D'ye think I'd kill myself wid cramps just to please a gentleman from up-along?"

But the people knew Andy by that time, and the tumult of wind and powder was redoubled.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HER FRIENDS

BY WILLIS STEELL

WHEN Mrs. Lincoln went to Washington to become mistress of the White House, she was not a stranger in the capital. Ten years before, she had lived there inconspicuously as the wife of an obscure Representative from a remote Western State, as Illinois then was; and that taste of the excitement, intrigues, extravagance, and dangers of Washington life, although it lasted for only a single term of her husband's service as Congressman, proved delightful enough to unsettle and unfit her for a narrow existence. She afterward saw Springfield with the critical eye of a worldling, and her dream was of a return to the nation's capital, clothed with power to reward magnanimously the few who had given her social recognition, and to repay in kind the neglect of others. The horizon of her social observation had widened immensely, and her ambition soared to no less extensive bounds.

There is no testimony to show that she realized the signs of the times, or measured the significance of events otherwise than by the meager standard of her personal wishes and ambitions. She assumed her lofty place unperturbed and unconcerned. There had been an exciting and rancor-breeding campaign, it is true; but other campaigns as rancorous and eventful had passed with no untoward happening; nor could she see that in the Presidency of her husband there would be more than the usual activity of politics. That a cloud of war hung black over the nation she had no discernment to perceive. Had she seen that this shadow would never leave her, although the storm might break at last and pass away, she would have crossed the threshold of the White House with trembling limbs. As it was, she entered there proudly, as one who had labored zealously and who deserved the prize when it fell into her eager hands.

During her early years in Washington, Mrs. Lincoln had been painfully conscious of her inexperience, and had sought knowledge of the world with a thirsty soul. It was not pleasant to return to the narrow round of life in Springfield; but what she could not gain there from people she sought in books. Never doubting that she would one day return to the capital in a position of greater influence, she prepared herself to sustain it with the materials that lay near by.

From her great husband she could learn little—a child he was, and a child he would remain, in superficial social wisdom; but from his political colleagues, from the statesmen and lawyers who occasionally sat at her dinner-table, she thought she could learn much. She spared them no questions which would add to her store of knowledge regarding the circles and the cliques of the capital; and as well as she could, in her unhappy exile, she prepared to conquer them. Her mind was remarkably receptive; and the results of the catechism to which she subjected her Eastern guests satisfied her that a strong personality—or at least an unusual one—was required in any woman who should attempt to weld together the mixed and contradictory elements of Washington society. So far her deduction was correct, and she went no further. She did not realize that the elements of this society were already in course of disintegration.

At length the moment came when her ambition received its crown. She was the first lady in the land. Without nervous-

ness and without fear she prepared to enjoy her preeminence.

THE SOCIAL SUPREMACY OF THE SOUTH

In Washington, at that epoch and for many years previous to it, the women of the South had enacted the social laws. With their natural and acquired graces, with their inherited taste and ability in social affairs, it was natural that the reins should have fallen to them. They represented the aristocracy of the United States at the time; but they were kind-hearted aristocrats, for the most part, who smiled good-naturedly at the awkward and perplexed attempts of the women from the North and West—"Mrs. Senator This," "Mrs. Congressman That"—to thread the mazes of the social labyrinth. Like all aristocrats, however, they were chary of admitting such outsiders to their inner circle, and they chafed at the thought that one of these, by a turn of the political wheel, had been raised above them.

In this Southern set Mrs. Lincoln should have known that she could be welcomed only of necessity. She should have comprehended that their smiles were merely those of courtesy, that their sympathy was forced. Most of these women found it expedient to court the new mistress of the White House; but few of them really liked her, and from their covert unfriendliness arose the prejudice which spread over the entire country and followed the widow of the martyred President to her grave.

If the Southern women of the capital whispered behind their fans that Mrs. Lincoln was *gauche* and ordinary, the women of the North criticized her for what they termed her lack of seriousness, her volatile tendencies, her extravagance in dress; and they condemned her for her preference, very early shown, for the beautiful Southern maids and matrons. Between these two hostile camps Mrs. Lincoln set up her republican court. Her task of keeping them well affected toward her proved hardly less difficult than the vast and awe-inspiring work of her husband. Considering her temperament, and the slight experience which she brought to her task, it is strange that she attained even a measure of success.

Among the ladies of the Cabinet, Mrs. Lincoln found no help. With one or two exceptions, they were strangers to Washington, and their spirits were weighed down by the impending peril of the nation. Their duties of receiving and attending social functions were performed awkwardly and timidly. None of them was attracted to the President's wife, and she made her first mistake when she ignored them.

Casting about for intimates who could always be drawn upon when it was essential for a group of ladies, in the old-time phrase, to "grace the White House," Mrs. Lincoln selected as her informal ladies-in-waiting certain women whom she had heard praised for their brilliancy and courted for their beauty. Several of these were not politically attached to the administration; nearly all of them, if not Southern by birth, had strong Southern affiliations.

MRS. CRITTENDEN AND MRS. DOUGLAS

Prominent among them was Mrs. John J. Crittenden, a beautiful Kentucky woman, married to a man who had served several terms in the United States Senate, and who had been Governor of his State and Attorney-General under Presidents Harrison and Fillmore. Senator Crittenden was a prominent "war Democrat," and after the outbreak of hostilities he gave warm and eloquent support to the cause of the Union. His daughter, Mrs. Chapman Coleman, was a graceful and accomplished woman. Coming from a border State, the Crittenden family showed a striking instance of that division of sentiment which characterized the people of their section. One of Senator Crittenden's sons, Thomas L. Crittenden, volunteered for service in the Federal army, winning the rank of major-general at Shiloh. Another son, General George B. Crittenden, held an important command in the armies of the Confederacy, and more than once these brothers faced each other on the field of battle.

Another notable figure in this Southern circle was Myra Clark Gaines, the widow of a Virginian soldier, General Edmund P. Gaines. Mrs. Gaines was then prosecuting the historic series of lawsuits by which she sought to establish her title to the property that had belonged to her

MRS. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, SENATOR DOUGLAS'S SECOND WIFE (MISS ADÈLE CUTTS, OF WASHINGTON)

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN
From a photograph taken in 1861, shortly after she became Mistress of the White House.

MRS. JOHN E. ALLEN, ONE OF MRS. LINCOLN'S CLOSE PERSONAL FRIENDS, WHO LATER BECAME AN ACTRESS

MRS. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, WHO WAS A DAUGHTER OF SECRETARY OF STATE MARCY, AND WHOSE SON IS NOW MAYOR OF NEW YORK

MYRA CLARK GAINES, FAMOUS AS THE CLAIMANT OF A VAST ESTATE IN NEW ORLEANS

MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT—A WAR-TIME PORTRAIT OF THE WIFE OF GENERAL GRANT

MISS KATE CHASE, DAUGHTER OF CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE, AND A PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE WHITE HOUSE CIRCLE

ISABELLA HINCKLEY (MME. SUSINI), A CELEBRATED AMERICAN SINGER WHO WAS A FRIEND OF MRS. LINCOLN

father, Daniel Clark, of New Orleans. Most of this she later succeeded in recovering—though more to the advantage of her lawyers than of herself.

For a time, Mrs. Lincoln turned to the wife of Stephen A. Douglas, her husband's old rival, and begged her to lend her charming presence to the White House. Mrs. Douglas—who had been Miss Adèle Cutts, a Washington belle, before she became the Little Giant's second wife—was willing to grace Mrs. Lincoln's court, and for two or three months she was a prominent figure at the Presidential receptions. To the women of the Republican party this gave offense, without conciliating the opposition circles.

In this choice, as in every other, Mrs. Lincoln was moved by her impulses. These began to sway her with the changefulness of fever. She made "dear friends," and kept them for a week; then she ceased sending them cards to semi-public receptions. The impression became confirmed in Washington that Mrs. Lincoln was "erratic," when in reality she was simply puzzled.

While General McClellan commanded the Army of the Potomac, his wife, who had been Miss Ellen Marcy, a daughter of the famous Secretary of State under President Pierce, was a conspicuous figure at Mrs. Lincoln's receptions; as were Mrs. Maunsel B. Field, of New York, and also Mrs. John E. Allen, whose face, it is said, was made "for any part she was expected to play," and who did actually go upon the stage in after years.

These were a few of the women who "received" with Mrs. Lincoln at her request, and who were always welcomed at the White House during the early part of President Lincoln's first term of office. They were chosen as a matter of personal preference, and not as a matter of policy. Hence, very naturally, their intimacy with Mrs. Lincoln excited much jealousy among the Senators' wives and the ladies of the Cabinet.

THE CLOUD OF CIVIL WAR

Mrs. Lincoln's social position was peculiarly trying because of the gloom which hung over the nation by reason of the Civil War. It seemed almost heartless to give brilliant entertainments while hundreds of thousands of men were struggling in battle and suffering the rigors of cold and hunger at the front. Dance-music only recalled the groans of those who lay writhing in agony upon the cots of the military hospitals. Yet, if the mistress of the White House gave no entertainments, she was sure to be criticized, and the very fact might have intensified a feeling, both in this country and abroad, that the national cause was doomed. The most elaborate function given at the White House was held on the night of February 5, 1862, admission being only by invitation. Apropos of this, Mr. Lincoln remarked in his Western way:

"I don't fancy this pass business."

The President and his wife received in the East Room. Major Poore, in his volume of reminiscences, describes her costume as a white satin dress cut *décolleté,* and trimmed with black-lace flounces, which were looped up with knots of ribbon. She wore a rather remarkable head-dress of flowers. The other principal apartments of the White House—the Red, Green, and Blue Rooms—were thrown open, and were decorated with rare flowers, while music was provided by the Marine Band in the corridor. Mrs. Lincoln's eldest son, Robert Lincoln—whom some humorist of that day nicknamed "The Prince of Rails"—assisted in receiving. A really brilliant company was gathered, including the members of the diplomatic corps with their wives and daughters, Senators, justices of the Supreme Court, and Cabinet officers. From the army came Generals McClellan and Frémont, and the two French royal princes, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, who were then nominally attached to McClellan's staff.

As a social entertainment, the affair was a success; yet it brought great censure upon both the President and Mrs. Lincoln. The details were much exaggerated. A rimester in Philadelphia wrote a scurrilous poem entitled "The Queen Must Dance." Others compared this reception to the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels on the night before the battle of Waterloo. As a matter of fact, there was no dancing; and the criticism might perhaps have been less harsh had the fact been generally known that the President's two younger

children had been taken ill after the cards were issued, and that for two nights before the reception Mrs. Lincoln had watched with them, sleepless and anxious. Indeed, it was less than two weeks afterward that young Willie Lincoln died.

MRS. LINCOLN AND KATE CHASE

About this time, a young girl scarcely out of her teens won the honors from all her would-be rivals. This was Miss Kate Chase, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, afterward Chief Justice of the United States. Mrs. Lincoln, true to the instinct that prompted her to have beautiful and vivacious associates about her, quickly formed a friendship with this young girl, and advanced her to what might be called the post of "first lady-in-waiting." In this, however, she made no mistake, for Miss Chase had the diplomatic instinct fully developed. As soon as she felt assured of the strength of her position, she delicately began to direct the President's wife in a way likely to gain for her some of the social prestige for which Mrs. Lincoln longed. Miss Chase warned her of the mistake she was making in constantly choosing a few women on whom to bestow her favor, and advised her to vary her attendants with every succeeding function. For a short period Mrs. Lincoln followed this prudent counsel, with the result that during the next two years of her reign, despite the increasing troubles of the state, the White House functions were on the whole more successful than before.

There could hardly have been in Washington two natures more dissimilar than Mary Lincoln and Kate Chase, and their union was bound to be short-lived. While it endured, Mrs. Lincoln tasted some of the sweets of popularity so grateful to her palate. When it dissolved, her unpopularity grew apace.

Mrs. Lincoln's characteristics were quick excitability and restlessness; her manner was too animated, her laugh too frequent. Miss Chase talked fluently and gracefully, yet always with perfect calm. She was a born woman of the world, with an air of sincerity which added to her charm; and this charm was exercised on women as well as men. None of her portraits, beautiful as they were, did her entire justice. Her complexion was of a delicate fairness, her fine features seeming to be modeled from beautifully tinted bisque. Her eyes, bright, soft, and sweet, were of an exquisite blue, and her hair had the wonderful color of a corn-tassel in the sunlight. Her teeth were perfect, her figure was remarkably graceful, and the poets of that day—and, indeed, those of a much later day—sang the turn of her exquisite throat and the regal carriage of her head. To the day of her death, which was recent, despite cares and sorrows, this woman preserved much of her remarkable attractiveness.

From her teens, Miss Chase had been initiated into political knowledge, for which her calm and thoughtful nature well fitted her. She was ambitious for her father; and six months before the campaign of 1864, when she foresaw that neither party would nominate him for President, she turned her energy to the formation of plans and intrigues to obtain for him the nomination in 1868. His acceptance of the Chief Justiceship tendered by Lincoln disappointed her deeply.

In politics Mrs. Lincoln's influence might have been injurious had her husband ever permitted her to have her way. But he was not the man to yield his judgment, even though it was his wife who urged him; and when Kate Chase understood, as soon she did, that however great might be her ascendency over Mrs. Lincoln, she could not reach the President in this way, the young woman tired of the burden which she had voluntarily assumed, and no longer served as an assistant at the White House functions. Besides, her brilliant marriage with Governor William Sprague, of Rhode Island, which turned out so unhappily, was at this time being arranged.

BEFORE THE FINAL TRAGEDY

For a period of several months there was no "favorite" at the White House. A new election was impending, and the gaieties which Mrs. Lincoln insisted on arranging at fitful intervals were in truth political meetings, where the Southern women, less by one half than they had been, felt sadly out of place. Mrs. Fessenden, who had been Miss Ellen Deer-

ing, of Portland, Maine, made a delightful impression on such members of the "court" as remained constant; but her nature was averse to frivolity, and she appeared at the Presidential receptions only when urged by Mrs. Lincoln. Later, the President's wife was to find in this woman a strong spirit on which she could lean, but this was shortly before the tragedy that ended at one blow her reign and her earthly happiness.

During her four years in the White House, Mrs. Lincoln's love of the theater, always strong, rose to a passion. She began to cultivate the acquaintance of actresses and singers who visited Washington, and to honor them with invitations to the Executive Mansion. Among these were Laura Keene, Isabella Hinckley (Mme. Susini), Mrs. John Wood, and Mrs. John Hoey. With Miss Keene and Mrs. Hoey she remained on terms of intimacy for several years. Their visits to Washington were occasional only, and thus the friction so apt, unfortunately, to arise between Mrs. Lincoln and the women she saw every day, was avoided in their case.

Miss Keene, whose real name was Mary Moss, was an actress of great melodramatic talent, and she was destined to be associated with Mrs. Lincoln in a very painful way. Two years before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, she had made a great success in the part of *Mary Trenchard* in Tom Taylor's famous comedy, "Our American Cousin"; and it was while the President and his wife were watching her in that same play, at Ford's Theater, on the fateful Good Friday of 1865, that Lincoln was shot down.

Before this awful and final tragedy, the life of Mrs. Lincoln had become utterly monotonous and wearisome. At first all had been delightful. She had conquered, as she thought, the haughty prejudices of the highest Washington society. She had half compelled it to accept the favorites she selected, and to make them its reigning belles. With the increasing knowledge of her husband's power to command respect and love, she felt more and more sure of her position. She no longer begged for the countenance of any clique or circle of women. Those whom she singled out were fortunate; those whom she refused to recognize remained outside the pale.

Yet, although it seemed to her that she had accomplished all she aimed at—to rule Washington, to "make" its society, and to give laws of dress to it, nevertheless, she felt dissatisfied. Her reign had yielded only Dead Sea fruit—with ashes to choke her throat. Weariness was her portion. The "court" she set up had turned into a mocking bubble, shining in iridescent colors only in her imagination; created from sordid materials, and wholly empty.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

A DAY of joy, a holiday;
  A day in festal colors dressed
To honor one who knew not play,
  Nor ever tasted rest!

Oh, man of sorrows and of tears,
  Would we could bring to you
Back through the pathway of the years
  One touch of comfort true!

Would that your eyes might penetrate
  The shadows in between,
Through all the clouds of war and hate,
  And mists that intervene,

Into the hearts of all the throng
  Of living men to find
Your name and fame the first among
  The treasures of mankind!

John Kendrick Bangs

HAZING—ITS ANCIENT ORIGIN AND MODERN DEVELOPMENT

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

WHAT is meant by hazing? Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, if asked the question, will say something like this:

"Oh, hazing is just a kind of 'rough house' practised by college boys. Freshmen—at West Point they call them plebes—are made to do queer things, and sometimes they get hurt. Brutal? Yes, hazing is very often brutal; but it is merely one way of working off young men's animal spirits, of which they have too much. It is only limited and local."

Of course, the hazing of which we hear most is the hazing which takes place in colleges, and which long took place at the United States Military Academy. Mr. Julian Hawthorne wrote for this magazine, a few years ago, a very interesting account of hazing, giving specific details of the really savage and inhuman cruelty which passes under this name at many of our so-called higher institutions of learning. Traditionally, a freshman has always been fair game for the sophomores. Sometimes they merely make him seem ridiculous. They put him under a pump, or duck him in a fountain. They compel him to eat soap, or to stand upon a table and improvise songs, or to scan the propositions of Euclid. If he has a sense of humor, and does not "flare up," but takes this sort of thing in good part, he is not often troubled for very long. Presently, he in turn becomes a sophomore, and is privileged to practise upon incoming freshmen the same tricks that were played on him.

THE CRUELTIES OF HAZING

Unfortunately, however, hazing in colleges in often very far from being so harmless a thing as has just been described. In any gathering of men, whether young or old, there are certain to be some who, in their heart of hearts, are bullies with a natural tendency to cruelty, and they give vent to this most evil of passions under the guise of merely "breaking in a freshman." The ingenuity which they bring to the task would be admirable if it were devoted to some other purpose.

There is, for instance, the story of the freshman who was taken out at night, and who, after being blindfolded, was led to a railway track and strapped down tightly to the rails. There he was left. Before long he felt the throbbing and quivering of an approaching train. Then his strained sense of hearing caught the distant thunder of approaching death. Nearer and nearer it came. The grinding of the wheels was audible, growing every moment louder and more terrific. At last it was fairly upon him; and with a shriek, a roar, and a rocking of the earth, the train passed by. It did not harm the boy, because the clever sophomores had really strapped him to a pair of rails which they themselves had fastened to the ground beside the actual line. When they came back to him, however, and removed the bandage from his eyes, they found him no longer a healthy, light-hearted college boy, but a raving maniac whose eyes rolled in terror, and who was destined henceforth to shriek and gibber in a padded room.

Another ingenious mode of mental torture was devised when a freshman was taken, also at night, and placed in a coffin, the lid of which was then carefully screwed down. The victim felt himself lowered into a deep pit, and shovelfuls of earth fell on the coffin-lid above him. Finally, to his frenzied imagination, he was actually buried be-

neath several feet of soil. All the sounds—the infinitely numerous and friendly sounds of the great world to which he had listened only a short time before—died out in silence.

He felt it more and more difficult to breathe. The agony of this living death came over him with all its horror. Suffocating and gasping, he became unconscious; but, fortunately, his nerves were so strong that when, somewhat later, he recovered his senses, he was not a madman, but was sitting up surrounded by his late tormentors, who told him that he had not been actually buried. They had produced the effect by lowering him down a sharp incline which seemed to him like the side of a pit, and there they had heaped earth upon the coffin; yet large holes had been bored through the upper end of it to give him air. His torture was, for the most part, an imaginary torture.

Who can deny, however, that imaginary torture is just as dreadful as reality itself? This young man became a nervous invalid for years, and it was only because of his remarkably strong constitution that he gradually outlived the horrors of that night.

One could tell many stories such as this. The cruelty is often quite as great, though the diabolical cleverness is usually less. Tarring and feathering, half drowning in a lake, hanging by the heels, and other practises which suggest the most malignant forms of Indian cruelty disgrace the annals of our colleges.

At West Point, where men are trained to become officers and gentlemen, they used to pit each plebe against an upper-class man to fight with the bare knuckles or with thin boxing-gloves. If he outmatched his adversary, another and stronger opponent was sent against him. He had no chance. No sentiment of fair play, such as saved a valiant gladiator in the murderous sports of ancient Rome, could save the plebe from receiving a bloody lesson of his own inferiority. Other modes of punishment were devised, some of them so cruel that, when Congress investigated the whole matter, the record read like the annals of a savage tribe. Only a few years ago the fact came out that young Arthur McArthur, son of the distinguished general of that name, was so tortured that he begged to have a gag put into his mouth lest he might, out of sheer physical torment, break out into cries and sobbings.

FRATERNITY INITIATIONS

If this sort of thing were confined to freshmen and to plebes, and had no broader field, one might pass it over with strong condemnation, accepting it merely as a unique and objectionable freak of college custom. But, as a matter of fact, the same thing has its ramifications in other parts of college life—as, for instance, in the initiation to the so-called Greek letter fraternities.

This ordeal racks the nerves of those who undergo it. It is no slight matter for a nervous youth to be taken to a fraternity house and placed in a sort of dungeon, there to await his turn in darkness. Every minute is to him an hour; for he hears outside the muffled sounds which seem to tell him what others are experiencing. Groans and cries, and screams of terror, set his nerves on edge. However plucky he may be, his heart begins to sink, and a cold sweat to break out on his forehead. When the black-gowned, masked inquisitors, with skull and cross-bones gleaming on their sable robes, come at last to seek him, he is so shaken that if nothing else were done he would already have experienced a dread from which he would be a long time in recovering.

Then, while in this state of nervous agitation, he is compelled, perhaps, to walk down a gloomy flight of stairs, which suddenly end and precipitate him down, down, into a great black pool. It is strange indeed if he is not made physically ill. And the worst of it is that these barbarous ordeals are suffered, not by the stolid and the dull, who might more readily endure them, but by imaginative, sensitive, high-strung students whose superior intelligence only makes their suffering more acute, and the effects of it more lasting.

There are many men who have carried through their lives the marks of this unthinking and really dreadful cruelty—nervous wrecks, maimed in limb, scarred, or mentally affected; while the death-list, if it were actually recorded, would make one shudder. And yet so strong is

the tradition that not long ago a father whose son had been done to death in one of these initiations refused to take any measures to punish the murderers—for they were nothing less than murderers. He had himself formerly "been through the mill." He was loyal to his college. He felt that he must endure even the loss of his own son rather than prove a traitor to a barbarous tradition.

HAZING IN OTHER FIELDS OF LIFE

It is a mistake, however, to imagine that hazing is a phenomenon of college life alone. We see the same principle at work in many other fields. A study of it is needed to explain just what it means, and how this organized brutality is not peculiar either to our country or to a single department of our life.

Take, for instance, the so-called benevolent and secret societies. No one is qualified to say exactly what is done to a candidate for admission to a Masonic lodge; but the popular phrase about "riding the goat" shows that a pretty wide-spread belief prevails that the candidate has to undergo a preliminary ordeal; and this is certainly the case with many other secret societies. Take even the Stock Exchange. When a new member first appears upon the floor, he is put through a rough course of what is practically hazing. If he is wise, he will not wear a top hat, and he will don his oldest clothes before giving himself up to the boisterous handling of his fellow brokers.

It used to be very much the same in the merchant marine when sailors first crossed "the line." They were taken in hand by the older and more experienced tars, and soaped all over with a white-wash brush; after which the suds were scraped from their persons in no gentle fashion with a rusty iron hoop. In the navy, also — both the British and the American navy — young midshipmen, when first assigned to their ships, were systematically hazed. Their hammock-ropes were cut so that in the night they came crashing down while sleeping soundly; and other uncomfortable experiences were prepared for them by their messmates.

In the English public schools, fagging was very much what hazing is with us, as any one will remember who has read the pages of "Tom Brown's School Days," with its realistic description of how *Tom Brown* and *Harry East* fought the bigger boy who bullied them. And there is in the same book the story of the little schoolboy who was held before an open fire, so close to it that his skin was scorched and he fainted with pain. In the British army, "ragging" has been the practise in many of the crack regiments. Only five years ago a rather startling state of affairs was developed as the result of a military investigation, which showed how young officers were bullied and maltreated by their fellows. On the continent of Europe, the new recruit has to go through experiences not only painful and humiliating, but even revolting—so much so that their nature cannot even be indicated here.

All these things are forms of hazing; and, as they are not peculiar to one country, so they are not peculiar to any single age of history. They exist and they always have existed, among savages as well as among civilized peoples. The young Indian who aspires to be numbered among the warriors must have his endurance and courage tested by being gashed with knives and by holding hot coals in his hands. The novice who would be a nun goes through a long apprenticeship intended to mortify the flesh, just as the aspirant to knighthood had first to submit to harsh treatment and to perform grievous tasks. When the Knights Templars were attacked and their power broken by Philip IV of France, it was discovered that secret and dreadful practises had prevailed in the order with regard to initiating new members. In a lower sphere, the same thing was practically true of the medieval gilds. Besides paying a sum of money, the apprentice could not become a full gild-member until he had wrought what was called "a masterpiece," involving the hardest kind of labor and the most patient and watchful care.

HAZING IN ANCIENT TIMES

If we go back to classical times, we find hazing in the Roman army, where the new recruit was tossed in a blanket by his comrades. But the most elaborate kind of hazing known to the ancient

world was found in the famous mysteries. There were many of these mysteries, which correspond in part to the secret fraternities of modern times. Nor were they confined to men alone. The Romans had a mystery which was darkly mentioned as "the mystery of the Good Goddess," in which no man was allowed. Even portraits of men were veiled while the ceremonies were going on. Not much is known of this; but the great Eleusinian Mysteries have been studied by writers upon mysticism, who have drawn upon every possible source of information.

The Eleusinian votaries initiated their novices according to rites that were older than Greece, and that went back to what has been called "the dark background of history and the children of the Black Earth." The initiation must have been both terrible and wonderful. The persons to be initiated were plastered with clay, and drenched with the blood of swine. They were terrified by snakes, and they also beheld at midnight strange illusions created by the ingenuity of the priests, who, amid the beatings of drums of serpent-skin, produced effects of dazzling light and shifting color which must have rivaled the resources of the modern stage-manager.

Thus, hazing goes back to an antiquity so great that we cannot follow it to its source. In all ages it has been accompanied by brutality and disregard for considerations of humanity. In itself, however, we may say that the savagery and harshness that go with it spring from the nature of the men and women who have practised it. It is a relic of barbarism, and ought to be suppressed, because it can never remain simply picturesque or striking or humorous, but will always, in the hands of cruel men, be an excuse for cruelty.

A FUNDAMENTAL TRAIT OF HUMANITY

Its essence, however, lies in one ineradicable fact. Whenever human beings have attained to something, they desire to make its attainment by others a difficult and even a dangerous thing. Hazing is an expression of the feeling of the Ins toward the Outs. Whether you are a member of a college, or of a secret society, or of a stock exchange, or a regiment, or a gild, or an officers' mess, you have instinctively, and as a part of your human weakness, a desire to keep others out; or, if you let them in, you wish to make them feel the great importance of their admission. And they in turn, when so admitted, show the same disposition to the other Outs.

If you have suffered in order to achieve a certain thing, it goes against the grain to let others achieve that thing without suffering as much as you did. It is this fundamental trait of our humanity which established hazing when the world was young, and which maintains it, under some form or other, after hundreds of centuries of civilization and in the world's old age. In its worst and most obnoxious form, it means physical suffering and fear and possibly even death. In its milder phases, it merely appeals to one's sense of the ridiculous. It may be diluted to something absolutely innocuous, as when, on being elected to a club, you are called upon to pay an initiation-fee. But throughout the whole gamut, it is always hazing, whether it attacks your person, your imagination, your vanity, or your purse.

MUSIC

God struck the lute
And a quivering, wonderful pæan of sound
Through the universe trembled, a song so profound
That no mortal could hear it, no mortal could know
That majestical music's grand ebbing and flow.

God touched the man,
And he, mortal, not knowing, reached forward and laid
On the quivering strings human hands, and so played,
In a key now attuned to his own earthly ears,
With the God-given impulse, the song of the spheres.

Vivian M. Moses

MAURICE MAETERLINCK AND HIS HOME AT ST. WANDRILLE

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

SOMEWHAT more than a score of years ago, a young Fleming of twenty-four, Maurice Maeterlinck, who in his native city of Ghent had felt the attraction of the French capital, came up to Paris to seek his literary fortune. His family name, which means "measurer of grain," had been given in the fourteenth century to an ancestor, a bailiff at Renaix, near Ghent, who had won the gratitude of his neighbors by distributing grain among the poor during a famine.

Maurice had received his early education in a Jesuit school, the atmosphere of which was far from congenial, and where, except for displaying a precocious literary talent, he had proved himself but an indifferent student. He had subsequently studied law at the University of Ghent, out of deference to the wishes of his family; had been admitted to the bar, and had opened a law-office; but he had practised little, having devoted his time mainly to reading the poets, to writing poetry, and to cultivating literary friendships.

"Maeterlinck and I," says his poet-friend, Charles Van Lerberghe, "formed the habit, in college, of addressing our literary efforts to each other. They were subjected on either side to criticisms both lengthy and severe; and to this I attribute the fact that neither of us dreamed of sending them to the little reviews. Maeterlinck sent me verses, especially sonnets, in the manner of Hérédia, but Flemish in color; short stories, similar to those of De Maupassant; a comedy full of humor and ironical observation, and other ventures. It is worth noting, however, that he never attempted a tragedy, never an epic poem, never anything florid and declamatory, and never anything languorously sentimental. Neither the rhetorical nor the elegiac had any hold on him."

In Paris, Maeterlinck lodged at 22 Rue de Seine, in the heart of the Latin Quarter. He speedily became intimate with some of the so-called Symbolists, to whose review, *La Pléiade,* he became a contributor. He also made the acquaintance of a number of the better-known poets of the older schools.

"I saw Villiers de l'Isle-Adam very often," he says, "at the Brasserie Pousset in the Faubourg Montmartre. Saint-Pol-Roux, Mikhaël, Quillard, and others came there regularly. Mendès passed occasionally."

This irresponsible Paris existence, in which conviviality doubtless had its due part, was cut short by circumstances beyond Maeterlinck's control. At the end of seven months he returned to Flanders, but he does not seem to have resumed, even desultorily, the practise of law. Instead, he devoted himself zealously to literary creation, passing his winters at Ghent and his summers at Oostacker. It was at the latter place, probably, that he came under the influence of the eccentric old man from whom he acquired the interest in flowers and bees, which bore fruit later in the unique books, "La Vie de l'Abeille" and "L'Intelligence des Fleurs."

Two or three years after his return from Paris, Maeterlinck published a five-act tragedy, "La Princesse Maleine," which evoked from Octave Mirbeau—a caustic spirit little given to flattery—such unprecedented praise that the author, like Byron, awoke one morning to find himself famous.

"I know nothing of M. Maurice Maeterlinck," said the enthusiastic Mirbeau.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, AUTHOR OF "PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE," "LA VIE DE L'ABEILLE," AND "LE DOUBLE JARDIN"

From his latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

"I do not know where he is, or what he is like. Whether he is old or young, rich or poor, I know not. I know only that no one is more unknown than he, and that he has produced a masterpiece. He has given us the most brilliant work of this period, and the most extraordinary and the most naive also, comparable and —dare I say it?—superior in beauty to what is most beautiful in Shakespeare."

"La Princesse Maleine" was fol-

THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE—THE RUINED AND IVY-GROWN TRANSEPT OF THE ABBEY CHURCH

lowed by a series of weird, fantastic, pessimistic dramas, which were the utterance of a troubled and profoundly melancholy soul straining to find its way in the darkness. With an art whose very silences were potent, they symbolized those vague and terrible aspects of the subconscious existence which have usually been considered impossible of expression. They were dramas of doubt, of restlessness, of gloom, of moral terror, of despair; nightmares, only the more horrible for their ineffable beauty of form; poetic representations, rhythmic without rime, of the mystery of life and the inexorableness of destiny. Their scenes were laid in crumbling castles full of secret passages, forgotten dungeons, and subterranean pools, and surrounded by black, sunless forests or by bramble-grown, weed-choked gardens strewn with broken and prostrate statues. Their characters were half-mad, half-fantom kings, queens, princes, and princesses dominated by irresistible passions which made them mere puppets of Fate.

In 1896, ten years after his first visit to Paris, Maeterlinck definitely abandoned

THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE—THE CLOISTERS, WITH DOOR LEADING TO THE REFECTORY

Belgium for France. About the same time, stagnant pools, uncanny grottoes, foul birds of night, enchanted fountains, misty moonlight, charnel-house odors, and all the other symbolic paraphernalia of terror practically disappeared from his writings. He had come under the spell of an interpreter of his plays—the radiant actress-singer, Georgette Leblanc, who was later to become Mme. Maeterlinck. Under the wonder-working influence of love, he emerged from the chilling fogs of foreboding and despair into the pure white sunlight of comprehension of the laws of the universe, and was transformed into a teacher, even an apostle, of cheerfulness, courage, and equanimity. The somber, pessimistic dramatist became a stimulating, heartening essayist, and an optimistic philosopher. It was as if a Euripides had developed into a Plato, as if the author of "The Raven" had become the author of "The Over-Soul."

MME. MAURICE MAETERLINCK, WHO BEFORE HER MARRIAGE WAS THE PARISIAN ACTRESS-SINGER, GEORGETTE LEBLANC

From a photograph by Boyer, Paris

For more than a decade, Maeterlinck has consistently glorified the serene wisdom *(sagesse)* that is superior to destiny. The work, "La Sagesse et la Destinée," in which he exhaustively expounded his new-found creed, he offered

THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE—THE GARDEN AND THE WING OF THE ABBEY USED AS A RESIDENCE BY THE MAETERLINCKS

THE ABBEY OF ST. WANDRILLE—THE REFECTORY, WHICH DATES PARTLY FROM THE TWELFTH AND PARTLY FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

to Mme. Leblanc as a tribute of gratitude and admiration, with the following graceful dedication:

I dedicate to you this book, which is, in effect, your work. There is a collaboration more lofty and more real than that of the pen; it is that of thought and example. I have not been obliged to imagine laboriously the resolutions and the actions of a wise ideal, or to extract from my heart the moral of a beautiful reverie necessarily a trifle vague. It has sufficed to listen to your words. It has sufficed that my eyes have followed you attentively in life; they followed thus the movements, the gestures, the habits of Wisdom herself.

The vogue of Maeterlinck's books in his second manner — "Le Trésor des Humbles," "La Sagesse et la Destinée," "Le Double Jardin," "Le Temple Enseveli," and those two remarkable interpretations of the phenomena of natural history — "La Vie de l'Abeille" and "L'Intelligence des Fleurs"—has been even greater than that of his earlier works.

There may well be two opinions regarding the relative merit of these two literary forms. Many people discern more of sheer genius in the product of his first period; but there can be only one opinion as to the importance of Maeterlinck's later production as a moral force. Like the sage of Yasnaya Polyana—or the sages of Concord and of Chelsea in their time — the author of "La Sagesse et la Destinée" is the intellectual guide and spiritual director of many hitherto unquiet spirits in lands far separated, whom his luminous thought has lifted out of the Slough of Despond and endowed with a reinvigorating love of life and of duty.

MAETERLINCK'S NORMAN ABBEY

It was Maeterlinck's "good genius," doubtless, who suggested to him a retreat in Normandy—for Mme. Maeterlinck is Norman by birth. For several years she and her husband had a country house in the hamlet of Gruchet-St.-Simon, near Dieppe. It was while taking an automobile ride from there that they discovered their present home, the old abbey of St. Wandrille, which had been put upon the market because of its abandonment by its former occupants—a congregation of Benedictine monks who had refused to submit to the French law of 1901.

The abbey, which was founded in the seventh century, first bore the name of Fontanelle, from a crystal-clear rivulet which traverses its enclosure and empties into the Seine, a mile or so below. Practically all the original building was destroyed by fire in the thirteenth century, and some of the later additions are now in ruins. They include a chapel of the eleventh century, dedicated to St. Saturnin, crypts containing tombs of the thirteenth century, a refectory of the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, a cloister of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, and a section of the transept of the large abbey church, dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The principal gateway—a monumental affair inscribed "Fontanelle" — and the buildings used as a residence by the Maeterlincks, belong mainly to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

A great part of the grounds is covered by a dense grove of venerable, rook-tenanted trees, which keep the soil moist and the air cool even during the heat of midsummer. Under these trees half-buried fragments of moss-grown, ivy-twined pillars, capitals, and arches abound on every hand.

THE PERSONALITY OF MAETERLINCK

Maeterlinck is a tall, broad-shouldered man, rubicund of face, almost corpulent, and of phlegmatic mien. In a crowd, he might pass for almost anything—a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick-maker—rather than for the highly imaginative and delicate artist he really is. Nor is there anything in his casual conversation to differentiate him from the average member of society. During a visit I was recently privileged to pay him at St. Wandrille. I could not but remark a resemblance between his placid, somewhat stolid physiognomy and the head of the sleepy yellow bulldog, Golaud — named after the prince in "Pelléas et Mélisande"—who remained as if riveted to the floor under his master's chair during our chat, and who accompanied us gravely on our walk through the abbey grounds. The resemblance was rendered the more striking

by the absence of Maeterlinck's mustache, which appears in the photographs with which the public is familiar, but which—as the portrait on page 629 shows—has recently been sacrificed.

If Maeterlinck's personal appearance accords not too ill with his later rôle of cheerful sage, it is almost impossible to think of this robust country gentleman as the author of such tragic allegories as "Alladine et Palomides," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "La Mort de Tintagiles." One recalls, however, the difficulty of seeing, in the bourgeois bust of Shakespeare in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, the slightest hint of the genius that created "Hamlet" and "Lear."

It was something of a disappointment to find that the author of "La Vie de l'Abeille" keeps no bees at St. Wandrille.

"I have no bees here," he explained, "because I do not stay here in winter. Not being able to watch over them myself, I have been obliged to give them up. When I have turned them over to mercenaries, I have come back each spring to heartrending disasters—for it is in winter, especially, that the hive demands the careful and judicious attention of the good apiculturist."

At first, too, it was disillusionizing to learn that the philosopher who wrote "Le Trésor des Humbles" takes very little interest in his rustic neighbors, and—as he frankly admits—has practically no intercourse with them. It should be said, by way of extenuation, that the Norman peasantry are notoriously suspicious and inhospitable toward those whom they regard as outsiders—particularly if the latter do not go regularly to mass—and that any newcomer among them, however well disposed, would find it exceedingly difficult to establish hearty and wholesome relations with them. To undertake the demolition of so formidable a social barrier is not a task that would be at all likely to appeal to a man like Maeterlinck.

Anent his first meeting with Mme. Maeterlinck, one of his friends says:

"According to the testimony of his earliest literary comrades, Maurice Maeterlinck was still very Flemish—that is to say, infinitely timid and a bit awkward—when he encountered for the first time, at the theater, the 'visage of his destiny'—I mean Mlle. Georgette Leblanc. After they had been introduced, the young woman gracefully expressed to the author her unbounded admiration and sympathy. He, however, could find nothing to say in reply to the talented actress. Maurice Maeterlinck, you see, is not only the painter of the inexpressible; he is also the man of the unexpressed."

A MAN OF RETICENCE AND RESERVE

It is not to be expected, of course, that a renowned writer will deliver his innermost sentiments to every person he meets. Maeterlinck's well-known lack of expansiveness, which has commonly been attributed to timidity, may very well be due primarily to a reasoned and deliberate reticence. As he himself has said, "the frankest and most loyal man has the right to conceal from others the greatest part of what he feels."

Nevertheless, in spite of his gray hair, and in spite of the fame he has won, he has never ceased to be, in many respects, just a big, overgrown boy. He is a boy, especially, in his unaffected love of vigorous sport. His college-mates say that while at the law school he was "always on a bicycle or in a sailboat—a student such as one imagines the Yale or Harvard type to be." Without stopping to discuss this incidental characterization of American university life, we may add that nowadays Maeterlinck's favorite amusements are automobiling, roller-skating in one or other of the great empty halls of St. Wandrille, and fishing in the stream that flows through his back yard—if so august a residence may be said to have a back yard—whence he is almost always sure of drawing out trout enough for dinner.

Maeterlinck passes his winters in the south of France, at Les Quatre Chemins ("The Four Roads"), near Grasse, in a house which once belonged to a family of the old Provençal nobility, and which stands in a garden containing four hectares of olive-trees, grape-vines, and roses. He also has a quaint Paris domicile in the picturesque Passy quarter; but it is rarely, indeed, that he remains for any length of time in Paris.

THE WHITE SISTER*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "FAIR MARGARET," "THE PRIMA DONNA," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

SUDDEN and terrible misfortune has overtaken Angela Chiaromonte. Her father, the head of an old Roman house, has been killed in a street accident; and the dead man's sister-in-law, the Marchesa del Prato, has told the young girl that she is not her father's legitimate daughter, and will not inherit a penny of the family estate. It appears that in the controversy between church and state in Italy, the prince was so devoted an adherent of the papal cause that he refused to be married by civil ceremony, and to register his daughter's birth as required by the government regulations. In consequence, it is true that in the eye of the law she is illegitimate. The *marchesa*—who hates Angela because she herself had desired the late prince for a husband, and had made a loveless match with his younger brother when the elder Chiaromonte married another—follows up this disclosure by warning her niece that she need expect no help from the family, and by recommending her to apply to one of the two convents on which her dead father had lavished money.

Angela has two friends—Giovanni Severi, a young officer whom she loves and hopes to marry, and Mme. Bernard, her old French governess; and the latter takes the girl to her own lodging in the Trastevere district of Rome. Severi is anxious to marry her as soon as possible; and as he has no income beyond his pay, he tells her that he will leave the army and enter civil life, in which, being a skilled engineer, he counts on finding remunerative work. Angela, however, makes him promise to wait a month before resigning.

Before the month passes, Severi is ordered to join a surveying-expedition on the Red Sea coast—a service of some difficulty and danger. He wishes to refuse the commission; but when he goes to Mme. Bernard's to see Angela, the girl tells him that it is a call of duty, which he cannot honorably decline.

VII

GIOVANNI stayed barely half an hour, for Mme. Bernard showed no disposition to leave the room again, and he felt the difficulty of keeping up an indifferent conversation in her presence, as well as the impossibility of talking freely to Angela of what was uppermost in her thoughts and his own. It was true that the governess knew all about it, and there are excellent women of that sort whose presence does not always hinder lovers from discussing their future; but either Mme. Bernard was not one of these by nature, or else the two felt the difference of her nationality too much.

The French are perhaps the only civilized nation whom no people of other nations can thoroughly understand, and who, with very few individual exceptions, do not understand any people but themselves. They have a way of looking at life which surprises and sometimes amuses men of all other nationalities; they take some matters very seriously which seem of trivial consequence to us, but they are witty at the expense of certain simple feelings and impulses which we gravely regard as fundamentally important, if not sacred. They can be really and truly heroic, to the point of risking life and limb and happiness, about questions at which we snap our fingers; but they can be almost insolently practical, in the sense of feeling no emotion while keenly discerning their own interest, in situations where our tempers or our prejudices would rouse us to recklessness.

In their own estimation they are always right, and so are we in ours, no

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doubt; but whereas they consider themselves the Chosen People and us the Gentiles, or compare themselves with us as the Greeks compared themselves with the barbarians, we, on our side, do not look down upon their art and literature as they undoubtedly do on ours, and a good many of us are rather too ready to accept them as something more than our equals in both. When I say "we," I do not mean only English-speaking people, but other Europeans also. I have overheard Frenchmen discussing all sorts of things in trains, on steamers, in picture-galleries, in libraries, in the streets, from Tiflis to London and from London to the Pacific, but I have never yet heard Frenchmen admit among themselves that a modern work of art, or book, or play was really first rate, if it was not French.

There is something monumental in their conviction of their own superiority, and I sincerely believe it has had much to do with their success, as a nation, in the arts of peace as well as in war. A man who is honestly convinced that he is better than his opponent is not easily put down in peaceful competition, and will risk his life in action with a gallantry and daring that command the admiration of all brave men. It is a singular fact that German soldiers did not call Frenchmen cowards after the great war, whereas it was a very common thing to hear Frenchmen inveigh against "those dirty, cowardly Prussians" who had got the better of them. Men who can take such a point of view as that must be utterly unlike other people.

This little digression may explain why Angela and Mme. Bernard never quite understood each other, in spite of the elder woman's almost motherly love for the girl and the latter's devoted gratitude. They talked about Giovanni when he was gone, of course, but neither said all she thought about him, because she feared that the other would think a little differently.

The cheerful Frenchwoman had gone through life with the belief that it is better, on the whole, to make oneself comfortable in this world, if it can be managed on honest principles, than to worry oneself about heroics, and in the calm recesses of her practical little soul she was sure that, in Angela's place, she would have told Giovanni to resign as soon as possible, and to find some pleasant and well-paid occupation for his married life. All Angela's talk about a man's duty to his country would be very well in time of war, when there was glory to be got; but it was nonsense in ordinary times, where one man would do as well as another, to risk his life in a small expedition, and when it was distinctly advisable not to be that one. But she knew also that she had better not try to explain this to Angela, who was evidently a little mad on the point, most probably because she was an Italian. For Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Englishmen, and Americans were all completely insane; there was some little hope for Austrians and a good deal for Russians, in Mme. Bernard's opinion, but there was none for the rest, though they might be very nice people. The safest thing was to humor them.

She had given lessons in Roman families that were half Austrian and even half Russian, for the Romans have always been very cosmopolitan in their marriages; but Angela was quite Italian on both sides, and so was Giovanni. It was therefore pretty certain that they would behave like lunatics, sooner or later, the good lady thought; and they apparently were beginning already.

It is needless to dwell long on what followed, since what has been narrated so far is only the introduction to Angela's story—the exposition of the circumstances which determined her subsequent life. As in most cases, it happened in hers that the greatest events were the direct consequences of one very small beginning. If she had not urged Giovanni to wait some time before leaving the army, he would not have been obliged to remain in the service almost as a matter of honor; yet it had seemed very sensible to advise him to do nothing in a hurry. Everything else followed logically upon that first step.

It was the inevitable, and it was therefore already in nature tragic, before active tragedy took the stage. Yet Angela did not feel its presence, nor any presentiment of the future, when she bade Giovanni farewell ten days after he had first been to see her in Mme. Bernard's apartment.

What she felt was just the common pain of parting that has been the lot of loving men and women since the beginning. It is not the less sharp because almost every one has felt it, but it is as useless to describe it as it would be to write a chapter about a bad toothache, a sick headache, or an attack of gout.

Angela was a brave girl, and set herself the task of bearing it quietly because it was a natural and healthy consequence of loving dearly. It was not like the wrench of saying good-by to a lover on his way to meet almost certain death. She told herself, and Giovanni told her, that in all probability he was not going to encounter any danger worse than may chance in a day's hunting over a rough country or in a steeplechase, and that the risk was certainly far less than that of fighting a duel in Italy, where dueling is not a farce, as it is in some countries. He would come back within a few months, with considerable credit and the certainty of promotion; it was a hundred to one that he would, so that this was merely a common parting, to be borne without complaint. He thought so himself, and they consoled each other by making plans for their married life, which would be so much nearer when he came home.

Mme. Bernard left them alone for an hour in the sitting-room and then came in to say good-by to Giovanni herself, bringing Coco perched upon her wrist, but silent and well behaved. Angela was pale, and perhaps her deep mourning made her look paler than she was, but her face was as quiet and collected as Giovanni's. He took leave of the governess almost affectionately.

"Take care of her, *madame,*" he said, "and write me some news of her now and then through the War Office. It may reach me, or it may not!"

He kissed Angela's hand, looked into her eyes silently for a moment, and went out.

"*Marche! Cri nom d'un nom!*" screamed the parrot after him, as if he were going too slowly.

But this time Angela could not speak of him with her friend just after he was gone; and when Mme. Bernard tried to talk of other things with the idea of diverting her attention, she went and shut herself up in her own room. It was distracting to know that he was still in Rome, and that until nearly midnight, when the train left for Naples, it would be possible to see him once more. If she had insisted, Mme. Bernard would have consented to go with her in a cab to find him. It was hard to resist, as she sat by the window, listening to the distant sound of wheels in the street; it was the first great temptation she had ever felt in her life, and as she faced it she was surprised at its strength. But she would not yield.

In her own gentle womanliness she found something she recognized, but could not account for; was it possible that she had some strength of character, after all? Could it be that she inherited a little of that rigid will that had made her father so like her idea of a Puritan? He had always told her that she was weak, that she would be easily influenced by her surroundings, that her only hope must be to obtain divine aid for her feeble, feminine nature. She had believed him, because he had taught her that she must, even in the smallest things, and this was a great one.

But now something cruelly strong was tearing at her, to make her go into the next room and beg Mme. Bernard to help her find Giovanni, if only that she might see his face and hear his voice and say good-by just once more. She laid her head on the window-sill, as if she would hold herself down in her chair, and she refused to move; not because it looked foolish, for that would not have mattered, but because she chose not to yield. Perhaps she was too proud to give way, and pride, they told her, was always a sin; but that did not matter either. There was an unexpected satisfaction in finding one thin strand of steel among the pliant threads of her untried young will.

Besides, she would have much to bear, and if she did not begin at once she would never grow used to the burden. That was another reason for not following her instinct, and a very good one.

To help herself, she began to say one of those prayers of which she knew so many by heart. To her surprise, it disturbed her instead of strengthening her determination. While her lips were mov-

ing, she felt an almost overwhelming impulse to do what she was determined not to do at any cost. The sensation startled her, and in a moment she felt that tide of darkness rising to drown her that had almost overwhelmed her while she was kneeling beside her dead father. Her hand pressed the stone window-sill in terror of the awful presence.

It is familiar to those few who have knowingly or unwittingly tried to penetrate the darkness to the light beyond. It has been called the Guardian, the Dweller on the Threshold, the Wall, the Destroyer, the Giant Despair. Many have turned back from it as from death itself; some have gone raving mad in fighting their way through it; some have actually died in it, of failure of the heart from fright. Some come upon it unawares in their reasoning; some in the hour of profound meditation. Some know by long experience where it is and keep away from it. Some are able to pass through it with unshaken mind and unbroken nerves. Scarcely one in a million even guesses that it exists; of those who do, ninety-nine in a hundred turn from it in horror; of the remaining score of those who face it in a whole generation of men, more than half perish in mind or body; the last ten, perhaps, win through, and these are they that have understood the writing over the temple door, the great "Know thyself," the precept of the Delphic Oracle and of all mystics before Trophonios and since.

Angela's lips ceased moving, and very soon she was herself again, quietly sitting there and wondering what had frightened her so badly, and whether there might not be something wrong with her heart, because she remembered how it had beat twice quickly in succession and then had seemed to stand still while she could have counted ten, quite slowly.

What she called her temptation left her at peace till she knew that Giovanni's train had started. In imagination she could hear the engine's whistle, the hissing of the steam at starting, the quickening thunder of the high-pressure exhaust, the clanking noise as the slowly moving train passed over the old-fashioned turntables, and the long retreating rumble as the express gathered speed and ran out of sight.

Then it was over, for good and all; Giovanni was gone beyond the possibility of seeing him again, and the strain relaxed. Angela put out her light, and when she fell asleep a quarter of an hour later, drops she did not even feel were slowly trickling from her lids to the pillow; for there are women who do not easily cry when they are awake, but when they are sleeping their tired eyes shed the pent-up tears and are refreshed by them.

After the first few days, Angela was not left alone with Mme. Bernard as much as she had expected, nor even as much as she might have wished. The feeling against the Princess Chiaromonte was strong, and as soon as it became known that Angela had found a safe refuge with her former governess, she received several invitations from more or less distant connections to spend some time with them in the country during the coming summer. At the present juncture, in the height of the season, it was natural that no one should want a forlorn young girl in deep mourning to make a town visit. She would have been a kill-joy and a wet blanket in any house, that was clear, and nothing could be more thoroughly respectable and proper than that she should spend the first weeks under Mme. Bernard's roof and protection.

Some of Angela's friends of her own age came to see her by and by, and offered to take her to drive in their mothers' carriages or motor-cars, but she would not go. Though she thanked them with grateful words for thinking of her, most of them thought, and told one another, that she had not been very glad to see them, and would rather be left alone. They supposed that she was still too much overcome to wish for their society; and as young people who drop out of the world after being in it a very short time are soon forgotten, they troubled themselves very little about her. If she ever chose to come out of her solitude, they said, she would be welcome again, but since she wished to be left to herself it was very convenient to humor her, because the Princess Chiaromonte had as good as declared that there were "excellent reasons" for her own apparently heartless conduct.

No one knew what that meant, but

when the princess spoke in that way, it was more blessed to accept her statement than to get her enmity by doubting it. The Chiaromonte family were at liberty to settle their own affairs as seemed best in their own eyes; and as the law could not interfere, no one else felt inclined to do so. Angela had no near relations on her mother's side to protect her or take her in.

Six weeks passed away without incident after Giovanni had left, and she had received three letters from him — one from Naples, written before going on board the steamer, one from Port Saïd, and one from Massowah, after his arrival there. The expedition was to start in three days, he said; it had been waiting for him and the officer who was to take the command, and who had gone with him.

A short time after receiving this last letter, Angela was reading the news from an evening paper to Mme. Bernard, translating the paragraphs offhand into French, by force of habit, because her old governess had often made her do it for practise. Suddenly her eyes became fixed, the color left her face, and she dropped the newspaper with a short, loud cry, falling back in her chair at the same moment.

Mme. Bernard snatched up the sheet and glanced at the place where the girl had last been reading.

The expedition had fallen in with hostile natives a week after starting, and had been massacred to a man. The names of the dead were given, and the second on the list was that of Giovanni Severi.

VIII

Angela lived for weeks in a state of sleepless apathy, so far as her companion could see. She scarcely spoke, and ate barely enough to keep herself alive. She seemed not to sleep at all, for two or three times during every night Mme. Bernard got up and came to her room, and she always found her lying quite motionless on her back, her eyes wide open and staring at the tasteless little pattern of flowers stenciled in colors on the ceiling.

Once Mme. Bernard proposed to take away the night-light that burned in a cup on the floor, but Angela shook her head almost energetically. She never opened a book, either, nor occupied herself in any way, but seemed content to sit still all day and to lie awake all night, never complaining, and never even speaking, unless her friend asked her a direct question.

Every morning, at sunrise, she put on her hat and went to the ancient church of San Crisogono, which is served by Trinitarian monks. Sometimes Mme. Bernard went with her, but more often she was accompanied by the one woman servant who cooked and did the housework.

The unhappy girl found neither consolation nor hope in the daily service; she went to it because, somehow, it seemed to be the only thing she could do for the dead. She knelt down every day on the same spot, and remained kneeling till after the priest and the acolyte were gone. She took her missal with her, but never looked at it, and her lips never moved in prayer. She felt no impulse to go to confession, nor any devotional craving for the communion.

The mass was a mere form to her, but she attended it regularly, as if she expected it of herself and would not do less than the least that seemed to be her duty. That was all. Prayer in any form of words frightened her, for it soon brought her near to that blinding darkness which she had already met twice and had learned to dread. Her present misfortune was incomparably greater than those that had gone before, and she was sure that if the outer night rose round her again, it would take her soul down into itself to eternal extinction.

If she had been physically stronger, she might have tried to call this a foolish delusion. Weak as she was, and growing daily weaker, it seemed as certain as that her body must perish instantly if she walked over a precipice. The past was distorted, the present had no meaning, and there was no future. She vaguely understood Dante's idea that the body may be left on earth, apparently alive, for years after the soul has departed from it, for the evil Alberigo's spirit told the poet that his own body and Branca d'Oria's were still animated by demons

when their souls were already in the torment of the eternal ice. But Angela felt rather as if her living self were a mere senseless shell, uninhabited by any spirit, bad or good, and moved by the mechanics of nature rather than by her own will or another's.

Mme. Bernard watched her with growing anxiety as the days and weeks brought no change. The little lodging in Trastevere was very silent, and Coco sat disconsolately drooping his wings on his perch when his mistress was out, as she was during more than half the day, giving the lessons by which she and Angela lived. The girl sometimes did not move from her chair throughout the long morning, any more than if she had been paralyzed; or, at most, she tried to tend the flowers. The roses were blooming now, and on fine days, when the windows were open, the aromatic perfume of the young carnations floated in with the sunbeams. Angela did not notice the scent, and for all the pleasure the blossoms gave her, they might have been turnips and potatoes. But there was a feeble underlying thought of duty in plucking off a small withered leaf here and there, and in picking out the tiny weeds that tried to grow round the flower-stems. From very far away she heard Mme. Bernard telling her, an age ago, that she could tend the flowers and take care of the parrot by way of helping in the house.

Coco regarded her efforts with melancholy contempt, and turned his back on her when she came near him, and even when she changed the water in his tin cup. As he only drank three or four drops in a day, it probably seemed to him a work of supererogation. While his mistress was out he rarely uttered a sound; but when he heard her footsteps in the short passage outside, he gave vent to his feelings, and hailed her return with boisterous shouts and unearthly whistling of old French military tunes. Even the noise he made did not disturb Angela; she hardly heard him, for her nerves were not overwrought, but deadened almost to insensibility.

Mme. Bernard consulted a young doctor, a man of talent, who was taking lessons of her for the sake of his practise among foreigners. She used to say that between her pupils and their friends and relations, she could get the best advice on any matter without paying a penny for it. The young physician answered that he could not help her much without seeing the patient, but that the best thing for Angela would be to eat and sleep well and not to fret.

Some such idea had probably occurred to the little Frenchwoman, for she laughed gaily in the doctor's face, and he, not being paid to look serious, joined in her laughter.

"You cannot say it is bad advice," he said, "and you wanted me to say something. Let me see the young lady, and I will tell you honestly whether I know of anything that will do her good, as I would tell a colleague."

They agreed that he should call one evening, on pretense of taking an extra lesson in a leisure hour. He came at the appointed time, and watched Angela narrowly during the few minutes she remained in the room. When she was gone, he gave his opinion without hesitation.

"The best thing for her would be a good illness," he said. "You look surprised! I will try to explain. That young lady is stronger than you think. It would do her a world of good to shed tears, but she cannot, because her unconscious power of resistance has been exercised till it has grown rigid. You have heard of Hindu devotees who hold up one arm till it stiffens in that position, so that they could not move it if they tried. That is an image of what I mean, unless it is the thing itself. After learning the terrible news, Donna Angela unconsciously steeled herself against her natural impulse to break down. She has a strong will, and the result is what you see. The strain of resisting was so great that in a few hours it deadened her to all sensation. If she could fall ill, the tension would relax. In my opinion, it will do so when her physical strength is worn out by starvation and lack of sleep; but a simple specific malady, like the whooping-cough or the measles, would be better for her. If you cannot break up her present condition, and if she has any organic weakness of the heart, it may stop beating one of these days. That is what is called dying of a broken heart,

my dear Mme. Bernard. There is no medicine against that like a broken leg!"

"Fie!" cried Mme. Bernard. "You have no human feeling at all!"

"I am sorry," answered the physician with a smile, "but it is my business to have a head instead. You asked my opinion, and I have given it, as I would to another doctor. The old-fashioned ones would laugh at me, the younger ones would understand."

"If you could only make the poor child sleep a little! Is there nothing?"

"She is not neurasthenic," the doctor objected. "It would be of no use to give her sleeping-medicines, for after a few days they would have no effect, except to excite her nerves unnaturally."

"Or something to give her an appetite," suggested Mme. Bernard vaguely.

"She has an excellent appetite, if she only knew it. The reason why she does not eat is that she does not know she is hungry, though she is half starved. I served in the African campaign when I was a young military surgeon. I have seen healthy men faint for want of food when they had plenty at hand, because they could not realize that they were hungry in their intense preoccupation. Great emotions close the entrance to the stomach, often for a considerable time. The fact is well known, and it is easier than you think to form the habit of living on next to nothing. It is the first step that counts."

"As they said of St. Denis when he carried his head three steps after it was cut off," said Mme. Bernard thoughtfully and without a smile.

"Precisely," the doctor assented. "I myself have seen a man sit his horse at a full gallop, without relaxing his hold, for fifty yards after he had been shot through the head. The seat of the nerves that direct automatic motion is not in the brain, but appears to be in the body, near the spine. When it is not injured, what used to be called unconscious cerebration may continue for several seconds after death. Similarly, bodily habits, like feeling hunger or being insensible to it, appear to have their origin in those ganglions, and not in any sort of thought. Consequently, thought alone, without a strong exercise of the will, has little effect upon such habits of the body. When a man does a thing he does not mean to do, and says, "I cannot help it," he is admitting this fact. If you were to ask Donna Angela if she means to starve herself to death deliberately, she would deny it with indignation, but would tell you that she really cannot eat, and meanwhile she is starving. Give her a comparatively harmless illness like the measles, severe enough to break up the ordinary automatic habits of the body, and she will eat again, with an excellent appetite. In all probability I could give her the measles by artificial means; but, unfortunately, that sort of treatment is not yet authorized!"

The young doctor, who was not by any means a dreamer, seemed much amused at his own conclusion, which looks absurd even on paper, and Mme. Bernard did not believe a word he said. In questions of medicine, women are divided into two great classes, those who will consult any doctor and try anything, and those who only ask the doctor's opinion when they are forced to, and who generally do precisely the opposite of what he suggests. This is a more practical view, and is probably the safer, if they must go to one of the two extremes. Moreover, doctors are so much inclined to disagree that when three of them give a unanimous opinion, it is apt to be worthless.

The only immediate result of Mme. Bernard's consultation with the doctor was that she disappointed one of her pupils the next day in order to gain an hour, which she devoted to making a very exquisite *mousse de volaille* for Angela. The poor girl was much touched, but could only eat two or three mouthfuls, and the effort she made to overcome her repugnance was so unmistakable that the good little Frenchwoman was more anxious for her than hurt at the failure.

She had tried two sciences, she said to herself, but the doctor of medicine had talked the nonsense of theories to her, and the combined wisdom of Vatel, Brillat-Savarin, and Carême had proved fruitless. A person who could not eat Mme. Bernard's *mousse de volaille* could be cured only by a miracle. Accordingly, she determined to consult a churchman without delay, and went out early in the

afternoon. Angela did not notice that she was dressed with more than usual care, as if for a visit of importance.

IX

Mme. Bernard had been gone about half an hour, and the young girl was sitting in her accustomed place, listless and apathetic as usual, when the door-bell rang, and a moment later the woman servant came in, saying that a foreign gentleman was on the landing who insisted on seeing Angela, even though she was alone. After giving a long and not flattering description of his appearance, the woman held out the card he had given her. Angela glanced at it and read the name of Filmore Durand, and above, in pencil, half a dozen words: "I have brought you a portrait."

Angela did not understand in the least, though she tried hard to concentrate her thoughts.

"Ask the gentleman to come in," she said at last, hardly knowing what she said.

She turned her face to the window again, and in the course of thirty seconds, when she was roused by Durand's voice in the room, she had almost forgotten that he was in the house. She had not heard English spoken since she had left his studio on the morning when her father died, and she started at the sound. For weeks, nothing had made such an impression on her.

She rose to receive the great American painter, who was standing near the table in the middle of the room, looking at her in surprise and real anxiety, for she was little more than a shadow of the girl he had painted six weeks or two months earlier. He himself had brought in a good-sized picture, wrapped in new brown paper. It stood beside him on the floor, reaching as high as his waist, and his left hand rested on the upper edge. He held out the other to Angela, who took it apathetically.

"You have been very ill," he said in a tone of concern.

"No," she answered. "I am only a little tired. Will you not sit down?"

She sank into her seat again, and one thin hand lay on the cushioned arm of the chair. Instead of seating himself, Durand lifted the picture, still wrapped up, and set it upright on the table, so that it faced her.

"I heard," he said in a low voice; "so I did this for you from memory and a photograph."

There was a sudden crackling and tearing of the strong paper as he ripped it off with a single movement, and then there was absolute silence for some time. Angela seemed not even to breathe, as she leaned forward with parted lips and unwinking, wondering eyes. Then, without even a warning breath, a cry broke from her heart.

"He is not dead! You have seen him again! He is alive—they have cheated me!"

Then she choked and leaned back, pressing her handkerchief to her mouth.

Instead of answering, the painter bent his head and looked down sideways at his own astounding handiwork, and for the second time in that year he was almost satisfied. Presently, as Angela said nothing more, he was going to move the canvas, to show it in a better light. She thought he meant to take it away.

"No!" she cried. "Not yet! Let me see it—let me understand—"

Her words died away and she was silent again, her eyes fixed on the portrait. At last she rose, came forward, and laid both her thin hands on the narrow black-and-gold frame.

"I must have it," she said. "You must let me have it, though I cannot pay for it. But I will some day. I will work till I can earn enough money, or till I die—and if that comes soon, they will give you back the picture. You cannot take it away!"

Durand saw that she had not understood.

"It is for you," he said. "I painted it to give to you. You see, after your father died, I kept yours—I never meant them to have it, but it seemed as if I owed you something for it, and this is to pay my debt. Do you see?"

"How kind you are!" she cried. "How very, very kind! I do not quite follow the idea—my head is always so tired now—but I knew you would understand how I should feel—if I accepted it without any return!"

So far as arithmetic went, the man of genius and the broken-hearted girl were

equally far from ordinary reckoning. Durand knew that by a turn of luck he had been able to keep the only portrait he had ever been sorry to part with when it was finished, and he was convinced that he owed somebody something for such an unexpected pleasure. On her side, Angela was quite sure that unless the portrait of the man she had loved was to be an equivalent for some sort of obligation, she could not be satisfied to keep it all her life unpaid for.

It filled the little sitting-room with light and color, as a Titian might have done. It was as intensely alive as Giovanni Severi had been—the eyes were full of those quick little coruscations of fire that had made them so unlike those of other men, the impulsive nostrils seemed to quiver, the healthy young blood seemed to come and go in the tanned cheeks, the square shoulders were just ready to make that quick, impatient little movement that had been so characteristic of him, so like the sudden tension of every muscle when a thoroughbred scents sport or danger. No ordinary artist would ever have seen all there was in the man, even in a dozen sittings, but Durand's twin gifts of sight and memory had unconsciously absorbed and held the whole, and a skill that was never outdone in its time had made memory itself visible on the canvas. Something that was neither a "harmless illness" nor a "miracle" had waked Angela from her torpor.

"How can I thank you?" she asked, after a long pause. "You do not know what it is to me to see his living face—you will call it an illusion — it seems as if—"

She broke off suddenly and pressed her handkerchief to her lips again.

"Only what you call the unreal can last unchanged for a while," the painter said, catching at the word she had used, and thinking more of his art than of her. "Only an ideal can be eternal, but every honest attempt to give it shape has a longer life than any living creature. Nature makes only to destroy, but art creates for the very sake of preserving the beautiful."

She heard each sentence, but was too absorbed in the portrait to follow his meaning closely. Perhaps it would have escaped her if she had tried.

"Only good and evil are everlasting," she said, almost unconsciously repeating words she had heard somewhere when she was a child.

Durand looked at her quickly, but he saw that she was not really thinking.

"What is 'good'?" he asked, as if he were sure that there was no answer to the question.

It attracted her attention, and she turned to him; she was coming back to life.

"Whatever helps people is good," she said.

"The French proverb says, 'Help thyself, and God will help thee,' suggested Durand.

"No; it should be, 'Help others, and God will help you,'" Angela answered.

The artist fixed his eyes on her as he nodded a silent assent; and suddenly, though her face was so changed, he knew it was more like his portrait of her than ever, and that the prophecy of his hand was coming to fulfilment.

He stayed a moment longer, and asked if he could be of any service to her or Mme. Bernard. She thanked him vaguely, and almost smiled. He felt instinctively that she was thinking of what she had last said, and was wishing that some one would tell her how she might do something for others, rather than that another should do anything for her.

She went with him to the door at the head of the stairs, and let him out.

"Thank you," she said, "thank you! You don't know what you have done for me!"

He looked at her in thoughtful silence for a few seconds, holding her hand as if they were old friends.

"There is no such thing as death," he said gravely.

And with this odd speech he left her and went slowly down the narrow stone steps; and though she watched him till he disappeared at the next landing, he did not once turn his head.

When she was in the sitting-room she set the framed picture on a straight chair near the window and sat down before it in her accustomed seat; and Durand's last words came back to her again and again, as if they were begging to be remembered and understood. Her memory brought with them many exhortations

and sayings from the sacred books, but none of them seemed to mean just what she knew that little speech of his must mean if she could quite understand it.

She had come to life again unexpectedly, and the spell of her dreadful solitude was broken. She did not think it strange that her eyes were dry as she gazed at the well-loved face, while the inner voice told her that there was "no such thing as death." He had done his duty, and he expeoted her to do hers until the time came for them to meet forever.

In the aimless wandering of her thoughts during the past weeks she had only understood that he was gone. In an uncounted moment, while she had been turning over the leaves of a book, or idly talking with Mme. Bernard, or plucking a withered leaf from one of the plants outside the window, he had been fighting for his life and had lost it. Perhaps she had been quietly asleep just then. She had heard people say they were sure that if anything happened to those they dearly loved, some warning would reach them. She had heard tales of persons appearing at the moment of their death to those dearest to them, and even to indifferent people. Such stories were but idle talk, for while she read out the news to Mme. Bernard, she had been expecting to hear that the expedition was advancing successfully on its way, she had been wondering what chance there was of getting a letter from the interior, she had been intimately convinced that Giovanni was safe, well, and making good progress, when he had been dead for a fortnight.

Mme. Bernard had read the details, so far as they were known, but she had wisely said nothing except that the news was fully confirmed. Angela herself had refused to touch a newspaper since that day. It had been enough that he was gone—to know how, or even to guess, would be a suffering she could not face. What had been found of the poor men who had perished had been brought home; there had been a great military funeral for them; their names were inscribed forever on the roll of honor. In time, when the political situation changed, an effort would be made to avenge their death, no doubt; for every man who had been murdered a hundred would be slain, or more, if possible, till even a Scythian might feel satisfied that their angry spirits were appeased by blood. Angela knew nothing of all this, for she never left the house except to go to early mass every day, and Mme. Bernard never spoke of the dead man nor of the lost expedition.

When the governess came home, a little after sunset, Angela was still sitting before the picture, her chin resting on her hand and her elbow on her knee as she leaned forward to see better in the failing light. With a bright smile the girl turned her head, and Mme. Bernard started in surprise when she saw the portrait.

"It is he!" she cried. "It is he, to the very life!"

"Yes," Angela answered softly, "it is Giovanni. He has been telling me that I must do my part, as he did his. He is waiting for me, but I cannot go to him till my share is done."

She was gazing at the face again, while Mme. Bernard looked from it to her in undisguised astonishment.

"I do not understand, my dear," she said very gently. "Who has brought you this wonderful picture?"

She hardly expected an explanation, and she guessed that the portrait was Durand's work, for few living painters could have made such a likeness, and none would have painted it in that way, which was especially his own. To her surprise, Angela turned on her chair without rising, and told her just what had happened, since he had come in early in the afternoon bringing the picture with him. When she had finished she turned to it again, as if there were nothing more to be said, and at that moment Coco began to talk in a tone that made further conversation impossible. Mme. Bernard took him on her hand and disappeared with him.

When she came back, Angela was standing on a chair holding up the portrait with both hands and trying to hang it by the inner edge of the frame on an old nail she had found already driven into the wall. Mme. Bernard at once began to help her, as if not at all surprised at her sudden energy, though it seemed nothing less than miraculous.

They succeeded at last, and both got down from their chairs and drew back two steps to judge of the effect.

"It is a little too high," Angela said thoughtfully. "To-morrow I will get a cord and two rings to screw into the frame at the back, and then we will hang it just as it should be."

"Perhaps we could put it in a better light," Mme. Bernard suggested. "The room is so dark now that one cannot judge of that."

"He must be where he can see me," Angela said.

Her friend look puzzled, and the young girl smiled again, quite naturally.

"I am not dreaming," she said, as if answering a question not spoken. "I do not mean that the picture can really see, any more than I believe that what they call 'miraculous images' of saints are the saints themselves. But when I see the eyes of the portrait looking straight at me, I feel that he himself must see me, from where he is; and he will see me do my part, as he has done his. At least, I hope I may."

She went to her own room, and Mme. Bernard followed her to light the little lamp for her, as she had always done of late. But to-day Angela insisted on doing it herself.

"You must not wait on me any more," said the girl. "I have been very idle for weeks, but I did not understand, and you will forgive me, because you are so good and kind."

"You are a little angel, my dear!" cried Mme. Bernard, much affected. "They did right to name you Angela!"

But Angela shook her head as she put the paper shade over the lamp, and then went to the window to close the inner shutters before drawing the curtains.

"I have been a very useless little angel," she answered, "and I am sorry for it. But I mean to do better now, and you will help me, won't you?"

"That is all I ask. But, to tell the truth, I was discouraged to-day, and I have been to ask the advice of a very good man. There, I have told you, and I am glad of it, because I hate secrets! He has promised to come and see you, and talk to you, but now that you are yourself again—" She stopped, as if embarrassed.

"Who is he?" asked Angela with a shade of distrust. "A priest?"

"Please do not be angry!" Mme. Bernard began to repent of what she had done. "I was so much distressed—I felt that you were slipping out of the world day by day, just dying of a broken heart, so I went to see him."

"I am not going to die," Angela said. "Who is he? I think I know at last what I must do, without the advice of a priest. But tell me who he is."

"He is such a good man, my dear—Monsignor Saracinesca."

"That is different," Angela said, changing her tone at once. "I shall be very glad to see Monsignor Saracinesca. He is a real saint, if there is one living."

X

There is a religious house in Rome, beyond the Tiber and not far from Porta Portese, which I will call the Convent of the Nursing Sisters of Santa Giovanna d' Aza. Their order is a branch of a great and ancient one, though it has not had a separate existence for very long. The convent contains one of the best private hospitals in Italy, and the sisters also go out as trained nurses, like those of several other orders. But they do something more, which the others do not; for almost every year two or three, or even four of them, go out to the Far East to work in the leper hospitals which missionaries have established in Rangoon and elsewhere. A good many have gone in the last ten years, but few will ever return.

The convent is much larger than any one would suppose who judged merely from the uninteresting stuccoed wall which faces the quiet street, and in which there are a few plain windows without shutters, and a large wooden door, painted a dull green. This door, which is the main entrance, is opened and shut by the portress as often as a hundred times a day and more; but when it is open there is nothing to be seen within but a dark vestibule paved with flagstones; and the portress's wooden face is no more prepossessing than the wall itself. If any one asks her a question, she answers civilly in a business-like tone, with a hard foreign accent, for she is the widow of one of the Swiss

Guards at the Vatican; but she is naturally silent, stolid, mechanical, and trustworthy.

She is a lay sister, and is called Sister Anna. She lives in a small room on the left of the vestibule as you go in, five steps above the stone pavement. She is very rarely relieved from her duties, and then only for a few hours at a time; and all the patients must pass her when they enter or leave the house, as well as the doctors, and the visitors whose smart carriages and motor-cars often stand waiting in the narrow street. Fifty times a day, perhaps, the door-bell rings and Sister Anna deliberately flaps down the five steps in her heavily soled slippers to admit one person or another, and fifty times, again, she flaps down to let them out again. The reason why she does not go mad or become an imbecile is that she is Swiss. That, at least, is how it strikes the celebrated surgeon, Professor Pieri, who is at the convent very often, because he has many of his patients brought there to be operated on and nursed.

There is a still and sunny garden within, surrounded by a wide and dry cloister, above which the ancient building rises only one story on the three sides of the square; but on the fourth side, which looks toward the sun at noon, there are three stories, which have been built lately, and the hospital wards are in that wing, one above the other. On the opposite side, a door opens from the cloister to the choir of the church, which has also an outer entrance from the street, now rarely used; for the chaplain comes and goes through the cloister, the vestibule, and the green door where the portress is.

Beyond her lodge there is a wide hall, with clearstory windows and glass doors opening to the cloister and the garden; and from this hall the hospital itself is reached by a passage through which all the patients are taken. The mother superior's rooms are those above the cloister on the farther side of the garden, and have three beautiful thirteenth-century windows divided by pairs of slender columns.

In the middle of the garden there is an old well with three arches of carved stone that spring from three pillars and meet above the center of the well-head, and the double iron chain runs over a wheel, and has two copper buckets, one at each end of it; but the water is now used only for watering the flowers. There are stone seats round the well, too, on which three old nuns often sit and sun themselves on fine days. They are the last of the sisters of the old time, when there was no hospital and no training-school, and the nuns used to do anything in the way of nursing that was asked of them by rich or poor, with a good heart and a laudable intention, but without even the simplest elements of modern prophylaxis, because it had not been invented then. For that has all been discovered quite recently, as we older men can remember only too well.

If this description has seemed tedious, you must know that Angela lived in the convent and worked there for five whole years after Giovanni was lost in Africa; so that it was needful to say something about her surroundings.

What has happened must be logical, just because it has happened; if we do not understand the logic, that may or may not be the worse for us, but the facts remain.

It is easy, too, to talk of a "vocation" and to lay down the law regarding it, in order to say that such and such a woman acted wisely in entering a religious order, or that such another made a mistake. The fact that there is no such law is itself the reason why neither a man nor a woman is permitted nowadays to take permanent vows until after a considerable period of probation, first as a "postulant," and then as a novice.

For my own part, when Angela Chiaromonte left Mme. Bernard's pleasant rooms in Trastevere and went into the convent hospital of Santa Giovanna d' Aza through the green door, I do not believe that she had the very smallest intention of becoming a nun, nor that she felt anything like what devout persons call a "vocation." It was not to disappear from the world forever that she went there, and it was not in order to be alone with her sorrow, though that would have been a natural and human impulse; nor was it because she felt herself drawn to an existence of asceticism and mystic meditation.

The prospect of work was what attracted her. She was a perfectly healthy-minded girl, and though she might never cease to mourn the man she had loved, it was to be foreseen that in all other respects she might recover entirely from the terrible shock and live out a normal life. Under ordinary circumstances, that is what would have happened. She would have gone back to the world after a time, outwardly the same, though inwardly changed in so far as all possibilities of love and marriage were concerned. She would have lived in society, year after year, growing old gracefully and tenderly, as some unmarried women do whose stories we never knew or have forgotten, but whose hearts are far away, watching for the great To-morrow, beside a dead man's grave, or praying before an altar whence the god has departed. They are women whom we never call "old maids," perhaps because we feel that in memory they are sharing their lives with a well-loved companion whom we cannot see. That might have been Angela's future.

But a brutal fact put such a possibility out of the question. She was a destitute orphan, living on the charity of her former governess, whereas her nature was independent, brave, and self-reliant. When she rose above the wave that had overwhelmed her, and opened her eyes and found her senses again, her instinct was to strike out for herself. Though she talked with Monsignor Saracinesca again and again, she had really made up her mind after her first conversation with him. She saw that she must work for her living, but at the same time she longed to devote her life to some good work for Giovanni's sake. The churchman told her that if she could learn to nurse the sick, she might accomplish both ends.

He never suggested that she should become a nun, or take upon herself any permanent obligation. He had seen much of human nature; the girl was very young, and perhaps he underrated the strength of her love for the dead man, and thought that she might yet marry happily and live a normal woman's life. But there was no reason why she should not become a trained nurse in the meantime, and there was room for her in the nun's hospital of Santa Giovanna d' Aza, an institution which owes its first beginnings and much of its present success to the protection of the Saracinesca family, and more particularly to the princess herself, the beautiful Donna Corona of other days, and to her second son, Monsignor Ippolito. The hospital was always in need of young nurses, especially since a good many of the older ones were going to the Far East; and when there was a choice, the mother superior gave the preference to applicants from the better classes.

The matter was therefore settled without difficulty, and Angela was soon installed in the tiny room which remained her cell for years afterward. It contained a narrow iron bedstead, and during the day a small brass cross always lay on the white coverlet. There were a chest of drawers, one rush-bottomed chair, and a very small table, on which stood an American nickeled alarm-clock. The only window looked westward over the low city wall toward Monteverde, where the powder-magazine used to stand before it was blown up.

She wore a plain gray frock at first, but when she was in the wards it was quite covered by the wide white cotton garment which all the nurses wore when on duty. Occasionally Mme. Bernard came and took her for a walk, and sometimes she went out on an errand with one of the nuns; but she did not care very much for that, possibly because she was not under any restraint. The beautiful enclosed garden was wide and sunny, and she could generally be alone there. When the weather was fine, she could wander about between the beds of roses and carnations, or sit on a bench; and if it rained, she could walk up and down under the cloisters.

The three old nuns who came out to sun themselves paid no attention to her, beyond nodding rather shakily when she bent her head to them in respectful salutation. They had seen more than a hundred girls enter the convent, to work and grow old like themselves, and one more neither made any difference to them nor possessed for them the least interest. That strange petrifaction had begun in them which overtakes all very old monks and nuns who have never had very active

minds. From doing the same things, with no appreciable variation, at the same hours, for fifty, sixty, and even seventy years, they become so perfectly mechanical that their bodies are always in one of a limited number of attitudes, less and less pronounced as great age advances, till they at last cease to move at all and die, as the hands of a clock stop when it has run down.

But the three old nuns belonged to a past generation, and it was not probable that the younger sisters would ever be like them. The mother superior was a small and active woman, with quick black eyes, a determined mouth, and a strangely pale face. She seemed to be incapable of being tired. Among themselves, the novices called her the little white volcano. When the one who had invented the epithet repeated it to Monsignor Saracinesca in confession, and he gently told her that it was wrong to speak disrespectfully of her superior, she rather pertly asked him whether any one who lived under a volcano could fail to respect it; whereat he shook his head gravely inside the confessional, but his spiritual mouth twitched with amusement, in spite of himself.

The four novices were inclined to distrust Angela at first, however, as she was not even a postulant, and it was not till she became one of themselves that she was initiated into their language. It was not long before this took place, however. From the first, she showed a most unusual aptitude in learning the mechanical part of her profession, and her extraordinary memory made it easy for her to remember the lectures which were given for the nurses three times a week, generally by the house surgeon, but occasionally by the great Dr. Pieri, who had been a pupil of Basini of Padua, and was a professor in the University of Rome. He showed especial interest in Angela, and the pert little novice wickedly suggested that he was falling in love with her; but the truth was that he distinguished in her the natural gifts which were soon to make her the most valuable nurse at his disposal.

The mother superior expected that she would become vain, and gave her some energetic lectures on the evils of conceit. There was a sort of fury of good about the pale woman that carried everything before it. She was just, but her righteous anger was a ready firebrand, and when it burst into flame, as often happened, her eloquence was extraordinary. Her face might have been carved out of white ice, but her eyes glowed like coals, and her words came low, quick, and clear, and wonderfully to the point. As a girl, her temper had been terrific, and had estranged her from her own family; but her unconquerable will had forged it into a weapon that never failed her in a just cause and was never drawn in an unjust one. Monsignor Saracinesca sometimes thought that St. Paul must have had the same kind of fiery and fearless temperament.

It sometimes outran facts, if it always obeyed her intention, as happened one day when she privately gave Angela a sermon on vanity which would have made the other novices tremble at the time and feel very uncomfortable for several days afterward. When she had wound up her peroration and finished, she drew two or three fierce little breaths and scrutinized the young girl's face; but to her surprise it had not changed in the least. The clear young eyes were as steady and quiet as ever; if they expressed anything, it was a quiet admiration which the older woman had not hitherto roused in the younger members of her community.

"Pray for me, mother," Angela said, "and I will try to be less vain."

The other looked at her again very keenly, and then, instead of answering, asked a question:

"Why do you wish to be a nun?"

Angela had lately asked herself the same thing, but she replied with some diffidence:

"If I can do a little good by working very hard all my life, I hope that it may be allowed to help the soul of a person who died suddenly."

The mother superior's white face softened a little.

"That is a good intention," she said. "If it is sincere and lasting, you will be a good nun. You may begin your novitiate on Sunday, if you have made up your mind."

(To be continued)

PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM OF PRUSSIA, THE KAISER'S FOURTH SON, AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

From a photograph by Liersch, Berlin

THE YOUNGER CHILDREN OF THE GERMAN KAISER

BY THEODORE SCHWARZ

THE German Kaiser has impressed himself on the world's imagination after a fashion which the passing of years does not seem to alter. One thinks of him as an alert, energetic, virile figure, neither old nor young, but a sort of incarnation of restless activity and strength. When he first came to the throne, there was much unauthenticated gossip about his alleged infirmity

of body; but all this talk has long since died away, because of his life of intense application to the interests of his empire, his enormous capacity for work, and his prime of life and the maturity of his physical and mental powers.

Like the American President, the German Kaiser lately celebrated his fiftieth

PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA, THE KAISER'S YOUNGEST CHILD AND ONLY DAUGHTER, NOW SIXTEEN YEARS OLD

From a photograph by Sellin, Berlin

feats as a horseman and a hunter. In this respect, as in so many others, he resembles President Roosevelt, whom no one can think of except as in the very birthday; yet the fact made no particular impression. Each of these two men has a natural endowment of astonishing energy which it will probably require

many years to sap. The Kaiser, though he is just three months younger than Mr. Roosevelt, has now become a grandfather. One thinks of it with a certain shock of surprise; but it must be remembered that he was married very young, in his twenty-second year. His family is a large one, numbering seven children.

His fourth son, Prince August Wilhelm, is the latest Hohenzollern to take a bride. Americans have an especial interest in this prince. When he was only nineteen, he fell in love with the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Duke Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein, and asked his father's permission to marry her at once. The desired consent was withheld, and the order was given that August Wilhelm must continue his studies at some university until he should attain his twenty-first year. He decided to remain in Germany for a while longer, and then to come to the United States and take a course at Harvard—a plan which the Kaiser himself thoroughly approved. However, the ardor of the lover prevailed over the purpose of the student; and so in October last, having come of age, the prince was married in the chapel of the Royal Schloss at Berlin.

It is interesting to recall the brief speech which the Kaiser made on that occasion in toasting the newly wedded pair. The words are very characteristic of his own ideals. He said:

"You are about to establish your household and start life together. Life means work. Work means achievement. Achievement means striving for others, for the fatherland, for our people, and for our royal house. After the happy hours of the first days and months, you will be confronted with the seriousness of life, with its duties as they are performed by each member of our family."

The Kaiser now has three married sons, the other two being the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Eitel Fritz. The third son, Adalbert, who is now twenty-four years old, is still a bachelor. There are three other children younger than August Wilhelm. One is Prince Oscar, now twenty years of age. The next is Prince Joachim, who is in his nineteenth year; and the youngest of all is the Princess Victoria Louise, who was born in 1892. We give her portrait, the latest that has been taken of her. It was given out on the occasion of her sixteenth birthday, on the 13th of last September.

The portrait of Prince August Wilhelm and his bride is particularly interesting because of the very lover-like way in which their arms are intertwined. These two young people are very fond of each other, and are not in the least ashamed of showing it.

It is worth noting, too, that they are first cousins, the bride's mother being the Princess Caroline Mathilde of Schleswig-Holstein, a sister of the German Empress. The bride's father and mother are also cousins, but many times "removed," as they belong to different branches of the ducal house of Schleswig-Holstein.

REVELATION

I HAVE marked this day in my calendar
  As sacred and set apart,
For I held in my fumbling hand to-day
  A woman's heart.

I never shall know by what master-touch
  Of undreamed and blundering power
Her soul was charmed to such perfect trust
  For one white hour;

But of all the days in my calendar
  This one shall have honored place,
For I looked through a woman's heart to-day
  And saw God's face!

Peter McArthur

LA TAMBOURINE

BY C. BRYSON TAYLOR

AUTHOR OF "IN THE DWELLINGS OF THE WILDERNESS," "NICANOR, TELLER OF TALES," ETC

WITH A DRAWING BY E. M. ASHE

HANS stopped his horse at the foot of the steep ascent of the Kaiserstrasse, in the swirling storm of hail and snow, to stare through the dusk at a small group of people gathered in the square below him. Hans was big and broad and burly, with hulking shoulders and great red hands, gnawed rough and raw by the tooth of the bitter cold. Presently he left his horse and went down toward the group; he felt sure that men would not stop at that hour and in that temperature save for vital causes.

He pushed through the crowd, and stopped and stared with a guttural oath of amazement. Two people—a man and a girl — held the center of the ring formed by those around them. At the man Hans glanced but casually. He was small and shriveled, with a keen, foxy face and narrow, glinting eyes. He scraped on a wailing fiddle a wild and eldritch tune, which played hide-and-seek through the steady diapason of the storm.

But at sight of the man's companion, Hans's stolid blue eyes woke to sudden interest. She was small and slight and dark-haired, this weary singing-girl, and thinly clad against the cold. Violet rings were smeared beneath her sunken eyes, but her thin cheeks were radiant as a rose-leaf; and her lips, panting with their endless tune, were scarlet. Her dress was of velvet, clinging close to her slender body; it was fantastic, with much trimming of spangles; but it was draggled with rain and mud, and soaked through. Her worn shoes, also soaked, were as so much paper on her feet.

The girl held a tambourine, which she tapped mechanically with knuckle and elbow in time to her song, as she swayed her little body to and fro, and shivered. As an entertainment, it was beyond all words doleful. At intervals the fox-faced man turned his head as he played, and muttered:

"Dance—dance, little fool! It is our last chance to-night. Dance, or thou'lt go supperless to sleep!"

"I cannot dance better than this!" the girl panted, and took up again her mockery of a song.

Hans heard the man's order and the girl's reply, and pushed closer. Never had he seen such a woman. Her slenderness, her grace, her strange costume, her tambourine — all were strange, all alluring. He uncouthly admired the radiance of her soft cheeks, and never saw beneath her eyes the black hollows which no art could obliterate, nor the droop of her mouth. He produced three kreutzers, and held them out to her.

She looked at him with sick and sullen eyes, and went to him, holding out the tambourine that he might drop his offering into it. He did so, his eyes always on her face. She thanked him with a muttered word; then she stepped back to the man's side, and resumed her weary dance and song.

One of the men on the opposite side of the ring tossed a coin into the tambourine. Hans saw it with a small stab of jealousy—though why he was jealous he could not have told to save his soul.

"*Fräulein!*" he said sharply, and held up another coin.

Some one in the crowd laughed. Hans did not know it; if he had, he would not

have cared. But as the girl approached, still heedless of him, moving like one in a half-stupor, he became conscious of what he was doing. His face, under his thick woolen cap, flushed a slow and heavy crimson. In an access of embarrassment he tossed the coin at her, and started to shoulder his way out of the crowd.

A movement of those around arrested him. Turning, he saw the girl, in the act of stooping to pick up the bit of money, lurch to her knees like a spent horse, and settle face downward in the snow. The squealing of the fiddle stopped; he saw the fox-faced man on one knee beside the dark huddle on the ground, and heard a buzz of talk and comment.

The fox-faced man lifted his head and said in a shivering whimper:

"For the love of God, a little charity! Will no one give the child a corner by the fire to-night? She is all but frozen!"

Then Hans, the silent, did a mighty thing. He pushed aside one in his path, and touched the kneeling man upon the shoulder.

"Come!" he said briefly.

The man rose, with alacrity and fulsome expressions of gratitude. Hans put him aside. He forgot even to speak, in his excitement. He forgot all things save the rose-tinged face and the scarlet lips of the girl at his feet—the girl who was like no other that in all his sodden life he had met before. He picked her up awkwardly, yet with the ease of his huge, untutored strength; and the touch of her slim, cold body set his blood racing. In the darkness his eyes were greedy.

Black night had descended upon them, blotting out the high line of the encompassing mountains and the village which nestled in the cup of the valley below. The stone streets, clinging to the steep slopes of the mountainside, were deep in snow, through which narrow lanes had been trodden for the passing of men and beasts. At intervals, from houses hanging far up the heights, a gleam of light glowed redly into the night, bespeaking warmth and homely comfort.

High at the end of the ragged, climbing street was the Inn of the Three Children, kept by old Karl Baer for the entertainment of peasants and poorer folk. At its door Hans pulled up his horse with a jerk, caught his charge as she fell off the horse's back, and kicked at the door until it was opened by an astonished lump of a servant-girl. A flood of light and warmth greeted them as they staggered over the threshold.

Old Karl Baer, red of face, short and immensely broad, looked up from where he sat smoking his long-stemmed pipe on one side of the wide-gulleted fireplace. In front of the fire his *frau* was frying sausages in a long-handled pan, her face flaming in the heat. She also was short, and of the overflowing shapelessness to which most women of her class attain when their prime is past. She whipped the pan off the fire, resting its handle in a three-legged iron crotch, and turned toward the door.

"Dear *Gott!*" she cried. "My son, what hast thou there, then?"

Hans placed the girl on the wide, low settle, and stood looking down at her.

"Eh, a girl! The poor thing!" cried Frau Baer. "Trudel! Here, thou lazy wench! Bring some warm blankets and the copper kettle; and after, two rooms prepare."

Trudel entered, and she and her mistress helped the girl away, bidding the man follow. Hans, sitting on the settle where the girl had been, stared at the door through which they had taken her. His heavy blond face was expressionless, but his blue eyes were hot and eager. He gazed straight before him, his great cracked hands hanging limp between his knees.

Old Karl, in the act of raising the pipe-stem to his mouth, caught the look on his son's face and lowered his hand again. He sat for long, motionless, watching the younger man with small, unwinking eyes.

II

When Hans returned from work the next night, he found the fox-faced man on the settle before the fire, tuning his battered fiddle. Old Karl again held his corner; beside him sat his *frau,* a bit of knitting in her fat, red hands. The fox-faced man, having got his instrument in shape, laid it across his knees and addressed the company:

"Friends, to-morrow, if the storm

abates, my daughter and I will leave this so hospitable roof and go our way. We are poor; therefore, we are grateful. If it please you, we will sing and dance for you. It is all that we can do by way of payment; but, for so long as it may please you, we will do it with a very good will."

He went to the door and called. After a time, the girl appeared on the threshold. She was in her velvet dress, which was dry now, and furbished to some pitiful semblance of its pristine splendors. On her feet she wore a pair of cheap white shoes or slippers. Her cheeks were pink and white; her lips were scarlet. But her face was more than ever gaunt and pinched, and beneath her tired eyes the violet shadows were even deeper than before.

From the instant she entered, Hans saw no one else. Her feet, so small — smaller than his hand; her costume, with its cheap spangles, which glittered like jewels — everything about her, indeed, from crown to toe, was to him wholly wonderful. A vision grew into his slow mind and burned there, of his mouth pressed to that crimson mouth of hers. The thought shook him to his sluggish soul; his hands gripped the edges of his stool until the knuckles stood out white under the raw flesh. As she entered the room, the cuckoo clock in the corner crowed seven times.

The fox-faced man spoke to her. She nodded, walked to the middle of the room, and stood there, her tambourine at her hip. A quaint and haunting melody rippled into the quiet of the room as, from the battered hulk of his instrument, the man drew forth all its longing soul. A poverty-ridden, strolling minstrel, nothing more; yet somewhere in his shriveled fingers lurked the little demon of genius — untaught, unknown—singing its happy life away in the strings of a patched and common fiddle.

The girl stood swaying slightly, marking the rhythm of the music. Suddenly she began to sing. Voice? — she had none — only a reedy pipe, cracked and broken by merciless use, by straining, and by ignorant handling. Passion, art?— of these, by some native instinct, she had large measure.

Frau Baer dropped her knitting in her capacious lap and closed her eyes. Her face was wreathed in fatuous smiles. Hans sat leaning forward, his mouth agape, his eyes following every sinuous curve of the girl's lithe body.

The song ceased. The notes of the violin lingered and died. Old Karl muttered, "*Gut, gut!*" in growls of approval. Hans shut his mouth with a gulp, breathed heavily, and said:

"More!"

For the first time, that he knew of, the girl looked full at him. She smiled slightly, with a gleam of white teeth. The violin dashed into a dance tune, a thing of deviltry and reckless merriment. With a bound the girl flung herself into the midst of it and danced, her white-slippered feet twinkling on the spotless floor and her tambourine rattling and thumping. The spectators settled with grunts of satisfaction to the business of being entertained.

She stopped suddenly, with a final whirl, and sank down at the feet of the fox-faced man, panting. Frau Baer loudly proclaimed her enjoyment. The fox-faced man bowed his thanks, and put aside his violin. It was apparent that he considered the debt cleared and his duty at an end; but Hans, lost to all things save the sight of the slim figure in the abandon of its poses, called again for more.

The girl cast a glance of protest at her companion.

"I promised—'for so long as it may please you,'" he said low at her ear.

The girl got up and danced again, and sang; and sang again, and danced; and always the thick voice in the corner cried for more. He did not see when the man's fingers played slower over the strings, when the girl's eyes became wide and strained, and she reeled from very weariness. Steeped in a pleasure such as he had never known before, he wished to drain it to the last drop, to glut himself with it, to make himself drunk with gazing at the dancing girl. He was insistent, not to be denied. His face, no longer stolid, was heavily flushed; his blue eyes burned.

The cuckoo hurled himself out of his little door in the front of the clock, and shrieked twelve times.

At the sound, the girl, in the midst of her dance, cast the tambourine aside and flung herself on the floor at the musician's feet, her face hidden in her hands.

"He will kill me!" she sobbed hysterically. "I am ill with it—I can do no more!"

The violin tripped on a discord and fell into silence. Hans rose, and stood staring at the prostrate figure on the floor. His face settled into heavy lines of astonishment.

"But—I do not understand," he muttered. Suddenly he turned upon them—huge, hulking — dominating them by sheer strength. "Go away, all of you! I will to her talk alone."

Old Karl set the example. He rose and marched gravely doorward. The fox-faced man caught his arm.

"I'll not have it! Come back, *mein herr,* and bid him—"

"There will no trouble come," old Karl assured him. "Hans is a good boy. We will go; it is better so."

The door closed upon them.

III

By degrees the girl's sobs ceased. In time she sat up, drawing the back of one hand across her eyes. Seeing Hans, she shrank away with a quick indrawn breath, and shot a wary glance around.

"The others! Where are they?" she said. Her German was a foreigner's—crude, though fluent.

"They will come presently," said Hans.

She got up from the floor.

"I will go to them!"

"Not so," Hans said. "I would talk with you." There was no shyness about him. He seemed lunging straight for whatever object he had in view, sure of himself, of what he wanted, yet awkward with ideas—still more with speech. "Is he your father?"

His questions came with eager insistence; she answered obediently, deeming it quite useless to refuse.

"I—do not know. He says he is."

"Do you love him?"

She stared.

"No — oh, no! Sometimes he beats me."

"He will go to-morrow?"

She nodded.

"But you shall not! You shall stay here."

He brought it out with obvious triumph; it was the point at which he had been aiming. Her glance at him was half of doubt, half of fear.

"He will not let me," she said.

Hans considered, his slow wits working desperately.

"If he beats you, he will for gold give you up," he said. "I have gold."

She sat down suddenly on the settle, laid her arms on its back, and hid her face in them, crouched together like a child. Hans looked down at her in stolid perplexity. Presently he got very deliberately on his knees beside her, bringing his face nearer on a level with hers.

"My mother will be good to you when you stay here," he said. "You shall work in the house with her, and be warm, and sing."

"Shall I?" the girl asked. For the first time her eyes lightened to a slow spark of interest. "In the house, not to be always going, going, in the rain and the cold—"

The door opened, and old Karl entered, followed by the fox-faced man. Hans went straight to the latter.

"She will stay when you go," he said curtly, and jerked his thumb back toward the girl.

The man's sharp face went livid with rage.

"But, no!" he cried. His German failed him; he struggled visibly for words. "But, no! She is my daughter—no!"

"I have gold," quoth Hans stubbornly. He saw nothing wrong in the proposition. He wanted something, and he was going to get that something somehow.

The fox-faced man looked at him with a crafty eye. Hans Baer was a being to be held in respect, not alone for the mere massive strength of him, but for the very cloak of stolidity which, effectually masked, one might only guess what slow-moving, irresistible passions beneath.

"Gold!" said the fox-faced man softly. "With gold I can buy a new violin. How much gold?"

"My son! Think what thou dost!" old Karl warned.

Hans shut him off with a growl of menace, and left the room. The three waited in silence. He had dominated the situation, had taken it into his own hands, and from him they must get their cues.

He came back with a small and dirty bag, from which he shook out upon the table the poor savings of a lifetime—very little, yet enough to make the eyes of the fox-faced man glint with greed and longing. Hans put the gold pieces in a heap together, and swept the copper and silver back into the bag.

"Take it," he said briefly.

Old Karl glanced from his son to the girl.

"My son, come and with thy mother talk this over. Here the girl shall stay not one hour longer than she herself desires."

Hans nodded.

"*Ja,* my father, that is so. Go you. I follow."

Karl went out with the fox-faced man, but Hans crossed the room to the girl's side. He put a hand beneath her chin and raised her face, looking at her with a slow and curious interest. It came upon him then that she was waiting for him to speak. Why this should be was beyond his power to fathom; but he who all his life had followed stupidly, as an ox obeys the goad, now found himself taking the lead, without effort, as if it were his right.

"Thou art not as Gretchen and Marie and Trudel," he said slowly. "From them thou art different—why?"

The girl answered:

"I have had no chance to be like them."

"It is for that—because thou art different—"

Hans stopped, seeking further expression. Again the dull color burned the girl's face.

"That I should be fair game?" she said; and Hans could not read half the bitterness in her voice.

When he perceived her meaning, he started back from her in clumsy embarrassment.

"But I meant not that," he said, with an honest distress equal to her own. "It is because thou art different that I would keep thee here." His eyes lingered on the warm scarlet of her lips. "Wilt thou let me kiss thee?"

She shivered a little, drawing farther away from him along the settle.

"Was it for this you—bought me?" she said painfully. "I thought I was to work, to help the gracious *frau* in the house. Is it, then, that you also are like—like all those others?" Her voice faltered.

Hans stammered with eagerness and bewilderment.

"Ah, then—so thou shalt do! But a kiss is a little thing. And thy lips are not as the lips of Gretchen and Marie and Trudel — so warm they are, and red—"

The girl rubbed her lips.

"I wished to stay here so that I, too, might be as other girls," she said. "But if you will not let me be as they are—if what you want is kisses—"

Two tears rolled down her pinched cheeks. The expression of bewilderment on Hans's face changed slowly to one of amazed enlightenment.

"See, then, I will marry thee," he replied. "Then I may kiss thee, and thou shalt also work about the house, *nicht wahr?*"

His tone was matter-of-fact; it was a happy solution of his difficulty. The girl still said nothing. He chose to interpret her silence as consent, and took her into his arms. He looked for resistance, for protests such as Gretchen or Trudel might have made, and was prepared to overcome as he had overcome before. But this girl lay very still, with closed eyes and tears standing on her lashes.

When he pressed his mouth to her lips—the scarlet lips which had so tempted him—she was still quiet. It entered his mind to wonder at her entire absence of emotion; but so long as she did not deny him, he cared little what she did. Fine distinctions were altogether beyond him; he was content with what lay upon the surface.

She pulled herself away from him and sat up, smoothing her rumpled hair with both thin hands. He hung over as she sat passive, her eyes downcast.

"Thou wilt marry me?" he asserted.

"Yes," said the girl. She raised her head and looked into his blond, flushed

face, with its shining eyes of blue. "It cannot be worse than what I have gone through, because I would be as your Gretchen and your Trudel; and it may be better."

Hans stared at her helplessly. At a bound she had gone fathoms beyond his depth; of her speech he understood but the first word.

IV

THE next morning, Hans, entering the kitchen with a bucket of water, saw a figure coming toward him, dressed in much-worn garments, well-nigh shapeless. The light showed up mercilessly a face pinched and sunken and wan, eyes circled by the black rings of exhaustion, lips gray and drawn, robbed of all their seductive ripeness of color.

Hans put down the bucket with an oath. He did not understand at all what change had taken place. His confused thought was that the girl must be very ill, for a single night to have wrought such havoc with her beauty.

"Is it thou, then?" he said, his voice harsh with surprise. "What hast thou made with thyself? Thou hast a sickness—thou art ill—"

"No," the girl answered, "not ill. I am as I am—not a sham and a mockery any more. Oh!" she cried, and hid her face in her hands, "if you could know how I loathed it — those clothes, that tambourine, all the paint and the spangles and the tawdriness—the songs I had to sing, and the men I had to sing them to!" She checked herself with a sob. "I have burned them," she said fiercely; "the dress and the spangles and the paint that made men think me as bad as the worst of their creatures. I was not bad—I would not be! Now I can do as I like, and I need never have aught to do with them again!"

Hans stood and stared at her, forgetting his bucket of water.

"But — now — thou art not beautiful any more!" he said slowly. "Thou art —now thou art as Gretchen and Trudel and Marie—why?"

The girl looked up at him. Quite suddenly she had become calm.

"Did you like me better when I was painted and tawdry, just a thing for men to sneer at?" she asked very low. "Or would you rather see me as I really am?"

"I like thee," Hans repeated after her, floundering in bewilderment. She was going very much too fast for him. "And I do not understand. Wilt thou again be beautiful?"

"How can I be?" she cried. "I am not beautiful. I never was beautiful. I made myself seem so, that when I sang and danced men might give me more money. It was all a lie! And I will not lie again. If you do not like me as I am, I can go away."

Hans scratched his head in dire perplexity.

"Now thou art like Trudel and Marie," was all he said.

The girl turned with an exclamation and left the room. Hans stood in stolid impassivity, staring after her.

Hereafter he avoided her, and twisted with embarrassment when she looked at him. In his eyes the goddess had become woman; had descended without warning to the plane of ordinary humanity, leaving behind her whatever it was which had set her apart from his kind. By degrees he came to manifest still less interest in her; and one night, when he returned from work to find the girl gone from the inn, leaving no trace behind her, he merely grunted and looked relieved.

Thereafter the household pursued its wonted round of life. Nobody said anything about the girl, because nobody had anything to say. But with the weeks that went by a change became apparent in Hans — slow as the changes in the giant forces of nature around him—so slow that none realized it, least of all himself. At times, his heavy face would flush to dull crimson, and his great hands clench until the knuckles showed white under the chapped and broken skin. It was the only sign he gave of what was rising within him.

But in the long nights, when—bruised and sodden with fatigue—he lay sleepless and listened to the timbers of the house cracking in the bitter cold, there came to torment him a vision of a slender figure with rose-flushed cheeks and scarlet, singing lips. When he writhed in helpless misery before it, it seemed to dance before him like a reveling witch,

and to smile at him in exultant mockery; and all his curses could not drive it away.

When the vision changed, he could not have told; but he realized all at once that what was haunting him was a face, pinched and white and sunken, with gray lips robbed of all their seductive color, and appealing eyes circled by the black shadows of exhaustion. The phenomenon perplexed and annoyed him beyond measure. If he must see it, it was infinitely preferable in its semblance of beauty.

V

In the courtyard of the inn Hans stood at the horse-trough, watering the two gray horses. Into the yard came Karl with a neighbor, passing through to the rear door of the house. The neighbor, with intent to gossip, hailed Hans:

"So, friend, to-day my wife in the town saw that little one who came singing in the winter, who was at thy house, as I remember. She is at service in a house on the Alte Wiese. What think you of that, eh?"

Hans led his horses into the barn, with no sign that he had heard the old man's news; but suddenly he stopped, pitchfork in hand, and stood — rough-hewn, hulking — stained with sweat and with the marks of his labor. He began to breathe heavily, and the muscles of his face twitched. With a heave of his heavy shoulders he dashed the sharp prongs half their length into the hard oak floor, so that the fork stood upright, quivering.

"I have thee now, thou little white one!" he said with a low bellow of laughter.

In one moment, as it were, with his blind impulse to action, the floodgates of his stolid nature burst their bonds. His slow-moving passions, once roused, gathered momentum as failure goaded him to fever-pitch in the fury of his search. For at first, until his wits cooled to reason, he could not find her. But the village was not large; and if she had wished to, the girl could not well have escaped him. As to whether she wished to escape him or not, he gave it never even a thought.

There came a morning, diamond-clear, when he stood at the flight of steps leading from one street level to the next below, and watched the women and girls pass him on their way to work. The sun, new risen, glittered on the windows of the houses in the valley. A step sounded on the cobbles, and Hans turned. The street was deserted of all but one. She came toward him, white-faced, weary-eyed; and, as once before, the muscles of his face began to twitch, his eyes to grow smaller in the concentration of their gaze.

She saw him and stopped. Her white face turned whiter, her eyes darkened with fright. His silence forced her into startled speech.

"You must let me pass! I am going to my work."

"Not so," said Hans. "It is with me thou shalt come!"

He had found what he sought, and gods and men might not keep it from him.

She raised her eyes to him—those sick and sullen eyes that unwittingly had touched the smoldering spark within him to all-devouring flame.

"Why did you find me? You do not want me! It was only a painted doll you wanted. Let me pass—"

"No!" said Hans. He came nearer —huge, awkward, dominant — bent on crushing her weak defenses, and she drew back, breathing quicker, with eyes like an animal trapped. "A painted doll I wanted? Something else now I want. It was not as a painted doll that in the nights I saw thee, but little and white and thin. Therefore, what have I to do with a doll? I have found thee. Come!"

The girl caught her breath in a sob.

"Oh!" she cried pitifully, and wrung her hands. "I will not come! You are different, and I—I am afraid! I do not want to be your wife—would you make me hate you?"

But Hans took her in his arms.

"Hate me if thou wilt—why should I fear it? See, then, *liebchen,* I have told the mother to wait for thee. Thou shalt be warm, and sit by the fire, and sing to us once more."

Suddenly he caught her and crushed her to him fiercely, stifling her broken cry with hot and eager lips. She yielded

WITH A BOUND THE GIRL FLUNG HERSELF INTO THE MIDST OF IT AND DANCED

weakly, leaning against him with a little sobbing laugh.

"Why do you want me now?" she whispered under his kisses. "I am not wonderful, nor beautiful — I am only like Gretchen and Trudel and Marie."

"Maybe thou seemest like them, but I know thou art different," said Hans. "Thou art my woman—therefore I want thee, and with Gretchen and Trudel and Marie thou hast nothing at all to do. Come!"

He released her, and started up the rocky street, his eyes, small and insistent and hotly blue, compelling her. For an instant she hesitated, but then she followed, because she could not help herself. Her will was crushed under his will as her lips had been crushed under the passion of his.

They went up the next flight of steps and around the corner of the street together, and the inn-door opened to receive them.

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

II — GEORGE ELIOT AND GEORGE HENRY LEWES

BY LYNDON ORR

IN 1851 there came up to London, from a small country town, a woman who had received an offer to do some editorial work on the *Westminster Review*. She was then thirty-two years of age, and comparatively few people knew anything about her. The importance of her editorial work has been a good deal exaggerated because of her subsequent fame. As a matter of fact, she was merely an assistant to the editor, looking over manuscripts, preparing them for the press, writing letters for her chief, and sometimes herself contributing an article. She boarded with the family of the editor, John Chapman, in a large house which he occupied in the Strand; and there, in a quiet way, she met a number of fairly well-known people, the most important of whom were Herbert Spencer and Harriet Martineau.

This woman, who at thirty-two had achieved only a minor position in the office of a London magazine, was Miss Mary Ann Evans, the youngest daughter of a Welsh carpenter and his second wife. The carpenter had gradually risen to the position of a land-steward in Warwickshire, but Mary Ann was the only member of the family who as a young girl had received anything like a thorough education. Her father, mother, brothers, and sisters used a broad rustic dialect; and the father always spoke of his youngest daughter as "th' little wench." But the girl had attended a school where great pains were taken with her English. Perhaps the crudeness of the language used in her father's household led Mary Ann Evans to be scrupulously careful in her own speech, for she never used colloquialisms. When quite young she talked in polysyllables that were almost Johnsonian. To the day of her death, every sentence that she uttered was framed as carefully as if it were to be written and published to the world at large.

Circumstances had been rather favorable to her. A wealthy ribbon manufacturer and his family had "taken her up." She had spent some time in Switzerland. She had learned German and French, and she had put her knowledge of these languages to a practical use, as will presently be seen. We are more concerned, however, with what she was when she came to London in 1851, since it may be said that from that date she really began to live.

WHAT GEORGE ELIOT LOOKED LIKE

The current impression of Miss Evans is scarcely a correct one, and this false impression is deepened by her portraits, of which not many are in existence. Most persons think of her as swarthy of complexion, with black hair, and unusually sturdy of frame. They imagine, also, that she was "strong-minded" in the popular sense of the word — ready to put herself forward, to take the lead in conversation, to utter radical opinions with a dogmatic air, and having a scorn of all the conventionalities of life. Nothing could be further from the truth. As a young woman she was fair, and even pale. Her hair was of a neutral sort of brown, which afterward, instead of growing dark, became tinged with red. To the day of her death it so remained, without showing the slightest touch of gray. Her eyes were small and of a somewhat changeable blue.

Even her warmest admirer would not

dream of ascribing beauty to her. On the contrary, she was beyond question extremely plain, with a large mouth and nose, rather thick lips, and a somewhat awkward carriage when she walked. She was herself almost painfully conscious of her plainness, and this is why she shrank from sitting for portraits. As she sat in her office chair in the editorial rooms of the *Westminster Review,* her personal appearance was as unpretending as her name; though about this time she herself softened down the uncompromising "Mary Ann," bestowed upon her in baptism, to the more euphonious "Marian."

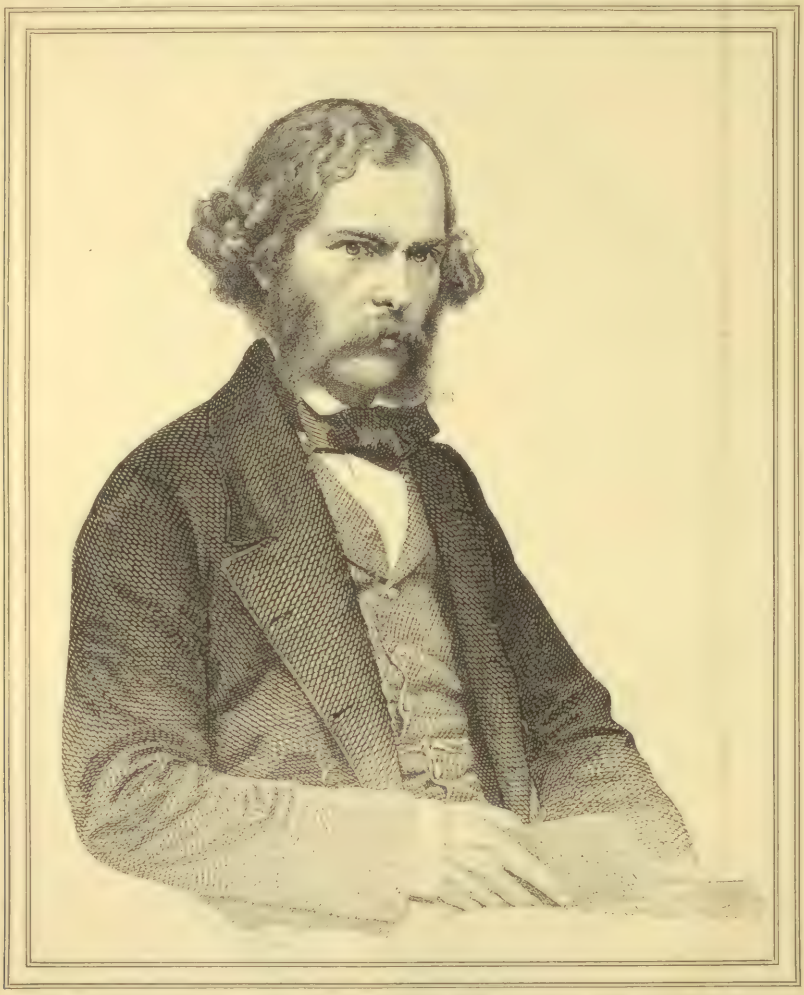
In character and disposition she was also quite unlike the popular conception of her. Of middle height, she was rather fragile than robust, and suffered in her early years from violent sick headaches. In manner she was far from self-assertive. Instead, she was diffident and shy. Externally she was grave and serious and thoughtful; but her nerves were often at high tension, and her nature was very strong and passionate. No one would have supposed her capable of

MARY ANN (MARIAN) EVANS, FAMOUS UNDER HER PEN NAME OF GEORGE ELIOT

From a portrait by Durade, a Swiss artist at whose home George Eliot stayed for some time—the painting is now at the University of Geneva

great emotional crises; but the truth is that from childhood her inner life had at times been almost tempestuous.

When very young she had thrown herself ardently into religious work. At seventeen she was an evangelical Christian, and had given herself to religion with a sort of passionate exultation which made her an ascetic. This was even deepened by the influence of her aunt, a Methodist. Again and again the young girl searched her own conscience and every act of her daily life with a terrible fear lest she should have fallen short of the highest ideals of Christianity. She would pass whole nights in weeping over her own shortcomings and taxing herself with having failed in act or thought. It was an unhealthy and unnatural condition of mind for a girl of her age; but we can see in it now the stirrings of a strong spirit and the irrepressible instincts of an artist moving in a sphere which was not artistic.



GEORGE HENRY LEWES, WITH WHOM GEORGE ELIOT LIVED FROM 1853 TO HIS DEATH IN 1878

From an engraving after a photograph by Weger, Leipsic

It seems strange to find so fiery a soul in so unprepossessing a body. Excess of emotion is incompatible with the too massive jaw and with the harsh lines of her face. The real clue to an understanding of the woman lay in her hands,

which were exquisitely shaped, sensitive, beautiful, and slender.

FROM FAITH TO FREE THOUGHT

Action begets reaction. There came a time when this young enthusiast fell under the influence of free thought, and then she cast away the religion of her childhood as a mere dogma. She translated from the German that mordant, destructive work of Strauss—"The Life of Jesus"—in which the great German atheist analyzes with remorseless logic the story of Christianity's founder, leaving apparently not a single shred intact. It was characteristic of Marian Evans that, although she accepted the teaching of Strauss, and gave his book to the English public, nevertheless, in translating it, she shed many tears over the task. When she finished it, she said to a friend:

"I am Strauss-sick. It makes me ill dissecting the beautiful story of the Crucifixion."

At this time, her bodily health was at its lowest. Her nerves were all on edge. Her face was not merely pale, but sickly, and her headaches tortured her both night and day. It is very illuminating to know that while she gave up formal religion, she still retained the religion of the soul. In like manner, though she was herself a writer and a woman of cultivation, she once described Hannah More as "that most disagreeable of all monsters, a bluestocking." And again, though she declared the history of the Hebrew race to be "utterly revolting," she wrote: "I bow to the supremacy of Hebrew poetry." To the end of her life she loved the mystery and beauty of the Catholic faith.

Summing up her character, then, we find that she was one who lived much within herself, whose emotions were deep and strong, whose shyness was merely a veil that hid her craving for sympathy; and that while she had the mind and the logical reasoning power of a man, she was to the very core of her soul a tender-hearted, sympathetic, clinging woman. She believed, no doubt, that her plain features, her heavy jaw, her little eyes, and her awkward gait debarred her from the great privilege of being loved as a woman should be loved. Yet within, there was an intense yearning for all that love can mean.

When she entered on her thirty-second year, she had not been without experience. Those who have written of her youth conceal facts which, if fully known, would be most important in the psychological study of this woman. Her friends hint that more than once she had fallen in love, but that she had done so only to suffer disappointment. Either the man for whom she cared had not cared for her in turn; or else there had been men who made advances to her, yet who were too shallow or too devoid of sympathy to evoke a strong response in her own nature. Once she had even been engaged, but the match was broken off at her father's bidding. It must be concluded that she did not herself find satisfaction in her lover; else we cannot concede that she would so readily have let him go.

When she came to London, then, she was a woman who had passed through some of passion's stages, yet who was still receptive, restless, waiting.

HER FIRST MEETING WITH LEWES

She had not been living very long in London before one day, in a casual fashion, George Henry Lewes was introduced to her in a shop. She thought little of him at the time, and mentioned him simply as "a sort of miniature Mirabeau in appearance." A few months later, Herbert Spencer brought Lewes to call upon her at Mr. Chapman's house in the Strand. She little dreamed that this man was thereafter to play so important a part in her literary development and in her private life.

Lewes was then the editor of the *Leader*. He was a self-educated man, who had, nevertheless, trained himself with great thoroughness. He was two years older than Miss Evans. He had been a merchant's clerk, a medical student, a mystic, and a quasi-socialist, and had finally made a place for himself by writing several novels, which are no longer read, and by compiling a biographical history of philosophy. Since 1839, he had written voluminously for newspapers and magazines; but, even with all this varied experience, he was not satisfied. For a while he took to

the stage, where it is recorded that he played the part of *Shylock*. His mind, in fact, was one of great mobility, and he had seen many sides of life. A friend of his once declared:

"Lewes can do everything in the world but paint; and he could do that, too, after a week of study."

"Lewes," said another observer, "is like the *Wandering Jew;* for you can never tell where he is going to turn up or what he is going to do next."

Thackeray expressed the general opinion more picturesquely in the jesting remark:

"It wouldn't surprise me at all to meet Lewes in Piccadilly riding on a white elephant."

He was, indeed, in almost every respect strongly contrasted with Marian Evans. Mathilde Blind describes him as "a lightly built, fragile man, with bushy, curly hair, and a general shagginess of beard and eyebrow suggestive of a Skye terrier." His mouth was prominent, his eyes were gray and deeply set. His talk was volatile and often frivolous. He loved to shock his friends by the recklessness of his manners. He was, however, a man of a keen and comprehensive intellect, witty, and even brilliant in his effervescent talk.

Miss Evans had not long known this peculiar man before she felt a certain fascination which was new to her. It was a case of the attraction of opposites; yet, though they were so contrasted in many things, they were mental mates. The position of Lewes was a curious one. He had been married many years before, and he then had three well-grown children. His wife, however, had been unfaithful to him, and he might have secured a divorce from her. She appealed to his generosity and begged him to take her back; and he did so, only to find, after a lapse of time, that she had again deceived him. But now under the English law he could not divorce her, since he had condoned her infidelity. Moreover, he had himself led an exceedingly loose life. Frail though he appeared to be in physique, his nature was deeply sensuous. Something of the satyr lurked within him. A lady once said of him:

"I can never even shake hands with Mr. Lewes without being at once made to think of the divorce-court."

This sensuousness, no doubt, was one of the qualities which appealed very strongly to the passionate nature of Marian Evans. Something went out to him that she had never given to another. The fact that he was quite as plain of countenance as she was herself pleased her; for she may have felt that a more handsome man would be easily lured away from her.

As it was, she began to see Lewes more and more. His acuteness looked beneath the mask of her external self and saw the richness of the temperament and feeling that lay below. He made love to her, and her whole being thrilled in answer. In less than two years they were both bound fast by the ties of a strong and irresistible attraction.

HER UNION WITH LEWES

But Marian Evans was not a woman to drift unthinkingly into sin. The question arose between them what it was possible to do in order that they might be always one. He could not marry her, even though his legal wife was then actually and openly living with another man. She could not give herself to him without flying in the face of all conventions, estranging many of her dearest friends, and shutting herself off in a large measure from social recognition.

The problem was extremely difficult. She seems to have accepted the situation as it was, before she finally thought out the attitude which she should take toward it. The first step was to remove herself from the residence of Mr. Chapman; and, like the modern woman who "leads her own life," she took an apartment in Cambridge Street, near Hyde Park Square. It was in this place that the union of Marian Evans with Lewes was consummated, as we know upon the authority of the man who afterward became her lawful husband.

Of course, the two might have continued to be lovers, keeping their secret to themselves; but Marian Evans was not the woman to engage in a vulgar intrigue. She felt that what she did must be done openly and with the knowledge of all; that she must admit her relation with Lewes, and defend it as she had

already defended it to her conscience. Perhaps her own words, written in a letter to a lady who had turned against her, will best describe her attitude:

> If there is any one action or relation in my life which is and always has been profoundly serious, it is my relation to Mr. Lewes. . . . Light and easily broken ties are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do *not* act as I have done. That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral, I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mold opinion. From the majority of persons, of course, we never look for anything but condemnation. We are leading no life of self-indulgence except that, being happy in each other, we find everything easy. It is not healthy to dwell on one's own feelings and conduct, but only to try and live more faithfully and lovingly every fresh day.

In other words, Marian Evans felt that strict justice would have released Lewes from his bonds and would have enabled him to marry her; but, as a legal technicality stood in the way, there was no reason why he and she should not be, in all save legal fact, devoted husband and adoring wife.

No sooner had she thought this fully out than she decided to make the truth as public as it could be made; so she and Lewes left London together, and visited the Continent. They went to Weimar, where they spent their honeymoon in scenes which recalled delightful memories of Goethe. But then there arose a definite embarrassment which made one more step a practical necessity. Lewes had friends in Weimar, and these friends could not possibly understand the relation which he sustained toward the woman who was with him. They registered themselves as "G. H. Lewes and Miss Evans." In consequence, while Lewes received invitations to the grand-ducal court and elsewhere, Miss Evans was studiously ignored. They therefore decided that henceforth she should be known as "Mrs. Lewes"; and such she remained until her lover's death.

There is no reason to suppose that she ever felt one single stirring of regret. Lewes surrounded her with an infinite devotion. He wakened in her new powers which she had not known that she possessed. She flowered and blossomed under the influence of love. His sparkling wit and playful ways, his open caresses, his familiar way of addressing her as "Polly," all charmed her much more serious nature. But most important of all, to the world at large, is the fact that while they were in Germany, Lewes suggested to her that she should try writing fiction. Neither of them had more than a scanty sum of money. It is not known just what had been the salary which Miss Evans earned, but she has left it on record that her expenses while alone in London amounted to only nine pounds—forty-five dollars—a month. She grasped at the thought of fiction-writing, and presently began her "Scenes from Clerical Life."

HER SUCCESS AS A NOVELIST

With its first appearance in *Blackwood's,* this was a distinct success. Thackeray believed it to be the work of a man. Dickens at first had the same impression, and he tells how he addressed "George Eliot"—the unknown author—as one man might address another, and with some racy stories which he would hardly have told had he known the new writer to be a woman. But presently, with a good deal of insight, he suspected that she was a woman; and after "Adam Bede" appeared, the whole world knew the truth.

It was this, then, that gives a lasting interest to the association between George Eliot and Lewes. But for it, we should probably not have had that group of splendid novels, beginning with "Adam Bede" and ending with "Daniel Deronda"—novels which have placed George Eliot in the front rank of English writers.

In the course of time, there were many who forgot or ignored the irregularity of the novelist's private life. Distinguished visitors frequented her drawing-rooms, though, naturally enough, more men than women were to be seen there. Among the latter, however, were Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), Mrs. Mark Pattison — afterward Lady Dilke — and Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Lady Castletown

brought her daughters there. Dr. Jowett, the famous master of Balliol at Oxford, invited both George Eliot and Lewes to be his guests, though Jowett, like Mark Pattison, was a clergyman.

GEORGE ELIOT'S OWN MORAL VIEWS

They all took the same view as George Eliot herself of what she had dared to do. She was exceedingly conservative in questions of morals, as indeed she was in everything. Thus, in the very year in which she went with Lewes to the Continent, she referred in an article to "the laxity of opinion and practise with regard to the marriage tie in France"; and she adds:

> Heaven forbid that we should enter on a defense of French morals—most of all in relation to marriage!

There is no doubt that she sometimes suffered from the consequences of her action. One of her biographers says:

> George Eliot must have undergone some trials and sufferings peculiarly painful to one so shrinkingly sensitive as herself. . . . To some of her early companions, indeed, who had always felt a certain awe at the imposing gravity of her manners, this dereliction from what appeared to them the path of duty was almost as startling as if they had seen the heavens falling down.

How conservative she was in everything may be seen in a very curious remark of hers regarding woman's suffrage. Here was a woman whose strong intellect might well justify in her a defense of what are known as woman's rights. Yet George Eliot wrote: "Enfranchisement of women makes only creeping progress; and that is best, for woman does not yet deserve a much better lot than man gives her."

The sum and substance of the whole matter is that she viewed her own case as peculiar, and not to be judged by ordinary standards. Oddly enough, when "Jane Eyre" appeared, before she ever thought of Lewes, she declared that *Jane* would have been quite justified in joining her lot to *Rochester's,* for the same reason which afterward decided George Eliot herself.

She lived with Lewes from 1853 until 1878—a quarter of a century. Her friends were startled when, less than two years after the death of the man who had been so much to her, she went to the altar as the bride of another—this gentleman being Mr. John Walter Cross, whom she had known in a friendly fashion for a long while.

GEORGE ELIOT'S MARRIAGE TO MR. CROSS

What is the explanation of this second marriage? She was then over sixty years of age. She had given all the passionate devotion of her heart to Lewes; and yet he no sooner dies than she marries a retired business man of middle age. Perhaps the true explanation is to be found in this—that though she suffered much for love, and though love gave her much, she still yearned for the recognition which only a wife can ever win from society. To write her name with the prefix "Mrs.," and to know that she had the right to do so, was possibly a temptation which, with her conservative instincts, she could not resist.

However this may be, there seems to have occurred one final outburst of her volcanic nature, though the matter must remain forever obscure. On her wedding-journey with Mr. Cross they stopped in Florence; and while they were staying there something happened, as to the nature of which we can only guess. In the middle of the night the new husband fled out of the house and threw himself into the river Arno. He was rescued, and they returned to England. Nothing more was said about the incident. George Eliot herself lived only a few months longer, dying in 1880.

Was it the last outburst of a stormy nature which drove the man to attempted suicide, and which wrecked the shattered constitution of the woman? This we can never know; but, in thinking of it, we must remember the clue hinted at by George Eliot herself when, in "Felix Holt," she writes:

> The poets have told us of a dolorous enchanted forest in the under-world. The thorn-bushes there and the thick-barked stems have human histories hidden in them. The power of unuttered cries dwells in the passionless-seeming branches, and the red warm blood is darkly feeding the quivering nerves of a sleepless memory that watches through all dreams. These things are a parable.

THE SUBDUING OF MRS. CHARLEMAGNE BANGS

BY

ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

AUTHOR OF "THE BACKSLIDING OF MRS. HARDWIN J. FLAGG," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

"MRS. CHARLEMAGNE BANGS, I believe?" Evelyn said, with a little upward lift of her brows and a faint sigh—which last was, as a rule, her only commentary upon the uncongenial aspects of her calling. Mrs. Bangs was apparently conscious of nothing but the triumph of being at last in Miss Vancourt's private office. Good-nature beamed in her round, innocent eyes. A flush of pleasure deepened the strong natural color in her cheeks. Evelyn had never beheld such a red and white complexion combined with such black hair and eyes. Mrs. Bangs was like the flamboyant ladies who smile from the chromolithographs given away with a pound of tea.

"Yes'm, I'm Mrs. Bangs."

She folded her plump hands, which were encased in gloves of the shiniest white kid, and waited — apparently for Evelyn to ask her errand.

"You wish—to consult me?"

"Yes'm. I told Mrs. Franks yesterday you were the only one that could do it. She said she'd heard you could do anything."

"What do you wish done?"

Mrs. Bangs looked coy. Then she smiled, and a dimple showed through the rose-color.

"I want to be subdued."

Evelyn's face was blank for an instant. Her mind went back to another client who had insisted upon her house being decorated in the "transition period," but who was not able to state what the transition was from or to.

"Subdued?"

"Me and my house—both."

Evelyn smiled.

"I could only undertake your house, Mrs. Bangs. Why do you want to be—subdued?"

"Mrs. Franks—she and I went to the same boarding-school, and she's always talked like a sister to me, being real fond of me and of Charlemagne, too; and being much cleverer than me, though I was real bright in some things. You ought to see my embroidery! But Mrs. Franks knows French, and I set a lot of store by her opinion and her advice in social matters. You see, Charlemagne's getting on."

She leaned over and put a confidential hand on Evelyn's knee. Her eyes asked for sympathy, in this dwelling upon the central fact of her existence—her husband's career.

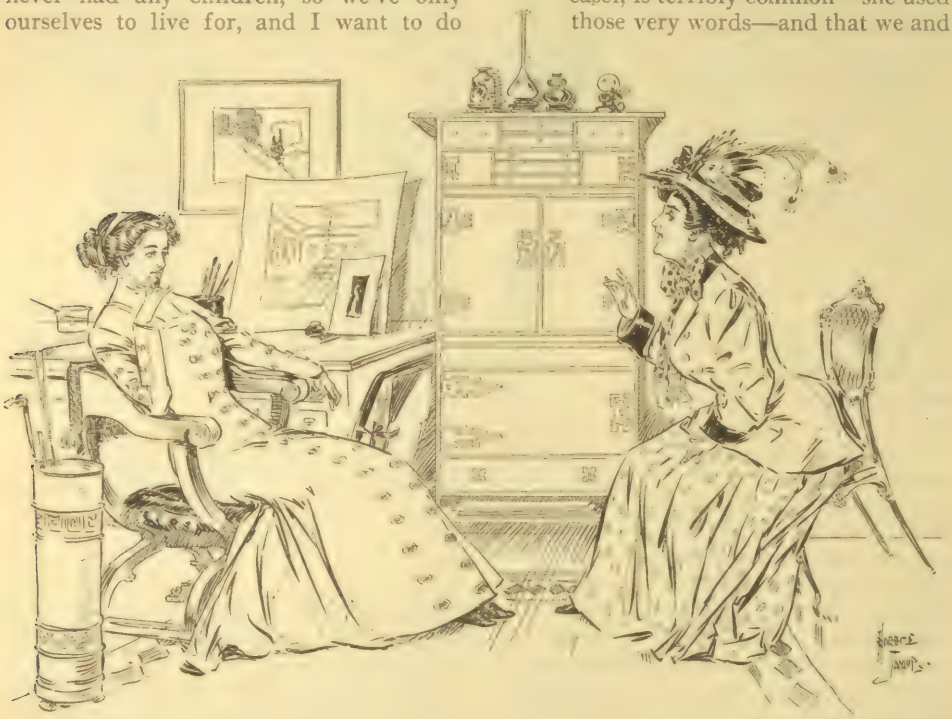
"He's getting on," she repeated. "He has a railroad now, and he's only thirty-eight. We came to New York last year, and now we have a house east of the avenoo, in a district which they say is gettin' fashionable; but we're not in society yet, and I don't care much, except as it concerns Charlemagne. We've never had any children, so we've only ourselves to live for, and I want to do what's right by him. I'm not goin' to have people say I'm a wife that lags. If it'd help Charlie to learn Sanskrit, I'd learn it, if it killed me—and it would, probably," she added, the dimple again coming into play.

"Isn't Mr. Bangs satisfied?" Evelyn ventured.

"Bless you, he thinks whatever I do is just perfect—but I want other folks to back him up." She paused, then added, shrewdly: "You've not been married, so perhaps you can't understand how a wife worries for fear some day her husband'll wake up and see her with other people's eyes. Then, if she wasn't just right, he'd blame her—man like—for bein' so absorbed in him that she hadn't kept pace with the world."

"But the house?" Evelyn suggested mildly in the hope of a return to the central topic.

"I'm comin' to the house. Mrs. Franks says we'll never in the wide world get into society with a house like ours. She says all that red plush and gilt, and Charlemagne's crayon portrait on an easel, is terribly common—she used those very words—and that we and the house both needed subduing. She went over it with me the other day, and showed me the things she didn't like; and it was pretty near everything — all the things I painted by hand — real hand-painted scenes of our old home and a plaque with roses, and several beautiful pictures that Charlie gave me when first we were married. Then there's a piano-lamp with a hand-knit shade, and a portière of gilded rope, and several wicker chairs with ribbon run through. As for our sofa-cushions, she said they were awful—perfectly awful; yet I did the Gibson girl head on one of them myself, and Charlemagne admired it."



"I WANT TO BE SUBDUED"

She paused, and then, seeing a sympathetic look in Evelyn's eyes, went on:

"Well, I love those things, because

Charlemagne and I gathered 'em around us little by little, and made some of 'em ourselves; but I'm willing to sacrifice them all if they're goin' to be a drawback. I want Charlie to get on."

"I think it is exceedingly good of you," Evelyn said earnestly. "Did Mrs. Franks suggest anything to take their place?"

"Well, she said it was fashionable now to have very bare rooms, and everything in very quiet colors; and she didn't think I ought to wear red so much, though Charlemagne loves me in red; and he loves red wall-paper, too, and red carpets. He says he thinks it's real cheerful."

"I believe all men and savages like red," Evelyn murmured. "Do you know how you would like your house done? I mean the period?"

"Oh, I don't just know — something very delicate and subdued. Could I keep anything?"

"Your old things? I should have to see them before I could advise. I can go over your house with you to-morrow, if you like."

Mrs. Bangs held out an enthusiastic hand.

"Do come. Come and take lunch to-morrow!"

She beamed upon Evelyn with that air of real hospitality so seldom found in the turmoil of cities; then took her departure in triumph, her bright blue foulard silk with its big white dots swishing cheerily down the corridor. Over-polished and highly colored as everything was about her, it seemed to suit her vivid complexion and glossy black hair. Evelyn wondered if even a gray gown would tone down the harlequin effect of her coloring. The subduing of Mrs. Bangs was a psychological experiment which promised to be interesting.

II

"Couldn't I keep just that lamp? Charlie says the light through it is like an autumn sunset."

Mrs. Bangs hovered over her treasure, regarding it lovingly. It was a big, dropsical lamp, whose round globe of saffron glass was covered with brownish roses merging into red. Evelyn shook her head.

"I'm sorry, but it isn't Louis Quinze, and if you want that style—"

"Oh, I do, I do!" Mrs. Bangs acquiesced.

Evelyn looked more ruthless than she felt. Secretly she was wishing that it had not fallen to her lot to demolish this ugly, cheerful, impossible home. She could imagine Charlemagne sitting comfortably in the big plush rocking-chair after a hard day down-town, smoking his cigar, reading the evening paper, and occasionally tossing an affectionate word toward his adoring and highly colored spouse. Evelyn imagined that Mrs. Bangs wore glassy pinks and blues in the evening, and conventional jewelry that glittered when she moved. But she was at least a cheerful object, if unesthetic, and the house itself was one broad, vulgar grin, the reflection of naturally happy and unreflective natures. That one of them had been made suddenly self-conscious by the interference of Mrs. Franks was a fact to be regretted.

"You just go ahead and tell me what's best to be done," her hostess went on. "Charlemagne will be West two months, and I want it all finished by the time he comes back. You see, I'm preparing a surprise for him."

"Oh, doesn't he know what you are doing?" Evelyn exclaimed, feeling vaguely alarmed.

"No; I thought I'd like to surprise him. He'll come back and find a new house, and me in different clothes, and everything ready for a social jump, if he wants to make one. He may not want to, for Charlie has always stuck to his old friends. He never was any hand at toadying; but folks are beginning to seek him now, and if he wants to jump we'll be prepared."

Evelyn doubted whether Charlemagne would care to use a new house and a subdued wife for a social spring-board. His crayon portrait on the ornate easel gave evidence of shrewdness and good-nature, but of no mistaken ambitions. However, the fiat had gone forth. The Bangses, instead of being themselves, were henceforth to abide by the decisions of other people — to be merged into the dulness of "perfect refinement."

Mrs. Bangs encamped in one room, from which fastness she watched her

treasures go forth, shrouded in brown holland and crash, to the storage-warehouse. She had at first considered the question of sending them to auction, but this Rubicon she found herself at the last moment unable to cross. From the sepulcher of storage there could at least be a resurrection, should Charlemagne too insistently demand some cherished ash-receiver.

While the furniture went out, cold-blooded workmen scraped the red paper from the walls and made the whole place stark and chill and negative. Mrs. Bangs bore up while Evelyn was there, talking in cryptic terms of hangings and appliques; but at night, in the echoing rooms, she shed some tears over her sacrifice. She felt chastened and subdued in more than these outward manifestations. Certain sweet, gay colors seemed to have faded from her spirit. She did not whistle now as she "did up" her room in the morning—a task she never left to the maids—and she lost her appetite.

This period of purgation was alleviated, if not ended, by the turn of the tide which was to bring within the Bangs household the material symbols of a purified taste. When the background had been prepared, and dainty, delicate, beautiful things appeared mysteriously out of Evelyn's treasure-world, Mrs. Bangs's feminine imagination began to be stirred. She was so childlike and so eager that Evelyn found herself talking to her as to a child, telling her tales from old French memoirs—tales of the brilliant court, and of its impatient reaction from the magnificence and ceremony of the Fourteenth Louis, which had resulted in these delicate and airy graces of furniture and decoration, these garden dreams of wreathed roses and silver shells and oval windows that opened upon vistas of fairy-land.

Mrs. Bangs floated away on a sea of faded pink and faint moonlight, herself still incongruous, for her hair would shine and her cheeks were unsubduedly rosy. Gowns to accord with her house were being prepared for her—blues of every shade but blue; dejected, pale violets, and softly sighing grays. Mrs. Franks was still hovering over the work which she had begun, and she superintended the subduing of Mrs. Bangs's person while Evelyn accomplished the house.

On the afternoon of the day when Charlemagne Bangs was expected home, Evelyn called her work completed. Mrs. Bangs sat stiffly in the drawing-room, like a child who would like to play but who had just been bathed and dressed in clean clothes. She was pale with the excitement of the occasion, but the intense black of her eyes and hair still jarred with the pearl and rose background. Evelyn wished that she could transform her into a slender, golden-haired girl in a frock embroidered with rosebuds.

The hand Mrs. Bangs held out in farewell was icy to the touch.

"I declare, I'm that nervous!" she said apologetically. "I'm so afraid Charlemagne won't like it. But, then, he always likes what I do, and when he knows why I did it—" She faltered in her effort to reassure herself and looked about the room. "It's beautiful, but it looks sort of dim. Charlie always liked lots of light. Won't you stay and dine with us, Miss Vancourt? I'd kind of like you to be here when he comes."

"I think he would prefer to find you alone," Evelyn answered gently, withdrawing her hand. She had her own misgivings as to Charlemagne's powers of appreciation.

"Well, send in your bill, dear, and come and see me soon," Mrs. Bangs said plaintively. "I've grown real fond of you."

After Evelyn's departure she began to pace the room restlessly, trying to fix her mind on Mrs. Franks's theories of the social world. Did every rung in the ladder mean as much of a stretch as this one, she wondered?

"I'd put on my red dress," she said aloud; "but it won't go with the room. Charlie mustn't smoke here—those draperies are so delicate. It's beautiful; but my, it looks kind o' bare, too! I hope Charlie won't be late. I've got a grand dinner for him."

It was a comfort to her that she need not be esthetic and "subdued" at the table—for a while, at least. When they began to be invited to "swell" dinners would be time enough to cut down the

courses and have the carving done in the pantry. To-night they would dine in a Louis Quinze room, a dream of gray and of white marble; but their dinner would be the old comfortable kind.

A cab stopped at the door. Hurried footsteps were heard, then the sound of a key in the latch. Another moment and a hearty voice called out:

"Dolly, old girl, where are you?"

"Here," she said weakly, and came forward in her trailing gray dinner-gown, her face pale, her eyes big and beseeching.

"I—I've been doing over the house," she said faintly. "I've been making it fashionable."

She led him into the drawing-room. He looked about, bewildered — first at her, then again at the walls and the sparse, fragile chairs.

EVELYN WAS WISHING THAT IT HAD NOT FALLEN TO HER LOT TO DEMOLISH THIS UGLY, CHEERFUL, IMPOSSIBLE HOME

Charlemagne Bangs gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, old girl? Have you been ill? Why, you poor little—"

She hid her face on her husband's stalwart shoulder.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you! I've got—a surprise for you."

"You've surprised me all right with your looks," he said gently. "What's been the matter, hon?"

"Seems as if you stopped somewhere," he said with a little gasp. "Didn't all the things come?"

"They're all here," she explained, the color coming back to her face now that the most critical moment was over. "You know, Charlie, it's stylish to have it bare like this."

"Oh, it's stylish, is it?" he said, putting his hands in his pockets and beginning to whistle.

She knew he was whistling to gain

MRS. FRANKS SUPERINTENDED THE SUBDUING OF MRS. BANGS'S PERSON WHILE EVELYN ACCOMPLISHED THE HOUSE

time. The look of bewilderment on his brow deepened, but he patted her shoulder reassuringly.

"Got the old things up-stairs?" he questioned. "The pictures and things?"

Again her color fled.

"They're all in storage, Charlie. Mrs. Franks said we could never get on socially with our house as it was. She said now that you were so rich, I owed it to you to have a beautiful house—a quiet, beautiful house—and to dress better myself."

His color flamed.

"What's the matter with your dressing, I'd like to know?"

"She said it was loud—and she knows. Charlie, she knows; and the house, too; so I—"

Her eyes besought his forgiveness and comprehension.

"Said it was loud, did she? What did she say about my neckties, or hadn't she gotten that far? Well, she's worn you out. But maybe I'm obliged to her," he added with a note of satire. "Maybe I'm obliged to her for letting us know we're getting up in the world. We're prepared for the worst now — is that it, Dolly? Let's have more light; I want a better look at you."

"The light doesn't go up any farther," she faltered.

"Don't, eh? I guess we won't read the newspapers much in this room. It looks like we wouldn't sit here much, anyway. The lamp's gone, I see. Upstairs same way?"

She acknowledged that it was. She prepared him for the fact that the golden-oak bedroom set had been replaced by gray carved furniture. Charlemagne Bangs looked about the now unfamiliar chamber with the expression of a kindly man trying to make the best of an unpleasant mystery. Then he turned to his wife.

"It's all right, Dolly; but, somehow, you look as washed-out as the rooms. Get into something brighter before dinner, or I'll think you're going to be down ill."

She smiled feebly.

"But, Charlie, I want you to get used to me in these kind of clothes. I can't wear brighter reds and pinks in these rooms."

"Oh, it's a color scheme, is it? Well, all right," he added with a little sigh of resignation. Then a slow smile overspread his face. "I hope the dinner isn't too refined," he said.

She beamed at that.

"The dinner's our kind," she replied emphatically.

He gave her a kiss.

"Let's go down. I'm hungry as a bear!"

III

THREE months later, Evelyn went one afternoon to a picture exhibition at a men's club on Fifth Avenue. She succeeded in seeing the painting she had come to see, and then she began her slow progress through the crowded rooms back to the entrance. Half-way there, as she paused in a momentary congestion, her attention was attracted by a figure strangely familiar. She looked twice, and saw that the slender, sad-looking woman in dove-gray velvet was the erstwhile variegated and flamboyant Mrs. Charlemagne Bangs.

Mrs. Bangs seemed to have been in tow of some companion, and to be temporarily deserted, for she appeared at once bewildered and patient, having about her the air of one in a negative condition, incapable of taking the initiative. She was the mere shadow, Evelyn thought, of the big, hearty, bustling woman who a few months before had come to her to be "subdued." Surely the person who had the process of eliminating color from Mrs. Bangs's existence had not stopped with her garments. Some moral acid seemed to have blanched her very soul.

Evelyn obeyed the impulse to go toward her former client. Mrs. Bangs's face lighted up, and for a moment the old cheerful image flashed forth. She held out a white-gloved hand.

"Well, if I'm not glad to see you!" she said, relapsing into the rural vernacular. "Mrs. Franks has gone off to see a picture in that farther room, but I was just tuckered out and sat down to rest."

"You were tired?" Evelyn said with a note of genuine concern and sympathy in her voice. "I thought you never were tired."

"Well, I have been of late," she admitted.

"You are thinner, I think; but just now that's very fashionable."

At Evelyn's last word, a sudden gloom seemed to overspread Mrs. Bangs's countenance.

"So Mrs. Franks says," she commented. "Have you been real well, Miss Vancourt?"

"Very well."

There was silence. Mrs. Bangs's gaze wandered vacantly over the crowded rooms, then came back to Evelyn.

"I've been goin' about a good deal with Mrs. Franks," she said at length. "She is trying to—get me started, but I'm afraid I ain't much help."

Evelyn repressed a smile.

"Don't you enjoy it?"

Mrs. Bangs hesitated.

"I'm not quite used to it yet," she evaded.

Evelyn's curiosity was roused. Something more than the toning down of raw colors had produced this change in Mrs. Bangs. Evelyn felt the woman's unhappiness like a draft from an unseen quarter.

"Do you want to get used to it?" she inquired.

Mrs. Bangs did not meet her eyes.

"No, I don't," she said.

Another silence followed. Evelyn was about to rise and say good-by, when Mrs. Bangs saw the movement and laid a detaining hand on her arm.

"Don't go," she pleaded. "It's so good to see you!"

Her eyes were liquid with coming confidences. Evelyn settled herself on the divan and plunged in boldly.

"How did Mr. Bangs like the house?"

A brighter color sprang to Mrs. Bangs's face. She wavered a minute, and then plumped down the truth with the air of one ridding herself of a heavy burden.

"He didn't like it." The relief was too great for a pause. "He doesn't like it, and, oh"—her voice grew tragic—"I'm afraid he never will like it!"

For a moment she was absorbed in the triumph of confession. Then her natural kindness came to the fore.

"'Tain't anything against you, Miss Vancourt. Charlemagne himself said that what there was of it was well done; but he thought it was bare, and he hadn't much use for French kings, either."

Evelyn mused.

"I was afraid he wouldn't like it. I

thought from the first you were making a mistake, but I didn't think it was my place to tell you."

Mrs. Bangs's gaze promised further revelations.

"I wish now you had spoken. I always thought you had good common sense—lots of it." She sighed, then wound up: "'Tain't only the furniture, nor my cool dressing — cool colors, I mean. It's what it's done. I may be getting on in society, but" — her lips quivered—"I'm afraid I've lost my husband."

Her voice sank to a tragic whisper. Her eyes, big and dark in her white face, looked appealingly at Evelyn.

"My dear Mrs. Bangs, it can't surely be as bad as that," Evelyn said.

"It is," she answered, tears springing to her eyes. "That's what makes me thin. That's what makes me get tired so easily."

"But a houseful of new furniture couldn't change—"

She paused, and Mrs. Bangs helped her out.

"There's another woman—a woman that's just all I used to be, and he has gone over to her."

Evelyn again suppressed a smile. Mrs. Bangs's manner would have thrown a veil of innocence over the most improper situation. The strongest flights of Evelyn's imagination could not enable her to picture the honest and engaging Charlemagne in the character of a faithless husband.

"Is this woman—a friend of yours?" she asked, hesitating slightly.

"She's my own second cousin," Mrs. Bangs announced. "She came to New York just about the time I had the house done over, and took an apartment around the corner from us. She looks like me some — like I used to look, only her hair's red; and she's got the same kind of furniture I used to have, only her plush rocker is upholstered in crushed orange, and her late husband's in oils instead of crayon; and she has stacks of her own hand-painted china everywhere —just stacks. As for her sofa-cushions, well, they'd hurt you, same as they hurt me since my taste is improved; but Charlie thinks everything's lovely over there, and so comfortable! Being his second cousin by marriage, he's free to go call on Cousin Jenny any evening; and he goes often; and—he—doesn't—take—me!"

Her tears were perilously near the surface. Evelyn took her hand and held it in a quiet, comforting grasp until she had recovered herself a little.

"Jenny always was designing," Mrs. Bangs went on. "She was always making eyes at Charlemagne, though he never took much notice of her before this winter. He says there's no place to read any more in our house, and he doesn't like low lights, and Jenny has Welsbachs everywhere; so he gets in a rocker under her center Welsbach, and there he stays."

Her lips quivered. Evelyn had listened to many recitals of marital troubles; but never to one that centered in a plush rocker, a Welsbach light, and a conspicuous cousin — twice removed — with red hair.

No sense of comedy came to the relief of Mrs. Bangs's overburdened heart. In her gray gown, the sign and seal of her relinquishment of a warmer, cruder world, she was as isolated and tragic a figure as was ever set amid the conventional rocks and castles of some mournful tale of chivalry. Evelyn longed to comfort her—or, better yet, to point a way out.

Mrs. Bangs divined her friend's wish, or found its echo in her own heart, for she brought forth her appeal at once.

"What shall I do, Miss Vancourt, to get Charlie back?"

Evelyn pondered a while. Then she said:

"Meet your cousin on her own ground. Make things so bright and comfortable that Mr. Bangs won't be tempted to go away."

"But—"

She paused. Evelyn knew what was passing through her mind. Mrs. Bangs's black eyes were wandering in the direction of the absent Mrs. Franks.

"Don't think of possible criticism. Don't consult any one," Evelyn said. "Your husband comes before everybody. Just go ahead and act."

Mrs. Bangs sat entranced before a finer and more congenial vision than any that had dawned upon her troubled eyes

"SEEMS AS IF YOU STOPPED SOMEWHERE. DIDN'T ALL THE THINGS COME?"

for weeks. Her social ambitions—never hers except as they were related to her husband — were crashing magnificently to the ground. The color was coming back to her pale cheeks. She was beginning to be herself again. Her hands groped for the reins. Now, come on, Mrs. Franks, and all the host of social mentors — here was a lady who once again knew her own mind!

"I'll just go ahead and act," she repeated, breathing softly, as if already whispering coy invitations to the errant Charlemagne. "My dear, I think it must have been the Lord that sent you to me this afternoon."

Evelyn did not smile. It seemed good to bring Providence cozily into the consultation.

IV

Two months later, Evelyn received an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Bangs. The note was informal, and somehow, in reading it, she felt that the writer had regained happiness. Genuine warmth was behind the jumbled phraseology. It was a call to come and behold changed conditions, and Miss Vancourt accepted promptly.

As she drove to the house "east of the avenue," she wondered what method Mrs. Bangs had employed in meeting Cousin Jenny on her own ground; and if, in carrying it out, the fate of a French king had been sealed. Would it be a composite of Louis Quinze and the Middle West? What did it matter, if hearts were happy?

Mrs. Bangs herself came to the door to meet the guest, kissed her warmly, and drew her within a flood of light that made the eyes ache. The lady herself was resplendent in a crimson silk gown. Her old high color—a sign of health and happiness — glowed again in her cheeks. She led Evelyn to the drawing-room.

One glance showed the high priestess that the holocaust had been complete. Not a trace was left of the symbols of ambition. The old furniture had trooped cheerily back. The well-beloved, impossible pictures, the gilt-rope portière, the crimson rockers, the life-sized china dog, the bilious flowered lamps—all were

there in their old places, and with an air of being so much at home and so glad to be back. It was as if they all said what a lonesome time they had had in the darkness of the storage warehouse!

"I'M REAL GLAD TO MEET YOU, MISS VANCOURT"

In the midst of these dear, hideous lares and penates sat Charlemagne, comfortably reading the evening paper under the biggest Welsbach lamp Evelyn had ever beheld. He rose as she entered the room, and came forward with a cordial smile and hand-shake.

"I'm real glad to meet you, Miss Vancourt," he said heartily. "Mrs. Bangs has told me so much about you."

He turned to his wife as he spoke, and from the swift glance of full understanding and tenderness that passed between them, Evelyn readily divined that something much deeper, more valuable, and more beautiful had been replaced than the inanimate symbols that filled the room. Charlemagne Bangs had come home!

FEBRUARY FLOWERS

Some seek for blossoms in the South,
  Where fragrant garden-closes are,
By some lush river's verdured mouth
    In lands afar.
But not beneath these balmier skies
  Seek I my floral dividends;
I find them in my children's eyes;
I find them in the smile I prize
Beyond all life's felicities,
    And in the hearts of friends.

John M. Woods

MARCELLA SEMBRICH—THE CLOSE OF A GREAT OPERATIC CAREER

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

WHEN little Marcella Kochanska went tremblingly before the great Papa Liszt to let him judge of her talents, the old man put his hand on the child's head when she had finished, and, drawing her to him, said:

"You have three pairs of wings, little one, on which to fly to fame. You can become a great pianist, a great violinist, or a great singer."

It was the latter profession that she chose; and as Marcella Sembrich she has made her name great throughout the musical world. One of her final triumphs comes during the first week of February, when she celebrates her twenty-fifth jubilee as a member of the company at the Metropolitan Opera-House. With the exception of her great predecessor, Adelina Patti, she is the only singer that has ever enjoyed the honor of such long popularity in New York.

The path of the Polish singer was perhaps less easy than some of her profession have traversed on their climb up the heartbreaking hill of fame. Her father was Casimir Kochanski, who lived in Wisnoszky, a village in Austrian Poland, near Lemberg. He was the village musician—and, as a matter of course, one of the village's poorest men. As he had taught himself music, so he undertook the musical education of the little Marcella, and her first lessons on the piano came when she was four. At the age of six she began the violin, on an instrument that he had made for her with his own hands. There were few pupils in the village; so there was soon a useful field for the talents of the little girl. She could play the piano for the parties of the richer children of the neighborhood, and her enthusiasm in this work soon made her services much in demand.

There was a reminder of these days a few years ago, when she sat in a box at the Metropolitan Opera-House. A gentleman was brought in by her husband and took a seat next to her. There was no conversation until the curtain fell, and then a whispered introduction. Mme. Sembrich did not hear his name, and turned to make some conventional remark to the visitor. To her surprise, he answered in Polish.

"So you are a Pole?" she asked with the enthusiasm that a meeting with a compatriot always awakes in her.

"Is it possible that you do not know me?" he questioned in return. "Don't you remember my mother"—whom he named—"and myself and my sisters, for whom you used to come and play at our parties?"

The name was one greatly honored in the region of Austrian Poland about Lemberg, and the singer remembered well the house to which, as a child scarcely older than those for whom she was providing pleasure, she used to go to play while they danced.

A STUDENT OF THE PIANO AND VIOLIN

This musical Cinderella was destined to find a good fairy—who happened to vary the tradition by appearing in the form of a grandfather. Jan de Lanowitch, an old Pole who loved to help young musicians of his own race, heard of the little Marcella, and through his generosity she was enabled, at the age of twelve, to come to Lemberg and enter the conservatory. She was placed under the instruction of Wilhelm Stengel, a young teacher who had just come there from the Conservatory of Leipsic. After a while she married this young man, and their life has since been an uninterrupted

story of domestic happiness and contentment. Before that time, however, Herr Stengel did other things for his pupil. He taught her all he had learned of the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, and Mendelssohn; and when he was certain that she knew as much as he did of the pianoforte, he took her up to Vienna to play for the great pedagogue, Julius Epstein.

Meanwhile, too, there occurred another decisive event in the life of the little musician. Mme. Patti had come to Lemberg. Already Marcella Kochanska had begun to sing; but her desire to see the great Adelina did not come from the idea that she might some day be a prima donna herself. Her ambitions were still confined to her work on the piano, and in a less degree on the violin. It was merely to hear the great soprano of whom the whole world talked that she went to the opera-house at five o'clock in the afternoon, to wait in the crowd outside the gallery doors until they opened two hours later.

She heard Mme. Patti, singularly enough, in a rôle that later became one of the most famous in her own repertory —that of *Rosina* in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." It is characteristic of Mme. Sembrich that she has never forgotten the impression of this first hearing of her great predecessor. The beauty of Patti's voice, the true artistry of her singing, and the charm of her personality combined to create in her mind the opinion that has always been framed in the words:

"When one speaks of the great Patti, one speaks of something that happened only once."

SHE DECIDES TO BECOME A SINGER

When the little Kochanska, accompanied by her teacher and her mother, journeyed up to Vienna to get the opinion of Julius Epstein, she had no thought of an operatic career. After she had played both the violin and the piano, however—to the delight of the professor, who found her interpretations of Chopin especially strong in their national quality —her teacher modestly suggested that she should sing the aria "Ernani, involami," from Verdi's opera, now one of the most popular numbers in her concert repertoire, while Herr Stengel accompanied her at the piano. The enthusiasm of Professor Epstein over her singing was so much greater than it had been over her playing of the piano or violin that she left the room determined to strengthen this pair of wings for her flight to glory.

She proceeded to study under Rokitanski, in Vienna, and later under Giovanni Lamperti, in Milan. It was while studying in Vienna that she made her first appearance—an accidental one—before an audience. She was living in the household of a retired officer, who took her in to help out his own meager provision for a family. Every Sunday he led out his little brood on an excursion to the country. They started early in the morning, and were often exhausted by noon, so fast was the pace he set. One Sunday morning they reached a church just as the services were beginning, and went in. Marcella, slipping away from the others, found her way into the choir, where she offered to sing the Gounod "Ave Maria," which the organist was going to play as the introit. Her clear, pure voice, rising unexpectedly in the church, thrilled the worshipers, who could not resist the temptation to turn to see whence it came. The singer was too short, however, to be visible over the curtain that hung before the choir. The priest, although as ignorant as his flock concerning the source of the music, objected to the interest they showed.

"We have heard the voice of an angel," he said when he arose after the song had ceased. "Let us be thankful for that blessing, and ask no more."

It was when it became evident that her voice was better adapted to the traditions of the Italian school that she went to the younger Lamperti, in Milan. Her task was made easier by her sound musicianship — an inheritance from her father, who was an undeveloped genius —and by her experience with the violin and piano. Her voice, which had been small in the beginning, continued to grow under instruction, as well as to improve in quality.

SEMBRICH'S EARLY OPERATIC CAREER

In May, 1878, she made her début with an Italian company in Athens, under the professional name of Bosio—

a name suggested by her teacher, because her voice so much resembled that of a Mme. Angiolina Bosio, who was a distinguished Italian soprano of the middle period of last century.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH AS THE QUEEN IN MEYERBEER'S "LES HUGUENOTS"

From a recent photograph by Dupont, New York

The season in Athens was not a success. After her benefit, for which Mme. Sembrich sold the tickets at the gate of the summer casino in which the performances were given, the manager departed with the receipts, which she had confidingly handed over to him when it was time for her to begin her duties on the stage. But for the friendly aid of some Polish attachés of the Grecian court, the young prima donna, her husband, and her mother might have had no little difficulty in making their way northward to Dresden.

In the Saxon capital she was engaged for a time at the royal opera-house; but after a journey to Italy she determined to

abandon the career of a German singer for the Italian field. She sang *Lucia* for six performances at the Dal Verme, in Milan, and earned as much there as she could during a whole season in Germany. She was under contract, and her admirers protested against the injustice in the distribution of rôles that compelled such a promising young artist to seek other fields. They put this feeling into emphatic form

MARCELLA SEMBRICH IN 1880, WHEN SHE WAS MAKING HER EARLIEST SUCCESS AS A PRIMA DONNA, THREE YEARS BEFORE HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK

From a photograph by Mieckowski, Warsaw

Moreover, her position at the opera-house in Dresden was not entirely pleasant. It was difficult for her to get the rôles to which she was entitled. Her departure, however, was not easily accomplished. at her last appearance, by waiting outside the opera-house and marching in procession behind the cab that carried her to her modest lodgings.

The demonstration had its unfortunate

results, for, until the present year, Mme. Sembrich has never since been invited to sing at the Dresden opera-house. Next month she is to make a farewell appearance in the city where she practically began her career.

The eyes of the young star were then fixed on London, where the great singers in Italian opera gathered every year; but so slender were her means that the journey was not easy to make. Luckily, the directors of the Cologne Music Festival invited her to sing in their performances of "The Seasons," and the fee received there enabled her to travel to London and make the acquaintance of Ernest Gye, then manager at Covent Garden. He heard her sing, and immediately engaged her for a term of years.

The following winter she traveled in Russia, Spain, and France, meeting everywhere with marked success, and being hailed as the successor of Adelina Patti, whose appearances in opera were becoming more infrequent. After she had sung for a year in public, she spent a summer on Lake Como, where she chanced to find herself a neighbor of Francesco Lamperti, father of her first Italian teacher. As a result, she devoted herself to six months more of study before resuming her career—an unusual proceeding on the part of a singer who had already achieved popularity and success.

SEMBRICH'S AMERICAN DÉBUT

It was in the autumn of 1883 that Mme. Sembrich first came to America, to share with Christine Nilsson, then in her last season on the stage, the leadership of the company that opened the Metropolitan Opera-House. Her New York début was made in "Lucia di Lammermoor" on October 24 of that year. She returned for a concert tour in 1896, and since, with the exception of one season, she has remained the first colorature soprano at the Metropolitan.

Mme. Sembrich gave up the violin after her work as a singer came to require all her time, but she remained proficient enough to give, several years later, a concert in St. Petersburg for the benefit of a scholarship at the Conservatory of Music, in which she furnished every number on the program. There were twelve of them—four piano selections, four violin pieces, and four vocal numbers. When the late Henry E. Abbey's benefit was given at the Metropolitan after the close of its first season, Mme. Sembrich astonished the audience by playing on the violin a concerto by De Beriot, adding, after several recalls, Chopin's A flat ballade on the piano. Then she sang most brilliantly "Ah, non giunge" from "La Sonnambula." She ended this remarkable exhibition of musical genius by playing the violin obbligato for Christine Nilsson when the latter sang Gounod's "Ave Maria."

A GREAT SINGER'S SIMPLE LIFE

Mme. Sembrich has been frank with the biographers, and now stands in her fiftieth year. Her birthday is February 15. The remarkable freshness and purity of her voice has been maintained by a course of living guided by a sound mind in a sound body. As much of her time as possible has been spent in the open air. The summers she passes in Switzerland or the Tyrol, where she spends hours every day in mountain-climbing. Her home is on the shores of Lake Geneva, near the residence of her intimate friends the Paderewskis, and in the midst of an interesting musical colony. In New York she has lived for years in a hotel overlooking Central Park, and there are few good days of winter that do not find her making her customary round of the reservoir. She has not infrequently walked five miles over the snow of the park in the forenoon and given a brilliant performance of such an exacting rôle as *Lucia* in the evening. Her tastes in living have always been so simple that it has not been difficult for her to keep in good health.

Her pleasures, outside of her delight in nature, have consisted largely in music. It not infrequently happens that she and her husband spend an entire evening at the piano, playing Brahms or Beethoven. Her acquaintance with the composers of her time has included Verdi, Thomas, Gounod, Délibes, Brahms, Rubinstein, Cui, Puccini, and others less famous, who have expressed their estimate of her own qualities in an album of priceless autographs.

The voice of this woman who gained her fame in a repertoire that was already losing its hold on the taste of the public

when she first began to sing—for the old Italian operas were even then less beloved—is a pure soprano of exquisite color, ranging from G below the treble clef to F above it. Her legato singing has always been one of the special beauties of her art, although critics have never wearied of praising the certainty, the brilliancy, and above all the deep musical character of her rendition of the great Italian arias such as "Sempre libera" and "Ernani, involami." It has been said that she made colorature human, and that she was different from other singers of her school in the feeling and emotion she imparted to every phrase of the old music.

SEMBRICH'S OPERATIC REPERTORY

More than thirty operas are included in her repertory, and they represent an interesting range for a light soprano. They are as follows:

Verdi—"La Traviata," "Ernani," and "Rigoletto"; Donizetti—"Lucia di Lammermoor," "L' Elisir d' Amore," "Don Pasquale," "La Fille du Régiment," and "Linda di Chamounix"; Bellini—"La Sonnambula" and "I Puritani"; Gounod—"Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette"; Thomas—"Mignon" and "Hamlet"; Puccini—"La Bohème"; Rubinstein—"The Demon"; Tschaikowsky—"Eugen Onegin"; Mozart—"Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Entführung aus dem Serail," "Il Flauto Magico," and "Cosi Fan Tutte"; Wagner—"Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger"; Nikolai—"The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Bizet—"Les Pêcheurs de Perles"; Délibes—"Lakmé"; Rossini—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and "Semiramide"; Leoncavallo—"I Pagliacci"; Mascagni—"L'Amico Fritz"; Paderewski—"Manru"; Meyerbeer—"Les Huguenots" and "L'Étoile du Nord"; De Lara—"Amy Robsart"; Massenet—"Manon."

Mme. Sembrich has the talent of languages characteristic of her race, and speaks with equal fluency French, German, Italian, English, and Russian; so it is not surprising that she mastered certain of her rôles in several tongues. For instance, she has sung *Violetta, Gilda, Astrifiammante* in "The Magic Flute," *Elsa,* and *Rosina* in Italian and German, and *Marguerite* and *Lakmé* in Italian, German, and French. Her repertory of *lieder,* which she has given at her concerts for several years, and which she will continue to give for a short time longer, is equally comprehensive, and contains the works of the most famous song-writers of all nations.

At the side of the prima donna during her long career has been her husband, who has defended her artistic interests in her days of glory just as he did in her youth. "Papa Stengel" he is called by the operatic world of two continents. He is as beloved at the Metropolitan in New York as he is at the Imperial Italian Opera in St. Petersburg. He is the confidant of young singers, the guide and counselor of struggling musicians, who know that they are carrying their troubles to a sympathetic listener. But he is most concerned in watching over the welfare of the woman whom he saw grow from the little Polish pianist into one of the great singers of the world. He has even been known to carry his solicitude so far as to end a dinner-party, when he thought the time had come for the beloved Marcella to go to rest, by taking out his watch and observing, with an air of regret: *"Eh bien, la belle soirée est passée!"*—which left no alternative to the guests but to take the hint and depart. He has the satisfaction of knowing that the operatic evenings of Marcella Sembrich have always been described as *"belles soirées,"* and that they have ended with the world still admiring the singer who has left the stage while still in the possession of her unique powers.

THE STAGE

"The world's a stage!" we've heard Will Shakespeare say;
Night drops the curtain when each act is done;
Day lifts it, and the ever-faithful sun
Is there to light the glad or tragic play.

Sennett Stephens

STORIETTES

The Kidnaping of Steinberg's Baby

BY WILL GAGE CAREY

THE swarthy face of Pedro Cavalli glowed with an evil light as he leaned over the table in the cellar of Black Anton's saloon.

"Anton," he whispered hoarsely, "Ah gotta da kid—you giva me da mon'!"

He pointed to a bundle on a chair behind him with the natural pride of noteworthy achievement, and waited for the other to speak.

"Good for you, Cavalli!" replied Anton, as he poured out two glasses of Chianti. "When it comes to slick work, why, Pedro for me! For cleverness an' downright deviltry, you've got—"

"Aw, no, no!" broke in Pedro, an evil glitter coming into his beady eyes. "Ah no wanta da hot air—Ah wanta da mon'!"

"Cer-tainly, an' you'll get your money. I told you I'd give you one hundred dollars to steal Steinberg's baby an' bring it here, an' I'm goin' to do it—an' old Steinberg's goin' to cough up a cool thousand to get the kid back again!" he added, aside.

"Ah wanta da mon'!" Pedro repeated.

"Certainly, an' you'll get it," reiterated Anton. "But tell me how you got the baby, you sly dog. Are you sure no one seen you?"

"Sure—no one seena me. Da nurse-girl, she come home from walk in da park; stop da store to phone da sweet-heart, Brannigan, da cop. Den Ah getta biz—Ah creep roun' corner—Ah looka in da cab. Kid he sound sleep—sh-h-h-h-h! Ah queek grab heem up, duck roun' da corner, down da alley, in da back door, an'—Ah wanta da mon'!"

Anton slowly pulled out a worn wallet, inspected the contents, and then carefully returned it—to an inner pocket.

"Pedro, I ain't got nothin' less than hundred-dollar bills with me right now. I don't want to pay you in big bills, for it might cause some suspicion when you went to blow it. Let's have another drink, an' I'll go get your money. Remember, there's another hundred comin' to you when we've made old Steinberg cough up!"

The wine was good; it was years since Pedro had tasted such a vintage. It sent the warm blood tingling through his veins; the dingy cellar was fast becoming a sumptuous apartment, and the rogue opposite him was surely the most charming and altogether lovely gentleman he had ever known!

They emptied the flask, and opened another. Anton, while he was careful to let Pedro drink the greater share, had himself imbibed freely, and he talked with maudlin insistency of his plans for disposing of the kidnaped baby. His mind was sufficiently clear, however, to dominate that of his companion.

"Pedro," he said persuasively, "I want you to come in with me on a little business affair. Steinberg's goin' to pay one thousand dollars to get that baby back again; he's got to do it. Now, you've always done square enough by me, an' I'll make you a proposition. I'll play you a game of seven-up; if I win, I pay you the hundred dollars I promised you, an' then you're out of the deal entirely. If you win, I don't pay you the hundred, but you come in halves with me on the thousand. That's what I call givin' a friend a chance on a sure thing. What do you say?"

The magnanimity of the offer affected Cavalli almost to tears, and he accepted with alacrity. A greasy deck of cards was produced, and the game began. To Anton's apparent disgust, Pedro won. He was now the saloon-keeper's full-

fledged partner, entitled to a full half interest in Steinberg's thousand dollars —when they got the money.

Unsteadily they arose from the table.

"Let's have a look at the little kid-doo," said Anton. "Seems like he's doin' a lot of heavy sleepin' all on one stretch!"

Together they approached the chair where lay the white bundle, and threw back the dainty covers. The baby was gone!

For a moment they gazed at each other in stupid amazement. The sudden shock, the rude shattering of their golden dreams, had partly sobered both men. Suddenly Pedro burst out in fury:

"You worka da skin-game! You steala da kid!"

He drew a glittering stiletto and sprang upon Anton. They clinched, each struggling furiously for the possession of the dagger. Back and forth across the dingy cellar they strained and panted; then, with a sudden crash, they went down in a heap over the upset table.

The noise of the fight had reached the street. A crowd of loafers from the saloon overhead burst into the room, and two policemen forced their way through the mob and grabbed the frenzied combatants as they were struggling to their feet to renew hostilities. Together with the suspicious bundle of costly baby-clothes, Anton and Pedro were hustled into the patrol-wagon.

II

During the progress of the card-game, a woman—Black Anton's wife—had softly entered the cellar. She timidly approached her husband, but paused in amazement as her eyes fell upon the rich, immaculate raiment in the chair, and the sleeping infant nestled within it. Softly she picked the baby from its silken bed and pressed it tightly to her breast. It stirred uneasily in its sleep, and put a warm, dimpled hand against the woman's pale cheek.

She glanced at the table where sat Anton and Cavalli, intent on the card-game. Carefully she arranged the bundle of clothes on the chair, so that they would not be likely to miss the baby before her return; then she slipped silently away to her own room, where she could enjoy her new-found treasure—for she was a childless wife—alone and unmolested.

She seated herself contentedly in a rocker, and clasped the precious bundle closely to her.

"Poor little thing!" she murmured softly. "How come you down in that dingy cellar?"

Then came a guess at the true state of affairs—that the little babe had been stolen, and would be held by these men for ransom; that somewhere a distracted mother, frantic with grief and despair, was mourning the loss of her little one.

A look of frightened determination came into the woman's eyes. Clasping the babe tightly to her, she caught up a faded shawl and threw it around her; then she hurried up the stairs and out into the street. In breathless anxiety she hastened on, now and then casting an affrighted glance back over her shoulder to see if she was followed. She knew the fate that would be hers if her treachery was discovered, but she faltered not.

The baby had awakened. He was cooing and crowing over this new sensation of being carried so swiftly and gently.

Convinced at length that she was not being followed, the woman slackened her pace, and paused to think how she could restore the child without throwing suspicion upon Black Anton. At that moment she saw Brannigan, the big policeman on the beat, sauntering toward the patrol-box just ahead of her. In an instant her plan was formed.

Keeping the patrol-box between her and the approaching policeman, she glided swiftly forward. With one last, longing look at the baby, she laid it down carefully beside the box, and slipped away unseen.

This new condition of affairs was not pleasing to the Steinberg baby. The wails it set up were loud and lusty and continuous. At length they reached the ears of Brannigan, the policeman, who speedily espied the indignant infant. Bending down, he picked it up and lifted it high in the air, holding it gingerly at arm's length.

"So you're the young gintleman they're raisin' all the hullabaloo about,

are yez? An' to think of my Nora cryin' her pretty eyes out for the like of yez! What ye got to say to that before I run ye in, huh?"

The baby howled louder than ever.

"Well, sorr," continued Brannigan determinedly, "you come along peaceably with me, or I'll put the han'cuffs on yez!"

Still holding the wailing infant afar from him, and chuckling softly to himself at the gratifying thought that he would soon relieve the anguish of Nora in particular and the Steinberg family in general, he marched triumphantly down the street. At police headquarters, meanwhile, by making both Black Anton and Cavalli believe that the other had confessed, a full account of the attempted kidnaping was obtained.

A few days later, Anton — out on heavy bail—sat in his place of business, gloomy and disconsolate.

"There's nothin' to it," he said dolefully to a sympathizing friend. "That dago must have had it fixed with a pal to come in an' swipe the kid while Pedro an' I was talkin' business." Then, turning his eyes upward in saintly submission, he added plaintively: "*That's* what I get by havin' to associate with *crooks!*"

A Man's Honor

BY CLARENCE HERBERT NEW

THE interview had been requested by Giddings, after reading Darrell's brief note, and the butler ushered that gentleman into the magnate's private library at the rear of the house. For a matter of ten minutes, the reporter absorbed an impression of the comforts, the luxuries, and conveniences, represented by even moderate wealth—the countless little things that go so far toward making life smoother and more enjoyable by their daily use and possession. Then Giddings came in. With a pleasant greeting, accompanied by the proffer of a cigar, he seated himself at the other side of his flat desk — the door having been closed and locked behind him.

"Mr. Darrell"—taking an envelope from a drawer of the desk—"your note says: 'Return the thousand shares of Steel Preferred to Richard Cavanaugh within twenty-four hours, or the story of how you received them will be published.' Briefly, I don't understand the suggestion, and I don't like its tone."

"I didn't expect you to like it, Mr. Giddings, but you understand it perfectly. You think, no doubt, that I'm bluffing. Let me go over the details, so that we can't fail to understand each other. You are the reform party's nominee for Governor of this State. Richard Cavanaugh is the political czar of your opponents—the man who dictates who shall be nominated and what shall be done. Yesterday afternoon you bought a pair of shoes, which were tied up in a box of the usual sort, and took them along with you to the Gramercy Club. There you went up to the reading-room, and, laying the box on the long table near your elbow, sat down to smoke and read for a while. Cavanaugh was reading a magazine at the opposite side of the table. You two are not supposed to be acquainted, and didn't speak to each other; but Cavanaugh had been purchasing shoes of the same make, and his box was lying in the middle of the table, close to yours. Presently he got up and went into the billiard-room, taking one of the boxes with him. Any one noticing would naturally have assumed that he thought it his own.

"In about ten minutes more, you finished your cigar and left the club, taking the remaining box with you. When you opened it behind locked doors at home, there were in one of the shoes certificates for one thousand shares of Preferred Steel, worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. All of which means that the coming election is merely a case of 'heads I win, tails you lose,' for the machine. If its candidate is elected, Cavanaugh owns him. If you are elected, he controls you. My only reason for not publishing the facts without warning is

that up to now you've held a prominent and honorable position before the public. Send back that stock—play fair with your party—and I'll keep still."

"Er—what grounds have you for supposing that stock to have been in the box, Mr. Darrell? You are making a pretty serious accusation, you know—a very difficult one to prove."

"I've been shadowing Cavanaugh for several days. I was in the broker's office when he bought the stock in his bookkeeper's name. Yesterday, in a Park Row restaurant, I saw him open the shoe-box and slip the certificates inside—I and the man who accompanied me."

The candidate puffed thoughtfully on his cigar for a few minutes, but did not seem in the least disturbed.

"Well, Darrell, I suppose this is a matter of business between us. How much do you figure you ought to get?"

"You're talking a language I don't understand."

"I'll speak slowly and distinctly, so that you may at least guess at it. You're star reporter of the *Bulletin,* now—suppose we say—h'm—the managing editorship?"

"You will act upon my suggestion or take the consequences."

"Darrell, after reading your note I took the liberty of making a few inquiries about you. Among other things, I learned that you were the man who married Amy Fletcher two years ago, and that she has been failing in health. Your doctor told me that perfect rest for a year in southern California would restore her; but that if she remained here the winter might kill her. Now, suppose I should hand you ten thousand dollars—in bills—before you leave this room? I drew the money this morning."

"Giddings, will you kindly keep my wife's name out of your scoundrelly mouth?"

The candidate laid the stump of his cigar deliberately upon an ash-tray, walked over to the door, and unlocked it.

"That'll be about all, Mr. Darrell. You are at liberty to act as you please. Good afternoon!"

When the reporter left the house, the nominee for Governor leisurely sat down at his desk and used the telephone for an hour or more.

Half an hour later, when Darrell walked into the city room of the *Bulletin,* he was called to the managing editor's office.

"Tony," said that autocrat, "you'll have to take what belongs to you out of your desk and locker, and get whatever we owe you from the business office."

"All right, sir—but why?"

"Orders from the proprietor of the paper. You suit me first-rate, and I like you, but you seem to be *persona non grata* to one of the largest stockholders. Good luck to you!"

Darrell was stunned, though he didn't show it. Knowing his worth in the matter of news instinct, he had supposed his position with the *Bulletin* to be unassailable. In a daze of worry and anger, he walked down to the office of the *Planet,* on the next block, and sent in his card to the managing editor. This gentleman received him impatiently, but courteously.

"I know you by reputation, Mr. Darrell—got a scoop you want to sell us?"

"That's about the size of it, sir—and I want a job, as well."

He handed over a few sheets of typewritten copy with display head-lines, which the editor absorbed at a glance.

"H'm! Are you a drinking man, Darrell? Or are you just plumb crazy? Even if these facts are true, I don't believe you could absolutely prove them—and we are fighting a red-hot reform campaign to elect Giddings. Even if I wanted to use this stuff, my owners wouldn't let me—they are supporting Giddings. Nothing doing here, young man!"

At the *Clarion* and the *Morning Post,* Darrell was told that word had been received, from owners or influential stockholders, to have him forcibly ejected if he called. The machine had a patronage worth millions at stake, and had taken measures to protect its game.

About seven o'clock, footsore and completely discouraged, he opened the door of his little apartment, and stood listening for a moment before he went in. From the kitchen, with the occasional ring of pan or dish against another, there came now and then a dry, unnerving cough. As the echo of the closing door penetrated, there was a moment of silence in the kitchen: then came the

sound of tired footsteps, trying to hurry a little through the passage. The portière was drawn aside, and a beautiful girl in a dainty house-gown laid her arms lovingly around his neck. Her eyes were soft, but unusually large and bright; there were slight hollows in her cheeks and at the base of her throat. As he held her close against him, the cough she tried to suppress shook her from head to foot.

Feeling the magnetism of his anxiety through every fiber of her frail body, she tried to reassure him: "The cough isn't quite so bad to-day, Tony—really it isn't. Tell me about Giddings, dear—did you see him? What did he say?"

"Offered me a managing editorship, and ten thousand dollars to send my sick wife to California."

"And he means to—to keep that stock? Not really! What did you tell him?"

"Told him to go to thunder, and to keep my wife's name out of his mouth!"

She drew his face down to hers and kissed him lovingly.

"Thank you, dear. If you hadn't told him just that, you couldn't have looked me in the face. We'll manage to get along without *that* ten thousand, anyhow. Your salary on the *Bulletin* isn't so much, but we can make it do."

He choked a little.

"But suppose, sweetheart — suppose that Giddings and the machine have influence enough to get me fired from the *Bulletin*—from every paper I try to get on?"

"What does it matter? We've enough in the bank to keep us going a few months—and something else would be sure to turn up. Tony, dear, if it must be—if I must go—I can go happily as long as—as long as I love and respect you. If I couldn't do that, I'd kill myself without waiting for the cough and the climate to finish me. Hark! Was that the bell? Answer it, dear, while I go back to the kitchen."

The man who came in was a tall, well-built individual, with gray hair and mustache, who got down to the object of his call with military promptitude.

"Are you Mr. Darrell, the *Bulletin* man? Yes? Good! I'm Colonel Warren, of the *Trumpeter*. One of our men was in the *Planet* office this afternoon, and picked up a hint that Elmer K. Giddings is a grafter, and that you have the proof. Is that right?"

Darrell took from his pocket the typewritten sheets, which the colonel quickly glanced over.

"Our man also heard of the machine's efforts to down you, Mr. Darrell. Well, you may have the city desk on the *Trumpeter* if you want it, and we offer you ten thousand dollars for your evidence against Giddings. We aren't owned by any one on earth!"

With a quick glance toward the kitchen, where a sweet but rather faint voice was bravely trying to finish a little snatch of song, Darrell turned to the wall, and for a second or two leaned his face against his arm, muttering, with a sob:

"Thank God!"

The Madonna of Renunciation

BY CAMERON NELLES WILSON

SINKING into one of the low chairs, Desirée hurled her duster over her shoulder, and in delicious abandon closed her eyes upon the Vision Glorious.

"*Mon dieu,* it is loovely!"

It was an attractive room, and here alone was the little household drudge able to forget the horrors of her life below stairs. The walls were hung with wondrous tapestries from far China and with many paintings and half-finished sketches. Quaint brasses gleamed upon the mantel-shelf, and silken rugs of mellow tones covered the rough, creaking floor.

Above all, Desirée loved Maitland's pictures, for in them the young artist had portrayed the lives, the passions, the simple surroundings of her own people. There were interiors of lowly *habitant* homes; picturesque rivermen, strong, radiating masculinity; hardy

trappers like her own brothers; aged tillers of the land.

But the soul of the room centered in his "Madonna of Renunciation." Cradled between the mother's knees was the sleeping babe—helpless, rosy, sweetly human. Her slender hands lay passively open upon the dark folds of her robe, tragically empty, as if she dared not clasp the love that was hers by right of travail and birth-pangs. Her eyes were upraised, seeking some solution of the inscrutable mystery of her child's destiny—renunciation, faith, obedience, struggling with the master-passion of maternal devotion.

On her first lonely, homesick day of unwilling bondage, Desirée had found her only consolation in this picture. Mme. Lafleur had almost pushed her into the room, and, after a few hurried directions, had withdrawn to her own region of boiled cabbage and ill-cooked chops. With slender arms half-raised, the girl had crouched low before the painting and cried out the agony of her heart in a passion of misery.

Here was her high altar of safety. When things went wrong in the unsavory kitchen; when *madame's* voice had waxed from querulous complaint to raucous abuse; when coarse jests and suggestive raillery had been given her with empty plates as the wharf-hands bolted their meals — then it was that the sweetness of her cloister made life bearable.

Maitland was much away; in fact, she had seldom seen him. In her lingering care of his household gods she was never disturbed; and Desirée gloried in the service.

II

When Dan Fagan began to desert the Esplanade with its garish bars, and to spend his evenings in Mme. Lafleur's basement-kitchen, Desirée heard the inner voice which found expression in the soft tones of the irrepressible Irishman. He made his declaration in true, manly fashion.

"*Oui*—Ah loove you—Ah marry you some day," she whispered as she nestled against him, content to let some day come in its own good time.

Their courtship lengthened into months. Fagan's nest-egg grew apace, and he began to talk of their wedding-day. Desirée was interested after a fashion, but made no preparations for a trousseau. She enjoyed their weekly jaunts to the theaters, and reveled in their moonlight tramps beside the water-front or along the quiet mountain drives; but when Dan spoke of a consummation to this aimless philandering, she became strangely reticent.

It was not strange that Dan at length grew weary of procrastination. His impatience turned to grim determination, his tenderness to forceful passion.

"Look a-here, Desiry, how long are ye goin' to keep up this coortin' business? I'm ready for you, girl—I have plinty and to spare. Desiry"—leaning toward her over the greasy table and pushing aside the odoriferous lamp—"I want you to say *whin*—I can't wait no longer!"

His big red hand closed over her fingers with compelling force, and his gray eyes seemed to burn into her trembling heart.

"No, no, Dan! Ah no wan' to go away. Ah loove you, *mon cher—oui,* but Ah can't leave her!"

"What? You can't leave old Mother Laflower?"

"Coom—follow me!"

Half drawing, half coaxing with words of French and English, she led him from the kitchen, up three flights of stairs, to Maitland's studio. Desirée knew that the painter was out, but she rapped as if the door of Fate rattled beneath her knuckles. She peered into the room, over whose glories the flickering fire shed a mellow glow. With trembling touch she lit a candle, and then looked around for Fagan. He stood in one of the dormer-windows, staring out upon the figured dome of the Bon-Secours and the tall masts of schooners ice-locked in the broad St. Lawrence.

Walking on tiptoe to where he stood in the moonlight, she drew him gently toward the Madonna of Renunciation. Her head drooped as she held the candle aloft with unsteady arm. Questioningly he glanced from the painting to the pallid face of the girl at his side. Her lips were moving, her eyes

closed. He seized her roughly by the arm, his strong fingers tight upon her tender flesh.

"An' you give me up for *her?*"

Anger trembled in the deep tones. The idea passed his comprehension.

"Dan!"

The wonder of her voice thrilled him. He glanced in surprise at the terror in her look, the horror of outraged sensibilities. Her eyes were wide-strained, her lips parted, her whole attitude that of fearful expectancy. The candle blazed flickeringly in her shaking hand. Dan's eyes again sought the picture, then something of the meaning of it all flashed through his dulled senses.

The soft radiance fell upon the upturned face of divine maternity, imparting a mystic, refulgent glow to the lifeless canvas. It was as if nascent life stirred beneath the clinging robe, throbbed anew in the mother-heart, pulsed through the rosy limbs of the sleeping child. The silent agony of renunciation, the ineffable pain of eternal surrender, became suddenly apparent to the man's searching gaze. His head sank upon his breast; one arm slipped around Desirée's waist. He whispered in her ear:

"If I buy it, dear, will you come?"

"*Mon cher,*" she murmured gratefully, "it would cost you t'ousands of dollaires—more than ze house or ze cows or—all else."

The hope died out of his face. Desirée raised the light for a despairing survey of the unattainable desire. And thus Maitland came upon them.

They turned as he entered. No guilty explanation of their presence stammered from surprised lips. Their souls were so far upraised above petty embarrassments that a vague sense of intrusion fell upon Maitland himself. Hand in hand they stood, partly in shadow, partly illumined by the candle's gleam.

"Rather dark, Desirée! Let's have some light on the subject, eh? Bitter cold out, too. A little more coal would cheer things up."

Moving cheerfully, he lighted the reading-lamp with its rich-colored Japanese shade, touched a match to some candles, then smilingly faced them.

"Sorr, I want to buy yer pictur' of the loidy." With a rough, businesslike air, Fagan drew from his hip-pocket a fortnight's savings. "Fix yer price," said he, fingering the bills.

"*M'sieu'* — *m'sieu'!*" Desirée interrupted imploringly, as she realized the grotesqueness of his offer.

Maitland's smile reassured her.

"My good fellow," he replied in his quick, friendly way, extracting a cigarette from a silver case, "I have not thought of a sale—not recently. I—"

"But you *will* sell, sorr? I'll pay ye anythin'— ten, fifteen dollars—more if ye think it's worth it. Desiry, she won't leave the loidy, an' me wid plinty o' cash to spind on a home!"

Desirée placed the candle upon the table.

"*M'sieu',* you understan'? She has been ze mudder to me—ze life itself. Ze lonesome, ze pain, an' *madame*—zey matter not when Ah coom here in ze mornin'! Zen, Ah fin' rest, *m'sieu',* an' peace an' loove. Oh, *m'sieu',* Ah could not leave her now! Ah loove Dan—Ah loove her too, beside!"

Desirée buried her face in a much-soiled apron. Maitland shifted uneasily. The cozy room, with its soft, subdued lights, its cheerful fire, grew strangely, hauntingly still.

"How much, sorr?" begged the intrepid Dan with boyish eagerness. "Here, sorr—take it all"—generously holding the torn purse toward Maitland. "Isn't that enough?"

"I refused four hundred for it last week," Maitland quietly answered, advancing to the picture in an attitude unintentionally critical.

Fagan's hand closed tentatively upon his little hoard; his honest face was pitiful in its distressed *gaucherie.* For a moment he stood thus; then, in hopeless finality, he restored the money to his pocket.

"Good-by, Desiry. I haven't enough of the dough to buy the pictur', an' I haven't enough love to buy you, so—good-by!"

He spoke simply. There was nothing of high tragedy in the situation. Desirée's sobs alone broke the stillness. Her hour of renunciation had come; an invisible sword pierced her heart with the poignancy of the inevitable.

"*Mère de dieu!*" she cried, as if in supplication.

Maitland lifted the painting from the wall, smiling whimsically.

"Wait just a moment, Fagan." He stood with his hand raised toward the retreating figure. "Desirée, look here! You love this man, I believe. You love my Madonna too. It would be hard to give up either, wouldn't it? Now I want you two foolish children to be happy—and I want you to hang my poor little picture in your best room. It is my wedding-present. Good luck to you both, and, Desirée"—with mock severity—"don't you make him wait another month, or I'll do like the Indians—take back my gift. And now, *bon soir!*"

An Incident of the Banks

BY BURKE JENKINS

"GET yer foot out'n that trawl tub, ye swab!"

Lubber to my very boot-tips, I lurched clear of that offense only to measure my length on the schooner's deck, still slimy with the recent catch of cod.

Grinning sheepishly to the general guffaw, I staggered up from my sprawl, and again set about my worthless endeavor of assistance in launching the dory overside.

"Fer a dorymate, ye're sure a killer!" growled Pete, as, single-handed, he swung the boat clear of the rail.

Then, at a particularly violent jump of the vessel in the nasty bobbery of sea that was running, he lost his self-control. No man relishes a cursing; but, half sick with the motion, and wofully disgusted at having ever shipped "out o' Gloucester," there was little enough spirit left in me to resent it. And Pete's vocabulary, in the matter of invective, was the envy of the forecastle.

"Catch me ever signing with this company again!" he grumbled on, after I had managed finally to reach the forward thwart and to fit a heavy oar between the thole-pins. "Whang me if I don't ship with a square-head next time, er a Portugee! Some kind of a fit-out, anyway, that don't send milkers a fishing! No, sir!" He kept up his growl to himself as he sent the dory skimming out over the choppy sea. "A bank schooner ain't no cradle fer nursers! Gawd! Dorymate! Working on shares, mind you! Phew!" And Pete spat over the gunwale.

Now, men are not given, even the worst of them, to cursing each other when there are only the two of them. It would seem that, after all, it's the audience that is required. But this morning, out there on the water, Pete broke well over that rule. He kept it up, too.

I doggedly stuck to my stroke, which was steadily bettering; for I was far less seasick, now that we had left the schooner for the smaller craft. I had rowed a good enough oar at college, but this affair of thole-pins is a trick of itself.

And I preserved a guarded silence.

We chose our spot and began to fish. They ran well that morning, and my hands ached to the hauling. Three hours went before we ate our snack; then we were at it again. Off yonder, like a hen with her chicks, the schooner jogged her watch over the scattered dories, each with its double dots of men. By mid-afternoon I longed mightily for the darkness that would send her on her rounds of picking us up; for already I was dog-tired.

By about four o'clock the breeze fell; and, quick to its dying, came the fog. You of the land never see fog; you know not its capabilities, its total obliteration, the sudden wrench from actuality into a vague world of indecision, of weird uncanniness, of a creeping fear.

Pete had grumbled himself into a brooding ill-humor; but now he broke out again, though I noticed he avoided his worst words. It was certainly exasperating to think of the damp and cheerless wait ahead of us until the schooner could find us; the dory full of fish by now, too! Pete rolled over right on top of the fish and went to sleep.

As usual, there was little warning. The sharp edge of the steamer's towering, bluff bows showed a definite line which my wild eyes of panic followed up to the glowering hawse-pipes of the cliff of steel that bore down upon us.

Then came a yell from up there; a clang.

Lost to the doom, Pete hadn't caught any hint until he heard the yell, and the oars were under him! It was my heavy boot that caught him full force in the side, and rolled him over by its impact against his ribs. Then came my *own* curse at him.

I wrenched the oars to the thole-pins, and every ounce of beef that was in me went into my pull on the ash. Much can be done in a second; and, besides, something had been accomplished aboard the steamer, which swung off—luckily to stern of us.

As the wall of metal churned by, I remember I caught myself picking out the rivets of her plates. Then came the thrash of the blades—harmless, now, in the veer she had made. Then once more the fog.

"Close call, warn't it, son?" said Pete good-humoredly.

The Loss of Harris

BY WILLIAM S. HORNOR

THE natural inference from the fact that Henry Braidwood wore a small shoe and a large hat was more than justified by his business success, although the impression of keen firmness made by his cleft chin and shrewd eye was not always so fully borne out in his face-to-face dealings with his fellow man. On paper, or through his subordinates, he was as hard as nails; but in personal intercourse — whether through the goodness of his heart or on account of his digestion—he was generous and easy-going.

It was this last trait, perhaps, that was responsible for his neglect to mark the fact that Harris, his correspondence clerk, was a past master in the art of doing the least amount of work possible while continuing to retain both his job and the good-will of his employer. Conformably, under the influence of the clerk's subtly ingratiating manner, Braidwood had grown accustomed to accept good *excuses* as good *reasons* for delinquency.

Still, it cannot be denied that the death of one's wife is a good reason for requesting a leave of absence. And thus it was that Braidwood, on that particular June morning, received Harris's doleful-visaged solicitation for a four days' exemption from duty.

"I am indeed sorry for you, Harris, and of course I will make it convenient to get along. Do not come back for a week—we will manage here."

"You are very kind, sir; but I'll be back at my desk on Saturday morning. I don't need a week; the funeral is to be on Friday at two o'clock, if—if I can manage it," answered Harris, furtively wiping his eyes.

The way in which the man's voice broke during the utterance of the last words moved Braidwood to look up quickly.

"Perhaps a small advance on your salary would be an accommodation at this time?" he said considerately.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I do need money—very badly indeed," said Harris, still plying his handkerchief. "I've got to raise forty dollars more—though how, God knows," he added, his broken voice and bowed head testifying to the reality of his need.

Braidwood could not resist such an appeal.

"I will loan you the money," he said. "You may pay it back when and as you are able."

A moment later, amid many effusive protestations of gratitude—and of early repayment—Harris, one hand still holding a handkerchief to his eyes, the other tightly gripping the money, backed his way out of the office. Braidwood again turned to his desk, with the sense of inward well-being that comes to one who

has acted benevolently, and, in the pressure of business, he promptly forgot his clerk and his clerk's grief.

It was not until Friday morning, three days later, that the subject recurred to him, and then only incidentally. He was to run out on Long Island after lunch on that day, to join a week-end party. This was the prompting for his stop, on his way to business, at a florist's, for the purchase of a propitiatory offering—such an oblation implying, in the present case, a shrine and a divinity.

A psychologist might explain how, through the association of ideas, the flowers suggested the divinity; the divinity, matrimony; matrimony, married life; married life, its termination by death; and death, the funeral of Harris's wife. No part of this chain of reasoning, however, passed through Braidwood's conscious thought; it simply occurred to him that to send a few flowers would show a kindly spirit toward his afflicted employee. So it was that he invested a moderate amount in an appropriately lettered floral piece, which, in his ignorance of Harris's address, he ordered delivered at his own office, thinking to send it by the porter.

It was not until the two boxes of flowers were brought to his desk, shortly before noon, that he again thought of the matter.

"Here," he called to one of the clerks, "give these flowers to the porter, and have him take them to Harris's house, wherever that is. Let him start at once, for the funeral is at two o'clock this afternoon."

"I am sorry, sir, but the porter is out on an errand, and won't be back till after one. I am afraid it will be too late for him to reach the place in time; Harris lives out on Elmfield Street."

Braidwood studied a moment.

"Never mind," he said, "I will take them myself; it is not so far out of my way. Mark the address on the package and give it to my chauffeur."

It was nearing two o'clock when Braidwood's car drew up in front of the Harris domicile, and Braidwood, carrying the large box in his own hands, that he might show the greater consideration, ascended the steps. After painfully climbing three flights of dark—and, inferentially, dirty—stairs, he set the box down by the side of a door that bore the name of Harris.

Somewhat surprised to note no crape or other indication of mourning, he knocked. The young woman who came to the door in answer to his rap might have been crying, judging from the redness of her eyes; but her careless dress and somewhat challenging carriage discovered nothing of the outward decorum conventionally associated with funerals.

"Does Mr. Harris live here?" asked Braidwood, with much politeness.

"Yes," she answered tartly, looking him over with evident suspicion.

"Is he in?"

"No."

"Perhaps his wife's funeral is to take place from a church?"

"His wife's funeral!" snapped the woman. "His wife's funeral!" she repeated. "I'm all the wife he's got." Then, seeming to lose all control of herself, she went on raucously: "And I might better be dead, the way he treats me, the fool! He's gone crazy about the horse-races; and havin' a three days' vacation, all on account of a fire at the office, he's pawned everything he could lay his hands on and gone off to Baltimore to play a sure tip with. He'll be back to-night, most likely busted."

"I must have come to the wrong house," said Braidwood, turning to go. Then he took up his burden once more and descended the stairs, murmuring to himself: "I see—I see!"

Later that evening, a man in livery, carrying the same box, paused at the door of the same house, just in time to meet a travel-stained man who approached from the opposite direction, his countenance showing unmistakably that its owner was suffering from a severe case of world-weariness. It was Harris himself.

Harris took the package and entered the house. Under the gas-jet on the first landing he paused weariedly, before presenting himself to his wife, and opened the box. It contained a handsomely lettered floral emblem, bearing the business card of Braidwood & Co. On the card was penciled the word, "Farewell"; while the floral letters read, "We Mourn Our Loss."

LIGHT VERSE

AFTER CONFESSION

(Valentine)

FRESH from the little shrine
Sacred to Valentine—
My, but I'm feeling fine
After confession!
I had a lot to say
To the dear priest to-day;
Now I have come away
Free of transgression.

Cupid, you know, is priest;
He wears a cassock pieced
Out of a rose—at least
That's what I thought it
When I was looking through
His rosy window to
Tell him my love for you;
Love's fingers wrought it.

What do you think he said
After the prayers were read?
"Blessings upon thy head,
Penitent sinner!
Take thou a rose. In time,
If thou canst find the rime
Love hath concealed so, I'm
Sure thou canst win her."

So, my sweet, here it goes:
Out of the Book of Rose,
Which, every lover knows,
Has words that thrill you.
Cupid's injunction I
Follow, so please reply
Saying that you'll be my
Valentine. Will you?

Julian Durand

THE LAND OF OTHERWHERE

OH, the Land of Otherwhere, who knows
when first it called us
Across the homely threshold and through
the little gate?
The highway held a promise that beckoned
and enthralled us—
Oh, child's heart that answered it, how
hard it seemed to wait!

Oh, the Land of Otherwhere, how often sea-
ward gazing
Have we glimpsed beyond the blue its
beauty and its state;
Hint of quay and spire and dome in some
red sunrise blazing—
Oh, youth's heart that leaped to it, how
strange it seemed to wait!

Oh, the Land of Otherwhere, where all our
dreams went roaming,
If we should turn to find you now, would
it be too late?
Shall we never reach your gates, like weary
vagrants homing?
Oh, man's heart that yearns for it, how
long it seems to wait!

Theodosia Garrison

ALL THE REST SUPERFLUOUS

GIVE me a group of shady trees,
A soft and balmy southern breeze;
Give me a pipe, a cozy nook
Sequestered, and a lively book.
Give me a hammock, hung with care,
To swing with ease in soft mid air;
Give me a girl, kind Fate—and, say,
If *she's* just right—take these away!

T. L. Masson

CONTENTMENT

WHILE men are seeking for the rose,
Why, I am faithful still
Unto the daffodil that grows
Neglected on the hill.

While men observe the nightingale,
And to none other hark,
I seek the spot within the dale
Where lilts the lonely lark.

While men are hieing to the town,
To choose a city lass,
My lady-love in homespun gown
I deem none can surpass!

Harold Susman

TOAST AND TEA

WE do not need the chafing-dish,
Cold times, on Sunday night;
Though out of doors the wind goes "swish,"
Our fire burns warm and bright.

Our "round oak" stove exhales good cheer,
  On top the kettle sings;
We draw the small white table near—
  Love lends each moment wings!

Lorinda spreads the wheaten slice,
  And I the toaster hold
Above the scarlet coals—a trice,
  They change to brown and gold.

Oh, little room, closed to the storm,
  Where, Sunday nights with me,
Lorinda, by our coal-fire warm,
  Makes wheaten toast and tea!

Cora A. Matson Dolson

TO MY WIFE—A VALENTINE

THOU art so dear, my love, to me—
  So dear, and, oh, so necessary—
That, having thee and wanting thee,
I dare address to thee this query:
May I choose one already mine
To be for ay my valentine?

Channing Pollock

LA PLACE DE LA REVOLUTION (1793)

THE Paris mob swarms on the square,
  From different quarters rushed along—
A heaving mass, in blazing sun,
  A wasted, nervous, maddened throng.

A priest disguised, a flower-girl,
  An officer, a tottering jade,
The patriot, a half-naked child—
  Liberty cap and red cockade.

The hot air reeks the stench of blood;
  The bread-line stretched along the square;
Faint tocsin from the Tour St. Jacques;
  And desperate hunger everywhere.

National guard with galley-slave;
  The *citoyen,* the *citoyenne;*
The Paris dregs mixed with its scum—
  Those creatures more like beasts than men!

They haunt the prisons, watch mock trials,
  They search for victims to arrest;
With raving madness, thirst for blood,
  They kill their leaders with the rest.

Their faces turn upon one spot—
  Two tall black columns in the air,
Where Danton, Saint-Just, Robespierre died—
  "My Lady Guillotine" is there!

A silent tension holds the crowd,
  A downward flash, a falling head;
The knitting-women take a stitch;
  The mob, blood crazy, cheers the dead.

The Terror reigns in ninety-three;
  "Ça ira! Liberté!" they shriek.
"Egalité! Fraternité!
  À bas Capet! Vive République!"

Herman Marcus

AND THOSE THAT WAIT

EASTWARD, where the sun is liftin'
  From the fog-bank out to sea,
There's an empty dory driftin'—
  Wonder where her crew can be?

Dory with her gunwales drippin',
  Driftin' seaward from the shore;
Not a single hand a grippin'
Of a strainin', bendin' oar.

Nothin' there to tell her hist'ry;
  Where's her skipper an' his mate?
Dead, you say? Well, that's a myst'ry—
  No one here to speak their fate.

'Pears as if they must have left her—
  Why? Well, now, that's one on me;
Maybe they're just restin' peaceful
  Underneath the lazy sea.

Dory driftin', crew a missin';
  Out from shore across the swells
Eyes an' ears that look and listen
  Seaward past the harbor-bells.

Eyes that search an' ears that listen,
  Lips that quiver forth a prayer;
Hearts that fear an' tears that glisten;
  Hopes that battle with despair.

Westward where the day is shiftin'
  Down behind the crimson sea,
There's an empty dory driftin'—
  Wonder where her crew can be?

Percy M. Cushing

SUNSET SONG

THE night-wind's mellow murmuring
  Floats down the wooded cañon;
Belated birds on weary wing
  Seek home and nest-companion.

The brook that to the glen and glade
  Has sung its song incessant,
Now softly croons a serenade
  Unto the moon's fair crescent.

The stars appear—how still they stand
  In angel-guarded spaces!
What calm descends on sea and land
  From those world-watchful faces!

Wind, wood, and water, bird and star,
With what fond magic teeming!
For thoughts of thee in land afar
Drift through my vesper dreaming.

Where'er thou art—awake, asleep,
By mountain, plain, or billow,
While angels round thee vigil keep,
Fair dreams be thy soft pillow!

Clarence Urmy

ON SEEING PRUDENCE IN A SHEATH GOWN

I SAW her on the avenue,
And scarcely recognized my Prue;
Her face was quite the same, but she
Seemed somehow different to me.
Her smile was all unchanged, and so
Were both her eyes. Their sunny glow
Brought back remembrance, sweetly blent
With thoughts of lover-like intent.

But otherwise—ah, wo is me!—
How changed did Prudence seem to be!
Ensheathed in gown of latest mode
She crept where formerly she strode.
Her hat was three feet seven wide;
The rest of her, from side to side,
Seen at a glance was, I should guess,
Ten inches, maybe—more or less!

Oh, Fashion, what hath come to pass
Beneath thy sway, that she, alas!
Who once unto her lover's eye
Held all the charm of Venus high—'
Whose dainty figure called to mind
The style of Juno and her kind—
Now stands transformed, and like—for grace—
A silk umbrella in its case?

Carlyle Smith

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

THERE are languages a plenty,
Esperanto, Latin, Greek—
From a dozen up to twenty
That 'most any one can speak;
But the tongue that's most appealing,
That most people truly prize,
That is tremulous with feeling—
Is the Language of the Eyes.

When Myrtilla I am courting,
I don't think in Bostonese,
And my tongue is not cavorting
Into Dutch or Siamese;
But I do the better billing
And my cooing is more wise,
When I send my heart a thrilling
Through the Language of the Eyes.

There is naught that can be spoken
With the tongue or with the pen
That holds deeper, surer token
Of the hearts of maids or men,
Than the very simple phrases
That so rhythmically rise,
Singing love in all its phases,
In the Language of the Eyes.

'Tis the language universal,
'Tis the language ever true;
It requires no long rehearsal;
And its syllables are few.
There's no grammar there to vex us,
And it scorns deceitful lies—
'Tis of tongues the solar plexus,
Is the Language of the Eyes!

Wilberforce Jenkins

TO A CRICKET

LITTLE ventriloquist,
Up on the rafter,
What a peculiar twist
Tangles your laughter!
Something of joy I hear,
Something satiric,
In your metallic, queer,
Crisp and cool lyric.

Keep it up all night long—
I do not mind you;
I cannot learn your song,
Nor can I find you;
From your exalted seat
Send the notes flying;
You're a delightful cheat,
Only half trying!

I am told that you bring
Good luck to many;
Please, if you will, to sing,
And if there's any
Luck for me, I will take
All of your trilling;
Even to lie awake,
Cricket, I'm willing!

Frank Dempster Sherman

A PHILOSOPHER

SOOTH, when I would philosophize,
I ponder upon Sylvia's eyes;
Therein I seem to find the whole
Expression of the oversoul!

Not Plato wise, nor Socrates,
For me no sages kin to these!
Their doctrines fall in full eclipse
Beneath the words from Sylvia's lips.

For others all the lore of schools—
Their dogmas, syllogisms, rules!
Content am I to have but her,
My own dear, sweet philosopher!

Archibald Crombie

IN A WINTER WOOD

WHAT magic weaver has been here
In this, the wood's wide room,
And woven wondrous tapestry
Upon his secret loom?

With fingers deft he toiled all night,
And left at morn no trace
Save these, his flimsy filigrees
And silver threads of lace.

Against the sky his patterns fine
A matchless cobweb seem;
Ah, some one, at his quiet loom,
Wrought this delightful dream!

Charles Hanson Towne

THE ELDERS' FAIRY BOOK

SOME are, who for lost regions of enchantment sigh,
Lamenting still their infancy's loved pilgrimages
Through realms where even beans grew normally league-high,
Where forests, scorning quite Dame Nature's sober stages,
Upsprang full-leafed at witch's dictate or at mage's.
But he no vegetable marvel lacks who reads,
When first a vagrant wind the swelling spring presages,
The elders' fairy book, Blank's Catalogue of Seeds!

And sentimental souls have longings that ne'er die,
For pink-pranked garden spaces, bosky pasturages,
For lilied fountains with sweet, dusky arbors nigh,
For stingless bees, and birds that love their pretty cages,
For blooms defying blight and autumn's windy rages.
Ah, Arcady, forgot, rejected of dull creeds,
One volume still revives thee and thine appanages—
The elders' fairy book, Blank's Catalogue of Seeds!

And ye who mourn the Perfect State, which, with rapt eye,
In youth ye visioned, where no sordid thought of wages,
But zeal alone drove men in useful works to vie;
Where rich and poor at last were one, all surplusages
Apportioned justly by impartial, selfless sages—
Here, lithographed, behold what your bright dream exceeds—
Snug cots, trim lawns, neat, smiling toilers of all ages—
The elders' fairy book, Blank's Catalogue of Seeds!

ENVOY

Prince, here is balm that each successive grief assuages
As dream by dream Utopia gradually recedes—
To win the vision back, we need but con these pages—
This elders' fairy book, Blank's Catalogue of Seeds!

Anne O'Hagan

LOVE'S TRESPASSER

YOUNG Cupid has a park that
Is full of roses fair;
I'll tell, but keep it dark that
You learned from me just where;
For when at first I found it
He seemed both mean and proud,
And put up signs around it—
NO TRESPASSING ALLOWED!

I hung about and hated
The rascal for his sin;
But once when I had waited
A long time I got in.
The place was fresh and fragrant
As one could hope to see,
And there was I, a vagrant,
As happy as could be.

It was the hour that closes
The long, sweet summer day;
I leaned above the roses,
And, oh, how sweet were they!
"Forgive me if I trespass,"
I softly begged above,
Then heard a whispered "Yes" pass
The rose-lips that I love!

Cyril Evers

THE STAGE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PLAYGOERS?

LAST winter, in New York, some of the banks and trust companies had their evil days; this year it is the theaters that are afflicted with direful nights. For there is no denying that the present season in the playhouses has been the most disastrous on record.

"Are the people tired of the theater?" the managers ask themselves and one another. "Why don't they go?"

The lack of good plays, you may say, is the chief cause; but even productions that are admittedly "knock-outs"—as Clyde Fitch says they must all be nowadays to succeed—are suffering from voids in the balcony, the pulse by which

ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO HAS MADE A HIT IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S CLEVER COMEDY, "LADY FREDERICK"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

the health of the box-office is most surely tested.

Various causes have been assigned for this apathy of the New York public toward the stage—causes that range from bridge and motor-cars to stringency in the money market and the lure of grand opera. So far as the metropolis is concerned, it would not surprise me to find, were statistics obtainable, that grand opera is playing the biggest part in robbing the theaters of former habitués. It must be remembered that the city has now two opera-houses, both of which are drawing great audiences to hear the foremost singers of the day.

TRIXIE FRIGANZA, WHO IS MRS. WILLIAM WAXTAPPER IN GEORGE M. COHAN'S MILE-A-MINUTE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE AMERICAN IDEA"

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

"What have I to show for my two dollars after I get home?" a man asks him-

MARGUERITE LESLIE, WHO WAS THE DUCHESS OF HAVANT WITH SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM IN "BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT," AT THE NEW THEATER, LONDON

From her latest photograph by Rita Martin, London

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, OUR NEWEST ACTOR-MANAGER, NOW PLAYING DON ERNESTO IN "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE," A DRAMA ADAPTED BY C. F. NIRDLINGER FROM JOSÉ ECHEGARAY'S "EL GRAN GALEOTO"

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York

JULIE OPP (MRS. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM), APPEARING WITH HER HUSBAND AS DONA TEODORA IN "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE," WHICH IS ONE OF THE SUCCESSFUL PLAYS OF THE SEASON

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York

CHARLOTTE WALKER, LEADING WOMAN AS AGATHA IN "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA"—MISS WALKER WAS RECENTLY MARRIED TO EUGENE WALTER, THE PLAYWRIGHT, AUTHOR OF "PAID IN FULL," "THE WOLF," AND "THE EASIEST WAY"

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago

Even if I do, the money is gone, and so is the play, so far as its ever doing me any more service is concerned."

With opera it is different. Even though your man in the street may have no real appreciation of music, and may be terribly bored while sitting through "Trovatore," "Thaïs," or "Tiefland," he will have a tangible asset for his money in being able to say that he has heard Caruso, Mary Garden, or Emmy Destinn. It is the same principle that makes almost a sure-fire attraction of Maude Adams, John Drew, Fritzi Scheff, and Ethel Barrymore, irrespective of the vehicle in which they may appear.

So much for New York. Now, how about "the road"? Here is where managers usually hope to reap their richest harvest, for the owners of Manhattan playhouses demand so big a share of the "gate-money" that there is little chance of large profit on Broadway.

So far this season, the country at large has made a still worse showing than the theatrical metropolis. Show after show has been called back, owing to poor business, while others have dissolved even in their testing weeks of preparation for a Broadway opening. Most puzzling of all for the managers, their traditional guiding star — the New York verdict—has in several instances proved to be a will-o'-the-wisp. "The Call of the North," which was railed at by the metropolitan press, but on which Robert Ede-

self to-day, when considering a new show. "I may like it, and I may not.

ELEANOR ROBSON, STARRING IN THE NEW PLAY BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"

From her latest photograph—copyright by Frank Scott Clark, Detroit

son was fain to fall back for his tour, has been distinctly successful, while "Pierre of the Plains," which pleased almost universally in town, did such poor business out of it that Edgar Selwyn retired from the cast, leaving the manager to dispose of the rights to a circuit playing the dollar houses.

It is worth noting that the London theaters have been faring no better than those of New York. A humorous English chronicler attributes the depression to the competition offered by the antics of the Suffragettes—a factor which surely cannot be reckoned into the game over here.

PERCY HASWELL, WHO IS FLORA BRAZIER WITH OTIS SKINNER IN "THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"

From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London

In summing up the year 1908, the London *Stage* notes by way of partial consolation that the native dramatic output made a better comparative showing than was the case in the preceding seasons, during which there had been a growing tendency to import American and Continental attractions.

FRITZI SCHEFF AGAIN AMONG SOLDIERS

Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert had a difficult task when they undertook to furnish Fritzi Scheff with a fitting successor to "Mlle. Modiste"—a piece of their own composition which has proved almost a "Robin Hood" in light-opera popularity. De Koven and Smith, up to date, have failed to duplicate the swing and the tunefulness of their charming idyl of Sherwood Forest, although they have tried more than once. Blossom and Herbert have been more successful, for while ardent admirers of "Modiste" will still cling to their first love, they cannot deny that "The Prima Donna" is on a high plane of excellence; and Miss Scheff's new vehicle is drawing larger audiences to the Knickerbocker's roomy auditorium than did "Modiste" itself.

Its authors have done even more than score a second bull's-eye with a new work. They have made the field they had already tilled so cleverly yield a second crop. For the scene of "The Prima Donna" is laid in Paris, French soldiers abound in the piece, its heroine makes a hit on the operatic stage, and the hero's family opposes his marriage to her. Moreover, Fritzi has another captivating song—"When Girls Command the Army"—in which she beats the drum in the same old enthusiasm-arousing style. Yet, with all these points of similarity, the story of "The Prima Donna" is quite different from that of "Modiste."

In the new piece, Miss Scheff is supposed to be a singer of great reputation from the Opéra Comique, who takes the place of a suddenly indisposed *chanteuse* at a cheap concert-hall in the Paris suburbs. Here we have a stage upon a stage—a contrivance that invariably arouses pleased expectancy in an audience, but which does not often work out as satisfactorily as in "The Prima Donna." In this environment, the heroine falls in with a young lieutenant, who has written a song which she sings. Oddly enough, this same episode—that of a French officer writing a popular song—did duty in the ill-fated "Algeria," for which Mr. Herbert also furnished the music. In "The Prima Donna," however, this is merely an incident; its dramatic interest grows out of the attempt of the lieutenant's superior officer to force his attentions on the singer, whom he recognizes, and who proves to be quite able to take care of herself.

Miss Scheff's songs are perhaps the best she has yet had, and it is needless to say that she sings them in finished style and with her wonted magnetism. In the latter quality—which cannot be acquired by any course of study—Fritzi Scheff stands alone in her class. Gifted with the voice and the technique of the real prima donna, she has none of the airs that some operatic stars assume. There is about her a *bonhomie,* a *camaraderie,* which carries over the footlights in altogether different fashion from a certain reprehensible type of familiarity between stage and stalls that we encounter now and again in musical comedy.

Charles Dillingham does not believe in supporting a star with a parcel of sticks. He has provided Miss Scheff with a cast of excellent material. Most of the fun comes from the old piano-player of the concert-hall, enacted by James E. Sullivan, who achieved his first fame on both sides of the Atlantic as the *Polite Lunatic* in "The Belle of New York." This virtuoso's trials with his "artists," in the first act, form a unique entertainment, while his song in the last act—"I'll Be Married to the Music of a Military Band"—is so capitally staged that it delights the eye as well as the ear.

The rôle of the *Prima Donna's* spendthrift father falls to W. J. Ferguson, whom we saw last season in the luckless "Toymaker of Nuremberg," and who was call-boy at Ford's Theater in Washington when Lincoln was shot there. William Raymond, who plays opposite Miss Scheff as the lieutenant, is a new find. He is a Buffalo man, a graduate of Yale, and had only a brief professional experience in London before Mr. Dillingham secured him for "The Prima Donna," to which he brings a good presence and a well-trained barytone voice.

Josephine Bartlett, the proprietress of the café, will be remembered as the owner of the millinery-shop in "Modiste." She is a sister of the late Jessie Bartlett Davis, and has been with Fritzi Scheff ever since the latter began to star. Pretty Marguerite May, one of the café-concert girls, is the youngest sister of Edna May.

A TALK WITH WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

"Come and see my sound-proof room. I've just had it built on the roof."

This was the first thing William Faversham said to me when I called at his home in New York, near old-fashioned Stuyvesant Square, to chat with him on his methods of deciding whether a play was apt to prove popular or not.

"This house, you know," he explained, "belonged to Mr. Opp, my wife's father, and she was born here. We've had it all done over. You note that the conservatory off the dining-room looks right out on the rear of St. George's. In warm weather we can hear the preacher's voice, and of course the singing. Ned Royle got the idea for his parsonage setting in 'The Struggle Everlasting' from that room."

The sound-proof apartment I found to be built across the front of the house, furnished with double walls, windows, and doors, and used as a sleeping-chamber by Mr. and Mrs. Faversham. Their work at the theater keeping them out late every night, they must rest far into the morning, the very time when their two sturdy children, aged three and five, are at their liveliest. The scheme works beautifully, Mr. Faversham explained, and he displayed with pride the roof-garden built out from the rear of this unique room.

Back in the cozy library I put the question I had come to ask.

"The quality in 'The World and His Wife,'" Mr. Faversham repeated, "that I think makes its appeal to popularity? Well, I should say that the straightforward character of the story, which sweeps along to the climax without swerve or halting, has had much to do with the success. Again, the theme is one that comes home to every man and woman in the audience, for who has not been hurt by slanderous tongues? That is what Martin Harvey is going to call the play when he does it in London—'Slander.' I am not so keen for that name, however. I wanted it called 'The Tragedy of Gossip,' but Mr. Nirdlinger was so anxious for 'The World and His Wife' that I gave in to him.

"Speaking of plays, although there is no more patriotic Englishman than myself, I must admit that America has good cause to congratulate herself over the recent progress she has made, as compared with England, in her dramatic output. Compare the programs of the present season with those of ten—or even of five—years ago, and note how the native dramatist has come to the fore. In England, on the other hand, during the last few seasons the complaint has been of the preponderance of foreign work."

"How about a repertoire, Mr. Faversham?" I inquired. "I recall that in your preliminary announcements you mentioned that as one of your aims."

"Yes," he assented; "but it takes time to achieve—two or three years, in fact. An actor can't make a repertoire by simply producing three or four plays in one season. Each play must have a run to justify its addition to the list. At Daly's, for instance, before the winter is over, I am planning to stage 'The Barber of New Orleans,' by Edward Childs Carpenter, which I tried in Chicago in the autumn. This is a four-act piece of good scenic possibilities, and is in striking contrast to 'The World and His Wife.' Meanwhile, I am going quietly ahead with my preparations for Stephen Phillips's 'Herod,' which Beerbohm Tree put on at His Majesty's, in London, some eight years since, and which I hope to do in New York about the middle of next season."

I inquired whether he didn't dread the road, whereat he smiled and said:

"No; why should I? That is where I make the money to enable me to spend the following winter luxuriating in town. Besides, there is the constant excitement of a series of first nights to buoy one up to concert pitch. For the matter of that, though, my work never palls on me. Every night, when I enter the stage-door, I feel the same thrill. The lure of the stage, if one may use such an overworked phrase, seems to obsess me more and more the older I grow.

"Speaking of age reminds me that while *Victor Jaillot,* my rôle in 'The Barber of New Orleans,' is a character part, I cannot use wigs or putty in making up for it, as the description of the man set down by the playwright happens to fit my own personality exactly. Hence, I do not need to tell you, it is ten times more difficult to play than if I had such aids to simulation."

NEW YORK AS A BACKGROUND

Whether owing to the "knock-out" hit of "Paid in Full" last season, or just because it happens so, we have had, this winter, a succession of plays laid in New York. There are "The Third Degree," "Salvation Nell," "The Battle"; and here comes Olga Nethersole with the announcement that her new offering—"The Writing on the Wall," by the author of "The Fighting Hope"—also has its scenes in Gotham.

Even the Sargent School of Acting fell in line with a play of the American metropolis at its second public performance, when for the first time on any stage the students presented "A Dinner of Herbs," a comedy in four acts, by Annie Nathan Meyer. This combination of amateur playwright and players worked out more successfully than one would imagine possible. Mrs. Meyer's play might be bettered by an occasional application of the pruning-knife, but there was an engaging touch of novelty in the way in which its chief personages were plunged into a misunderstanding, and its shots at the *poseurs* of New York's art world were well aimed and smartly driven home. Most of the actors in the cast of fourteen did well, but it is not surprising that those entrusted with character rôles, which furnish such convenient pegs on which to hang impersonations, should, for the most part, have excelled those who had merely to look themselves.

Nor has vaudeville escaped the tendency to a New York background. Sewell Collins, well-known as a cartoonist and a designer of theatrical posters, has written what he calls "a gay little gambol," with a parody on an old-time melodrama title for its name.

The scene of "Awake at the Switch" is laid in the lobby of a Broadway hotel, and its leading character is a telephone-girl — very cleverly enacted by Margaret Moffat. The sketch is full of the slang that made "The Chorus Lady" and "The Traveling Salesman" famous, and has a neat little plot, which has the merit of novelty—the rarest and most desirable element in vaudeville playlets. Already the two-a-day audiences have grown weary of *Salome* and her kin, and only a few scattering hand-claps rewarded Valeska Suratt, as *Cleopatra,* for her so-called "original Egyptian movements." On the other hand, the originality of Annette Kellerman, the Diving Venus, retains her on the bill at the Fifth Avenue for week after week. Not the least striking part of this act, by the way, is the happy thought of placing a mirror in the back drop, reflecting the pool, so that those in the orchestra chairs can see Miss Kellerman strike the water without rising from their seats.

SPICE THAT MAY THREATEN ALL SPICE

When a dull season is upon you, and your galleries and balcony remain obstinately empty in spite of good reports on your offerings, play spice. This would appear to be the policy of certain managers who, I understand, are preparing to go to the limits of the law since "Miss Innocence" and "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" have crowded all parts of the New York and Circle Theaters. These two shows are bracketed in this mention merely because they depict night life in Paris, and not because they are alike in other respects—except that both were originally produced in Philadelphia. "Miss Innocence" is Anna Held's new vehicle, but so crowded is the piece with bewilderingly pretty girls, and so many are the specialties which tread upon one another's heels, that you forget there is such a thing as a star in the production, and give yourself up to wonder at its beauty and costliness.

"But is it naughty?" I hear you ask.

The managers hope, perhaps, that I will say yes to this question; but truth compels me to state that I have heard worse things said in so-called "refined vaudeville" than I saw in "Miss Innocence."

As to "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," its story is so stupid and so

clumsily set forth that most people have been surprised to read Paul Potter's name subscribed as author. Mr. Potter dramatized "Trilby," you will remember, and also wrote "The Conquerors," the play which aroused such sharp comment anent its moral tendencies when Charles Frohman gave it with his stock company at the Empire. Nor has "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" the redeeming qualities of a fine cast and pretty girls to atone for its other shortcomings.

A curious fact in connection with both these offerings is their power to draw to the orchestra-chairs people whom one would not expect to see there—people who are in evidence at the most important dramatic productions and in the boxes at the opera. Direful, indeed, is the truth that must sometimes be set forth by the truthful chronicler of theatrical events in the metropolis.

Equally puzzling, for different reasons, is New York's reception of "The Pied Piper," the latest vehicle for De Wolf Hopper, and perhaps the best-constructed one that he has ever had. It was written by Austin Strong, author of "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," but was supposed to be thoroughly fumigated from the "high-brow" or classic tendencies which brought that pretty idyl to the storage-warehouse so speedily last season. Nevertheless, the metropolitan run of "The Pied Piper" covered only a few weeks against as many months for previous Hopper shows more dependent on their specialties than on plot and intrinsic merit.

On the other hand, Broadway can scarcely be reprimanded for refusing to stand for "The Winterfeast," Charles Rann Kennedy's successor to "The Servant in the House," which was withdrawn at the author's own request after some ten nights' run. Perhaps the most pertinent comment in this connection is a sentence from Otis Skinner's remarks on the poetical play:

"A drama not meant to be acted is as futile as a song not meant to be sung."

DIXEY, THE DEVIL, AND MARY JANE

From the *Devil* to the rural drama! This is the leap that Henry E. Dixey took over one Sunday early in December, when he became *Mary Jane's Pa* in the new play of that name by Edith Ellis. One of the reviewers characterized the piece as being well calculated to drive the serpent from the garden. To interpret for the benefit of the country at large, "Mary Jane's Pa" followed "The Devil" at the Garden Theater, where Henry W. Savage is giving the public first-rate entertainment at the old standard price of a dollar and a half for the best seats—the rate that prevailed when Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson, John Drew, and Ada Rehan were Broadway's prevailing attractions.

"Mary Jane's Pa" is a delightful play, based on that commingling of comedy and pathos which is the best bait conceivable to lure coin from the pockets of the public. The scene is laid in a small Indiana town, but the play is by no means on the lines of the so-called "begosh drama." The heroine, *Mary Jane's Ma,* is the publisher of a weekly paper. Her husband (Dixey) has left her years before, when her two children were young; and when he finally returns, to find her prosperous and happy, the audience gets a novel sort of thrill as it watches the wife debating with herself what to do with him.

To those who still remember Dixey as *Adonis* in the phenomenal run of that musical comedy, some twenty years ago, it may be of interest to know that he is just fifty years old. Speaking of "Adonis," it is said that—as has happened to so many other shows that have developed into great money-earners—a Boston manager refused to put it on because the cost for the properties—some three hundred dollars — seemed excessive. After the piece became a hit, his offer of twenty thousand dollars for an interest in it was refused.

Mr. Dixey has of late been in vaudeville, previous to which he was starring in "The Man on the Box."

Apropos of Henry W. Savage, his version of "The Devil" was staged in strict accordance with the production abroad, which he had himself seen. The Fiske edition was put on from printed directions alone—in which connection a curious circumstance comes to light. It appears that "R" and "L," which in English and American prompt-books

mean "right" and "left," as viewed from the players' standpoint, on the Continent are reversed, referring to the stage as seen from the auditorium. In following these instructions literally, the Fiske mounting of the piece was just the opposite of that in the Savage production; yet it received higher praise from the reviewers, who supposed that it was the result of careful planning on the part of the management. Again, the setting of the reception-hall in the second act was pronounced to be too bizarre in the Savage mounting, though it was an exact copy of the original in the European presentation.

IN "THE BATTLE" THE PUBLIC WINS

Poor, better, best. This is the order of comment on the three stage offerings emanating from the New York *Herald* office this season — "Fluffy Ruffles," "Little Nemo," and "The Battle." The latter, a play of modern New York, by Cleveland Moffett, the Sunday editor, is, of course, the most dramatically ambitious of the trio. It supplies Wilton Lackaye with the best vehicle he has had since "The Pit," and at this writing the indications are that it will prove a drawing card of long standing.

The play, to be sure, has some very weak moments, but they are moments only, not entire sections. Mr. Moffett is at his best in portraying the scenes between father and son, the latter not knowing that the millionaire is his parent, and the other wishing to obtain the one thing which the younger man has told him money cannot buy—spontaneous regard and affection. The playwright is at his worst in passages between men and women where sentiment enters into the game. Indeed, it is to be hoped that one episode of this sort will have been cut out before these lines are read. It is not only quite unnecessary to the action, but is positively loathsome to witness.

Mr. Lackaye's last previous appearances in New York were in his own dramatization of "Les Misérables," which failed to arouse any great degree of interest. Last season he kept to the road with Hall Caine's "The Bondman," in which he had Elsie Ferguson for his leading woman. Miss Ferguson is now with him again, after flashing into success on Broadway, earlier in the autumn, in "Pierre of the Plains." The only other woman in "The Battle," unfortunately, is not an acceptable addition to the cast. This is Josephine Victor, who is afflicted with mannerisms that were apparent in "The Secret Orchard," and which seem to have grown on her in the interim. Her one enviable possession is a speaking voice of depth and power. Henry B. Warner, as the son, is fine. He was leading man with Eleanor Robson in "Salomy Jane."

Not the least admirable feature about "The Battle" is a final curtain interesting enough to prevent that early reaching for hats and wraps which mars so many last moments in the theater. The exact disposition of ten million dollars donated for the betterment of the poor is being discussed. Three practical charity workers are unable to decide just how to apply it, and appeal to the donor for his advice. Of course, Cleveland Moffett knows no more how to solve such a problem than you or I would, but the clever fashion in which he masks his ignorance brings his play to a unique conclusion which would be spoiled if I told it.

A LIGHT OPERA OF STERLING WEIGHT

It surely ought not to need the big Irish population of New York to make a rousing success out of "Peggy Machree," in which Joseph O'Mara is starring at the Broadway Theater. Haven't you heard light operas in which, now and then, the opening bars of an air reminded you of some familiar tune, and you wished the people on the stage would sing your old favorite, until you remembered that this was supposed to be an original work, and that, of course, they couldn't? Well, "Peggy Machree" has none of these drawbacks. There is no composer's name following that of the librettist. The score is made up from the choicest ballads of Moore and other Irish poets whose verse has been wedded to music that has become immortal.

Joseph O'Mara was born in Limerick, Ireland, but he did not discover in his boyhood that he had any remarkable vocal powers. He sang, to be sure, but he was by no means a juvenile wonder. Nevertheless, he had musical ambitions; and in spite of parental opposition—his father

was the owner of a thriving business in Limerick, in which he desired his son to succeed him—young O'Mara set out for Italy, where he studied for two years. He did well enough to secure a chance to sing the title-rôle in Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe."

O'Mara has already experienced both failure and success on the stage of the Broadway—failure in the Irish opera, "Shamus O'Brien," which had been a big hit in Dublin, and success in "The Highwayman," perhaps the most popular work, after "Robin Hood," that De Koven and Smith ever turned out. It was produced just ten years ago, with O'Mara as *Captain Scarlet.*

The title-rôle of "Peggy Machree" is filled by a welcome visitor from England—Adrienne Augarde, who made such a pleasing impression when she first came over here, a few years since, with "The Duchess of Dantzic," as the ward of the king.

MAUDE ADAMS, MAGGIE, AND THE MAN

Barrie's reward for writing "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan" has not been confined solely to the fame and royalties accruing therefrom. He must get no small satisfaction from the fact that anything from his pen, nowadays, is certain of production. It is easy to guess that "What Every Woman Knows" is a favorite brain-child of the Scotsman's fancy, and equally easy to assert that had this manuscript been offered to any manager without the sponsorship of a name like Barrie's, it would never have been permitted to reach the footlights.

"Bosh!" your theater director would cry at the apparent absurdity of a man breaking into a house for the mere purpose of acquiring knowledge from books. "Balderdash!" he would add, when the owners of said house propose not only to forgive this same young man for his trespass, but to advance him three hundred pounds with which to complete his education, provided he marries their sister at the end of it. "Piffle!" he would exclaim farther on — if he got so far— when he discovers that this same sister— now the wife of the housebreaker risen to be an M. P.—not only forgives her husband for making love to another and a prettier woman, but actually packs the two off for a fortnight together at the same house-party.

But no matter what your manager might say when this sort of thing was put up for his judgment by some unknown, and no matter what you may think as you read the foregoing outline, to see "What Every Woman Knows" performed by the Maude Adams company is to spend a delightful evening. To be sure, the critics have found more fault with Miss Adams than they have dared breathe before—for such is Miss Adams's popularity that she seems almost a sacred personage. But the public at large is not likely to make the same criticism, because, to it, Maude Adams must always possess an insistent charm, although *Maggie's* brothers affirm that this is the one quality their sister lacks. For my part, I see no reason why this rôle of *Maggie Wylie* should not at once range itself alongside of *Lady Babbie* and *Peter Pan* in her scroll of fame.

Miss Adams has a new leading man in Richard Bennett. He plays the difficult part of *John Shand,* the husband without a spark of humor, and plays it so well that he ran away with most of the good notices even from so potent a star as Maude Adams. It is not the first time that Mr. Bennett, who was the millionaire's son in "The Lion and the Mouse," has done that very thing this season; only the first time it happened in a failure—"Diana of Dobson's"—and now it occurs in a success. The season before last Mr. Bennett was the young man who stirred up all the trouble in "The Hypocrites."

ANOTHER "MOUSE" SCAMPERS TO SUCCESS

How many theatergoers recall that "The Masked Ball," the first play in which John Drew starred, and the one in which Maude Adams made her ten-strike as his leading woman, was adapted from the French by Clyde Fitch? It has become natural to associate Mr. Fitch with Germany when he goes abroad for his plots, as in the case of "Girls."

He has just scored another success with the thorough work he makes of shifting scenes from the Fatherland to a background nearer home. "The Blue Mouse" is a farce of the wildest description, but it moves so rapidly that

you have no time to question the possibility of one droll situation before you are confronted with another that evokes your laughter; and the would-be captious critic who laughs first and analyzes afterward is never dangerous.

The Shuberts deserve a ribbon of the same hue for the capital cast with which they have provided "The Blue Mouse," through which Charles Dickson, Jameson Lee Finney, Harry Conor, and Zelda Sears frisk joyously, to say nothing of Mabel Barrison, the mouse of mice.

"LITTLE NEMO'S" BIG HIT

At "Little Nemo" I sat between a small boy of twelve and an old gentleman of sixty odd, and I am not certain, to judge by outward manifestations of delight, that the old gentleman did not enjoy the performance even more than did the child. This new concoction, based on Sunday supplement cartoons, is a happy contrast to "The White Cat," which brought Klaw & Erlanger's series of Drury Lane importations to an abrupt close some two seasons ago. Its success will doubtless lead these managers to dig in native fields for future ore of this sort. Surely they must have spent liberally of their own in mounting it.

But there is fun for the ears as well as a feast for the eye in this gigantic musical comedy by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert. For once it gets away from cheap Broadway humor and Tenderloin *double entendre*. On the cannibal Isle of Table d'Hôte, Joe Cawthorn, Harry Kelly, and Billy B. Van discourse about non-existing animals in a fashion to banish dull care as effectually as ever did Lewis Carroll's famous *Jabberwock*, while the lilt of Herbert's music, especially in "Weather Vane" and "If I Could Teach My Teddy Bear to Dance," sets all feet atap.

Little Nemo is impersonated by that wonderful dwarf of thirty-one, Master Gabriel, who, not long ago, was *Buster Brown* — both in the legitimate and in vaudeville. He is not as high as the ordinary child of six, but he appears to have the whole theatrical game at his finger-tips.

But what a cold people we Americans are when it comes to patriotism! George Cohan seems to be the only man who can stir us at all in that direction. The big Fourth of July scene, with its two songs about the "Old Continentals" and the "Liberty Bell," fell almost flat, and the applause for the "perfectly safe fireworks"—the program assures us of this fact—wasn't a patch on that elicited by the "March of the Valentines."

HOW NEW YORK TOPS THE LIST

Still they come — announcements of new theaters to be built in New York, though the local playhouses can already accommodate more people than those of any other city in the world. This fact, by the way, is now making the rounds of Europe, as an interesting item in theatrical journals. *Le Monde Artiste,* of Paris, announces that while London has fifty theaters of the first rank, and New York only thirty-one, the American playhouses are so much larger that their combined seating capacity is 123,795, against 120,950 for London. On the other hand, while Paris has but twenty-four leading theaters, it can boast, in the Châtelet, of the biggest auditorium, as this house can seat 3,600 people, against the 3,549 accommodated by the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York, and 3,500 by Drury Lane, London. London steps to the front in concert-halls, as the Albert Hall holds 10,000 people, against the 9,000 credited to Madison Square Garden in New York—now tottering on the verge of demolition—and the 6,500 held by the Trocadéro in Paris.

After presenting the foregoing figures, the writer in *Le Monde Artiste* adds pithily:

> So much for quantity; there are no statistics as to the comparative quality of the offerings.

While the managers of New York are continually called to account for adding to the number of their theaters while many of those now standing are only half filled, there is something to be said on their side. New York, of all cities in the world, from its long and narrow shape, must needs be continually rebuilding its playhouses in order to keep them close to the residence district, which, in its turn, is steadily creeping northward.

Matthew White, Jr.

KING SULLIVAN

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

AUTHOR OF "THREE HEARTS AND A HEAD," "FIRE FIGHT FIRE," ETC.

THE nipa shack roosted high on bamboo posts to clear the green-scummed ooze, all puffy with bubbles. Over it drowsed slender, ragged palms, rustling their fronds into speech as the trade-winds nodded them, approving the words of Bongao.

For Bongao, the *ladrone,* was still a power on the coasts of Malajacar Bay, even now that the blue-shirt swine had robbed him of so many things. As he squatted there on his brown hams, discoursing, his words were words of hope. Tinaka, the daughter of Kanabuhan, listened eagerly.

"These hogs go soon away into their own stye," he was growling in throaty Visayan, "and that is good. But others come. That is bad. Yet the change may profit us, who knows?"

He spat copiously of betel-juice, and blinked with reddened eyes off through the fever-smelling cane-brake toward the bay, which drowsed, quivering, in sunset glory. To his ears came the plaint of a few spiraling sea-birds, out yonder; the hollow thumping of a rice-mortar under the blows of Tinaka's mother in the second room of the hut; the grunt of a wallowing carabao. Evening was at hand.

"They go, they come!" he bitterly resumed, gesturing far across the liquid light to where a toothpick of a staff pricked up from the greenery over the bay. The staff was topped by a tiny dab of color—the execrated flag of swine.

Tinaka, cross-legged on the mat in her red and green *camisa,* blew the smoke of her *cigarillo* through her nostrils. She followed Bongao's lean hand with her eyes—fine eyes, dark and beyond fathoming, with only a slight up-draw at the corner of the lids; for Tinaka boasted a strong dash of Spanish blood.

"The change may profit us?" she murmured. Her speech was purer than his, as befitted a *presidente's* daughter. Not always had she and her mother lived in this thatch on the outskirts of Tagoloa; once theirs had been the ironwood house at the south of the weedy plaza. "And shall we have the reckoning at last? *That* day I keep my word. *That* day we marry, thou and I. Never before!"

Her fingers clasped eagerly at thought of the reckoning, her dream! She saw once more her father as she had found him that night when the *Americanos* had swept through the village—saw him lying in the harsh green cogon-grass, with his shirt all stiff and red. The red, the green—colors of the brotherhood!

"Say, thou, shall we have the reckoning?"

Bongao chewed a while before answering. Nothing hurries, eight degrees from the equator; not even love. Bongao was remembering, too, that skirmish with the swine. Kanabuhan had scouted a little in advance. Was it by accident that the *ladrone's* old smoothbore had fired low, that Kanabuhan had dropped with a yell? Bongao smiled to himself.

The *presidente's* death really had simplified matters, had it not? Divided authority was not good. Kanabuhan's ring, too, would help when the time was ripe—the massy ring of raw gold with the brotherhood mark, three crosses in an oval. The ring was safe now; nobody but Bongao could find it in a thousand years, midway through the Black Swamp. Bongao's inner smile broadened. Assuredly all things were well.

"The reckoning? It may be," he at length replied. "For the time draws nigh. In a score of days, the change. There will be confusion. The old pigs care nothing. They are going home. The new pigs know nothing. Only the

old gray boar of a *señor* colonel remains to fear. But there will be found a way to hunt that boar!"

He gestured with a curious finger-sign. Tinaka nodded comprehension.

Another pause—long, heavy. The sun, sliding to rest, laid upon them a great weight. They watched the huge copper ball as the hills beyond Cayaban gnawed up into its lower rim. Finally Bongao spoke again:

"Only one thing is needful—one of the swine to hunt with us!"

The *cigarillo* dropped from Tinaka's fingers; her eyes widened.

"More than one, if that may be, but one at the least—to tell us the swine-ways, the weakness here, the opening there. Thus we shall win. Thus every-thing"—he swept his bare arm against the fantom turquoise of the bay—"shall be once more our own. Thus, over yonder, the red and green shall float on that same staff!"

Boom-m-mmm!

A hollow globe of sound broke from across the waters; its fragments rolled, rebounded down the jungled hills, puncturing the stillness.

"Soon shall there be no more sunset-guns," remarked Bongao sententiously. His ideas of the *Americano* army were nebulous.

"No, *por Diós!*" echoed the girl. "And the spirit of Kanabuhan shall no longer wander unsatisfied. Bid me what I must do!"

"Knowest thou some *Americano*—some hog of the white litter?"

She sat thinking, as the sea glowed and purpled with the phosphorescence of tropic twilight. Here, there, fireflies began to spangle the half-gloom; night-sounds were rising — the cheeping of a lizard, a feverish drone of insects, the soft slither of membranous wings as huge black bats rose from alongshore and reeled toward the heights behind the village. Somewhere down the grass-grown alley a nasal minor voice crooned into song; there joined it the thrum and twangle of a cracked guitar.

"Two I know, but only by the sight," Tinaka finally made reply. "With one only have I spoken. Yet—"

"He names himself?"

"I know not how he names himself; but he is the tall one of the so beautiful red hair. *Sabe?*"

"Eh, that must be the Señor Private Essullivam! To get that one would be well. It must be!" Yet as he pictured Tinaka trafficking with the tall one of the so beautiful red hair, his heart misgave him. He hastened to add: "Where didst thou have words with *him?*"

"In the market at Cayaban, six weeks past. A drunken Tagalo would have jostled me, but he thrust the man aside. I thanked him, and we had some speech. He speaks Spanish very badly, the Señor Private Essullivam."

"Was that all?" grunted Bongao.

"He asked my name."

"And thou didst tell?" snapped the *ladrone*. His jaw stopped while he listened.

"Am I a beach-comber's whelp, or the daughter of a *presidente's* house?" she flashed at him.

The answer stung; for gossip whispered that Bongao's father owed his rise in life to certain doings over on Namiguin, what time the steam-packet Conquistador had been lured to the reef by lanterns in the palms. Yet Bongao held his tongue, and only breathed the heavier as he waited for her to finish.

"I walked away from him. He stood there, broad hat in hand. He smiled after me. His teeth were like the lining of oyster-shell; the sun made his hair very red. That was the last I have seen of him."

"Or heard?"

"He must have learned my name; for twice has he sent me letters in his so very bad Spanish. By the hand of old Lagan, the carabao-driver, has he sent them. I have not answered."

"That is well. To-morrow, answer! The Señor Private Essullivam we must have. Shall I tell thee why thou must have none other?" He strained his eyes to catch the glimmer of her oval face. "Shall I tell the reason? Thou shalt see the very proof upon his hand!"

"What reason, and what proof?" Tinaka inquired.

"Listen while I speak! Thou knowest how thy father's ring of price and great authority was robbed from him at death. Who but the devil that murdered him, that left him lying dog-like in the

grass, should have ravished it? Who else should have it now? This same Señor Private Essullivam it is, and none but he, who boasts to wear the raw-gold ring of Kanabuhan!"

II

Dr. Aylward stretched back in his long piazza-chair and squinted up lazily at the lazy flag.

"Just the same, I tell you, it costs like sin to keep that bit of cloth dangling on that particular pole!" he gloomily asserted.

The doctor was yellow and lean; with all his pills and powders, he had not dodged the fever.

"Oh, well," answered the colonel, "it's all in the game. It's what we're all living—or dying—for, to pay that cost." His gray brows pulled together as he sighted out across the parade. "But you've no right to grumble," he philosophized. "Your freedom comes next week, when the City of Hong-Kong steams out with most of my boys on board. It's we older men—" He checked himself.

"The price of power!" girded the doctor. "We pay; and the cash-box broods reap the harvest. We pay health, morals, reputation, life, what not? There was Snyder, now—another *Danny Deever,* as sure as you live! And Granniss, you recall? Softening of what little brain he had. To say nothing of such as hit the *vino* till the pink mice get 'em—or those that jump the outfit entirely!"

The colonel nervously fingered a button of his tunic.

"Serious business," he admitted, "soldiering alongside this climate!"

"Climate, water, jungle, native girls, everything! Why, colonel, the very sky is pathogenic to a white man. All so exotic! There's something deeper, too; there's a world of psychology in the way they go mad."

Aylward's glance roamed out over the shimmer of the sea to the yellow hills of Punto Tiburon.

"Psychology! Something that bites 'em, drags 'em down and out! That man Sullivan, E Company, for example—you know?"

The colonel nodded a grave head.

"A pity!" he passed judgment.

"Lord knows where he is. If he'd only hung on another week, this whole business would have slipped off him like a dyspeptic dream. And now—! Nothing but some psychological twist could ditch a man that way. A twist, I tell you—"

"Or a woman," murmured the colonel.

"Same thing! It *is* a woman this time, by the way. Connors told me. You really ought to hear about it, from Connors. He's inimitable!"

"Right you are. It might be just the thing, eh? Orderly!"

The colonel's command given, Aylward presently resumed:

"A snappy, hustling sort like Sullivan, born soldier and nervy to the limit—I just can't understand it. Hardly past his majority, either. Maybe that had some bearing on the case—that and his Celtic temperament, which could transform a charwoman's daughter into a princess, given proper lighting and scenic effects, tropic moon, stars, surf—"

The doctor waved an eloquent hand; the colonel smiled almost reminiscently. The colonel had worked up from the ranks, and his name was Brennan.

"Not far from his chevrons when he quit." The colonel changed the subject. "Well, maybe he'll take on again before he's been gone a really serious time. Of course, if he doesn't, why—"

The speech broke off as Connors marched up the piazza-steps, clicked heels, and came to the salute. Connors's left eye showed traces of a beautiful "shiner"—which is to say, a blacking.

"Connors?" The colonel shifted his chair slightly out of the sun. "Tell us all about it."

He smiled genially. A friendly soul the colonel was; almost as beloved as the doctor himself.

"'Bout what, sorr?" Connors's innocence was epic.

"Why, Sullivan, of course!"

"Oh, *him,* sorr? Well, he's gone, Sullivan is, that's all, sorr."

"The drink? The heat?"

"Nayther, sorr. It was—beggin' yer pardon—a lady, in a manner o' sp'akin', sorr."

Dr. Aylward slid down still farther in his chair.

"Well? How did it begin?" cate-

chized the colonel. "He told you something about it, I assume?"

"He did, sorr—somethin'."

Connors was beginning to sweat more freely than even the humidity could sanction.

"Go on, let's have it!"

"Shall I begin wid Sullivan? My bunkie, sorr, an' a white man, if—"

"Begin with the lady."

"Yis, sorr. Well, the first was 'bout tin days ago, when Sullivan he drags a ring from his pocket an' shows it to me on the Q.T."

"'Lookee!' says he, 'd'yez see *that?*'

"'Shure!' says I. 'What of ut?'

"'It's raw vargin goold,' says he, 'and a token from a *prisidente's* daughter. Ain't that somethin' like a quane, in these parrts? She's fair mashed on me!' says he. 'It's a mesallyance wid royalty! I'll be kind of a native king,' says he, 'or prince consort at the very least!'

"'Cut it out!' says I. 'These here pigeon-toed native gurrls is too brown an' rice-powdery fer a white man. Cut it, ye *omadhaun!* She's a naygur, an' ye're loco!'

"'Loco yerself!' says he, mad in a minute. 'She's almost white, an' one o' the swatest, natest, most fascinatin' little bunches of—'"

"We'll take her on trust," interrupted the colonel. "Quite on trust!"

The doctor turned a smile into a yawn; Connors licked dry lips.

"Well, sorr, annyhow, he tells me how he first seen this here lady, an' how she turned him down flat, but how she still kept botherin' his thoughts like the div—like annythin', sorr.

"'An' yet, afther all,' says he, 'she ain't unresponsive to me charrms! No! For, lookee, she sinds me this here joolry by that old *spalpeen* of a Lagan, him what drives that screechin' buffalo-cart; an' very secret I'm to kape it, too. But I'm to call on her,' says he, 'an' if this ain't romantic an' oryental an' Arabian-Nightsy, then I'm an Orangeman! Why,' says he, 'it's what I been lookin' fer all me life—a fairy tale come thrue! No more bum rations an' practise-marrches fer mine!' says he. 'I'm goin' to lay undher a pa'm-tree an' devour coconuts, wid—'"

"Where does the royal presence reign?" the colonel interrupted.

"Some'eres over there, sorr!" Connors swung a big arm eastward. The gesture relieved his tension, and he resumed more easily: "Wudn't let on just where. Said it must all be a secret, sorr. Seems like he ain't even to mention the ring to the lady; just wear it, that's all. To spake of it wud be rank breach o' manners, Lagan warns him special. So—well, annyhow, he jumps post, afther him an' me has argyfied a thrifle"—Connors apologetically indicated his empurpled eye—"an' that's all, sorr. Annythin' else, sorr?"

The colonel pondered.

"Look him up!" he commanded tersely. "That buffalo-chap is your cue. Take what men you need, and don't make the mistake of having too few, either. A bad place, down yonder! Got it? That's all!"

Another click of the heels, a salute, and Connors was away. The colonel folded one white-trousered leg over the other, and sighed.

"Hanged if it isn't worth seeing to a finish!" ejaculated Aylward. "I know *one* man of Connors's squad!"

"Well, I hope you get Sullivan, that's all," commented the colonel cynically. "Perhaps he'll come — if royalty isn't too nearly white, or the moon too nearly full."

"Or the Celtic psychology too rampant," subjoined Aylward slyly.

Silence fell. The two men, each thinking his own thoughts, sat gazing with somewhat more than official abstraction out over the shimmer of that wicked, tropic sea.

III

Down the white and sinuous road through the jungle that fringed Malajacar Bay hiked a score of men at the route-step, in charge of Corporal Connors. Dr. Aylward, in "fatigue," trudged with them. *Flap-flop,* the canteens wigwagged on their hips; the pendulous bayonets kept rhythm. Atomic dust enhaloed them, drifted on ahead in the mid-morning breeze.

"Another half-hour, docthor, dear," Connors confided, "an' faix, King Sullivan's princess-pipe will be nothin' but

cold ashes, an' our little arrmy of anti-mesallyance invasion will be playin' wid the royal excheckers! Shure, that near-white quane will be surprised tremenjous when we—"

Zeu-eu-u-u-u! *Pop!*

A bullet's skreel went close overhead, blending with the echo of a shot, and clipped leaves zigzagged to the ground from the bamboo thicket behind. Connors wheeled, peering.

"*There!* Beyont the clearin'!" he cried, pointing at a filament of haze just on the edge of a palay-field whose flashing green pushed back the jungle at their right. "There 'tis! Down wid yez!"

His men blotted themselves in the roadside ditch; a spatter of louder firing broke out raggedly from the brush, crackled to a fusillade. One Tibbetts grunted and keeled over ungracefully into the lukewarm ditch-water, with a gush of bright, frothy blood from the mouth.

"Lunged him!" the doctor groaned, scrambling for the man. "Lagan must have put 'em wise—"

His words were swept away by the venomous Krags that spat swiftly all along the ditch.

"King Sullivan's wid 'em, the black rinigade!" yelled Connors, pumping lead. "An' a confounded bad shot, too—I'm fair 'shamed of him, afther all my trainin'! There! See 'em?"

Along the edge of the tangle stealthy figures were crawling; the high growth swayed with their motion. Here, there, flickered a gaudy shirt of red and green.

"They're afther flankin' us!" he bawled. "Av they do, we're all carpses! We got to rush 'em! Coom on, b'ys—ivery wan of us is worth fifty naygur divils! Coom on!"

So close the others followed that he had barely two yards handicap in that stumbling, panting race over the palay. Grotesque with dripping mud and water, they fired as they ran. Dix and Bowen fell sprawling before the plunging line was half across; three more had joined them ere Connors's little army crashed with barking rifles into the cane-brake, shrieking mad, each a death-engine incarnate.

"Look! The brownies won't sthop to have it out!" foamed Connors, lusting for Visayan blood. "Nah! They're only good fer runnin'! But here's wan—there's another—that won't run!" He glimpsed a crawling, blue-shirted figure. "Hey, yez! Hey! Coom back out o' that now, or—"

His Krag spoke the final word. The figure dropped.

"Anny wan else?" howled Connors.

Save for the tramplings, the blaspheming of his rookies, answer came not from the jungle.

IV

All adrench the island world was, blurred with mist, and the waters of Malajacar Bay had gone a dreary yellow, when the City of Hong-Kong trailed her sooty banner of smoke out past Tiburon with two hundred weary men of war aboard—no heroes, just plain proletarian regulars. A man was leaning over the ship's quarter-rail, cursing the land with fluency. It was Connors—Sergeant Connors now. Dix, standing beside him with swathed head, nodded approval.

"Gulpiest layout I ever seen," he added on his own hook, "when we fired that volley over Doc, an' listened to the blubberin' wind-jammer tryin' to sound taps!"

"He shure had the gizzard of a man," Connors eulogized. "Afther he was made, they bruk the mold. Tryin' to help Tibbetts, when there wasn't no help— *Ochone,* think of it, will yez? Doc bored through wid a naygur slug an' layin' face down in that ditch-watter, wid them oozy lilies tangled in 'is hair!"

Connors stopped suddenly and looked away, while the rain tattooed like funeral-drums on the awning overhead. The lift and heave of the big ship swayed both men slightly at the rail.

"And yet," Dix made shift to say—"and yet, even though that King Sullivan biz cost us him an' three others, you put in your good word to the old man—?"

"Darned if I know why, ayther!" retorted Connors defiantly. "Must ha' been Sullivan's eyes as done it. Afther I dragged him out, bleedin' like a pig, I swear his eyes wa'n't sane man's eyes. '*This* is nothin' but loco doin's!' says I to meself. 'He's clean bughouse!' So my bunkie—"

"So King Sullivan would ha' went up against the real thing, only for you?"

"He wud that—an' this minute he'd be six foot deep on that same tropic isle where he wanted coconuts and—all the rest, 'stead of layin' ironed in the Hong-Kong's brig, wid ninety-nine years on Alcatraz ahead o' him!"

"Alcatraz—that's kind of a rotten lay, ain't it?"

"Rotten? Sa'ay! Av yez only knew about it!"

Both men glowered at the long trail of the transport, stretching back, back in crisping foam toward the rain-shrouded coast of Cayaban.

Out from a dripping nipa shack, perched high amid the reek of that coast, a man and a woman were peering through a little open space at the distant, silent off-drawing of the ship.

"For every bullet of ours, the swine shot a hundred, two hundred!" the man was growling. "Against devil-shooting, what can we do?"

He peered at the woman with sly craft, as if to read her thoughts. An air of uneasiness, almost of fear, clung to him like a shroud.

No answer came. A heavy silence weighed upon the pair. Water drizzled from the thatch, pattered into the scum-coated pool beneath.

"All that could be done, I did," he hesitated. "My word was kept. So now, when — when will you — when shall we—?"

She turned on him a look of hatred and of loathing so cold that the words dried in his wizened throat. Twice he made as if to speak, but found no utterance. Then, suddenly, he heaved himself up from the mat, grimacing till the bluish gums showed, and sidled off down the plank, away into the steaming rain—a crooked, hideous little figure as he leered back at her with poison spite.

The woman did not move. She sat there all alone, huddled in her *camisa* of faded green and red. The *camisa* was fastened at her throat with a cheap gilt tintype pin, bearing the image of a genial and smiling young Irishman with exuberant hair.

Even after Tiburon had blotted out the ship from view, the woman still sat there, straining vacant eyes at the smoke-streamer that trailed suddenly across the darkening sky.

BESIDE THE SEA

Oh, come, love, and dream, love,
  Here by the wave-washed quays,
Where the sea-birds hush, and the reeds grow lush
  By the moan of the old, old seas;
For the stars are warm, and the mist milk-white
  Where the lips of the moon have kissed;
And an old-time love calls low this night
By the old quays, and the sad quays, by the old, sad quays in the mist!

Ah, gone, love, those days, love,
  Here by the wave-washed quays;
For far on the hill your heart lies still,
  And you reck not the salt sea-breeze,
Nor the voice of spring, nor the fall of tears,
  Nor the light where the seaweeds twist;
Yet I dream each night of those glad, lost years
By the old quays, and the sad quays, by the old, sad quays in the mist.

Willard Huntington Wright

THE VALUABLE CHRISTOPHER

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

AUTHOR OF "CAP'N ERI," "THE CRUISE OF THE RED CAR," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THE East Trumet barber-shop was without a customer. The shabby plush chair was empty. The two rows of "individual" mugs in the stained-wood rack were nicked and dusty. The gilt-lettered bottles on the shelf beneath the cloudy mirror, containing bay rum and Butler's balm for the beard, were dusty also. The eight-sided wooden clock on the wall had stopped. Outside, the wet May wind whined and screeched alternately, and the distant surf boomed a monotone.

Mr. Barnabas Smalley, proprietor of this thriving place of business, stood with his back to the foggy mirror and his hands jammed into his trousers-pockets. His landlord and particular friend, Mr. Job Blount, sat in the wooden chair with the carpet seat, his feet upon the hearth of the rusty stove. In his lap, turned face down to keep the place, lay a tattered volume, upon the paper cover of which was pictured a beardless youth, with a revolver, destroying eight burly ruffians. The title of the tale was "Young Lightning, the Railroad Detective."

"Well," said Mr. Blount, breaking a gloomy silence, "what you goin' to do? You owe three months' rent and eight weeks' board now, and Sarah D. won't stand it much longer. You know how she talks. She says you've got to pay up or clear out. Where's her money comin' from?"

"Sarah D." was Mrs. Blount. She was forty, and the owner of the barber-shop and the story-and-a-half house in its rear. Job, who was twenty-three, had married her two years before, when, as a post-office wag expressed it, his assets, visible and prospective, consisted of "three eel-pots and the promise of a job next month." The job had failed to arrive, but Mr. Blount still had the eel-pots.

The barber's reply was in the shape of a return question.

"Where's that fifty dollars comin' from that you borrowed off me when I first come?" he observed.

The fifty-dollar loan having been a private transaction between the landlord and his tenant, of which the former's shrewish wife knew nothing, Mr. Blount was somewhat disconcerted.

"Blame it all," he exclaimed, "I meant to pay you!"

"Yes, and I meant to pay my board. I left a good ten-dollar-a-week place up to Taunton and come down here all on account of you. What was it you wrote? 'Nice easy job; board with my wife and me; good clean shop.' Bah!"

"Well, what's the matter with that? The shop is clean—leastways, 'twas clean *then*. And the job *is* easy."

"Yes, too everlastin' easy. Why, there ain't but seven folks in this whole town who don't shave themselves. One of 'em's you, and you're always tellin' about givin' me your trade out of friendship, and never pay a cent. See here, Job Blount, there ain't no use talkin'. Pay me that fifty, and I'll square up with your wife and have enough left to get out of town. Otherwise, here I stay. I've *got* to stay!"

Job kicked the stove viciously.

"Aw, shucks!" he snorted in disgust. "You're dead right, Barney; I wish I'd never been born down in this slow-poke village. A feller don't have no chances here. Take up a book, and everybody in it's makin' money hand over fist. I was just readin' about that *Young Lightnin'*.

He hadn't no more'n got started on his doin's afore he found a whole cellar full of gold and money. Heard any more from that detective agency of yours?"

Some six months before, as a result of a course of paper-novel reading, Mr. Smalley had answered an advertisement in a weekly story-paper. He had sent a dollar to the McGuinness Private Detective Agency, and had received in return a nickel badge with "Private Detective, No. 10238," stamped upon it, and a certificate stating that he was the duly accredited McGuinness representative for East Trumet and vicinity. Likewise he had received a package of printed circulars offering rewards for certain persons "wanted" by the police.

"Naw," he said, echoing his companion's disgust. "Not a thing. I keep lookin' at them bills and hopin' some of the reward fellers may happen along. But what's the use? No decent thief would ever come down here."

"Let's see that thousand one again," demanded Job.

Barnabas opened the little drawer where the razors were kept. From behind the piles of cigarette pictures and tobacco coupons he took the package of circulars sent him by the "agency." Selecting one, he handed it to his companion. It bore the half-tone portrait of a big, square-shouldered man, smooth-faced and homely, with hair carefully parted and plastered upon his forehead. Beneath the portrait was the following:

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD

DISAPPEARED—Christopher Nelson, seaman, native of Sweden. Thirty-five years old, six feet two inches, or thereabouts, in height, hair a bright red, a tattooed heart in blue upon the back of his right hand.

The above reward will be paid for his return to his wife, Olga Nelson, Wapatomac, Massachusetts.

ISIDORE ROSENSTEIN,
Attorney at Law;
116 Blank St., Brockboro, Massachusetts.

Wapatomac being but twenty miles from Trumet, the barber detective and his chum had at first cherished a faint hope of the thousand. Barnabas had even written to an acquaintance in Wapatomac, asking for information concerning the forlorn Olga. The answer he received simply stated that a Mrs. Nelson had lived in the village at one time. Gossip reported her a widow whose husband had been lost at sea. She had come into a large sum of money—an inheritance from relatives in the "old country"—and had moved away. That was all.

Mr. Smalley looked over his landlord's shoulder at the bill.

"A thousand dollars!" he remarked. "'Twould be worth while doin' detective work if you could land that."

"Jerushy!" cried Job, in high disdain. "If *I* had a thousand dollars, I wouldn't do detective work, I bet you—no, nor no other kind!"

He returned the circular to the barber, who folded it and placed it in the drawer. Mr. Blount picked up "Young Lightning" and resumed his reading. Barnabas settled himself in the operating-chair and proceeded to fall asleep. Bankruptcy and debt sat lightly upon his shoulders.

Suddenly both men were aroused by the sound of wheels and horse's hoofs.

"Who's comin' at this ungodly time of night?" asked Mr. Blount. The time was a quarter to nine.

The door opened. Lafe Sears, a member of the Trumet Point life-saving crew, entered the room.

"Hey, Barney!" he hailed. "Dr. Palmer wants you down to the station. There's a British bark, Singapore to Boston, ashore on the Apronful, and we took the crew off two hours ago. One of the men's face is cut, and the doc says he can't get at it 'count of the feller's whiskers. Blessed if his cheeks ain't growed over with underbrush like a forsaken cranberry-bog. You've got to mow it. Better take six razors and a scythe along. You'll need 'em!"

It was a long trip to make for the price of a shave, but it would break the deadly monotony. Mr. Smalley pocketed scissors, razors, and brush, and took up his hat.

"Want to come, Job?" he asked.

"Sure!" replied Job, buttoning his jacket. "Didn't think I was goin' to stay to home, did you?"

The crowded buggy—Dr. Palmer's professional rig—rocked and bounced along the gullied road to the life-saving station. On the way Lafe told of the wreck and the injured sailor.

"He's a great hulkin' critter," said Sears. "One of them Polacks or Norwegians. Look out you don't burn your fingers on his hair, Barney. It's redder'n a brick lighthouse."

The majority of the shipwrecked crew and the bark's officers were gathered in the station living-room. The patient and the doctor were in the commandant's bedroom, and thither went Barney and Job.

The sailor sat in the rocking-chair belonging to the commandant's wife. It was a small chair, and its occupant, as Mr. Blount expressed it, "hung over all round the edges." He was a giant of a man, with a shock of blazing red hair and a mop of tangled red beard, a foot long, sticking out below and above the bandages on his face.

"Hello, Smalley!" was Dr. Palmer's greeting. "Glad to see you. Our friend here needs to be patched up, and he'll have to be trimmed first. Hi, Chris!" he continued, turning to the sailor. "This man barber—scrape 'em, shave 'em, hey?"

Through the tangled foliage adorning the patient's lips came a muffled "Yah," like the toot of a bass horn.

Barnabas prepared his implements, while the doctor removed the bandages. Then for a while there was silence in the room, except for the "snip, snip" of the shears. The floor began to be carpeted with crimson fur. Presently Mr. Smalley finished with the shears and took up his brush and razors. He lathered and scraped busily. Suddenly he stopped.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor quickly.

"Nothin'," replied Barney, beginning to work again. "Only it seemed to me that I'd seen this feller somewheres afore. Course I ain't, though, 'tain't likely."

One half of a square, protruding chin became visible as the razor moved. Mr. Smalley seemed more and more puzzled. He paused every now and then to scan the sailor's face. His own countenance wore a puzzled expression, and he shook his head occasionally. Job Blount, standing by the door, looked puzzled also.

Barney was working now upon the damaged cheek. Either his absent-mindedness caused him to forget, or the razor was dull, for the patient, who had sat, stolid as a wooden man, through the whole performance, now gave a guttural growl and pushed him violently away.

"What's up, Chris?" asked Dr. Palmer. "Hurt-um, eh?"

"Yah," replied Chris, with enthusiasm.

He rubbed the sore cheek with a tremendous right hand. Upon the back of that hand was tattooed a blue heart.

An hour later the barber and his landlord alighted from the buggy at the door of their home. The shaving had been finished somehow, and the questions of the curious physician had been evaded. Lafe Sears had driven them to the village and had gone back after Dr. Palmer. Lafe did all the talking on the ride.

"Job," said Mr. Smalley, "you go right into the house. I've got to go out to the shop a minute. Just goin' to put away my razors and things," he added hastily.

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Blount.

"No, no—I don't need you. I'll be in in a second."

Without waiting for a reply, he hurried to the shop. With trembling fingers he lit the kerosene lamp. Then he jerked open the little drawer and took out the package of bills sent him by the detective agency. At one of these he gazed incredulously, joyfully.

"Jiminy pelts!" he ejaculated. "Jim-i-ny *pelts!*"

A hand fell upon his shoulder. Turning, he beheld Job Blount, his face white and his little eyes blazing.

"Halves!" whispered Job fiercely. "Halves! You and me go snucks on this, Barney Smalley. If you don't say yes, I'll go straight back to that station and tell the whole thing. You bet them life-savin' folks would have somethin' to say about that thousand-dollar reward if they knew. Halves!"

II

All the next forenoon the detective and his partner sat in the shop discussing ways and means. Should they write to the lawyer at Brockboro? Ten times better to call upon him in person. But how could the long-lost husband of the wealthy Mrs. Nelson be detained in East Trumet village? That was the question.

Dr. Palmer settled it for them. He entered the shop just after dinner, and his proposition was in the nature of a

"WHAT'S UP, CHRIS? HURT-UM, EH?"

special providence. It appeared that the sailor, Chris, was not well enough to go to the city with his shipmates. The cut was not healing as it should, and the patient had a cold and some fever.

"Why can't he board with you, Job, for a while?" asked the physician. "He's been paid off, so he's got money enough. Oh, it isn't all philanthropy on my part. I might as well have some of his cash as those city doctors. But there's one thing I must tell you—don't give him any liquor, and don't get him mad. They say when he's drunk or mad, or both, he's likely to go perfectly crazy; and then ten men and a boy can't hold him."

Mrs. Blount received the new boarder with suspicion; but he paid a fortnight's board in advance, so her suspicions were allayed. She was not let into the secret of the reward.

"What's the use? She'd hog the whole, and I wouldn't get a cent," was the way her husband put it.

As for the boarder, all places were alike to him, if only there was enough to eat. Eating was Mr. Nelson's strong point. Even while suffering from the chills and fever, he ate enough for two; but as he regained health his appetite increased. So also did his boisterous good spirits. One day he returned from a walk—the first that he had taken alone. Mrs. Blount was entertaining the Rev. Mr. Bland, the minister, at tea, and the household was gathered at the table.

Mr. Nelson entered, singing. He sang loudly and with evident enjoyment. The song was in his native tongue, which was a mercy, in its way.

"Hello, Chris!" said the unthinking Mr. Blount. "Where you been?"

"Been down-town," replied Mr. Nelson surlily. "Been to the pool-room. That Yohnson he good feller."

Johnson's billiard-room was the village scandal. Its proprietor was suspected of selling liquor on the sly.

"Yohnson he good feller," repeated Mr. Nelson. "Keep good beer."

He sat heavily down in the rocking-chair.

"Think there'll be many boarders in town this summer, Mr. Bland?" asked Barney, hurriedly endeavoring to distract attention from the new arrival.

"Well," replied the clergyman, "I don't know. I understand that many of the hotels nearer the city are filling up. At Wapatomac—"

"Wapatomac?" interrupted Christopher, with contemptuous enthusiasm. "Yah! I got wife at Wapatomac. Yah! And I got one in Copenhagen, too. And I got one at—"

Sarah D. choked off further reminiscences by an adjournment to the parlor. The partners got Mr. Nelson to bed after a while. Mrs. Blount's curtain-lecture to her husband was long and very much to the point. She refused to be disgraced by boarding that drunken brute any longer. Job could tell him to get out the very next day.

Here was another problem for the conspirators, and a staggerer. If the Swede left town alone, they would lose him; and they could not go with him, because of a lack of funds.

Christopher awoke next morning with a consuming thirst and pleasant recollections of Mr. Johnson's hospitality. As soon as breakfast was over he departed for the billiard-room; but the Rev. Mr. Bland had already called upon the chairman of the town selectmen, and the latter had called upon Mr. Johnson. Consequently, Mr. Johnson hailed the jovial Christopher as a "telltale idiot," and bade him clear out or he would set the dog on him. The disappointed Swede returned to the barber-shop, where he found Barnabas and Job in consultation.

"Ugh!" he grunted, flinging open the door and slouching in. "That Yohnson he big fool. I go to city to-day. I been seek this town already."

Then Mr. Smalley had an inspiration.

"Say, Chris," he observed eagerly, "me and Job know where there is a good job for you up to Brockboro. You pay our fare there, and we get it for you, hey?"

"All right," grunted Chris. "Coom ahead. I been got planty money."

III.

THE partners and their precious charge arrived at Brockboro at one o'clock in the afternoon. They said nothing to Sarah D. concerning the contemplated journey, and she supposed their trip to the station to be merely for the purpose of shipping the disgraced boarder.

As they stepped from the train at their destination, Barnabas whispered:

"Now, Job, my idea's this. You and Chris set on one of them settees in the waitin'-room till I come back. I'll go hunt up Rosenstein."

But Mr. Blount's idea was entirely different. His trust in his partner's integrity was not whole-souled.

"I guess not," he snorted. "You don't go to that lawyer's unless I go with you. You and Nelson can wait here, if you want to, and I'll—no, hold on; we won't do that, neither. Me and Chris'll go, and you can wait."

Barnabas did not accept the offer. Instead, he seemed to be thinking.

"I guess there's only one safe plan," he said at length. "We'll take him to a hotel or somewheres and lock him in a room—lock him up tight where he can't run away."

"What's the sense of that? Why don't the three of us go to Rosenstein's now and hand him over? I want to get a holt of that reward."

"Well, you wouldn't get a holt of much of it if you done that. Guess you ain't had much dealin's with lawyers If you'd been sued as many times as I — well, never mind that now. No, sir! Our safest scheme is to take Chris to a hotel, lock him in his room, and then go to the Rosenstein man and say, 'We've got this husband you're hankerin' for, all safe and sound. Pass over the thousand, and we'll take you to him.' That's the way. Now, you hang onto Nelson, and I'll go hire a hack."

"A hack! What you talkin' about? Who's goin' to pay for a hack?"

Mr. Smalley winked.

"He is," he whispered, nodding toward the unconscious sailor. "I borrowed an extry ten dollars out of his pocketbook when I bought the tickets. Hang on to him. Don't let him out of your sight."

He hurried away, leaving Mr. Blount divided between distrust of his partner and worriment concerning his own responsibility. And just then he heard his name called.

The person who hailed was a cigar-drummer, the traveling representative of the firm which supplied Mr. Smalley's place of business with tobacco and cigarettes. The drummer, it seemed, was somewhat worried concerning the non-payment of his bill. It took all of Job's persuasive argument to convince him that the account was "safer'n the Trumet Bank." When the discussion was ended, Mr. Blount found himself alone. Christopher Nelson had disappeared.

Mr. Smalley's language, when he returned from the hunt for a hack, was lively and pointedly personal. The distracted conspirators then began a search which lasted for twenty minutes. At length they entered a saloon on the corner opposite the station, and there, leaning over the bar, was Mr. Nelson, chatting genially with a sharp-looking character, a stranger. Chris and the stranger had two partially filled glasses in their fists, and there were empty ones and various bottles beside them.

Mr. Nelson's new-found friend was, it appeared, the keeper of a sailors' boarding-house whom Chris had known in other days. He was introduced with effusion as Patrick Mulligan, "one good feller." Mr. Mulligan did not seem overjoyed to make the acquaintance of the Trumet gentlemen, but he did invite them to have a drink. At another time the invitation would have been accepted, but now it was declined with thanks.

"We'd like to, fist-rate, Mr. Mulligan," explained Barney, "but we've got a date to keep. Come on, Chris; you'll lose that job if you don't hurry."

"Yob!" repeated Christopher with disdain. "What yob? I don't want no yob. Come on, have a drink."

"I'll get yez a betther job, me man," declared Mr. Mulligan. "I have me eye on the very berth for yez."

How the controversy would have ended is not clear; but just then a member of the Brockboro police force entered the saloon. He glanced at the group at the bar, and stared with particular attention at the boarding-house keeper.

"You must come with us, Chris," protested Job distressfully. "Don't you see? You *must!*"

The policeman strolled over and joined them.

"Is he a friend of yours?" he inquired, indicating Mr. Nelson. The barber and his chum answered in the affirmative. "Then get him along with you, and hurry up about it. Out of this,

Mulligan, or I'll run you in. None of your shanghain' tricks this time. I'm onto you. Come, move!"

Mr. Mulligan scowled and looked ugly, but he moved. Christopher seemed tempted to follow him, but the policeman, a giant of his own size, interfered.

"You say you have a carriage for him, eh?" he said. "All right, go and get it. He'll stay here with me."

Mr. Smalley hastened out, found his waiting hackman, and brought the vehicle around to the side door of the saloon. Under protest, Mr. Nelson was prevailed upon to enter the cab. It was a small affair, and the sailor and his fat valise, not to mention the satchel containing the personal belongings of the partners, filled it pretty thoroughly. However, Job managed to squeeze in somehow, and Barnabas sat with the driver.

"Drive us to a nice cheap hotel," commanded Mr. Smalley.

They moved slowly through the crowded streets of the little city, while muffled growls, mingled with shrill exclamations, came from the window of the cab. They pulled up in front of a small building bearing the sign, "Wayfarers' Rest."

"Here we are!" shouted Barnabas, climbing down. "Turn out, all hands!"

But one of the hands refused to turn out. Job had reached the sidewalk, but his fellow traveler did not stir.

"Naw!" bellowed Mr. Nelson. "I been stay here. That place no good!"

"He's uglier'n sin," whispered Mr. Blount, who seemed to be rather frightened. "He's been drinkin', and he says the hotel ain't good enough. You might's well argue with a cow. What in time will we do?"

"Come on, Chris," pleaded the barber. "Fine hotel—bully!"

But the sailor refused to come on. Instead, he requested Mr. Smalley to go to a place with a reputation far worse than that of the Wayfarers' Rest. A crowd gathered and seemed interested.

"What's the use of botherin' this way?" whispered Job. "Let's go straight to that lawyer's office."

"Yes, and have him get the whole reward himself? No, sir! There's some bargainin' to be done before we hand over the goods. Drive on," commanded Smalley, climbing back to the box seat.

"Where to?" asked the cab-driver sharply.

"Oh, anywheres. Find a good hotel, that's all."

They found one, a six-story building of aristocratic appearance; but again Mr. Nelson refused to alight.

"Come on, Chris," urged the inspired Barnabas. "Maybe we can get a dinner here."

"Yah," replied Chris with enthusiasm, and lurched out of the cab.

"Get him into that side door," whispered Mr. Smalley, "and up-stairs. I'll see about the room."

Soon after, accompanied by a grinning boy in uniform, he joined his companions on the second floor. Mr. Blount was loaded down with the baggage, the obstinate seaman having refused to carry anything.

The room was a well-furnished apartment at the top of the fifth flight. Apparently it was one of a suite, for there were doors at each side. Now these doors were locked.

"Gee, this is fine, ain't it?" commented Job. "Best room ever I was in."

"Humph!" snorted the barber. "It ought to be. They soaked us four dollars for it. I told 'em I didn't want to buy the shebang. Go 'long, boy. What you hangin' around for?"

The bell-boy, who had been waiting for his usual tip, departed, muttering. Then Barnabas turned to Mr. Nelson, who was looking out of the window.

"Say, Chris," he said, "you set down and make yourself to home. Me and Job's goin' down-stairs to fix up about orderin' dinner. We'll be right back."

The Swede turned toward them, blinking sleepily.

"I guess I been go with you," he began. Then his eye fell upon the luxurious bed. "Naw," he added, "I guess not. I been turn in. You hurry."

He stretched himself, boots and all, in the middle of the white spread. Mr. Smalley pushed his friend into the corridor and closed the door behind them. Then, with painful caution, he turned the key.

"There," he whispered exultantly, "he's safe! That was easier'n I thought. Now, trot ahead, lively. Here's where we make a thousand dollars. Don't make

no more noise than you can help. This is a tony place."

As, disdaining the elevator, they descended the stairs, Job voiced his doubts.

"Ain't you afraid he'll raise a row when he finds we've locked him in?"

"No, he'll go to sleep, I cal'late. Anyhow, we've got to take our chances. Do you know where Blank Street is?"

It took them some time to find Blank Street and to locate the number they wanted. When they did find it, it was a partially torn down office-building, from which all the tenants had departed. After a fifteen-minute search they unearthed a contractor's foreman, who told them the whereabouts of the former janitor; and from the janitor they learned that Mr. Rosenstein was now doing business at 203 Bridge Street.

The suite of offices, with the name "Isidore Rosenstein, Attorney at Law," on the door, were gorgeously fitted up. In reply to the barber detective's nervous inquiry, a smart office-boy, whose features ran strongly to nose, made answer.

"Mr. Rosenstein's out," he said. "He's been away for a week, and won't be back until to-morrow morning. Won't somebody else do?"

No one else would do, of course, and the dejected conspirators left, promising to call next day.

"Just my mean luck!" exclaimed Mr. Smalley. "Well, we'll have to stay over, that's all. Lucky I bought round-trip tickets and borrowed that ten. Come on back to the hotel, and let's talk it over."

IV

In glum silence they turned the corner of the fashionable street on which the hotel stood. About the marble pillars of the main entrance was a small but growing crowd, gazing intently within. Suddenly the crowd burst asunder, and a little, bald-headed man, in waiter's garb, came running in their direction.

"Have — have you seen an officer?" he panted, pulling up, and seizing Mr. Smalley by the sleeve.

"A which?" demanded Barnabas.

"An officer—a cop—a policeman! Have you seen one?"

"Why, I don't know. What's the row? Who's goin' to be took up? Is—"

"Aw, be hanged!" cried the little man —or words to that effect. And he ran on down the street.

The partners looked at each other. The same fearsome thought was in the mind of each.

"You don't s'pose—?" faltered Job.

"Land knows! Go up them back stairs, quick."

They ascended the narrow stairs, unused except by the hotel servants. At the second flight they became cognizant of a noise above them. At the third, the noise was louder. At the fourth, it was as the sound of a miniature riot—shouts, shrieks, and the crashing of wood and crockery. At the fifth—

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mr. Smalley under his breath, and stopped aghast.

The upper corridor was filled with people. Wild-eyed chambermaids were running about, wringing their hands. Elderly male boarders in their shirt-sleeves were endeavoring to calm distracted ladies in kimonos and curl-papers. Doors stood open here and there; but several were closed, and it was about one of these that the crowd was most dense. The partners recognized that door.

"It's *him!*" whispered Mr. Blount tremblingly. "Shall we—?"

"Stay where you be!" hoarsely ordered Barney. "Don't let nobody see you!"

In an interval of silence was heard a voice, evidently the voice of the proprietor of the hotel.

"I warn you," it shouted, "that an officer has been sent for. Unless you surrender quietly, you—"

Another voice interrupted him — a hoarse voice, deep and ugly, like the bellow of an enraged bull; the voice of Christopher Nelson, seaman, recently wrecked on the Trumet coast, and for whose safe delivery to his sorrowing wife a reward of one thousand dollars had been offered.

"Yah!" shouted Chris, behind his locked door. "By gar! You touch me, I been break you dirty head. Coom on! I show you!"

A daring waiter, standing on a chair, essayed to peer over the transom. The glass shivered into fragments as an ice-water pitcher was hurled through it.

"By gar!" howled Mr. Nelson. "I feex you! You take that!"

A tooth-glass followed the pitcher and burst like a bombshell on the opposite wall of the corridor. Then came a shower of small articles from the toilet-table. Next was heard the ripping sound of wood being torn asunder. Evidently the prisoner was pulling the bedstead to pieces.

The barber detective and his fellow reward-hunter stood, actually paralyzed with alarm, too frightened to run away. And then above the heads of a dozen new arrivals at the other end of the hall showed the helmet of a policeman.

The hotel proprietor was heard explaining. It was a sailor, either drunk or crazy, or both. He had come that noon and had been locked in by two friends, who had gone—somewhere. For a while he had been quiet, but when he found himself a prisoner he had begun to behave like a madman. Persuasion and argument had no effect, except to add to his rage.

"We might get at him through those side rooms," explained the landlord, "but the tenants are out, and we can't find duplicate keys. If—"

"Stand back," commanded the representative of the law. "I'm going to break in."

He threw himself against the door. It gave a trifle. At the second attempt the lock burst, and the door opened a little way—not far, for the heavy dresser had been set against it.

"See here, you!" shouted the policeman, putting his face to the crack. "You'd better—"

He desisted suddenly. The side rail of the bedstead, used as a club, descended edgewise upon his head, and he staggered back with a smashed helmet.

"Yah!" yelled the lunatic Swede. "I show you, hey? You been take me up, hah? You look out! I got pistol."

The officer cursed with spirit, and drew his own revolver. The women shrieked and several went into hysterics. "Bang!" went the policeman's weapon, fired for frightening purposes into the ceiling above the transom.

And then a cyclone burst inside that room. There were shots, curses, roars, and, at last, a terrific crash.

"He's smashed through the door!" shouted a waiter. "He's busted into the next room. He's—"

Mr. Smalley and his partner delayed no longer. Down the back stairs they dived headlong, and behind them sounded crash after crash. The giant Christopher was making his way through that suite of apartments, dissecting them as he went.

The flights of stairs were long ones, but the fleeing conspirators reached the street in record time. That street was packed with people. Through the crowd they fought their way, just escaping the wheels of a patrol-wagon, which, filled with policemen, dashed up to the hotel door.

On the opposite sidewalk Barnabas halted a moment for breath.

"What—what—where'll we go now?" panted Job.

A great shout from the crowd caused them to turn. Every one was looking up, and they did the same. The hotel fire-escape ended just beneath the eaves of the building, at the last window of the upper story. Upon that fire-escape, evidently having climbed out of the window, stood a great red-headed figure, brandishing a glittering revolver. As they gazed, open-mouthed, the figure swung lightly up to the roof and clambered to the ridge-pole.

The window filled with helmeted heads. Mr. Nelson pointed the revolver at the heads, and they hurriedly disappeared. The crowd shouted, and Christopher yelled triumphantly in answer.

"That's my revolver!" faltered the dazed Smalley. "He must have stole it out of our bag!"

Job said nothing. He was too far gone. Suddenly they were aware of a conversation immediately behind them.

"What do you suppose it is?" said a female voice. "Is he crazy, do you think. Isidore, do you know who he looks like? It's so far off that I can't make sure, and, of course, it's not likely, but he looks like—" The rest of the sentence was whispered.

"Nonsense," replied her companion, a smartly dressed man with black hair and a diamond horseshoe in his tie. "Nonsense, Ollie! It isn't possible that—"

"But I tell you it's the image of him! Isidore Rosenstein, I do believe—"

She was interrupted. A man had seized her companion by the lapel of his coat.

"Say," queried Barnabas Smalley, "mister, be you Isidore Rosenstein, the lawyer?"

The attorney at law looked his inquisitors over before replying. Barnabas was wild with excitement. The name Rosenstein had driven from his mind every thought but that of the reward. The scared Job was at his elbow.

"Yes, I'm the lawyer," was the deliberate answer.

"Well—did you ever have a—what d'you call it?—a patient by the name of Mrs. Olga Nelson?"

The lady clinging to the attorney's arm uttered an exclamation.

"Hush, my dear," said Mr. Rosenstein. "Yes, Mrs. Nelson was a client of mine. Suppose we step into this doorway."

"You tell me this, then," ordered Barney, as they entered the doorway indicated. "Didn't you and she offer a thousand dollars to the feller that would fetch her husband, Christopher Nelson, to her?"

"Such a reward was offered—yes."

The barber detective shouted in triumph.

"Look there, then!" he cried. "Look up on that roof. There's your lost husband, all hunky dory! And this man and me are the same chaps that fetched him there. Now fork over the thousand dollars!"

The lady turned very pale, and seemed likely to faint; but Attorney Rosenstein was smiling and cool.

"I am sorry, my friends," he said, "but you are a little late. Mrs. Nelson, acting under my advice, offered that reward some time ago. She was anxious to procure a divorce, and her husband—whom we had reason to believe a bigamist—would have been a distinct help, if we could have caught him. However, the divorce has since been granted on the ground of desertion. This lady here was Mrs. Nelson."

Barnabas Smalley's face turned from red to white. Job groaned aloud.

"By—by thunder," shouted the furious representative of the McGuinness Detective Agency, "you can't get out of it no such way! Here's Olga Nelson, and there's her husband. If she don't pay up that reward, I'll—I'll—tell the whole town about it! I'll—"

The lawyer smiled again.

"I wouldn't advise you to," he said. "The former Mrs. Nelson and I were married a week ago. She is now Mrs. Rosenstein." Then he added sharply: "Is there any good reason why I shouldn't have you two arrested for threatened blackmail of my wife? Oh, yes, and I think Mr. Brown, who owns the hotel, will be glad to see you. Here, officer!"

He leaned forward to signal a policeman; but the effort was energy wasted. Out of the doorway and through the crowd, upsetting all who happened to be in his way, darted Job Blount, of East Trumet, and close at his heels followed Barnabas Smalley, barber and private detective. The pair did not stop until they reached the railroad station. Then they leaned against the gate by the tracks and panted.

"Confound it all!" gasped Mr. Smalley. "It's plain enough now. That everlastin' lawyer shark was fishin' to marry her for her money all the time. And here's a thousand dollars gone to pot, and my bag and revolver and—"

"Your bag and revolver be hanged!" shouted Job. "Why I ever had anything to do with such a loon's you be, is more'n I know. What'll Sarah D. say when we get home? Where's all that board money you owe her comin' from? Oh, you crazy, good-for-nothin' critter!"

Barnabas made no reply. He seemed to be thinking.

"Wait for me a minute, Job." he said at length. "I'm goin' to get a drink of water."

He went after the beverage, while his companion leaned against the gate and gloomily reflected upon his reception by the deserted Sarah D.

Five minutes passed. Then Mr. Blount was aroused from his meditations by a small boy.

"You're Job Blount, ain't you?" asked the youngster. "Well, a friend of yours named Smalley told me to tell you that he guessed he wouldn't go back to Trumet any more. Said he was goin' to hunt for a job somewheres else. He said to give his regards to your wife; and here's your train-ticket."

DESMOND O'CONNOR*

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS," "JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

XXV

AFTER Desmond sank into unconsciousness on the floor of the hut in the Anhalt woods, it was long before he realized anything clearly. Of the final assault of the Austrians, or of anything that happened for many a day thereafter, he knew nothing. He had a confused recollection of pain and delirium, with long intervals of utter prostration, during which he was surrounded by people who talked in German—surgeons and their assistants, who were kind and spoke hopefully, but who shook grave heads above him. He supposed that he was dying, and did not greatly care.

The events of the battle whirled like fantoms in his brain—these and the attack on the little house in the woods. Over and over again he crossed that deadly thousand yards—the Aceldama of the Irish Brigade—pelted by cannon, charged by cavalry, fighting hand-to-hand in the green shadow of the trees. Then came the farewell to Colonel O'Brien, the scenes in the hut, the deadly, hopeless struggle, the death of M. de Louville; and peace stole into his mind at last as he remembered Margaret.

How noble she had been, how grandly brave! He knew he had declared to her the secret of his behavior on the eve of the battle. How little in reality his explanation had explained he did not realize; but he recalled her tender ministrations when he lay wounded at her feet. He knew that she had spoken words of forgiveness. His strength was ebbing fast then, but at least the sense of her utterance had reached him, and in that remembrance he was happy. The battle pictures faded from his mind, and he thought only of Margaret.

From that hour the young soldier's natural desire to live returned to him, and he grew steadily better.

He did not know what had become of the countess. From the moment when he fainted in her arms he had neither seen nor heard of her. As strength began to return, he inquired anxiously, but to no purpose, concerning the lady who had been found by the storming party in the hut. Long before he could ask questions or understand answers, he had passed out of the hands of his immediate captors.

Others could tell him nothing beyond the story which had been a nine days' wonder in the Austrian lines—how a princess, beautiful as day, had been found with the French rear-guard, tending the wounded like a Sister of Mercy. Whence she had come or whither she had gone none could tell.

Desmond was thoroughly convalescent by the time he reached Bregenz, where the Austrians had established a depot for prisoners of war. Here he gave his parole, and was allowed to wander at large within the precincts of the town. In the bracing atmosphere of the old city on the Lake of Constance he speedily recovered his wonted vigor of body, but he chafed inwardly at his compulsory inaction, longing to be back among his comrades.

Scant news reached him from the seat of war. He heard that the armies had gone into winter quarters, and that the Duc de Vendôme had retired; but of Margaret, inquire as he would, he could learn nothing. So the long months dragged out their weary course, and the caged Irish eagle pined in his captivity.

Worse was in store for him. Early in December, a French officer broke his parole and escaped, and all the other prisoners had their pledges returned and were relegated to the security of a guarded camp.

Now, however, O'Connor was free to plot for freedom, and many a plan of escape occurred to him, only to be dismissed as hopeless. The difficulties were great. The

* *This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August, 1908*

camp, situated about a league from the town, was patrolled night and day by armed sentinels, who had orders to fire upon the least suspicious movement. At sunset the prisoners were confined in solidly built barracks, and from morning till evening they were kept under strict observation.

Nevertheless, attempts at escape were not infrequent. Several French captives, detected in the act, paid the penalty with their lives on the spot. A few succeeded in evading the guard, only to be arrested ere they had gone many leagues, and ignominiously brought back.

Desmond noticed that these attempts were made by three or four or half a dozen prisoners acting in concert. He determined that if he saw a favorable opportunity he would essay the adventure alone; but opportunities were slow in presenting themselves. The monotonous routine of the camp was never broken, and O'Connor at times felt desperate enough to brave every hazard and by one mad rush to achieve freedom, living or dead.

The new year had come and gone before anything unusual occurred. One keen, frosty evening, Desmond was pacing up and down on the confines of the camp, with longing eyes fixed on the blue hills that shut in the horizon, beyond the cold waters of the Lake of Constance. Somewhere beyond, far to the northward and eastward, lay the land of life and liberty.

An Austrian sergeant approached. Desmond knew him well—a crabbed old man, but shrewd and humorous. When the prisoner's heart was light enough, he had often exchanged a word or two of banter with this grizzled soldier, to whom fell the duty of locking the captives in their barracks each evening. Indeed, he acted as head jailer, for an officer was seldom seen save at the rare visits of inspection.

"You walk too near the boundary, major," the old man said gruffly. "Move farther in, please."

Desmond obediently turned his steps toward the center of the camp. The sergeant followed him, and, as soon as they were out of earshot of the sentries, accosted him again.

"You are not well, *mein herr*. You are a sick man."

O'Connor stared at him. That this rugged old bear should take an interest in his health seemed supremely ridiculous. He fancied the man was making game of him.

"I am perfectly well," he returned. "What should ail me?"

"It appears to me that you would be better for a little exercise in the open country." Desmond stared at the speaker. The light was not good, but it seemed as if he winked. "And since that is impossible," continued the sergeant, "I think you should go to the hospital for a few days. It is empty at present," and he winked again.

O'Connor's wits were quick, and he saw that a meaning lay beneath the sergeant's incomprehensible words and manner.

"When do you think I should go into hospital?" he asked.

"You should go to-night," replied the other decidedly.

"But there will be an inspection of the camp to-morrow," objected Desmond, still mystified. "Captain Eckhardt will find me there."

"It is necessary that he should," the man answered. "Your illness does not appear severe. It looks to me like one of those aguish fevers that come and go. No doubt you caught it in Flanders. Captain Eckhardt knows them well. If you happen to be feeling better when he visits you, that is no reason why you should not be shaking the flesh off your bones an hour later."

The sergeant moved away, and left the young Irishman to his reflections. These, for the first time for many days, were tinged with hope. There was a breath of adventure in the air. It was clear that, for some reason or other, the old sergeant took an interest in him.

That night Desmond was not herded in the great barracks with his companions in misfortune. He was locked in the small building apart known as the hospital.

Captain Eckhardt visited this place next day, in the course of his official inspection. He inquired perfunctorily after the major's ailment, and on hearing that he suffered from ague remarked that it was a tedious complaint. He had had a touch of it himself, and he entertained the prisoner with details of a week or two he had spent in the Dutch swamps. He added that the doctor would look in on O'Connor in the evening, and went his way.

Old Sergeant Bampf came toward nightfall. This time he laid caution aside and spoke plainly.

"Here," he said, "is a passport duly made out and signed. It is in the name of Dr. Ganz, a physician of Metz, who is returning from a visit to friends at Feldkirch. He is a Lorrainer, and his description as set down here suits very well with your appearance. In fact," the speaker added with a cunning grin, "it almost reads as if it were written for you. Here is a purse containing fifty gold Fredericks. These for your journey—"

"But, sergeant," exclaimed Desmond, as soon as he could speak for astonishment,

"who sends this money and this passport? Whence your interest in me? What does it all mean?"

"It would seem to mean that you have rich and influential friends," replied the old man. "As for my interest in you, I am tender-hearted. I can never control my affection for people who have wealthy and liberal well-wishers. Content you with that. I can tell you no more."

O'Connor's thoughts were busy. What rich and influential person was likely to take an interest in the friendless foreigner? He could think of but one. His heart beat high as he put his next question:

"Is it a lady who has come to my assistance? Surely you cannot refuse to tell me that much?"

"I can tell you nothing. A lady, forsooth! A plague on these youngsters! Their thoughts are eternally running on women. You had better ask how you are to get out of this place, which I shall lock when I leave it, and how you are to pass the sentry, and whether the hospital orderly will raise any objections to your quitting the premises."

"I am well assured, my friend," Desmond answered lightly, "that you have not taken all this trouble to see me balked at the very first step. Perhaps you will chance to forget your keys."

"I forget nothing—neither my keys nor what I am paid to do," growled the old sergeant. "The orderly is a married man, and has permission to visit his wife. I have promised to look in from time to time to see if you need anything. You are not very sick, you know. In an hour or so a surgeon will visit you. He wears a long cloak, which the sentries know well enough. He is much of your stature, and his clothes would fit you at a pinch."

O'Connor's eyes glistened.

"I understand," he said. "Go on!"

"I have no more to say. This coil of rope is strong, but it need not hurt any one's limbs if deftly tied. This gag I have tried myself on refractory prisoners. It is harmless, but quite effectual. The countersign is 'Eugene.'"

"One word more," said O'Connor, detaining the sergeant as he turned to the door. "How soon will the—the doctor be missed?"

"I shall be below, and will let you out when he has done with you," the old man replied. "No one will visit this room till after I have opened the barracks in the morning and let the prisoners out. Then I shall come myself—it may be twelve hours hence."

"You do not trouble your sick prisoners with overmuch attention! laughed Desmond.

He had much ado to refrain from singing aloud for very joy of heart. The sergeant grinned in sympathy and went out, locking the door behind him.

It took the prisoner the greater part of the hour which elapsed before the surgeon visited him to compose his spirits and to compel his features to an expression which would not seem suspicious to an observant eye. His plans were speedily matured. He was sorry for the doctor. He had no intention of hurting the man if he could possibly avoid it, but if he could not—well, liberty was sweet, and he must do his utmost to secure it.

As soon as he heard the key grate in the lock, Desmond gathered himself together for his leap. The doctor had closed the door and had advanced a single step into the room, when he found himself hurled upon the bed with a force that half stunned him, while his throat was gripped by a pair of muscular hands.

"Dare to utter a single cry," hissed O'Connor, "and I will choke you! Lie still!" he added, as the victim struggled. "If you do as I bid you, your life is safe; otherwise you shall never leave this room alive!"

"What do you want?" gurgled the unhappy man, as the pressure on his throat relaxed for a moment. "I am not going to resist."

"Your clothes, first of all," Desmond replied, allowing his victim to sit up, but keeping close watch on him.

The poor man, bewildered by the suddenness of the attack and thoroughly cowed, had no thought of resistance. He laid aside his cloak, disclosing a short sword, such as was carried at night by men of his profession. O'Connor at once possessed himself of the weapon.

"Go on!" he said sharply. "I want more."

"They will hang you for this, you know," whimpered the doctor.

"I will take my chance of that," Desmond replied grimly. "Now your boots!"

When the surgeon was stripped to his underwear, O'Connor proceeded to tie him hand and foot and lash him to the bed. This he did securely and expeditiously, despite the remonstrances of the victim. The doctor's utterances sank into inarticulate murmurs as Desmond gagged him and began to assume the garments the other had so reluctantly discarded.

His toilet completed, he addressed the helpless figure on the bed.

"I ask your pardon, *monsieur*, for this violence, but necessity knows no law, and my

need is extreme. I fear you will pass an uncomfortable night, but there is no help for it." Here he paused to heap some covering on the shivering physician. "Farewell, *monsieur,*" he resumed. "I can only hope you may secure a little sleep."

He knocked at the door, which was presently opened by Sergeant Bampf. The old ruffian grinned as his quick eye appraised Desmond's disguise.

"Well, doctor," he said, "how is the Irish major?"

"I think he will recover," Desmond answered. "I have given him an opiate, and he must not be roused too early. It may make him sleep uneasily at first," he added, as a gurgling sound came from the bed, "but his morning rest will be undisturbed, and should continue as long as possible."

"I'll see to it," replied the other, and they passed out.

The door was locked behind them, and the unfortunate doctor, recognizing that he had no resource but patience, ceased to struggle or attempt to speak.

At the foot of the stairs the sergeant whispered:

"Walk straight past the sentry, as if you were going to Bregenz. As soon as you are out of sight, turn north. You will find a horse saddled at a little inn a mile hence—the sign of the Mulberry-Tree—and remember the countersign, 'Eugene.'"

"I will remember," replied Desmond. "Adieu, sergeant, and thank you with all my heart!"

He passed the sentry without difficulty, and, following the directions he had received, reached the Mulberry-Tree Inn. Here he found a horse awaiting him, and within half an hour of quitting the prison camp he was riding northward through the Swabian hills—free!

He hastened on through the night, and for many a day thereafter, all unconscious that every bound of his horse was leaving farther behind him the woman for whom his heart hungered, and of whom he hoped to gain tidings at his journey's end.

He had many thoughts, all tinged with gratitude to Margaret. He never doubted it was she who had contrived his escape and made it possible. He thought of his career, of his comrades—alas! how many of these he would never see again! He thrilled with the newly found joy of liberty. He even laughed aloud as he pictured Sergeant Bampf's morning visit to the hospital. He could see, in fancy, the old reprobate's well-acted amazement and wrath as he freed the surgeon from his bonds, and alarmed the camp and rated the sentries.

Later on Desmond learned that suspicion never attached to the sergeant. Beyond the evidence of the surgeon, no light whatever was thrown on the escape of the prisoner. It was evident that the latter had forcibly changed identities with his medical visitor, but how he had eluded guards and sentries, and had succeeded in leaving the district none could guess.

The country round was thoroughly searched by mounted patrols. It was confidently assumed that the elusive prisoner could go no farther than others who had essayed to escape and had been recaptured within three or four leagues. But no trace was ever found, and gradually the search died out.

Meanwhile, the supposed Dr. Ganz fared northward, none questioning; and one rainy afternoon, toward the end of the month, Major Desmond O'Connor rode into Ghent and reported himself at the headquarters of the French army in Flanders.

XXVI

As soon as Captain de Brissac had learned where his kinswoman was to be found, he set himself seriously to consider how best to utilize the knowledge he had acquired. The Vicomte de Louville being dead, as Gaston did not doubt he was, it was as well that O'Connor should be out of the way also. Margaret and her Irish adorer were quite capable of wedding out of hand, and so bringing to naught all his scheming. The king might be displeased, but he would scarcely proceed to extremities against the lady for choosing for herself, when the husband he had chosen for her was no longer living.

Gaston considered that he had but one chance remaining, and it was a good one. If he could but gain speech of the countess, visit her, court her, he did not doubt that he could speedily efface the memory of her two dead and gone suitors, and win the prize of her richly dowered hand.

The difficulty was to approach her. She was in Austrian territory; he was a French officer, his country at war with the emperor. By no possible means could he reach her while she remained in her present abode; and how was he to induce her to leave it?

At this time he missed Otto Scharting sorely. That fertile, unscrupulous brain would have found some way of overcoming the difficulty. As it was, Gaston was thrown upon his own resources.

Only one device occurred to him—a clumsy one, he told himself, yet he had known it to succeed where more elaborate plans had failed. He took pen and paper and set himself to concoct a letter to his

cousin—a forged letter, for he signed it with a dead man's name.

He was conscious that he was leaving much to chance, but he could not help himself. If Margaret had certain knowledge of O'Connor's death, he was wasting his labor; but he must risk that.

There was another element of doubt, but he dismissed it as not worth considering. It was suggested by his kinswoman's choice of residence. He knew that the Austrians maintained a depot for prisoners of war at Bregenz. Why had she gone thither, unless the Irishman had been captured and immured there?

But it was well known throughout the army that the only survivors of the Irish Brigade were the score or so who had limped into Ghent after destroying the bridge. Accident or caprice must have dictated Margaret's choice.

The letter was written and despatched, and Gaston awaited the result with feverish impatience. Of course he could expect no answer. He had dated his missive from the winter quarters of the rapidly recruiting Irish Brigade—a village called Varsin, just outside the walls of Ghent—and had signed it with the name of Desmond O'Connor. Margaret's arrival or non-arrival alone could inform him of the success or failure of his scheme.

Chance works strangely at times. Ere the forged letter had traveled a dozen leagues on its southward journey, town and army were ringing with the news of O'Connor's return, and his name and fame were on every one's lips.

Bitterly did Gaston curse his ill-luck. In his whole life of plots and schemes, no more sinister coincidence had ever occurred so opportunely to blight a well-laid plan. He withdrew to his lodging to devise in solitude some counter-stroke to this cruel blow of fortune.

At least half a dozen people stopped him on the way to ask if he had heard the astounding news. The officer who had held the log house had survived; he had escaped from Bregenz; he was even now in Ghent. Gaston only answered with a snarl. He was in no mood to share in the general rejoicing.

Desmond received an ovation. He was installed in command of the Irish Brigade, and it was intimated that his commission as colonel would be placed in his hands as soon as certain necessary formalities could be complied with. Owing to his youth—if confirmed in the rank he would be the youngest colonel in the French army—M. de Villars wished to submit the appointment to the king. In doing so, he very graciously informed O'Connor that he had at the same time forwarded to his majesty a full account of the very brilliant action in which the Irish major had been commanding officer, and of which he was practically the sole survivor.

O'Connor thanked the marshal warmly, but took his honors quietly, almost sadly. He established himself in the upper room of an old mill at Varsin, and seldom went abroad, devoting himself to the task of selecting recruits from among the many who offered, and to the drill and organization of his regiment.

He sought consolation in hard work, for his heart was heavy. Few of his old comrades remained to greet him. He missed Sergeant Quirk sorely, and would willingly have been a simple captain again could he but have heard Con's voice in jest or song as of old, or have talked with him once more of home and home friends.

Colonel O'Brien's death, too, was a cause of deep sorrow, for Desmond thought the position he had himself achieved all too dearly purchased by such a loss. He had loved the gallant old soldier; they had passed through so many perils together that it was hard to believe they would never meet again on earth.

And Margaret! She was in his mind day and night. Where was she? How had she compassed his escape? If it were not the countess who had opened his prison-door, the whole thing was a miracle, for he had no other friend.

He could gain no tidings of his lady. He inquired, as Gaston de Brissac had inquired before him, but with even less prospect of success, since months had elapsed and the little army of refugees from Anhalt had long since dispersed. He had the advantage of Gaston in that he knew that the countess was in the hut when the Austrians stormed it, but this knowledge he kept to himself. He took comfort in the reflection that, though he was ignorant of Margaret's whereabouts, she must know that he was at Ghent, and would surely communicate with him in her own good time.

Simply lodged above the old mill, with his brigade quartered in the village at its foot, O'Connor found his solace in faithful attention to his military duties, and only gave way to gloomy thoughts as he sat alone on those dark winter evenings, listening to the wind sobbing round the walls of his bare, cheerless lodging.

Sitting thus, a few days after his arrival, M. de Brissac found him. O'Connor had no liking for the captain, but with an Irishman the duties of hospitality come almost second to those of religion, and in his own quarters he could do no less than offer his

former friend a bottle of wine and the least uncomfortable seat the place afforded.

Gaston was chatty, and apparently in high spirits. He began by congratulating his host on his prospective promotion, which, he added, had been most nobly earned.

"That was a glorious feat!" he cried enthusiastically. "To hold that hut for an hour with so few men, and in the face of such numbers, was a thing without parallel—in these degenerate days, at least. Eight of you, was it not?"

"We were eleven at first," replied the other briefly.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Gaston. "All were killed, I believe?"

"Not so, since I am here," corrected Desmond.

"That of course. It is on that I congratulate you."

"Two others were taken alive," explained O'Connor. "One died of his wounds shortly after. The other is still in an Austrian prison, God help him!"

"How did you escape?" inquired Gaston. "I vow the whole story is like a page from some romance!"

"I hope it may end as happily," said O'Connor, somewhat ruefully. "I escaped in the most commonplace manner, by changing clothes with a doctor who came to attend me for some trifling indisposition."

"Ah, that was a good friend!" cried Gaston.

"He was forced to be," replied Desmond with a smile, as he recalled the figure he had left roped on the bed. "However, I am just as grateful to him. And, now, captain, tell me what is going on here. You know I have been practically out of the world for months."

But Gaston was there with an object, and would not be diverted from it.

"Nothing happens here," he replied. "You know what winter quarters are. We discuss the glories of the past campaign—a subject soon exhausted, save when the achievements of your brigade happen to be the topic—and cheer one another with hopes of the next. Have you heard anything of my cousin, the Countess of Anhalt?"

"Nothing," Desmond replied.

"You have not seen her, then?"

"In an Austrian prison? Is it likely?"

"My faith, no; but I had learned to associate you with her. I suppose you know M. de Louville is dead?"

"I saw him die," replied Desmond gravely.

"Indeed!" De Brissac exclaimed. "He has long been reported missing, but I did not know that the poor fellow's death was fully authenticated."

"Only since my return," said O'Connor. "He was shot while carrying orders to us just before we were surrounded. He was brought into the house we occupied, and died there. A fine death!" he added. "A soldier's death!"

"But death all the same," rejoined Gaston. "Louis cannot force Margaret to wed him now."

"So I conclude," responded the other dryly.

"Your hopes are all awake then, no doubt," Gaston suggested.

"My hopes! What hopes?" demanded O'Connor.

"Tush, man! you are fencing with me again, just as you did in Bruges. Had you been frank with me then, you never would have brought the poor girl into the French lines and exposed her to such deadly peril. Be frank now. Do you still hope to win her?"

"My suit—if I ever entertained such an idea—had your approval once. Are you of the same mind still?" inquired Desmond.

"Suppose I said 'Yes'?"

"I should reply that your approval, though important, would not suffice. The king claims to dispose of the hand of the countess."

"Another battle like the last, and Louis XIV will be no more than a name in Flanders," Gaston observed.

"Possibly," rejoined O'Connor, "but I am one of his servants, and his will must always count for much with me. But this is idle talk. I know not where the lady is, nor if she be living or dead."

"Nor do I," remarked Gaston.

"If she is dead, you are a wealthy man, M. de Brissac," said O'Connor, eying him closely.

"True, but I must prove it first," replied the captain. "And now I must say farewell to you. I merely wished to offer a few words of congratulation on your wonderful deliverance."

"My warmest friend could not have said more," Desmond answered, with a peculiar emphasis that did not escape the notice of his visitor.

The latter rose. O'Connor did not attempt to detain him, but escorted him with punctilious politeness to the door. Then he resumed his seat.

"That man has some plot on foot," he muttered. "I wonder if he really knows where Margaret is!"

De Brissac, as he walked back to his lodging, cursed the other's reticence.

"He distrusts me—he distrusts me thoroughly," the captain reflected. "Who can say that he has not seen Margaret—that he is not even now in communication with her?

And if so, what will she think of the letter I sent?"

He struck savagely with his cane at the bushes as he passed.

"Dolt that I have been!" he muttered. "If O'Connor is telling the truth—if, by good hap, they have not met—I have taken the very surest means to bring them together again. I can only wait and watch, so that if Margaret does come to Ghent I shall be the first to know it."

Entering his room, he unbuckled his sword and laid it aside, but he paced the floor for hours before retiring.

"I am badly served," he thought, as he addressed himself to bed at last. "Oh, for one day of Otto!"

XXVII

"A LADY, yer honor, wishes to see you."

O'Connor looked up from his papers with a start. There was only one name that occurred to his mind when a lady was mentioned, but he smiled to himself as he dismissed his fantastic hope.

Margaret? Impossible! Most probably she was leagues away. She was certainly not in Ghent, for his inquiries had been thorough and persistent. And if, by any miraculous chance she were in the town without his knowing it, it was certain she would not travel two miles into the country to visit him in his quarters at ten o'clock at night. There were other women in the world, though he did not always realize it, and any one might have business with the commanding officer of the Irish Brigade.

"Admit her," he said, and the orderly withdrew.

But Desmond's thoughts still centered on Margaret. Could it be Anne Van Rhyn, he asked himself, coming with tidings of her mistress? But it would be urgent matter which would bring Anne to him—nothing less, indeed, than some dire misfortune to the countess. He turned cold at the thought.

"Pshaw!" he muttered. "I am conjuring up fiends to torment me. I know not even if Anne is near her. She told me that day the girl was no longer in her service. And she is far away herself. At least, I *know* she is not in Ghent!"

The orderly ushered in the visitor—a tall figure, regally clad in furs, for the night was cold and frosty. She was heavily veiled, but Desmond knew her in an instant. It was Margaret who stood before him.

He sprang to his feet. He had just presence of mind sufficient to nod to the soldier to retire from the room; and then he came toward her, stretching out his hands like a blind man.

"My lady!" he cried, "is it you indeed? At last, at last!"

She removed her veil and stood gazing at him with widely opened, wondering eyes.

"But how is this?" she said. "You are on your feet; you are well?"

He recovered himself a little.

"I am well, and my arm as strong as ever for your service. Thanks to Heaven and you, *madame,* I am free. It was you who opened my prison-doors for me, was it not?"

She stood like one in a trance, not speaking, but staring at him with a face full of amazement. There was but a single candle on the table at which O'Connor had been writing, and the large room was dimly lighted and full of shadows, but he thought he saw in her eyes a growing horror. He could not understand.

"Say it was yourself who gave me the means to escape," he pleaded. "I have never doubted that it was you. Do not take that happiness from me!"

"Yes, yes, it was I," she replied, brushing the question aside as a thing of no importance. "But your letter! You said—oh, Major O'Connor, was it worthy of you to use an artifice to lure me hither?"

"To lure you?" Desmond cried, both hurt and astounded at the accusation. "Proud and happy as I am to see you here, *madame,* I assure you that I looked for your presence as little as I looked for a visit from an angel of light."

Margaret drew a letter from her bosom and handed it to him.

"Read, sir!"

He took the paper and glanced at it.

"I know nothing of this," he exclaimed. "Even the handwriting is not like mine. See!" He snatched up the document on which he had been engaged, and thrust it into her hand. "Look, compare the two; that is my writing—the ink is scarce dry on it. This thing"—and he struck the letter he held—"is a vile forgery!"

"It would seem so," she said. "Nevertheless, read it. It is my sole justification for being here to-night."

"'*Madame,* I have escaped,' O'Connor read. 'I am free at last. I am back among my comrades in time to die. Lady, if you ever cared for me, let me see you once more. Come, come soon, for my hours are numbered. This is the last prayer of a dying man,' and it is signed with my name, Desmond O'Connor, and inscribed as coming from Varsin; but, I swear to you, *madame,* I penned no line of it!"

"Then it is a forgery," said the countess. "Who wrote it, and with what object?"

She stood bewildered, but an explanation of the mystery slowly dawned on her mind,

and her face grew white with the terror of the thought.

"Can it be a trick—a device to lure me hither that I may be seized and sent back to answer to King Louis for my flight?"

"I do not think so," O'Connor replied. "A great king does not stoop to such paltry stratagems. This is the work of a petty, scheming villain."

"Heaven grant you are right, *monsieur*," she said, "but villains do such deeds for their profit. Who is there to benefit by this?"

"I think I know," replied O'Connor. "There is one man, and only one, who stood to gain everything if you disobeyed the king."

"Who?" The word was scarce audible, her lips trembled so.

"Captain de Brissac," uttered Desmond with conviction.

"My cousin?" she cried in amazement.

"And next of kin," he added significantly.

The shudder which greeted O'Connor's words showed that Margaret understood.

"Oh," she cried, "I never dreamed there could be such meanness in the world! And even if it be as you say, I cannot see how my presence here would serve him.".

"It is not easy for me to tell you," Desmond hesitated. "I think he hoped that his object would be secured if he could throw you in my—in the way of any man save the Vicomte de Louville."

Her mind was too confused to apprehend the significance of his words.

"But M. de Louville is dead," she objected. "Does not my cousin know that?"

"He knows it now," O'Connor replied, "but he may not have had that knowledge when he wrote. Would it have taken long for this lying letter to reach you? Have you come from far?"

"I have come from—from a very long distance."

She was about to say "from Bregenz," but something tied her tongue—perhaps a maidenly reluctance that he should know she had sought him out in his captivity.

"There it is," cried O'Connor. "He wrote it before he had certain knowledge of the viscount's death. I am ashamed. It is a plot too vile for your ears. He wished to see you wed any one except M. de Louville, so that he might profit by your destruction."

She could not escape the inference. Desmond's eyes were upon her, and she turned her head away that he might not see the color mounting in her cheeks. He saw the movement and understood it.

"Yes," he faltered. "Forgive me, *madame!* I saw through his plan, and—oh, how shall I say it?—I turned away from the star of my life and feigned to worship the flicker of a rushlight."

The countess gazed at him with shining eyes. She was beginning to understand, and the glimmer of comprehension kindled in her heart a hope which she had fancied quenched forever.

"Anne!" she murmured, wondering. "It was this you meant when you said that what you had done had been for my sake!" Then the memory of all that she had suffered rushed back on her like a flood, and she added pitifully: "Oh, how could you?"

"God knows how I found the strength to do it," he replied, "but I felt it must be done. I have been in a dungeon myself, and I would grind my heart to powder rather than that you should endure what I did."

"You did wrong, you did wrong!" she cried. "But you could not know how I felt. And, Anne—that kind, faithful soul—you had well-nigh parted us forever. She thought you were mad that night. She has told me so since."

"I am grieved, *madame*, that I pained you so deeply. It was not easy for me, believe me. I could have killed myself more willingly."

"There, I forgive you," she said, and tears were standing in her eyes. "Let us never speak of that night again."

"With all my heart," he responded, "Let it be forgotten."

"I am troubled by what you tell me of Captain de Brissac," she said after a short pause. "He knows now of the viscount's death. *If he be the wretch you think him, he will devise some new scheme to meet the changed conditions."

"Yes, he will be desperate," O'Connor replied. "You must beware of him in every way. You remember the man who attempted your life on the canal steps the night we left Bruges?"

"Yes," she answered breathlessly.

"I have since learned that he was Brissac's servant, Otto Scharting."

Margaret was white to the lips.

"Then my life will never be safe!" she said. "Even as I came here, I thought I was followed. Anne noticed it, too."

"Anne is here, then?" he questioned.

"She is below. We both fancied a man was shadowing us. God protect me, it is a fearful feeling!" Margaret cried with a shudder.

"You did not recognize this follower, either of you?" asked O'Connor.

"Oh, it was not Gaston de Brissac," she replied quickly, divining his thought. "It was a stranger."

"Aye, our gallant captain prefers to work through an agent—witness Otto," said Desmond. "Well, *madame,* do not be needlessly apprehensive. We are on our guard now. I shall myself see you to your lodging when you go hence. Never stir out unattended. I will provide two stout Irish lads who are at present under consideration for admission to the brigade. They will be always at your beck and call, and before long I shall find some effectual means of dealing with your unnatural cousin."

"And you saved his life!" said the countess, wondering at the change that had come over her feelings.

"Yes," replied Desmond. "We often do things in the heat of the moment which we afterward regret."

"Hark!" she cried, counting the strokes from the village belfry hard by. "Eleven o'clock! I must go. How terribly late it is!"

"You came straight here?" questioned O'Connor, taking up his sword-belt, which lay on the table, and adjusting it.

"I could not rest till I had seen you," she answered shyly. "Remember, I believed that letter. I thought you dying."

"God bless you, my dear lady!" he said. "I will not seek to detain you. I will see you to your own door and then return, for I am expecting an officer from headquarters to-night who is to bring me certain instructions from the marshal."

"I am ready," Margaret replied, readjusting her veil, while O'Connor went to the window and drew the heavy draperies aside.

"It is glorious moonlight," he remarked, "almost as bright as day. No wonder the spy, whoever he may have been, could not elude your notice. You came directly hither, you said?"

"Only stopped to deposit our mails at the lodging I had secured," she replied. "We have come a long journey," she added with a blush.

"Then how did M. de Brissac know you were in Ghent?"

"I do not think he can know it."

"Yes, he does—hence the spy. He expected the forged letter would bring you. He has had every gate watched—for days, perhaps. Well, at least we know him now for what he is; and, knowing him, never fear but we shall foil him!"

He carefully adjusted Margaret's cloak, and was leading her to the door, when the orderly knocked and entered.

"An officer from headquarters to see yer honor," the man said.

"By St. Patrick, but he chooses his time unluckily!" cried O'Connor. "Tell him I am engaged for the moment. You must not be seen here, *madame,*" he added in a hasty whisper to Margaret.

"He's coming up now, sir," said the soldier. "Ye towld me, whenever headquarters sent, the officer was to come straight up."

"I did," answered O'Connor. "Now go and stop him. Give him my message, beg him to excuse me, and say I will not detain him long."

The orderly withdrew and closed the door. They heard him in the passage.

"The major's busy, sir, an' axes ye to excuse him. Will ye kindly step into the guard-room below, an' warm yerself at the fire for a few minutes, till he's disengaged?"

"What, and mount all these stairs again?" replied a voice which both the countess and O'Connor recognized instantly. "No, thank you; since I'm here, I'll go in."

"I've orders against it, sir," replied the soldier.

"It is De Brissac," whispered O'Connor, rather shaping the words with his lips than giving utterance to them. "He has had you followed hither. He will not go away, and there is no other exit."

The countess wrung her hands in silent despair.

"Oh, that he should find me here!" she moaned. "He, of all people! I would rather let him kill me than put it in his power to blast my reputation!"

The colloquy outside the door went on, Gaston insisting on entering, the soldier pleading his orders.

"There is only one thing to be done," Desmond said. "If you will step out on this balcony for a moment, I will draw the curtains and admit him. He will not see you, and will leave, thinking he has been misinformed."

Before he had finished speaking, Margaret was at the window.

"Be very careful," Desmond implored. "The balcony is but small, and the railings are none too safe. Keep away from them. It is a drop of sixty feet to the yard below."

"I will be cautious," she whispered, and stepped outside.

Desmond drew the curtains across the window and arranged them with a careful hand.

"Keep a good courage, my lady," he breathed. "He shall not stay a moment."

Having satisfied himself that he had excluded all view of the balcony, O'Connor stepped to the door.

"What is all this quarreling in the passage here?" he shouted with feigned anger. "A man cannot write with the noise of you," and he flung wide the door. "Oh, M. de Brissac!" he cried, recognizing the visitor. "Is it you they have been keeping outside?

I am quite ashamed. You must learn to distinguish the quality of my guests," he added, addressing the orderly. "Come in, *monsieur,* come in. It is devilish drafty on that staircase."

Gaston entered the room, and Desmond closed the door.

XXVIII

De Brissac's eyes roved about as if in search of something he did not find.

The apartment was a large one, and dimly lighted. The single candle on O'Connor's writing-table illuminated little but the papers it shone upon, and a smoldering fire of logs in a far corner scarcely served to make darkness visible in its immediate vicinity. The draft occasioned by the closing door caused the candle to flicker, and the shadows of the heavy furniture seemed to dance on the floor. It was a moment or two before the captain could assure himself that the chamber held no occupant save its owner and himself.

O'Connor's manner was cordial.

"Come in and take a seat," he cried genially. "I was expecting a call from headquarters. It is quite a relief to spend an evening with a pleasant companion like yourself, instead of being compelled to labor over the dry details of a regiment in course of reconstruction."

De Brissac, sending searching glances into obscure corners, was apparently too busy to reply.

"What are you looking for?" O'Connor went on. "Ghosts? I shouldn't wonder if you unearthed a few. This is a weird old place, full of shapes and sounds."

De Brissac found his tongue.

"I take little interest in ghosts, save to try to keep out of their company as long as possible. But for you, O'Connor, I'd have seen a ghost six months ago."

"Never name it," the other replied. "'Tis the chance of battle. My turn yesterday, yours to-morrow."

"I am grateful, nevertheless. Margaret and I well-nigh mingled our tears when I told her of your gallantry. Have you seen my cousin yet?"

"Now, how could I?" answered Desmond. "You asked me that question a week ago."

"Ah, but she is in Ghent now, you know."

O'Connor feigned surprise.

"Indeed! In Ghent! When did she arrive?"

"Not two hours since," replied Gaston, watching the other narrowly.

"Ah," said O'Connor easily, "in that case I could hardly meet her, for I have not quitted this room since dinner-time."

De Brissac sent another glance round the apartment.

"Are we alone here?" he asked.

"As you see."

"You are sure? The lady who visited you a short time since has gone, then?"

"What lady?"

"Nay," laughed Gaston, "I am not inquisitive. I am merely curious to know how she could have left without my seeing her."

"By St. Patrick, it was something of a feat," retorted O'Connor, "for you seem to have the comings and goings of my visitors well watched!"

"She did not pass me as I came up," resumed the captain. "Is it possible she can have descended by the window? Judging from the stairs I climbed, it must be a pretty height from the ground."

He rose as he spoke, and approached the window, as if to withdraw the curtain. Desmond intercepted him.

"Softly, *monsieur,*" he said. "I think you are within an ace of committing an impertinence."

De Brissac drew back with an ugly scowl.

"This to me?" he said.

"Or to any man who deserves it," rejoined Desmond coolly.

Gaston's brow was black as night, but he managed to laugh.

"I believe you are jealous," he said. "Come, I will wager a pistole that your fair visitor is behind that curtain."

A cold anger possessed O'Connor. Knowing what he knew, suspecting even more, the effrontery of the man enraged him.

"And what if she be?" he answered, throwing into his voice all the menace it would carry. "She is no nearer to you on that account!"

De Brissac affected to treat this defiance lightly.

"You won't let me pass, eh? Well, I am a patient man and heavily your debtor, O'Connor, so I do not insist. At least I can make myself comfortable here, and give your fair friend leisure to contemplate the moonlight beauties of Varsin."

Laughing lightly, he resumed his seat. Desmond was nonplused. He looked from the window to the smiling figure in the chair, and with difficulty resisted the impulse to fling himself on the Frenchman and force him from the room. Mastering himself by a violent effort, he replied sullenly:

"Your stay here depends on my pleasure."

"What an inhospitable speech!" cried Gaston, with unshaken good humor. "Positively you have left your manners behind you in the south. Come, you are not going to shoot me, are you?" he went on, as

O'Connor advanced to the table, and, taking up a pistol which lay upon it, resumed his station near the window.

"Not unless you try any trickery. If you do, I will shoot you like a dog!"

"Have a care, *monsieur!*" cried Gaston fiercely. "I have stood more from you than I would from most men, but you may go too far. That you happen to have saved my life gives you no title to insult me."

"Drop it, man," cried the Irishman angrily. "If I did save your worthless life, it was an accident which I have often regretted. Do not let it trouble you for a moment if you feel aggrieved."

De Brissac's eyes narrowed and his hand sought his sword. He restrained himself, however.

"Be sensible, O'Connor," he urged. "I have reason to believe that I know the lady who is in this room. Draw that curtain aside. Let me convince myself of her identity, and I shall go hence and trouble you no further. Nay, more, I swear to you that that very act shall help toward the desire of your heart."

"Look here, M. de Brissac," replied O'Connor, speaking in clear and emphatic tones, so that every word should reach the ears for which he meant it, "if there were a lady there—which I neither admit nor deny—I believe that sooner than that your eyes should have their impious satisfaction, Heaven would strike you blind, if but for a moment—and what a little moment would take any one from this window to that door!"

A movement of the curtain convinced him that Margaret had heard and understood. The drapery waved unmistakably. Gaston saw it, too.

"Ha. I see the curtain shake!" he cried, springing to his feet and taking a step toward it.

O'Connor raised his pistol.

"Sit down!" he thundered. "Take but another step, and I'll shoot you with as little compunction as I snuff yonder candle!"

He pulled the trigger. The marksmanship which had been the boast of the Irish Brigade did not fail. The top of the candle was shot away, and the room was plunged in darkness.

"Now, *madame!*" Desmond's voice whispered, while the apartment still reverberated with the shock.

Swiftly and silently as one of the ghosts of whom they had spoken, Margaret emerged from the window and glided to the door. De Brissac fancied he heard it close.

"Death and damnation!" he yelled. "Am I tricked, then?"

With a single bound he reached the window, Desmond not opposing him, and flung the curtain back. The moonlight streamed in, flooding the gloomy chamber with its radiance. The balcony was empty.

O'Connor had moved to the door, and now stood with his back against it, laughing. Gaston stared round him in stupefaction.

"She is not here!" he cried.

"No, nor anywhere else, save in your own fevered imagination," said O'Connor cheerfully. "Don't get excited. It's bad for you. Look at the moon out there, how calm it is!"

"Move away from that door," the captain exclaimed. "I must go!"

"Go?" repeated the Irishman. "I couldn't hear of it, my dear fellow, just as the conversation is beginning to take a friendly turn. Sit down and join me in a glass of wine. Sure, the night's young yet!"

"Jeer on!" growled M. de Brissac savagely. "You can't deceive me. It was the Countess of Anhalt who was hidden on yonder balcony."

"Oh, you must be jesting," laughed the Irishman. "A countess, no less! The O'Connors always were a rising race, but it's yourself, Desmond, my boy, that will be on top of the heap!"

"Let me pass!" Gaston yelled, "or it will be the worse for you!"

"No, I shall not let you pass," retorted O'Connor, becoming suddenly grave and speaking very sternly. "I have not done with you yet. How came you to be so certain that Margaret of Anhalt was here tonight?"

"I have good reason for my certainty," replied the captain, "but I am not going to tell it you."

"Well, I'll save you the trouble," O'Connor rejoined with savage concentration, at the same time snatching the forged letter from his pocket. "You lured her hither with a dirty trick. You forged my name. You lied above my signature. Eat it, you hound!"

With a gesture that was a blow, he thrust the letter into the other's face, grinding it against his features. De Brissac fell back, deadly pale, and drew his sword.

"That's enough," he hissed. "I will kill you for this!"

"Try it," retorted O'Connor, unsheathing his weapon as he spoke.

The place was not ill adapted for a duel, for the room was spacious, and the light of the full moon was almost as clear as day. Both men knew, as they faced each other, that this must be a battle to the death.

(To be concluded)

H. R. H. PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT,

DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND NIECE OF KING EDWARD VII

From a photograph by John C. Hughes after the painting by J. J. Shannon, A. R. A.

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THE FORTY IMMORTALS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

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TWO, and only two, of the institutions of the French monarchy survive to-day with undiminished prestige under the Third Republic. One of these is the Comédie Française, the national theater of France, which dates from 1680, when Louis XIV consolidated the two companies of comedians then acting in Paris. The other long-enduring institution is the Académie Française, or French Academy, established in 1635, under Louis XIII, by Cardinal Richelieu.

In both cases the royal edict merely bestowed authority and dignity on an organization already in existence. One of the two companies of comedians which were invited to form the Comédie Fran-

ÉMILE OLLIVIER, SENIOR MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, TO WHICH HE WAS ELECTED IN 1870

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

HENRY HOUSSAYE, HISTORIAN AND CRITIC, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1894

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

çaise was that which Molière had brought back to Paris in 1658; and a little group of authors had been in the habit of gathering for literary discussion long before Richelieu heard about their meetings and resolved to give them formal recognition. The Académie Française, like the Comédie Française, began as a private enterprise, which the ruler of the state saw fit to take over and to set on a firm foundation.

Perhaps the best account of the beginnings of the French Academy, and certainly the briefest, is that of Matthew Arnold:

About the year 1629, seven or eight persons in Paris, fond of literature, formed themselves into a sort of little club to meet at one another's houses and discuss literary matters. Their meetings got talked of, and Cardinal Richelieu, then minister and all-powerful, heard of them. He himself had a noble passion for letters, and for all fine culture. He had the insight to perceive what a potent instrument of the grand style was here to his hand. . . . Richelieu sent to ask the members of the new society whether they

FRÉDÉRIC MASSON, HISTORIAN, AUTHOR OF MANY BOOKS ON NAPOLEON, AND A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY SINCE 1903

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris

JEAN RICHEPIN, POET, NOVELIST, AND DRAMATIST, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1908

From a photograph by Otto, Paris

ÉMILE FAGUET, CRITIC, JOURNALIST, AND LITERARY HISTORIAN, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1900

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris

RENÉ BAZIN, ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR FRENCH NOVELISTS OF THE DAY, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1903

From a photograph by Kivatizky, Paris

PAUL DESCHANEL, PUBLICIST, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, ELECTED TO THE ACADEMY IN 1899

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris

PIERRE LOTI (LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD), NOVELIST AND NAVAL OFFICER, AUTHOR OF "MME. CHRYSANTHÈME," AND A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY SINCE 1891

From a photograph by Benque, Paris

would be willing to become a body with a public character, holding regular meetings. Not without a little hesitation, they consented.

The royal edict declared that "the Academy's principal function shall be to work with all care and all the diligence possible at giving sure rules to our language, and rendering it pure, eloquent, and capable of treating the arts and sciences." In the seventeenth century the growth of language was little understood; and every one seems then to have believed that a tribunal of this sort could control and guide and limit a language. Nowadays we know that this is quite impossible, and that it would be unfortunate in its results, if it were possible; since a language must develop freely in response to the changing needs of those who use it, and since it can care for itself better than any group of scholars or authors could guide it. Yet the influence of the French Academy on the French language has been beneficial in so far as it has maintained a standard of propriety, yielding slowly but inevitably to the new forces which are constantly at work in a living speech.

The guardianship of the language was not to be the sole function of the new Academy, which was enlarged to contain forty members, and which was meant to include always all the leading authors of the time. It was intended, also, to be a literary tribunal; in other words, it was to act as a guardian for French literature, declaring what was good and denouncing what was evil. And here again the Academy was charged with a duty far beyond the power of any body of men, however gifted. The literature of a people, like the language of a people, cannot be cribbed, cabined, and confined; it cannot be controlled by rules and regulations; it must be free and untrammeled to record the deeds of the people, and to express amply their thoughts and their sentiments.

Richelieu meant the Academy to be a high court of letters for France, and perhaps even for all Europe. "This is what the Academy, by its idea, really is," so Matthew Arnold asserted; "this is what

it has always tended to become; this is what it has, from time to time, really been." It has represented nobly and severely the conservative forces in literature; but it has necessarily opposed, or begun by opposing, all the newer forces, all the movements for liberty which are constantly refreshing the current of every literature.

Strictly speaking, the French Academy has failed to meet the hopes of its far-sighted founder. It has not been able to control the French language, and it has been incapable of governing French literature. And yet it has been splendidly successful in giving dignity to the art of letters in France. It has gathered into a single body a large majority of the leaders of French literature, who have ever felt that an election to its

EDMOND ROSTAND, DRAMATIST, AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" AND "L'AIGLON," AND A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY SINCE 1901

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

membership was the final reward and consecration of their careers. It has set a goal which almost every French author has striven honorably to attain. It has held out the hope of admission to its own ranks as a constant incentive, spurring on every literary worker to do his best always. It has led many a writer to undertake important work that he might never have attempted if he had not been moved to produce a book which would qualify him for entrance among the chosen forty.

It has exerted an influence in favor of sobriety and serenity which there is no danger in overestimating. It has generally deserved the high praise of Sainte-Beuve, who declared that it was "a

ANATOLE FRANCE (JACQUES ANATOLE THIBAUT), CRITIC AND NOVELIST, PERHAPS THE MOST REPRESENTATIVE FRENCH MAN OF LETTERS OF THE DAY

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

JULES CLARETIE, NOVELIST, DRAMATIST, AND THEATRICAL MANAGER, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1888

From a photograph by Stebbing, Paris

PAUL HERVIEU, ESSAYIST, NOVELIST, AND DRAMATIST, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1899

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

sovereign organ of opinion" — of the most enlightened opinion of the period. It has recognized honest workmanship and diligent scholarship; it has upheld the standard of taste; it has done all that in it lay to create "a form of intellectual culture which shall impose itself on all around," as Renan put it. It has striven incessantly to reward the best, and the best only, and to exclude the second best.

Two of its peculiarities deserve to be pointed out—anomalies, both of them, which have

HENRI LAVEDAN, NOVELIST, JOURNALIST, AND DRAMATIST, ELECTED TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY IN 1898

From a photograph by Boissonnas & Taponier, Paris

characterized the Academy during the whole of its existence. Although it was founded to contain the most distinguished men of letters in France, it has often elected to membership men who had won their distinction in other fields than literature; and it has often failed to elect authors whom posterity now holds as among the foremost of their time. In other words, it was organized specially to recognize literary merit only, but it has often departed from this aim. It has sometimes recognized great merit outside

of literature, and has sometimes failed to recognize great merit in literature.

From the very first, it contained a certain number of men who were admitted, not because of their writings, but because of their social prominence — cardinals, ministers of state, high dignitaries of the court. Now that a republic has succeeded to the royal rule, the same habit obtains. Pasteur, who was an author only as every scientific man is an author, was honored by election; and so was Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose chief work was the Suez Canal.

This is very much as if an American academy corresponding to the French should have elected Grover Cleveland and Elihu Root, in recognition of their services to the commonwealth, and without regard to the meagerness of their actual contributions to literature itself. In any such American body, John Hay, Mr. Root's predecessor as Secretary of State, and Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Cleveland's later successor as President of the United States, would certainly have been elected as men of letters. This custom of the French Academy has its

GABRIEL HANOTAUX, STATESMAN AND HISTORIAN, FORMERLY MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY SINCE 1897

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris

obvious advantages, although it is not easy to defend on grounds of strict logic. It offers a reward for exceptional public service, and it tends to enhance the importance of the Academy itself.

GREAT NAMES NOT ON THE ROLL

As I have already said, while the French Academy has sometimes called men of an eminence other than literary, it has not infrequently failed or refused to admit within its ranks authors of undeniable genius. Indeed, the list of the great writers of France who were not included in its membership is very large. Corneille and Racine were elected, but Molière was not even proposed — probably because he was regarded in his own time only, or at least chiefly, as a comic actor. Bossuet was a member, but Descartes and Pascal were not. La Rochefoucauld, the author of the "Maxims," and Le Sage, the author of "Gil Blas," were neither of them honored by admission to the chosen forty, although there were among the twoscore academicians of their times twenty or thirty minor men of letters whose writings are now unreadable, and whose names are little known even to professed students of French literature.

Voltaire was a member; but Rousseau was not, nor Diderot, nor Beaumarchais. Victor Hugo was elected; but Stendhal and Balzac failed of admission. Alfred de Musset was chosen, while Béranger was not considered worthy. In the last generation, Flaubert, the author of "Mme. Bovary," and Théophile Gautier, a poet of exquisite felicity, even if of very limited range, were neither of them rewarded by admission. And in our own time, Daudet and Zola and Maupassant were none of them inscribed on the roll of the Academy. Maupassant died too young, or in time the honor might have been his. Daudet refused to seek an election; and he even attacked the Academy savagely and a little foolishly, in one of his less veracious novels, "L'Immortel." Zola presented himself for election more than once, and was always defeated. He had aroused bitter animosities — personal, literary, and political; and even if he had survived to a ripe old age, those who disapproved of his doctrines and his manners would probably have been successful in excluding him.

It may be here recorded that when the foremost of French critics, Ferdinand Brunetière, was lecturing in the United States some ten years ago, he was asked whether Zola was likely to be elected to the Academy; and he answered sharply:

"Not if I can prevent it!"

For most of these exclusions, extraordinary as they may appear to us now, there are excellent reasons visible to any one who may seek for them diligently. Sometimes the author died too young; and sometimes the major part of his fame came to him since his death. Sometimes his works and his theories were in too marked a contrast with the conservative principles of the Academy itself; and sometimes his manners were not inviting. If there had been an academy in England when the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe" were written, we may be sure that neither Bunyan nor Defoe would have been elected to its membership, nor would either of them have dreamed of presenting himself. If there had been an academy here in the United States in the mid-years of the nineteenth century, of course Emerson and Longfellow, Hawthorne and Lowell would have been members. But would Poe have been welcome among them? And how about Walt Whitman?

It is easy to perceive that there may be personal reasons why writers of wide posthumous fame should have failed to receive an invitation to join an organization always conservative and often more or less aristocratic. Of late years, how-

EDITOR'S NOTE—Professor Matthews's article gains a special interest from the fact that an unusually important series of elections to the French Academy is now impending. The Forty Immortals, whose ranks were filled, early in 1908, by the admission of Francis Charmes, Jean Richepin, and Henri Poincaré, have since lost no fewer than six members by death. The decedents include four of the oldest academicians—Gaston Boissier (elected 1876), Victorien Sardou (elected 1877), François Coppée (elected 1884), and Ludovic Halévy (elected 1884)—and two newer members—Emile Gebhart (elected 1904) and Cardinal Mathieu (elected 1906). The selection of six eminent Frenchmen to fill the vacant places is a matter of interest both to France and to the world at large.

ever, the French Academy has become more hospitable; and there does not happen to be at the present time any conspicuous man of letters who is excluded. And the Academy has often expressed its regret that it had not been honored by the presence of one or another of the more distinguished of those who were not numbered among its members. In the eighteenth century, for instance, it set up a bust of Molière in one of its halls, with an inscription declaring that—

His glory nothing lacks, but ours lacks him.

It is another peculiarity of the French Academy that it is exclusively masculine. Although women have always taken a prominent place in French society, and although French literature has been greatly enriched by the work of women writers, the French Academy has never even considered the possibility of electing any woman to membership. In its earlier years neither Mme. de la Fayette nor Mme. de Sévigné was ever thought of; and quite certainly neither ever thought of herself as a possible member. And in the nineteenth century the honor of election was not conferred either on Mme. de Staël or on George Sand.

In recent years this has seemed to some women an invidious distinction; and as a result there is now in existence a so-called Women's Academy, rather vaguely constituted and rather doubtfully viewed, as it is in reality due only to the pushing ingenuity of a periodical. This Women's Academy is limited to twenty members; and the list of its associates does not command high respect. Perhaps it is not too much to say that not more than one or two of this score of women writers would stand any chance of election to the real Academy if she happened to be a man. Scant indeed is the literary baggage of most of these ladies; and few of their names have any significance for an American reader, even if he is fairly familiar with the French literature of the moment.

The French Academy has always taken account of popularity; but it has also sought to honor the men who were working in fields where wide popularity is not possible. It contains the chief poets, the leading dramatists, and the foremost novelists of France to-day; but it also contains the chief historians and the chief classical scholars and literary critics. In the first months of 1908, and before the vacancies created by the deaths of François Coppée, Ludovic Halévy, and Victorien Sardou, there were thirteen dramatic authors who were members of the Academy, and eleven novelists. There were also half a dozen historians, including Ernest Lavisse and Frédéric Masson. Among the critics were Emile Faguet, Jules Lemaître, and Anatole France. The senior member was Emile Ollivier, who was elected in 1870, the very year in which he was more or less responsible for the disastrous war with Germany.

THE DUKES AND THE CABOTINS

The Academy now numbers seven members of the aristocracy—the Comte d'Haussonville, the Vicomte de Vogüé, the Marquis de Vogüé, the Comte Albert Vandal, the Comte Albert de Mun, the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, and the Marquis de Ségur. The presence of such men as these, sitting as colleagues of the dozen dramatists, accounts for the existence of the two factions which are said to exist within the Academy—the Dukes and the Cabotins. Although there does not happen just now to be any duke in the Academy, "Dukes" is not a bad nickname for the more aristocratic and conservative group. "Cabotin" is a slang word more or less inadequately represented in English by "play-actor"; and this, again, is not an ill-chosen term to designate the dramatists and the novelists.

In general, the faction of the Dukes represents the more conservative and the more aristocratic tendencies of the august assembly, while the Cabotins stand for the more modern and the more democratic ideals, since the writers of plays and the writers of novels are necessarily in closer contact with the currents of the time. Apparently, a certain proportion of the members do not adhere to either group, voting now for the candidates of the one and then for the candidates of the other, and thus holding the balance of power.

The Academy exerts its influence upon French literature not only by holding out

membership in its own ranks as the final reward for honorable work in letters and for an honorable life; it also awards annually a great many prizes of a great many kinds. In the last century generous benefactors have given or bequeathed to it large sums of money to be bestowed on deserving authors. Some of these prizes are of considerable value; and all of them entitle the author to print on the title-page of his book the statement that it has been "crowned by the French Academy." There are some forty of these prizes in all, some of them awarded every year, and some of them going to the best book of its kind published within a period of three or five years. Some of them are given to the writer of the most satisfactory work on a theme assigned by the Academy itself; others are for the finest essay dealing with history, or for the book most beneficial to morals.

The French Academy is now a part of the Institute of France, which consists also of four other academies—the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, intended especially for the classical scholars; the Academy of Sciences, which is the equivalent of the American Academy of Sciences; the Academy of Fine Arts, which contains the chief painters, sculptors, engravers, and architects; and the Academy of Moral and Political Science, which includes the leading philosophers, psychologists, and political economists. Of these five bodies, the French Academy is by far the most important and the most highly esteemed.

The members of the other academies are sometimes elected to the French Academy, having seats in both bodies. For example, the late Gaston Boissier, perhaps the foremost classical scholar in Europe, in so far as he combined in himself the scientific knowledge of the original investigator into the past and the artistic skill of the accomplished man of letters—Gaston Boissier had long been a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres before he was chosen to be a member of the French Academy.

THE HOME OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

It is a curious coincidence that the French Academy, founded by Cardinal Richelieu, is now housed in the palace built by his successor, Cardinal Mazarin. The palace of the Institute of France is on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the Louvre and the Tuileries. The chapel of Mazarin's palace, surmounted by a lofty dome, has been transformed into an amphitheater for the formal sittings of the Institute and of the several academies which make up the Institute.

It is under this soaring dome, and in this sumptuous amphitheater, that every new academician is received in state by his colleagues, clad in their official costume of dark green. The newcomer delivers an oration in praise of his immediate predecessor, of the member whose death made the vacancy which he has been elected to fill. Then one of the older members responds in another speech, in which he sets forth the merits of the new member, often slyly insinuating a keen criticism of the new member's works. Nowhere else are the delicacy, the felicity, the perfect polish of the French language more adroitly displayed than in these "discourses of reception," as they are styled. The younger Dumas, when he was received, took occasion to deliver a eulogy of his father, who had never been a member. Rostand is said to have asked permission to write his address in verse, as he felt more at home in rime than in pedestrian prose.

Its own palace is not the only noble building owned by the Institute. The Duc d'Aumale bequeathed to it, also, the splendid château of Chantilly, with its superb collections, its magnificent library, and its archives of the Condé family. He also left a large property, the income from which is to be used for the upkeep of the château and for the increase of the collections and of the library. A later benefactor has since given to the Institute the Château de Langeais, with a sum of money sufficient for its care.

The Institute of France, as a whole, and the French Academy in particular, may be taken as typical of the solicitude with which the arts and sciences have always been cherished in France. No one of its institutions is more characteristic than this; and of no one have the French more reason to be proud. No one of them could other nations imitate to better advantage.

THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THREE TIMES THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE disappointment and exultation which naturally follow an election are apt to distort the vision. Members of the successful party overestimate their party's strength, and those who belong to the defeated party are likely to feel more or less despondent. The Republicans, as a matter of course, having elected their Presidential ticket in four successive campaigns, face the future with confidence; while the Democrats, looking back over four defeats, can be forgiven for feeling a bit disheartened.

Every intelligent estimate of the future must begin with a survey of the past, and possibly that survey can be more accurately made after election than during a campaign. When we have answered the question, "What of the past?" we shall be better prepared to consider the question, "What of the future?"

The last sixteen years have witnessed one of the greatest internal struggles through which any party has ever passed. In 1892 the Democratic Presidential candidate was elected; he received a large popular plurality, as well as a majority in the electoral college, and the party secured an overwhelming majority of the national House of Representatives. The tariff was the paramount issue, the Democratic party having taken an advanced position on that question. Although the money question entered into the campaign to a slight extent, it was but little discussed.

No sooner had the result been announced than an effort was made to secure legislation on the money question. Before Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated, his representatives appeared before Congress and urged the passage of a bill repealing the purchasing clause of the Sherman law. This effort was unsuccessful, but in August Congress met in extraordinary session to consider the money question, as presented in a bill carrying the repeal into effect. The fight over this divided the Democratic party, and the resultant bitterness of feeling left its members in no mood for harmonious action upon the tariff question, which came up for consideration at the regular session. The panic of 1893 came on, and in the Congressional election of 1894 the Republicans won a victory almost as sweeping as the Democratic victory two years before.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1896

Then came the Democratic national convention of 1896, in which the two elements of the party struggled for mastery. The question was fought out at the primaries, the issue not being over candidates, but over the platform. The advocates of bimetallism secured about two-thirds of the delegates to the national convention, and the money plank adopted by that convention was practically a reiteration of the position taken by the Democratic conventions in a majority of the States. The gold wing of the party bolted, and nominated a ticket which had the support of the Democratic President and of nearly all the high officials connected with his administration. The efforts of the gold Democrats, however, were not directed toward the election of their ticket, but in behalf of the Republican ticket.

The election returns showed that the Democratic ticket polled about a million more votes than the party had polled

four years before; but the Republican ticket polled something like two million more votes than it had polled at the preceding election, and thus secured a popular majority of some six hundred thousand, as well as a majority in the electoral college. In the campaign of 1896 the Democratic party made its fight not only without the aid of many who had been leaders in the party, but in face of the opposition of nearly all the prominent Democratic newspapers of the North.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1900 AND 1904

In 1900 the convention was quite harmonious, the only fight being over the money plank, and that was not carried into the convention. In the committee there was a close vote between those who wanted to reiterate the silver plank and those who were willing to reaffirm the platform containing the silver plank, but who opposed specific reference to the silver question. In that year, however, the party was embarrassed by the injection of a new issue — imperialism — into the campaign. The Republican party had the advantage which follows from the successful conclusion of a war, while the Democrats were charged with prolonging the insurrection in the Philippine Islands by their insistence on a promise of ultimate independence to the Filipinos.

The prosperity argument used by the Republicans was even more potent. The country was recovering from the panic of 1893, and the "full dinner-pail" argument was used among the laboring men, while the "let well enough alone" argument had weight with the farmers. A number of the Democratic leaders who had left in 1896 supported the party in 1900, and some of the Democratic newspapers returned. The ticket was defeated, however, a little worse than in 1896 —the Republican plurality being about nine hundred thousand.

In 1904 the reactionary element secured control of the Democratic organization, mainly by using the argument that radicalism had caused two severe defeats and that conservatism would insure victory. Success clubs were formed, and "We must win" was made the battle-cry. New York furnished the candidate—a man of high character, who possessed, as was conceded even by the Republican press, the confidence of the business world.

In the campaign the Democratic party had the support of nearly every Democrat of prominence, and of all the Democratic newspapers that bolted in 1896; but the Republican victory surprised even the Republican leaders. Those at the head of the Republican organization did not estimate their majorities high enough by half. When the votes were counted it was found that the Republican ticket had a popular plurality of about two and a half millions. This was mainly due to a falling off of a million and a quarter in the Democratic vote; for the Republican vote was only a little more than four hundred thousand greater than that party's vote four years before.

THE CAMPAIGN OF LAST YEAR

As soon as the smoke of battle cleared away it became evident that the Democratic party would again be a reform party. Those who had been willing to experiment with compromise and concession returned to the advocacy of progressive measures. In 1908 the policy of the party was again the issue at the primaries, and at Denver the progressive element of the party controlled the convention, having between four-fifths and nine-tenths of the total membership. The platform was clear-cut and aggressive. The party was apparently more harmonious than it had been before in fourteen years; and yet, when the polls closed, the Republican ticket was again found to be successful, having a little larger majority in the electoral college than it had in 1900. The Republican vote, however, was about the same as in 1904, while the Democratic vote increased by more than a million; the Democrats secured United States Senators in Oregon and Indiana, and substituted Democratic Governors for Republicans in Ohio, Indiana, Nebraska, and Colorado, besides reelecting Democratic Governors in Minnesota and North Dakota. There was also a gain in the Democratic representation in Congress.

In the campaign just closed, the Republican party had a fund of one million six hundred thousand dollars for its national campaign—not to speak of the

Congressional fund, which has not been published—while the Democratic national committee collected only a little more than six hundred thousand. The Republicans had an army of government officials, national and State, in the contested States—men who drew their salaries from the public treasury and who had a pecuniary reason for political activity. Fully three-fourths of the newspapers in the contested States were Republican; indeed, measured by circulation, the newspaper opposition to the Democratic party outnumbered its support by possibly six to one or eight to one.

Besides this, the Republican party had the support of all of the corporations known as trusts; and the railroads, in so far as they took part in the campaign, were on the side of the administration. Mr. Brown, a vice-president of the New York Central system, was quoted after the election as saying that he had confirmed purchases to the amount of thirty-one millions of dollars, which were made on orders given before the election, contingent upon Republican victory.

The Republican party also had the advantage of having its candidate considered conservative in the East and radical in the Mississippi Valley. East of the Alleghanies he had the enthusiastic support of those Republicans who denounce President Roosevelt, and in the West he had the support, equally enthusiastic, of the Republicans who indorse the administration. And yet with all of these advantages, the Republican ticket came within less than one hundred thousand votes of being defeated.

THE VICTORY A NARROW ONE

The Republican majority in the electoral college was one hundred and fifty-nine. To change a Republican victory into a Democratic victory would have required a change of eighty electoral votes from the Republican column to the Democratic column, and the States of Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, West Virginia, Montana, and Delaware would have furnished the electoral votes necessary. The combined Republican majorities in these States were less than one hundred and fifty thousand; a change of seventy-five thousand votes, therefore, properly distributed, would have changed the result of the election. A change of only nine thousand votes in Missouri, Indiana, Montana, and Delaware would have transferred thirty-nine electoral votes to the Democratic column.

Can a party regard its future as dark when it can marshal a voting force of six million men, in the face of such opposition as the Democratic party had to meet? Need Democrats be discouraged when they can make such a showing?

WHY THE DEMOCRATIC FUTURE IS BRIGHT

But hope of future Democratic success is to be found in the economic conditions of the country, as well as in a survey of the vote. The President-elect cannot possibly satisfy the expectations of both elements of the Republican party. He held the reform Republican vote through the indorsement that President Roosevelt gave him, but can he hold this vote when he comes face to face with the economic questions which press for solution? With a Republican Senate and a Republican House controlled by what Mr. Roosevelt calls reactionaries, how can he escape conflict either with the Republican leaders or with the Republican voters of the Mississippi Valley?

The Democratic party, on the contrary, is in sympathy with the growing demand for remedial legislation; its platform outlines the reforms which must be secured. The reactionary Republicans will, in all probability, put their party on record against these reforms, and by that record it must be judged in the next campaign. The Democratic party is, therefore, rowing with the tide, for the tide is onward. In its fight for the purification

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EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. W. C. Brown, who was senior vice-president of the New York Central in November last, and who is now president of that railroad, makes the following comment on the statement attributed to him above:

"This story had its origin in some newspaper office in Omaha. It was telegraphed all over the country, and was promptly denied by me at the time it appeared. There was not a road in the New York Central System that had placed an order for equipment, or for anything else, contingent on the result of the election, and I have never made the statement referred to by Mr. Bryan."

of politics, it is on the side of the majority; in its fight for a nearer approach to popular government, it is on the side of the majority; in its fight for the overthrow of private monopoly and the restoration of competition, it is on the side of the majority. In its demand for real and thorough tariff reform, it is supported by public sentiment; in its insistence upon effective railroad regulation, it has the people behind it; in its effort to secure greater protection to bank depositors, it is the champion of the majority.

Already the Republicans are wrangling among themselves over tariff revision, and they will wrangle still more as they come nearer to the time for action; while the Democrats, recognizing the responsibility of their position, and strong in the confidence that they feel in the righteousness of their cause, are prepared to wage a winning fight against an opposition already panic-stricken. It is more than possible—it is even probable—that the House of Representatives to be elected in 1910 will be Democratic. With that Democratic body sending remedial measures to the Senate, the issues of 1912 will be clearly drawn, and the Republican party will be put on the defensive.

NEW LEADERS OF THE DEMOCRACY

With several new Democratic Governors in the States where the reform element is strongest, and with the prospect of a Democratic Congress to formulate the issues of 1912, there is every reason to believe that a number of strong leaders will be developed, and that from these a Democratic candidate can be selected who, by the aid of events and with a united party behind him, can win a national victory for Democracy and inaugurate the reforms, the advocacy of which has given to the Democratic party its wonderful vitality and its increasing strength.

The heart of the Democratic party is sound; the spirit of the masses in the party is unbroken. There is, to be sure, certain work necessary to be done, but it is work that is possible and work which is quite certain to be done.

DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPERS NEEDED

First, the organization of Democratic clubs—there ought to be a permanent Democratic club in every county, especially in the contested States. These clubs should circulate literature and encourage discussion.

Second, there ought to be a Democratic paper in every county, especially in the States which are pivotal. Weekly papers can be started with but little expense; they furnish the largest amount of literature at the lowest price, and there are few communities in which the Democrats are so poor that they cannot establish a Democratic weekly. As soon as these Democratic weeklies get the Democratic voters educated up to the importance of subscribing for Democratic dailies, it will be possible to increase the number of dailies in the great cities, and thus give to the party a newspaper representation which will enable it to present its principles and its policies to the public.

No one need for a moment think that the Democratic party is dead, or doubt that the Republican party will find in it an adversary worthy to be considered. It is the reform party of the country; and it not only stands for reforms, but is strong enough to give to the reformer a reasonable prospect of seeing his hopes realized. The stars in their courses are fighting for Democracy, not only here, but everywhere, and by fidelity to Democratic principles and to the people—whose only hope of securing justice is to be found in the application of Democratic principles to every department of government—the Democratic party will earn a victory, and, earning, will win it.

LIBERTY OF SERVICE

THOSE sturdy souls who won our liberties
Devised them not for an ignoble ease,
But in their wise humanity designed
An equal chance for all to serve mankind.

John M. Woods

SECRETARY KNOX, THE HEAD OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN

THERE is no premier in the Cabinet of an American President, but the Secretary of State is traditionally regarded as ranking his colleagues, and is commonly referred to as premier. The post has become increasingly important, as the foreign relations of the United States have grown in complexity, and the fact has been forced upon the nation that in a world shrunk to a mere neighborhood, and that neighborhood much given to the "swapping" habit, isolation is impossible. So, with a succession of such men as Evarts, Gresham, Olney, and Root at the head of the foreign office, it has come to be esteemed peculiarly the place for the great lawyer of the administration. The fact that it has so often been occupied by the overshadowing legal brain of the Cabinet has no doubt much to raise the post to the dignity of real premiership.

Elihu Root, the last occupant of the office, was recently described by a member of the Senate as "the greatest legal mind that has been applied to the problems of government in this nation since Alexander Hamilton." And with that characterization of the outgoing premier in mind, Philander Chase Knox may well be labeled a peculiarly worthy successor.

KNOX AS ATTORNEY-GENERAL

Knox is, first of all, a lawyer loyal to the law. When he was invited into the McKinley Cabinet, he was head of a great law firm in Pittsburgh. It is not true, as widely believed, that he had been attorney for the Pennsylvania Railroad or the Standard Oil Company; but he had been employed by the Carnegie Steel Company, and was a corporation lawyer. When he was invited to change clients, he wanted to know what would be expected of him. He told President McKinley just what he thought about the great combinations which were then being formed in vast numbers, and with capitalizations whose significance was as far beyond the grasp of an old-fashioned business man as astronomical distances are beyond the ken of a township road-supervisor. He said that he regarded them as involving serious dangers, and believed some of them to be in violation of the law. He would not care to be Attorney-General unless he were free to apply his own judgment to the problems presented by these huge creations. He thought he could check their perilous tendencies; he was sure it ought to be done. Would President McKinley wish an Attorney-General with that policy in mind?

McKinley took him at his own terms. A few months later, when Roosevelt came to the White House, Knox again explained his views and insisted on knowing whether, if he accepted the new President's invitation to remain in the Cabinet, he would be expected to follow the policy he had mapped out. Again he was accepted, and again the policy outlined by him, in his loyalty to the law and to his client, became the policy of the administration.

The policy thus imposed on two administrations as a condition of his service has done much to give the key-note to the whole national movement of economic and political thought to this day.

The Northern Securities litigation was the big, distinguishing, spectacular achievement of the Knox régime in the government law-office. It breathed the breath of life back into a moribund statute that had become a byword. But it

was only one of the great works of Knox as legal adviser. When Congress and the administration were hopelessly entangled with the problem of getting a cable across the Pacific, Knox took up the question, and got, in effect, a government cable without a cent of cost. He made a contract with a private corporation which laid the cable and gives the government the use of it at its own rates, protects the public against overcharges, and has contracted, in the event of a foreign war, to make it an exclusive government affair.

PHILANDER CHASE KNOX, OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO IS TO BE SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT TAFT

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

KNOX AND THE PANAMA PURCHASE

Vastly the greatest business task of Knox was the legal management of the Panama Canal purchase. A more complicated proposition could hardly be imagined. The French government, the old company of the Comte

de Lesseps, the new French corporation, the Colombian government, the Panama government, the various treaties, the sensibilities of our own high-strung Senate —these and innumerable other aspects were hopelessly tangled. The problem was to get the canal at a fair price, with a good title, and without domestic scandal or international friction.

"Whom are you going to engage for this work on the canal transfer?" asked the President, assuming that the Attorney-General would engage some great firm of lawyers as experts in the work.

"As it's the first big piece of work since I came in, I have decided to do it myself," replied Knox.

He handled the entire transaction in person, sending an assistant to Paris to get together the necessary mass of material. When all was ready, the Attorney-General himself went to Paris to

MRS. PHILANDER CHASE KNOX (FORMERLY MISS LILLIE SMITH, OF PITTSBURGH), WHO WILL BE THE LEADING CABINET HOSTESS OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

make the final examination. He was there just six days, and completed the work. He dictated his opinion on the voyage back, holding that it was possible to get a good title, and that the price was fair. That was the longest step in the transaction.

There is a good story of the bill of expenses for this legal task, which might easily have netted Mr. Knox, in private practise, half a million dollars. The bill having been sent to the State Department for audit, there was great amazement at the law-office's apparent carelessness about figures. Mr. Knox was called up.

"Isn't there some mistake about this Panama legal expense bill?"

"How so?" inquired Mr. Knox.

"Clerk must have dropped a cipher or two off the figures. It reads thirty-nine hundred and some odd dollars."

"Well, that's the bill," replied Mr. Knox.

It represented, in the main, tolls paid for cablegrams. When the entire transaction was finished, some months later, and the United States owned the canal, the whole legal costs for the fifty-million-dollar deal were a trifle under eight thousand dollars.

KNOX AND THE RAILROADS

Knox did one piece of work which earned him the affections of railroad employees all over the country, and incidentally established a most important precedent, which has since been followed in some notable cases. The railroad safety-appliance act was attacked in the Johnson case, and some of the best railroad lawyers in the country were putting forth their utmost energies to overturn the law. Mr. Knox pawed over his books for a spell, and concluded to try an experiment.

He filed for the government a petition in intervention, setting up that the law was of great importance, and that the government desired to be heard on the constitutional question. When the time came, the Attorney-General went in person, made the constitutional argument, and won. The law was saved after the courts below had rendered opinions which, if not reversed, would have utterly demolished it. That act has meant the saving of the lives of many thousands of railroad employees.

But this is no place for a catalogue of cases. Mr. Knox had become Senator from Pennsylvania—his native State, by the way — in 1904, filling the vacancy caused by the death of the late Senator Quay. This was before the issue of railroad rate regulation had been written high above all others by President Roosevelt. Two years before he became Senator, however, he set forth in a speech his view of the legislation which must be had to cure the evils of overcapitalization, discrimination, monopoly, and irresponsibility. That speech reads to-day like a prophecy of the Dolliver-Hepburn law.

A few weeks before the opening of the session which passed that act, Knox made another speech, at Pittsburgh, in which he laid down the constitutional and legal principles that were afterward followed in drafting it, and even suggested the substantive propositions in administrative regulation. Senator Dolliver, when the famous constitutional debate on that measure had reached its height, declared that its framers had been guided in their work by the Knox speech at Pittsburgh. And when at last the bill passed and became law, it still carried more of the Knox ideas than of any other man's.

KNOX IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT

The lawyer who put teeth into the nation-wide protest against multiplication of capitalization and concentration of control; who helped to frame the rate legislation in safe and constitutional form; who bought the Panama Canal; and who may fairly be called the working lawyer of Rooseveltism, is now going to take a new client. Doubtless, to his student's mind, the tender of the foreign portfolio was especially attractive, simply because it opened a new field of study, investigation, and development. His training has been peculiarly calculated to fit him for the position; not because it has had to do with the particular problems of international relationship, but because it has given him the poise and confidence which, guiding the activities of a logical and analytical mind, will assure success in the manifold and

multiplying duties that fall to the head of the State Department.

Knox as Secretary of State will be, as ever, loyal to his client. He will always know his case before he goes to court. He will not make the mistakes of brilliant, dashing irresponsibility, nor will he on the other side fall into the error of overcaution and lack of originality and initiative. A foreign war is exceedingly unlikely while Knox is chief of state, though it is by no means impossible because of his chieftaincy. The point is that if it should come, it would be very sure to find the United States in the right before the world, and with a record of having exhausted every honorable means to preserve peace before drawing the sword.

THE PERSONALITY OF KNOX

People who don't know the man well have a notion that Senator Knox has no sense of humor. They are in error. His bearing, it is true, is that of dignity and thoughtfulness, and the record of his career proves that he is the student in the best sense of the word. They say that Knox stands for the law, and for nothing else; that he is a proposition in pure intellect; a mental machine, well oiled and working perfectly on its bearings; that behind the face which commonly is as immobile as a mask, as clear-cut as a piece of statuary, and which bears for all the world the expression of a monk, there is no human element.

Again they are mistaken. Senator Knox most decidedly has humor, and humanity, and sympathies. Real red blood flows in his veins, and on occasion —not infrequent occasion, either — he warms into the most sympathetic of men. He likes to entertain his friends, and to indulge discursive conversations on topics in which he is interested. And his interests cover no mean range. He knows history and literature, and is, in short, not a man of narrow view and corresponding intensity, but one of wide culture and information.

His memory is a wonder to those who know him best. He has one faculty, and he is proud of it, which marks him the politician, though it is not primarily an acquired one—he always remembers people, their names and faces. About the Capitol he invariably speaks to everybody — guards, policemen, elevator attendants, employees, all exchange a morning greeting with him, and always are called by name. It is said that when he had been a Senator for one session, he knew more people about the big pile on Capitol Hill than most men who had occupied seats on the floor for a decade and a half.

When Knox was a member of the Cabinet under McKinley and Roosevelt, he was especially beloved by his colleagues for his evenness of temper and his cheery ways. He has a good faculty with a story; he always wants to wait another minute for the other fellow's story, and to match it with one of his own. He tells them well; "Knox's extra dry" is one of the labels under which his best ones circulate. The Knox story —which was sure to be fresh and apropos, and which was usually gleaned from the grist of workaday experience — became a regular institution of Cabinet gatherings, and other members came to recognize the obligation upon themselves to contribute in kind, with the result that the solemnity of the state council was always enlivened by the exchange of bits of incidental persiflage.

Senator Knox has a fine house on K Street in Washington, and a summer home that is the soul of comfort at historic Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. He is possessed of ample fortune to meet the fast increasing obligations which social custom imposes on the occupant of the position he will presently hold; and he will in every way live up to the best traditions of the American premiership.

PERSPECTIVE

In youth the thought of life's meridian seems
The end of action and blithe-hearted dreams;
In middle age we see, through wistful hope,
The noonday lingering on the sunset slope.

William Hamilton Hayne

THE WORSHIPER

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

AUTHOR OF "THE JEALOUSY OF MRS. PETE," ETC.

"YOU'LL grow so tired of hearing about the Brass Cow that I don't believe you will stay long at Mrs. Pelham's. Hush—there she is now!"

The high box hedge prevented them from seeing the speaker, but an insistent voice was calling:

"Wait, Mannie! You've forgotten your rubbers and umbrella. Yes, I know it isn't raining, but there's a heavy cloud in the southeast."

"I didn't know there was a small boy," whispered Elizabeth.

Fanny Grant dimpled with suppressed mirth.

"Behold the little man!"

They had reached the gate, and Elizabeth caught a glimpse of a tall young fellow with a clear-cut chin, humorous gray eyes, and a kindly mouth.

"Don't come home if there's a storm; I'll send your luncheon."

"So that any hostile bolt of lightning can strike Eph instead of me? That would be much better."

"Certainly it would," assented his mother in all gravity. "Why, Fanny, is that you fumbling at the gate? It shows how long it is since you've been here. And this must be Miss Johnstone? I am delighted to have you with me. Let me introduce my son."

Something intangible in the way in which the little ceremony was performed made it seem as if it were a presentation at court. Elizabeth felt as if she were expected to curtsy backward, and was conscious that there was a mere quill on her hat instead of the prescribed ostrich-tips.

"Elizabeth has had a disagreeable trip. May she go straight to her room for repairs?" asked Fanny.

All hospitable regret that the girls had already breakfasted, Mrs. Pelham started with them toward the house. As they reached the steps she stopped with an exclamation:

"If I didn't forget his rose! Your coming just then put it out of my mind. Brooke! Oh, Brooke!"

Her son turned back at the call, and Mrs. Pelham hurried down the walk, picking a bud by the way. As the girls watched her pin it to the lapel of his coat, Fanny exploded:

"Isn't it just like her to leave you standing on the threshold while she runs back to pin on that idiotic flower? Why, my child, if you had taken poison and she was rushing with the antidote, she would pause to cut the pages of the Idol's magazine!"

In the months that followed, Elizabeth Johnstone learned that Fanny's declaration was less extravagant than it sounded. There were times when Mrs. Pelham's immaculate home, attractive table, and the nominal price of board, hardly compensated for the atmosphere of incense. When Elizabeth had accepted a position in the graded school, she had written to ask Fanny Grant, an old schoolmate, to find a place for her to board. Brooke Pelham was frequently away on legal business, so it was necessary to have some one in the house with his mother during his absence. Mary Fenwick, who was the music-teacher at Elizabeth's school, had tried it the year before, but she had given up in despair.

"It got on my nerves," she explained to Elizabeth. "Why, once I chanced to ask for the back of a chicken, and you should have heard how reproachfully Mrs. Pelham said, 'That is Brooke's favorite part!' I can say his virtues forward and backward, as children learn to count."

"You should have cultivated cards instead of conversation," returned Elizabeth lightly. "Mrs. Pelham has the instinct for games, and we play five hundred, or whist, when Mr. Pelham brings in a fourth, and really have had pleasant evenings all winter."

"I suppose Mr. Pelham is called upon to settle any disputed point?" continued the other. "His opinion is the last court of appeal. One day last winter the book-club met with me, and we were discussing which was the greatest English novel. Just then Mr. Pelham came up the steps, and his mother called out: 'Oh, here's Brooke! He can tell you which one *is*.' He must have felt like a goose, for Fanny Grant was there."

"Is he in love with her?"

"He was. They corresponded while he was at the university and the law-school, but quarreled soon after he came home. Fanny told him that she would marry him if he would promise that his mother should never live with them, and he declared that he would die a bachelor rather than shelve his mother upon strangers; so there it ended."

"I suppose that is why Fanny never loses an opportunity of ridiculing him?" suggested Elizabeth.

"Probably," Mary Fenwick replied. "She used to call him the Golden Calf. A little cousin of hers heard her, went to Mrs. Pelham's, and politely asked: 'May I see your Brass Cow?' The nickname has clung to him ever since. I wonder if he minds it!"

The question was indirectly answered one evening at tea, when Mrs. Pelham asked:

"Aren't you going to eat any chocolate-cake, Mannie?"

Elizabeth caught the mute appeal of his glance.

"I didn't mean to say it," added his mother contritely. "Brooke is the queerest fellow about pet names, Miss Johnstone. When he was little, I used to call him Brookie, because his name seemed so short and sharp. The boys changed it to Brooklet; and one terrible day I was driving by the schoolhouse, and there was my poor child with his nose as big as a beet, and Will Strudwick with his eye like a damson-plum—I was glad of that!—because Will had made up some silly rime about a pet streamlet, and Brooke had fought him for it. So I never called him Brookie again, for fear it would expose him to the temptation of fighting."

"But as I've never had a bruised nose because of Mannie, I guess mother will call me that until I am a graybeard," said her son good-humoredly.

Returning to the more serious matter, Mrs. Pelham repeated:

"Aren't you going to eat any cake, dear? I thought you liked it with chocolate in the batter?"

"So I do, mother; but I don't happen to be hungry to-night."

"Brooke, are you sick? Have you a headache? Have you caught cold? Have you been sitting in a draft?" in an anxious crescendo.

"I'm all right," he hastened to reassure her. "I believe I'll have a small piece of cake, after all."

Mrs. Pelham cut a wedge that a hungry tramp must have acknowledged to be generous. It was so evident that he was eating it because it was a vital concern to his mother and merely a matter of distaste to himself, that Elizabeth Johnstone's sympathy flashed into impetuous speech:

"I used to be sorry for the hen with one chicken; but as I observe more closely, my sympathy all belongs to the one chicken."

The humorous flash in Pelham's gray eyes responded to hers.

II

After tea, Elizabeth went to her room with a bundle of papers to correct. It was the first warm night of spring; and when she had finished her task she was tempted by the thought of the small porch on the south of the house, embowered in a Maréchal Niel rose-vine. It was at the foot of the stairs, and on the opposite side of the house from Mrs. Pelham's bedroom.

As the girl stepped out on the piazza, Pelham arose from the hammock.

"Don't let me startle you," he said. "I have a stupid headache, and chess and cake having failed to cure it, I was lying here in the cool, sweet air. Do you like this rocker?"

"I sha'n't take it, unless you keep on

lying down in the hammock. I only came down for a moment to rest after tussling with the composition-papers. I need it. I read my class a simple account of the Sahara, and I wish you could see the information which is returned to me, from the boy who calls it 'Dessert of Sarah' to the little girl who declares, 'Camels bury their noses in the sand when they want to hide, and their feathers are used on Sunday hats.'"

"Tell me some more," demanded Pelham lazily.

Elizabeth shook her pretty head.

"By no means. That was accidental. Last September, when I began to teach school, I determined that to come to my work every day with fresh zest and interest, I must be a teacher only during school hours. The rest of the time I'm anything else—golf-player, plain-sewing woman, or even a lady of leisure with a new novel and a box of chocolates."

"This is the first time it has occurred to me, but I never have heard you mention the youngsters," reflected Pelham. Then he laughed with sudden remembrance. "That is why you squelched Mrs. Greeley! I was amused the other day when she marched up the front steps and began so belligerently: 'Miss Johnstone, the reason my poor little Bobby missed his spelling to-day—' '*Did* Bobby miss his spelling to-day?' you inquired in so *dégagé* a manner, lifting your eyes from your book with such innocent unconcern, that before the good lady could recover from your forgetting it, you had gone to let mother know she had a caller."

In spite of his laughing tone, Elizabeth could see that his forehead was wrinkled with pain.

"Let me bring you something I have." She went back to her room and returned with a vial. "I never have headaches; but my sister suffers with them, and she insisted on my bringing this along. Just rub your head with it. Mercy, no! Not that way—you'll get it in your eyes."

"Please!" he begged, holding the bottle toward her.

He looked like a big, helpless boy as he lay there, and she knew that he was unwilling to ask his mother's assistance because her nervous anxiety would be harder to bear than the headache. With impulsive sympathy, she began with light, soft touches to bathe his hot brow. They were both silent, though once he drew a long breath of relief.

"How good it feels! How cool!"

When she slipped back up-stairs, her clock pointed accusing hands at the lateness of the hour.

The next day she felt ashamed of the good Samaritanism which had seemed so natural and so simple in the rose-trellised porch the night before. When Pelham brought a new book and a box of chocolates "for the lady of leisure," she felt that he was trying to repay her too forward courtesy, and she thanked him charmingly — and carefully avoided a *tête-à-tête*.

During the following fortnight, being a woman, she saw that he laid divers traps for her—to hunt for the first red fruit in the strawberry-bed, to look at the pink-and-white glory of the orchard, or to enjoy the golden fragrance of the Maréchal Niels on the south piazza. It was there that he detained her one morning after breakfast. His mother had been fretting inconsolably at what she declared to be his run-down condition, and had appealed to Miss Johnstone for confirmation.

"I have noticed that Mr. Pelham seems preoccupied," Elizabeth had admitted, and then had blushed because she had observed him closely enough to detect it.

"May I tell you about it?" he asked. "I want your good wishes. Since leaving the bench, Judge Alexander has returned here to practise law. He is one of the best lawyers we have ever had in the State, and to be associated with him would mean everything in my future. He is thinking of taking a junior partner, and Will Strudwick and myself are among those who have applied for the place. I have an appointment with him to-day. Do wish me luck!"

Before she could reply, Mrs. Pelham's voice was heard calling:

"Dearie! Boysie! Oh, there you are!"

As his mother fastened the inevitable rose on his lapel, Elizabeth said:

"England has made the rose seem the symbol of victory."

In the trite words Brooke read her

meaning that she desired his success, and he listened absently to his mother's questions about his physical symptoms. Later on, he regretted that he had not fully allayed her anxiety.

Pelham was seated in Judge Alexander's office, reading in the elder man's courteous and non-committal sentences that his hopes were futile. Brooke was the youngest of the aspirants; and the judge, a man of judicious silence and iron self-control, dreaded the impetuosity and uncertainty of youth.

A knock at the outer door was followed by the hurried entrance of Mrs. Pelham.

"Good morning, judge! Brooke, dear, I went to your office, and was told you were here. I've been so anxious about you. I felt you ought to begin taking your tonic right away, so I drove down to get it."

She produced from a hand-bag a bottle of dark liquid, poured out a tablespoonful, and offered it to her son. He swallowed it without protest, but worse was to follow. From a little jar of preserves she extracted a strawberry.

"Here, darling, eat this to take the taste out. That tonic is so bitter!"

"I don't object to it in the least, mother."

"Yes, you do; you always complain about taking medicine. You surely can't mind eating a strawberry before Judge Alexander — a friend of your father's, who has known you ever since you were born! Brooke is just a baby to us, isn't he, judge? Here, dear, please take the preserves. I can't bear to think of your having that bitter taste in your mouth all this time!"

She extended the fork with its berry; and as Brooke ate it, the judge saw the deep red creep under the tan of his skin. He guessed how intolerably humiliating it was to the young fellow to be treated as a baby before the very person with whom he wished to associate as man to man.

"Good morning, Judge Alexander," said Brooke, his voice pleasant and controlled. "I think we have about finished our conversation, and I'll see mother to her carriage."

Looking from the office-window, the judge saw Brooke helping Mrs. Pelham into the old-fashioned carriage, standing bareheaded while his mother chatted to him. From her happy and unconscious expression, the judge knew she did not dream how she had mortified her son.

"What would be the use of his telling her?" mused the man, who had known Mrs. Pelham all her life. "She would not understand. She would do the same thing again, but change the kind of preserves. But what dignity, what quiet mastery of himself that boy showed! I might do worse — I might do much worse."

And that was why, to his incredible delight, Brooke Pelham received that afternoon a brief note from the judge formally offering him the position as junior partner.

III

When Pelham returned home, he was disappointed to find that Elizabeth was not there. He had forgotten it was the evening of the school commencement, while she felt piqued that he had not come back in time to escort her. She determined to punish him; and on her return, when she caught the light of his cigar on the front porch, she came in by the south piazza and went up-stairs to her room.

Her satisfaction at the success of her ruse began to give place to curiosity as to the outcome of his interview with Judge Alexander. Perhaps he had been refused, and was in need of sympathy. It was silly to have avoided him like a sulky child.

Mrs. Pelham tapped at her door.

"I just wanted to be sure you were here. Brooke didn't wish to lock up, and declared you hadn't come in. If you're packing, will you try to make as little noise with your trays as possible? You know Boy's room is right across from yours, and I do want him to get a good night's rest. In fact, you had better finish packing in the morning, as I wouldn't have him kept awake for anything. Good night!"

Distinctly exasperated, Miss Johnstone let the lid of her trunk fall with a vicious thud.

"I believe I'll drop something on the floor every hour during the night. I have to leave early in the morning, but

she is perfectly willing for me to rise at dawn to pack rather than have her son disturbed. It's enough to make him selfish as a pig! And yet, somehow, he isn't selfish at all," she added with quick justice.

Presently a Maréchal Niel rose came through the open window, and another, and another. She leaned over the casement, only to receive a soft pelting of petals from a full-blown one which broke against her hair. She could not see Pelham, but she could hear his laugh. A swift wish to see him, to talk to him, possessed her; and the silent yellow missiles continued to beg her to come to the piazza where they grew, until they prevailed with her.

"Just to stop the slaughter of the innocents," she explained. "The poor, pretty things, to be beheaded so!"

"They died gloriously—they brought you." He caught her hands and led her toward the hammock. "You'll have to share this with me. All the porch chairs are on the front piazza, in requisition for the sewing-circle this afternoon."

"Oh, I can't stay more than just a minute. I'm ashamed to have you see me like this!"

"This" was a wholly delectable négligée, in which she looked so girlish and so sweet that Brooke caught his breath. He had not released the protesting hands, and he drew her beside him in the hammock.

"You *must!*" she said.

"I *can't!*" he returned. "The harder I struggle to let them go, the dearer and littler and softer they feel. I want them so! I want you so!"

"I am sorry to disoblige you," Elizabeth was beginning primly, when an ominous call floated on the air.

"Are you on the porch, dearie? I thought I heard the hammock creaking. Don't smoke any longer—tobacco is so bad for your heart!"

They listened with strained ears for the sound of the closing of her door. It did not come, and they finally decided that Mrs. Pelham had purposely left it open to hear when her recreant son went to bed.

"Mercy, how can I get up-stairs?" Elizabeth, perforce, must whisper very close to Brooke's ear. "These high-heeled slippers make such a clatter! With her door open she will certainly hear that there are two people going up-stairs; and she came to my room and specially asked me not to keep you awake."

"It isn't later than twelve," he whispered consolingly, his lips, in turn, so close to the pretty ear that a tendril of curl brushed them.

"But if your mother sees me in this négligée she will think it so—so informal! I *must* get up-stairs; but how can I?"

"I'll show you," he whispered, suddenly rising and picking her up as easily as if she were a child. "I'll be as impersonal as an elevator." Then, from the foot of the stairs, he called out: "Good night, mother! I'm going up now. Pleasant dreams!"

In the deep darkness there stole over the girl a strange new sense of peace, of security, as those strong arms bore her so gently. He paused at her door, delaying the relinquishment of his burden.

"If there was only another flight of stairs!" he groaned.

Judge Alexander had been struck by Brooke Pelham's self-control; but there are limits, when one is young and the month is May, and the girl you love is in your arms—though merely as a matter of convenience.

"Did you fasten the back door?" called an anxious voice. "I'm sure I heard something click!"

"It must have been the opening of the gates of Eden, mother, for I've fastened everything."

There was a ring of boyish gladness in the speaker's voice that made his mother think:

"Already that tonic is doing Brooke good!"

As her son sat by his window, too deeply happy for sleep, he thought of Fanny Grant, of the superficiality and selfishness which he had seen clearly since the glamour of his youthful infatuation had passed.

"If it had not been for mother, we might have been married now," he realized with a shiver of repugnance. "May I never forget that it was because of her that Fanny and I did not make the mistake of our lives!" Then the image of

Elizabeth drove away all disagreeable memories. "And it was through mother that I have had you in my arms to-night, sweetheart!"

IV

Mrs. Brooke Pelham seated herself on her favorite south piazza. She caught the sound of a caller's voice in the sitting-room.

"If it's Mary Fenwick, I won't let her know I'm here," she thought, as she settled comfortably in a corner where she could watch the baby-carriage in which her son was taking his midday nap. "Why, she is talking about me! The way of the eavesdropper is hard."

"You don't mean to say that your daughter-in-law puts all the housekeeping on you?"

If Mrs. Pelham caught the implied criticism, there was no trace of it in her tranquil reply.

"Yes—she is so unselfish! She knows I've kept house here so long it would be a trial to me to change my ways, so she has stepped into the place of a real daughter."

"She seems to have an easy time. I heard Fanny Grant Strudwick say that young Mrs. Pelham spent most of her time taking the baby out driving."

"I think the baby's perfect health is due to the fact that Elizabeth keeps him in the open air almost all day long. Will Strudwick has not been so fortunate as Brooke," returned Mrs. Pelham placidly. "I hope Elizabeth will have increasing leisure as the years go by. She certainly deserves it. 'The sweetest woman that e'er drew breath is my son's wife, Elizabeth.'"

A mist dimmed the eavesdropper's eyes. Before her marriage she had dreaded the prospect of having to burn perpetual incense before Brooke in order to satisfy his mother. And lo, she had found the burner lighted, with a new fire of tenderness, before herself! Brooke's wife was everything which was best in woman—his mother could not imagine him caring for anything less.

The crowning joy of life had come to the elder Mrs. Pelham in the advent of the little boy. She learned that the world is gentle to age; that while it bores the average person to hear a mother talk about her children, it is forgiven—nay, it is even expected—in a grandparent. Outsiders listened sympathetically to the latest developments of the baby's vocabulary; and two eager young people drank in every word, and enthusiastically agreed with her, when she declared her grandson wonderfully good and surpassingly clever.

At last the Worshiper had found an audience!

THE HOME OF THE HEART

I'm out in the garden, green and dusk,
Enrapt in its perfume, rose and musk;
But down the path is my waiting home,
Where elms clasp hands 'neath the starlit dome,
  And sweet is the peace in their shadow.

A light gleams out from the lattice, bright,
Calling me in from the song of night
Where insects hum; and a whippoorwill
Cries, and the soul of the dark's athrill—
  I'm alone in the garden's shadow.

So come back, part of me, from the wild!
Hasten, thou heart of me, wander-child;
My steps go down to the house of white;
I shut out the garden, leave the night,
  For one waits me there in love's shadow!

Edith Livingston Smith

CZAR FERDINAND OF BULGARIA SHOOTING ON HIS COUNTRY ESTATE AT EUXINOGRADE

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

THE NEW CZAR—FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

BY THEODORE SCHWARZ

TWENTY-TWO years ago the throne of Bulgaria was vacant. A committee of the Sobranje, or Bulgarian parliament, was despatched in search of some eligible person who would be willing to become the reigning prince of what was known as "the Peasant State." This deputation found that it had no easy task. The younger princes of many royal houses were approached, but not one of them cared to be Prince of Bulgaria. They would not listen to the deputation.

Nor was this surprising. Bulgaria had not very long before won a sort of semi-independence. It was still tributary to Turkey, while Russia was unfriendly to it. The last prince, Alexander of Battenberg, had even been kidnaped in his palace by Russian emissaries and hurried away across the frontier because he had tried to make his country something more than a pawn in the game which Russia was playing in the Balkan states.

Therefore, the younger royal highnesses of Europe, the grand dukes—and even men of lower rank — were by no means eager candidates for a throne which was set amid a sort of political

CROWN PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

bramble - bush. When Alexander of Battenberg consented to accept the Bulgarian crown, eight years before, Bismarck had cynically said to the young German prince:

"Take it. It will always be to you an interesting reminiscence."

There seemed now to be no one willing to subject himself to violence and possible assassination on the mere chance of securing material for "an interesting reminiscence"; and the deputation of the Sobranje had practically given up all hope of inducing any one to become their prince. On their way homeward they stopped for a day or two in Vienna. There, one evening, while sitting in a beer - garden, they met an Austrian nobleman whom they knew. They told him the story of their quest, whereupon he turned around and pointed to a youth of twenty-four who was sitting at a table in the beer-hall.

"There," said the Austrian, "is the very man you want. He is Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. His grandfather was King Louis Philippe of France, and he himself is the cousin

PRINCE CYRIL OF BULGARIA, YOUNGER SON OF CZAR FERDINAND

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

of almost every crowned head in Europe. The Emperor of Austria likes him, and the Czar will not object to him. Moreover, he is a man of great wealth, and he will know how to deal with a people such as yours."

So it happened that next morning, after conferring with the Austrian chancellor, the commissioners sent a telegraphic message to the man who was really the master of their little state. This was Stepan Stambouloff, then and afterward known as "the Bismarck of Bulgaria." Stambouloff was a rough peasant in his manners. He could be cruel, harsh, and even savage; but he loved his country, and was honest to the core. With his approval, Ferdinand of

CZAR FERDINAND OF BULGARIA, WITH HIS SECOND WIFE, FORMERLY PRINCESS ELEONORE OF REUSS-KÖSTRITZ, AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, THE PRINCESSES EUDOXIA AND NADEJDA, WHO ARE THE CHILDREN OF HIS FIRST WIFE

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

Coburg was elected Prince of Bulgaria in 1887.

Ferdinand's mother, the Princess Clémentine, daughter of the French king Louis Philippe, was a woman of great tact and energy. She flitted from court to court, and tried to win the favor of the great powers for her son. She succeeded so far that none of them molested him, even though they declined to give him formal recognition. And so he went on his way, ruling his turbulent state with skill and tact, and waiting for the time when he should be something more than prince.

In 1893 he married Marie Louise, the eldest daughter of Duke Robert of Parma, by whom he had four children—two sons, Boris and Cyril, and two daughters, Eudoxia and Nadejda. In marrying, Prince Ferdinand, who was himself a Catholic, solemnly promised that his children should be reared as Catholics. This, in fact, was an essential condition, without which his bride would not have accepted him. Nevertheless, the Bulgarian people are mainly of the Greek faith, and the Czar of Russia would not recognize the new ruler unless the heir to the principality adopted that religion. So, in 1896, Prince Boris, who was then but two years old, was baptized into the Orthodox Greek Church, much to the distress—and even anguish—of his mother, but to the great satisfaction of the Bulgarian people and of the Czar. Russia almost immediately recognized Prince Ferdinand as a lawful ruler, as did likewise the other great powers of Europe, including Turkey. The Princess Marie Louise died three years later in giving birth to her youngest daughter.

THE CHÂTEAU OF EUXINOGRADE, CZAR FERDINAND'S COUNTRY-SEAT ON THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA

From a photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris

A SUCCESSFUL INTRIGUER

Ferdinand of Bulgaria was well fitted to play the difficult part assigned to him. Although descended from the royal family of old France, he bore a curious likeness to the third Napoleon—a likeness which he has partly disguised by wearing a full beard. His nose, how-

ever, is the nose of Napoleon III, and caricaturists have amused themselves with it ever since his coronation. He has much also of the intriguing spirit and *finesse* of the man whom he resembles. By these qualities he has managed not only to hold his throne, but to gain full independence for Bulgaria.

In the course of his reign he has steadily aimed at one end, to secure which he has sacrificed everything and every one that blocked his path. First of all, he threw over the stanch and stalwart Stambouloff, and became subservient to Russia. Stambouloff, with a peasant's rudeness, thereupon began a campaign in the press against the prince and princess, shocking in its indiscretion and vulgarity. This ended, however, when the former premier was assassinated in the streets of Sofia. It is characteristic of a country still half oriental that the principal assassin, one Michael Stavreff, should have been perfectly well known as the murderer, and yet should not have been punished, or even arrested, until seven years after the crime which he committed.

Since then Prince Ferdinand has gone on his way—a somewhat devious way, yet not more so, perhaps, than that of statesmen like Cavour or Bismarck. A little more than a year ago he married for the second time, his bride being the Princess Eleonore of Reuss-Köstritz. This lady, to speak quite frankly, possessed neither youth nor beauty, but it is understood that she brought Ferdinand a goodly dowry. She was a daughter of the late Prince Henry IV, one of the innumerable princelings of the many-branched House of Reuss.

In December last, during the general upheaval in the Balkans, the opportunity came to Ferdinand to execute the coup which undoubtedly had long been the object of his ambition and the goal of his diplomacy. Simultaneously with the annexation by Austria of the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, he proclaimed his country's entire independence of the suzerainty of the Sultan. The Sobranje joined with him in declaring Bulgaria a kingdom, with Ferdinand as czar. This was not, as many have supposed, an arrogant assumption of a new and pompous title. It was a reversion to what Bulgaria had been in the tenth century. At that time the Bulgarians, revolting from the Byzantine Empire, established a new realm, of which the capital was the ancient city of Tirnova. Bulgaria became a powerful state, extending to the Adriatic as well as to the Black Sea, and its chief ruler, Symeon, was crowned as czar. Thus Ferdinand's title is historic, and revives the ancient glories of Bulgaria.

BULGARIA AND ITS PEOPLE

The Bulgarian people were originally a race of invaders from the East, akin to the Finns and the Huns; but they long ago became amalgamated with a Slavic population, whose language they now speak. They are hardy, industrious, and honest; and they have shown themselves sturdy in war, both against the Turks, and in 1885 against the Servians. The country is not rich, but its resources are being rapidly developed; so that, after the new sovereign shall have been recognized by the powers of Europe, there is no reason why his country should not take rank with other European states of the second class.

Czar Ferdinand's royal palace is at Sofia; but his favorite residence is that of Euxinograde, situated on the Black Sea. There he spends much of his time amid some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The palace is surrounded by a wonderful park, on whose edges the sea plashes, affording a combination of landscape and seascape such as can be rarely found elsewhere.

The home life of the royal family is simple enough. Ferdinand is passionately devoted to botany and arboriculture, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to roam about his forests, collecting rare plants and observing the stately trees. Neither he nor his wife enjoys living at Sofia. By the fundamental law of the state, the ruler must permanently reside within his own dominions, but with that proviso he is free to fix his personal abode where he pleases. Therefore, it is only for official functions, and for a few months of the year, that he forsakes Euxinograde with its simple fêtes and domestic attractions for his rather unprepossessing residence in the Bulgarian capital.

THE WHITE SISTER*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "FAIR MARGARET," "THE PRIMA DONNA," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

SUDDEN and terrible misfortune has overtaken Angela Chiaromonte. Her father, the head of an old Roman house, has been killed in a street accident; and the dead man's sister-in-law, the Marchesa del Prato, has told the young girl that she is not her father's legitimate daughter, and will not inherit a penny of the family estate. It appears that in the controversy between church and state in Italy, the prince was so devoted an adherent of the papal cause that he refused to be married by civil ceremony, and to register his daughter's birth as required by the government regulations. In consequence, it is true that in the eye of the law she is illegitimate. The *marchesa*—who hates Angela because she herself had desired the late prince for a husband, and had made a loveless match with his younger brother when the elder Chiaromonte married another—follows up this disclosure by warning her niece that she need expect no help from the family, and by recommending her to apply to one of the two convents on which her dead father had lavished money.

Angela has two friends—Giovanni Severi, a young officer whom she loves and hopes to marry, and Mme. Bernard, her old French governess; and the latter takes the girl to her own lodging. Severi is anxious to marry her as soon as possible; and as he has no income beyond his pay, he tells her that he will leave the army and enter civil life, in which, being a skilled engineer, he counts on finding remunerative work. Angela, however, makes him promise to wait a month before resigning.

Before the month passes, Severi is ordered to join a surveying-expedition on the Red Sea coast—a service of some difficulty and danger. He wishes to refuse the commission; but when he goes to Mme. Bernard's to see Angela, the girl tells him that it is a call of duty, which he cannot honorably decline. He therefore sails for Africa, and a few weeks later the news comes that his party has met hostile natives and has been exterminated. For a time Angela is stunned by this new and crushing disaster. When she finds relief for her sorrow, it is by working in the convent hospital of Santa Giovanna d'Aza. She shows aptitude for nursing, and applies for admission to the convent as a novice. The mother superior tells her that if she has a sincere and lasting desire to become a nun, she may enter upon her novitiate at once.

X *(continued)*

"I AM ready," Angela replied.

"Very well," returned the mother superior. "I have only one piece of advice to give you, and perhaps I shall remind you of it often, for it was given to me very late, and I should have been the better for it. Try to remember what I tell you."

"I will remember, mother."

"It is this—count your failures, but not your successes. You cannot surprise God by the amount of good you do. There are girls who enter upon the novitiate just as hard-working students go up for an examination, hoping to astonish their examiners by the amount they know. That is well enough at the university, but it is all wrong in religion. Work how you will, you cannot be perfect; and if you were, you could only be what God made man before sin came. Each student is trying to beat all the others, and one succeeds. We are not trying to outdo one another; there are no marks in our examination, and there is no competition. We are working together to save life in a world where millions die for want of care. To do less than the best we can is failure, for each of us, and the best we can all do together is very little compared with all there is to be done. Faith, hope, and

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charity are all we have to help us, all we can ask of Heaven. Believe, hope, and help others while you live, and all will go well hereafter, never fear! Not to help, not to believe, not to hope, even during one moment, is to fail in that moment. Where the sum is light, it is easy to count the dark places, but not the light itself. That is what I mean, my daughter, when I say, keep account of your failures, but not of your successes. Try to remember it."

"Indeed I will," Angela answered.

She went back to her work, and the mother superior's words thereafter became the rule of her life; but she was not sent for again to listen to a lecture on vanity; and the small White Volcano was inclined to think that it had made a mistake in breaking out, and inwardly offered a conditional apology.

XI

Angela worked hard, and made such progress that before the two years of her novitiate were over Dr. Pieri said openly that she was the best surgical nurse in the hospital, and one of the best for ordinary illnesses, considering how limited her experience had been. The nursing of wounds is more mechanical than the nursing of a fever, for instance, and can be sooner learned by a beginner, where the surgeon himself is always at hand. On the other hand, the value of surgical nursing depends on relative perfection of detail and rigorous adherence to the set rules of prophylaxis, whereas other nursing often requires that judgment which only experience can give. Surgery is a fine art that has reached a high degree of development in the treatment of facts, about which good surgeons are generally right. A great deal of noise is made over surgeons' occasional mistakes, which are advertised by their detractors, but we hear little of their steady and almost constant success. Medicine, on the other hand, must very often proceed by guesswork; but for that very reason it covers up its defects more anxiously, and is more inclined to talk loudly of its victories. Every great physician admits that a good deal of his science is psychological; and psychology deals with the unknown, or with what is only partially knowable.

This explains why Angela was a better nurse in surgical cases than in ordinary illnesses after she had been two years in training; and that circumstance is connected with what happened to her later.

In most respects she changed very little, so far as any one could see. No one in the convent knew how she hoped against all reason, during those two years, that Giovanni might yet be heard of, though there was not the least ground for supposing that he could have escaped when all the others had perished. Indeed, while she still hoped, she felt that it was very foolish; and when she had a long talk with Monsignor Saracinesca before taking the veil, she did not even speak of such a possibility.

She had long ago decided that she would take the veil at the expiration of the two years, but she wished to define her position clearly to the three persons whom she cared for and respected most. These were Mme. Bernard, Monsignor Saracinesca, and the mother superior—three people whose characters were as different as it would have been possible to pick out among the acquaintance of a lifetime.

Angela asked permission to go with Mme. Bernard to the cemetery of San Lorenzo, where a monument marked the grave of those who had fallen in the expedition. It was a large square pillar of dark marble, surmounted by a simple bronze cross. On the four sides there were bronze tablets, on which were engraved the names of the officers and men, and that of Giovanni Severi was second, for he had been the second in command.

No one was near, and Angela knelt down upon the lowest of the three steps that formed the base. After a moment Mme. Bernard knelt beside her. The novice's eyes were fixed on the bronze tablet, and her lips did not move. Her companion watched her furtively, expecting to see some sign of profound emotion, or of grief controlled, or at least the shadow of a quiet sadness. But there was nothing, and after two or three minutes Angela rose deliberately, went up the remaining steps, and pressed her lips upon the first letters of Giovanni's name. She turned and descended the steps with a serene expression, as Mme. Bernard got up from her knees.

"Death was jealous of me," Angela said.

She had never heard of Erinna; she did not know that a maiden poetess had made almost those very words immortal in one lovely, broken line that has come down to us from five and twenty centuries ago. In the Everlasting Return they fell again from a maiden's lips, but they roused no response. Mme. Bernard took them for a bit of girlish sentiment, and scarcely heeded them, while she wondered at Angela's calmness.

They walked back slowly along the straight way between the tombs.

"I loved him living and I love him dead," said the young novice slowly. "He cannot come back to me, but I some day may go to him."

"Yes," answered Mme. Bernard without conviction.

The next world had always seemed very vague to her; and, besides, poor Giovanni had been a soldier, and she knew something of military men, and wondered where they went when they died.

"You are a very good woman," Angela continued, following her own train of thought. "Do you think it is wrong for a nun to love a dead man?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the little Frenchwoman in some surprise. "How can one love a man who is dead? It is impossible; consequently it is not wrong."

Angela looked at her quickly, and then walked on.

"There is no such thing as death," she said.

It was Filmore Durand's odd speech that had come back to her often during two years; when she repeated it to herself she saw his portrait of Giovanni, which still hung in Mme. Bernard's sitting-room, and presently it was not a picture seen in memory, but Giovanni himself.

Mme. Bernard shrugged her shoulders and smiled vaguely.

"Death is a fact," she said prosaically. "It is the reason why we cannot live forever."

The reason was not convincing to Angela; but as she saw no chance of being understood, she went back to the starting-point.

"Then you do not think it can possibly be wrong for a nun to love some one who is dead?" she asked, her tone turning the statement into a question.

"Of course not," cried the governess almost impatiently. "You might as well think yourself in love with his tombstone, and then fancy it a sin!"

So one of Angela's three friends had answered her question very definitely. The answer was not worthless, because Mme. Bernard was a very honest, matter-of-fact woman; on the contrary, it represented a practical opinion, and that is always worth having, though the view it defines may be limited.

Angela did not try to explain further what she had meant, and Mme. Bernard always avoided subjects she could not understand. The two chatted pleasantly about other things as they returned to the convent, and the little Frenchwoman trotted contentedly back to her lodgings, feeling that the person she loved best in the world was certain to turn out a very good and happy nun.

Angela was not yet so sure of this, and she took the first opportunity of consulting Monsignor Saracinesca. They sat and talked together on one of the stone seats in the cloistered garden. He is a tall, thin man, with a thoughtful face and a quiet manner. In his youth he was once entangled in the quarrels of a Sicilian family, as I have narrated elsewhere, and behaved with great heroism. After that, he labored for many years as a simple parish priest in a fever-plagued district, and he only consented to return to Rome when he realized that his health was gravely impaired.

Angela put her question with her usual directness, and watched his face. He knew her story, so that there was nothing to explain.

"Is it wrong to love him still?" she asked.

But Monsignor Ippolito did not speak until his silence had lasted so long that Angela was a little frightened; not that he had any real doubt as to her intention, but because it was his duty to examine such a case of conscience in all its aspects.

"What does your own instinct tell you?" he asked at last.

"That it will not be wrong," Angela

answered with conviction. "But I may be mistaken. That is why I come to you for advice."

Again the churchman mused in silence for a while.

"I will tell you what I think," he said, when he had made up his mind. "There is a condition, which depends only on yourself, and of which you are the only judge. You ask my advice, but I can only show you how to ask it of your own heart. If your love for the man who is gone looks forward, prays, and hopes, it will help you; if it looks back with tears for what might have been and with longing for what can never be, it will hinder you. More than that I cannot say."

"I look forward," Angela answered confidently. "I pray and I hope."

"If you are sure of that, you are safe," said Monsignor Saracinesca. "No one but yourself can know."

"I began to work here, hoping and praying that if I could do any good at all it might help him, wherever he is," Angela went on. "That is the only vocation I ever felt; and now I wish to take the veil because I think that as a professed nun I may be able to use better what little I have learned in two years and a half than if I stay on as a lay sister. It is not for myself, except in so far as I know that the only way to help him is to do my best here. As I hope that God may be merciful to him, so I hope that God will accept my work, my prayers, and my faith."

The prelate looked at the delicate face and earnest eyes; and the quietly spoken words satisfied him, and a little more. There could be nothing earthly in such love as that, he was sure, and such simple faith would not be disappointed. It was not the first time in his experience as a priest that he had known and talked with a woman from whom sudden death had wrenched the man she loved, or whom inevitable circumstances had divided from him beyond all hope of reunion; but he had never heard one speak just as Angela spoke, nor seen that look in another face. He was convinced, and felt that he could say nothing against her intention.

But she herself was not absolutely sure even then, and she went to the mother superior that evening to ask her question for the last time. The mother was seated at her writing-table, and one strong electric lamp shed its vivid light from under a perfectly dark shade upon the papers that lay under her hand and scattered before her — bills, household accounts, doctors' and nurses' reports, opened telegrams, humble-looking letters written on ruled paper, and smart notes in fashionable handwritings. People who imagine that the mother superior of a nursing order which has branches in many parts of the world spends her time in meditation and prayer are much mistaken.

"Sit down," said the small White Volcano, without looking up or lifting her thin forefinger from the column of figures she was checking.

The room would have been very dark but for the light which the white paper reflected upward upon the nun's whiter face, and into the dark air. Angela sat down at a distance, as she was bidden, and waited some minutes, till the mother superior has set her initials at the foot of the sheet with a blue pencil and raised her face to peer into the gloom.

"Who is it?" she asked in a business-like tone, still dazzled by the light.

"I am Angela, mother. May I ask you a question?"

"Yes."

The voice had changed even in that single word, and was kind and encouraging.

"Two years ago, before I became a novice, you asked me why I wanted to be a nun, mother. You thought my intention was good. Now that there is still time before I make my profession, I have come to ask you once again what you think."

"So far as I know, I think you can be a good nun," answered the mother superior without waiting to hear more, for she never wasted time if she could possibly help it.

Angela understood her, and told her own story quickly and clearly, without a quiver or an inflection of pain in her voice. It was necessary, for the mother did not know it all, and listened with concentrated attention. But before it was ended she had made up her mind what to say.

"My dear child," said she, "I am not

your confessor. And, besides, I am prejudiced, for you are a good nurse, and I need you and wish you to stay. Do you feel that there is any reason why you should be less conscientious than you have been so far, if you promise to go on working with us as long as you live?"

"No," Angela answered.

"Or that there is any reason why you should have less faith in God, less hope of heaven, or less charity toward your fellow creatures if you promise to give your whole life to God, in nursing those who suffer, with the hope of salvation hereafter?"

"No, I do not feel that there can be any reason."

"Then do not torment yourself with any more questions, for life is too short. To throw away time is to waste good and save evil. Believe always, and then work with all your might. Work, work, work! Work done for God's sake is prayer to God, and a thousand hours on your knees are not worth as much as one night spent in helping a man to live—or to die—when you are so tired that you can hardly stand, and every bone in your body aches, and you are half starved, too. Work for every one who needs help, spare every one but yourself, think of every one before yourself. It is easy to do less than your best, it is impossible to do more, and yet you must try to do more—always more, till the end. That should be a nun's life."

The mother superior had led that life till it was little less than a miracle that she was still alive herself, and altogether a wonder that her fiery energy had not eaten up the small, frail, earthly part of her long ago.

"But it must not be for the sake of the end," she went on, before Angela could speak, "else you will be working only for the hope of rest, and you will try to kill yourself with work, to rest the sooner. You must think of what you are doing, because it is for others, not for what it will bring you by and by, God willing. Pray to live long and to do much more before you die, if it be good; for there is no end of the sickness and suffering and pain in this world; but few are willing to help, and fewer still know how."

She was silent, but her eyes were speaking still as Angela saw them looking at her over the shaded light, her pale features illuminated only by the soft reflection from the paper on the table.

The young girl felt a deep and affectionate admiration for her, and resolved never to forget the brave words, but to treasure them with those others spoken two years ago: "Count your failures, but not your successes."

She rose to take her leave, and, standing before the writing-table, with each hand hidden in the opposite sleeve, she bent her head respectfully.

"Thank you, mother," she said.

The nun nodded gravely, still looking at her, but said nothing more, and Angela left the room, shutting the door without noise. The mother superior did not go back to her accounts at once, though her hand mechanically drew the next sheet from the pile, so that it lay ready before her. She was thinking of her own beginnings, more than twenty years ago, and comparing her own ardent nature with what she knew of Angela's; and then, out of her great experience of character, a doubt arose and troubled her strangely, though she opposed it as if it had been a temptation to injustice, or at least to ungenerous thinking. It was a suspicion that such marvelous calm as this novice showed could not be all real; that there was something not quite explicable about her perfect submission, humility, and obedience; that under the saintly exterior a fire might be smoldering which would break out irresistibly some day, and not for good.

The woman who had been tried doubted the untried novice. Perhaps it was nothing more than that, and natural enough; but it was very disturbing, because she also felt herself strongly attached to Angela, and to suspect her seemed not only unfair, but disloyal. Yet it was the mother superior's bounden duty to study the characters of all who lived under her authority and direction, and to forestall their possible shortcomings by a warning, an admonition, or an encouraging word, as the case might be.

She had done what she could, but she was dissatisfied with herself; and at the very moment when Angela was inwardly repeating her stirring words and com-

mitting them to memory for her lifetime, the woman who had spoken them was tormented by the thought that she had not said half enough, or, still worse, that she had perhaps made a mistake altogether. For the first time since she had fought her first great battle with herself, she had the sensation of being near a mysterious force of nature which she did not understand; but she had been twenty years younger then, and the present issue was not to depend on her own strength, but on another's; and it involved the salvation of another's soul.

It was long before she bent over the columns of figures again, yet she did not reproach herself with having wasted time. The first of all her many duties, and most arduous, was to think for others; to work for them was a hundred times easier, and was rest and refreshment by contrast.

Angela would have been very much surprised if she could have known what was passing in the mother superior's mind, while she herself felt nothing but relief and satisfaction because her decision had now become irrevocable. If she had been bidden to wait another year, she would have waited patiently and without a murmur, because she could not be satisfied with anything less than apparent certainty; but, instead, she had been encouraged to take the first step, after which there could be no return.

That was the inevitable. Human destiny is most tragic when the men and women concerned are doing their very utmost to act bravely and uprightly, while each is in reality bringing calamity on the other.

Acting on the only evidence she had a right to trust, the mother superior knew that she would not be justified in hindering Angela from taking the veil. Few had ever done so well in the novitiate, none had ever done better, and her natural talent for the profession of nursing was altogether unusual. There had never been one like her in the hospital. As for her character, she seemed to have no vanity, no jealousy, no temper, no moodiness. The mother had never known such an even and well-balanced disposition as hers.

Would it have been wise to keep her back longer, because she seemed too perfect? Would it have been just? Would it not, indeed, have been very wrong to risk discouraging her, now that she was quite ready? She was almost twenty-one years old and had taken no step hastily. More than two years and a half had passed since she had entered the convent, and in all that time no one had been able to detect the smallest fault in her, either of weakness or of hastiness, still less of anything like pride in the superiority she might actually have felt. To keep her back now would be to accuse perfection of being imperfect; it would be as irrational as to call excellence a failing. More than that, it would have a bad effect on the whole community, a danger which could not be overlooked.

Three years later, the mother understood the warning doubt that had assailed her; and when a precious life was in the balance she put herself on trial before her judging conscience and the witness of her memory. But though the judge was severe and the testimony unerring, they acquitted her of all blame, and told her that she had acted for the best, according to her light, on that memorable evening.

Within less than a month Angela took the veil in the convent church, and thenceforth she was Sister Giovanna, for that was the name she chose.

XII

Five years after Giovanni Severi had left Rome to join the ill-fated expedition in Africa, his brother Ugo obtained his captaincy, and at the same time was placed in charge of the powder-magazine at Monteverde, which Sister Giovanna could see in the distance from her latticed window.

The post was of considerable importance, but was not coveted, because it required the officer who held it to live at a considerable distance from the city, with no means of getting into town, which he could not provide for himself; for there is no tramway leading down the right bank of the Tiber. The magazine was actually guarded by a small detachment of artillery under two subalterns, who took the night duty by turns, and both officers and men were relieved at regular intervals by others; but the

captain in command held his post permanently, and lived in a little house by himself, a stone's throw from the gate of the large, fenced enclosure in which the low buildings stood. For some time it had been intended to build a small residence for the officer in charge, but this had not been begun at the date from which I now take up my story.

The neighborhood is a lonely one, but there are farmhouses scattered about at varying distances from the highroad which follows the river, mostly in the neighborhood of the hill that bears the name of Monteverde, and seems to have been the site of a villa in which Julius Cæsar entertained Cleopatra.

As every one will understand, Ugo Severi's duties consisted in keeping an account of the ammunition and explosives deposited in the vaults of the magazine, and in exercising the utmost vigilance against fire and other accidents. The rule against smoking, for instance, did not apply outside the stockaded enclosure, but Ugo gave up cigarettes—even in his own house—as soon as he was appointed to the post, and let every one know that he had done so.

He was a hard-working, hard-reading, rather melancholic man, who had never cared much for society, and who preferred solitude to a club; a fair man, with the face of a student, and not over robust, but nevertheless energetic and determined where his duty was concerned. He lived alone in the little house, with his orderly, a clever Sicilian, who cooked for him. A peasant woman from a neighboring farmhouse came every morning to sweep the rooms, make the two beds, scrub the two stone steps before the door, and clean the kitchen.

The house was like hundreds of other little houses in the Campagna. On the ground floor there was a much-vaulted hall where the captain transacted business and received the reports of the watch. There were also a tiny kitchen, a stable at the back for two horses, and a narrow chamber adjoining it, in which Pica, the orderly, slept. Up-stairs there was only one story, consisting of a large room with a *loggia* looking across the river toward San Paolo, a bedroom of moderate dimensions, and a dressing-room.

The place was more luxuriously furnished than might have been expected; for, though Captain Ugo was not a rich man, he was by no means dependent on his pay. General Severi had lived to retrieve a part of his fortune, and had died rather suddenly of heart-failure after a bad attack of influenza, leaving his property to be divided equally among his two surviving sons and their sister. The latter had married away from Rome, and Ugo's younger brother was in the navy, so that he was now the only member of his family left in Rome.

He was a man of taste and reading, who had entered the army to please his father, and would have left it on the latter's death if he had not been persuaded by his superiors that he had a brilliant career before him, and might be a general at fifty, if he stuck to the service. He had answered that he would do so if he might have some post of trust in which he would have time for study. The command of the magazine at Monteverde was vacant just then; and as no more influential person wanted to live in such a dull place, he got it.

Yet his house was not much more than a mile from the Porta Portese, by a good highroad; whence it is clear that his solitude was a matter of choice, and not of necessity. He had few friends, however, and none who showed any inclination to come and see him, though his acquaintances were numerous; for he had been rather popular in society when a young subaltern, and had been welcome wherever his elder brother Giovanni took him.

Giovanni Severi had been very reticent about his affairs, even with his own family; and during that last winter in Rome, when he had fallen in love with Angela Chiaromonte, Ugo had been stationed in Pavia and had known nothing of the affair. Ugo had a vague recollection that Giovanni was supposed to have been unduly devoted to the gay Marchesa del Prato when he had been a mere stripling of a sub-lieutenant, fresh from the military academy and barely twenty years old, though the *marchesa* had been well over thirty even then. Ugo had been introduced to her long afterward, when she was the Princess Chiaromonte, and she had shown

that she liked him, and had asked him to a dance, to which he had not gone simply because he had given up dancing.

The princess, however, had misunderstood his reason for not accepting her invitation, and had supposed that he kept away because he knew Angela's story and resented, for his brother's sake, the treatment the girl had received. In an hour of idleness it now occurred to her that she might find out whether she had been mistaken in this.

For some one had spoken of Giovanni on the previous evening, in connection with a report that had lately reached Rome to the effect that an Italian officer, hitherto supposed to have been among the dead after the battle of Dogali, had been heard of and was living in slavery somewhere in the interior of Africa. A newspaper had made a good story of the matter, out of next to nothing, and it had been a subject of conversation during two or three days. The lady who told it to the Princess Chiaromonte had been one of her most assiduous and intimate enemies for years, and, in order to make her uncomfortable, advanced the theory that the officer in question was no other than Giovanni Severi himself.

The princess was not so easily disturbed, however, and smiled in her designing friend's face. The poor man was dead and buried, she said, and every one knew it. The report rested on nothing more substantial than a letter said to have been written by an English traveler and lion-hunter to one of the secretaries at the British Embassy in Washington. The secretary again was said to have mentioned the fact to an Italian colleague, who had repeated it in writing to his sister, who lived somewhere in Piedmont, and had spoken of it to some one else; and so on, till the story had reached the ears of a newspaper paragraph-writer. All this the princess knew, or invented, and she ran off her explanation with a fluency that disconcerted her assailant.

The immediate result was that she bethought her of Ugo Severi, whom she had passed lately in her motor as he was riding leisurely along the road beyond Monteverde. She had noticed him because her chauffeur had slackened speed a little, and she had nodded to him, though it was not likely that he could recognize her face through her veil. She had thought no more about him at the time; but she now telephoned to a friend at headquarters to find out where he was living, and she soon learned that he was in charge of the magazine.

After a little reflection, she wrote him a note, recalling their acquaintance and the fact that she had known his poor brother very well. She had never seen a powder-magazine, she said; would he show the one at Monteverde to her and two or three friends next Wednesday?

Ugo answered politely that this was quite impossible without a special permission from the commander-in-chief or the War Office, and that he greatly regretted his inability to comply with her request. As he was a punctilious man, though he lived almost like a hermit, he took the trouble to send his orderly into the city on the following afternoon with a couple of cards to be left at the Palazzo Chiaromonte for the prince and princess, in accordance with Roman social custom.

A few days later a smart limousine drew up to the door of Ugo's little house, and a footman rang the old-fashioned bell, which went on tinkling in the distance for a long time after the rusty chain had been pulled. Ugo's Sicilian orderly opened the door at last in a leisurely way, and appeared on the threshold in gray linen fatigue dress; on seeing the car and the princess he straightened himself and saluted.

His master was riding, he said, and would not come home for an hour. The princess wrote a message on a card, asking if Ugo Severi would come and see her any day after five o'clock, and she wrote down the number of her telephone. She gave the card to the man, and, by way of impressing its importance on him, added that she was a very old friend of the family, and had known the captain's mother, as well as the brother who had been lost in Africa. She also smiled sweetly, for the Sicilian was a handsome young man; she had a way of smiling at handsome men when she was speaking to them, especially if she wished them to remember what she said.

When the car was gone, Salvatore Pica, the orderly, shut the door and went

into the hall where the telephone was. He looked at the visiting-card before leaving it on the brass salver on the table, where letters and reports were placed for the captain whenever he was out; and being an intelligent man and considerably impressed by what the princess had told him, he promptly copied the name, address, and telephone number in the address-book, which hung by a string beside the instrument. For Ugo never telephoned himself if he could help it; and was careless about addresses, which it was Pica's business to note and have at hand when needed.

Moreover, the princess had represented herself as being a very old friend of the captain's family; and Pica mentally noted the fact, because he had often wondered that his master should apparently have no intimate friends at all, though he was evidently respected and liked by his brother officers.

When Ugo came home and dismounted at the door, Pica at once told him of the princess's visit, repeating her message without a mistake, and adding that he had copied her name and address in the telephone-book. Captain Severi nodded gravely and looked at the card before he went up-stairs, but said nothing to his man. Being very careful and punctilious in such matters, as I have said, he wrote a line that evening, thanking the princess for her kind invitation and saying that he hoped to avail himself of it some day, but that he was very busy just at present. This was true, in a sense, for he had just received an important new book in two thick volumes, which he was anxious to read without delay. The fact that it was an exhaustive history of Confucianism, and could not be considered as bearing on his professional duties, was not likely to interest the princess.

She was not used to such rebuffs, however, and before long she made another attempt. This time she herself called up Pica and asked him at what hour the captain could see her on a matter of importance. When the orderly delivered the message, Severi was at first inclined to make an excuse; but the princess's persistency in trying to see him was obvious; and as he thought it possible that she might wish to ask him some question relating to Giovanni, he bade Pica answer that he would stay at home that afternoon, if it suited her convenience to come. She replied that she would appear about four o'clock.

Ugo was buried in the history of Confucianism when his man came to tell him this, and he merely nodded, but looked up quickly when Pica turned to the door.

"Shave and dress," he said laconically, and at once began to read again.

It was the order he gave when he expected the visit of a superior officer; for, as a rule, Pica only shaved twice a week, and never put on a cloth tunic except when he had leave for the afternoon and evening. The little house at Monteverde was a lonely place, and the soldier did no military duty, living the life of an ordinary house-servant. It was a good place, for the captain was generous.

XIII

With an affectation of extreme punctuality, the princess's footman rang the bell at four o'clock precisely; and almost before the distant tinkle was heard, Pica opened the door wide and saluted the visitor, flattening himself against the door-post to give her plenty of room. He looked very smart in his best uniform, and she smiled and glanced at his handsome Saracen face as she passed in. He shut the door at once, leaving the footman outside.

At the same moment Captain Severi was descending the short flight of stone steps to meet her. He was not very like Giovanni, but in the half light the princess saw a resemblance that made her start. Ugo was less energetically built; but he wore his uniform well, and there was much in his gait and the outline of his figure that recalled his brother.

The princess took his hand almost affectionately, and held it in silence for a moment while she looked into his mild blue eyes. Pica noticed her manner, which certainly confirmed what she had said about being a friend of the family.

The mere suggestion of a delicate and exotic perfume had floated into the house with her. At first it faintly recalled Indian river-grass; but presently Ugo thought it reminded him of muscatel grapes, and then again of dried rose-leaves and violets. She smiled as she withdrew her hand, and spoke:

"You did not guess that a woman could be so persistent, did you?"

Ugo also smiled, but without cordiality, and then led the way up-stairs. On reaching the large room, the princess looked about her, judged the man, and at once expressed her admiration for his good sense in leading a student's life, instead of squandering his time in the futilities of society.

The captain did not ask her what she wanted of him; but offered to make tea for her, and she saw that a little table had been set for the purpose. Everything was very simple, but looked so serviceable that she accepted, judging that she ran no risk of being poisoned. In Italy it is only society that drinks tea. It was a little early for it, but that did not matter. The water was boiling in a small copper kettle shaped like a flat sponge-cake, the tea-caddy was Japanese, and the teapot was of plain brown earthenware; but the two cups were of rare old Capodimonte, and the spoons were evidently English. She noticed also that the sugar was of the crystallized kind, and was in a curiously chiseled silver bowl. The princess had a good eye for details..

"You seem to have made yourself very comfortable in your remote little house," she laughed, with approval.

"I only hope that you may be, as long as you please to stay," he answered, making the tea scientifically.

It was very good, and she chatted idly while she slowly drank it and nibbled a thin, crisp biscuit. When she finished, he took her cup and offered to refill it; but she declined, and leaned back in the red-leather easy chair.

"I dare say you heard that story about an officer who is reported to be living in slavery in Africa?" she said, her tone changing and becoming very grave.

Ugo had read of it in the newspapers.

"Did it occur to you, as it did to me, that he might be Giovanni?" she asked.

It had occurred to him, and he had made inquiries at the War Office, but had been told that the story had no foundation. He had expected no other answer. The princess was silent for a moment.

"One grasps at straws," she said presently, in a low voice.

He understood that she had really cared for his brother, and looked at her with more interest than he had hitherto shown.

"I am afraid that there is not the slightest possibility of his being alive," he said, with a sadness in which there was also some sympathy for her.

She had hoped for an indiscreet question, which would allow her to say something more. It was of no real importance to her to know whether he bore her any grudge or not, but since she had taken so much trouble to see him she did not mean to go away without knowing the truth; and though her curiosity was a mere caprice, it was perhaps not a very unreasonable one.

"Had you seen much of him during the last months before he went to Africa?" she asked. "I did not know you till long after that, you know. I think you were always away."

"I was stationed in Pavia," the captain answered. "Giovanni joined the expedition at short notice, and I was not able to see him before he started. I have always regretted it, for we had not met for eighteen months."

"You were never very intimate, I suppose?" suggested the princess.

"We were always very good friends, but after he was appointed to the Staff College we saw little of each other."

The princess mused in silence for a few moments.

"I was very fond of him," she said at last. "Did he ever talk about me to you?"

"No," Ugo answered. "Not that I can remember."

Their eyes met, and she saw that he was telling the truth—as, in fact, he always did.

"I suppose you have heard that he was in love with my poor niece, who went into a convent after he was lost?" she said tentatively, and watching his face.

"Indeed?" He showed more interest. "I never heard of that. Were they engaged to be married?"

"No. At least, there was no formal engagement. My brother-in-law was killed in a motor accident just at that time. Then Giovanni went to Massowah, and you know the rest. But they

were very much in love with each other, and Angela was broken-hearted."

She now knew what she had come to find out, and she did not care to rouse his curiosity as to her own share in the story, since no gossip had taken the trouble to enlighten him.

"Has she taken permanent vows?" he asked.

"Yes. Three years ago, and now it is said she means to go out to the Rangoon Leper Hospital. I dare say you have heard that a good many nuns do that. It is almost certain death, and we all feel very badly about Angela."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Ugo. "She must have cared for him so much that she is tired of living. Very few of those sisters ever come back, I believe."

"None," said the Princess Chiaromonte in a tone that would certainly have arrested his attention if he had known everything. "It is the saddest thing in the world," she went on quickly, fearing that her hatred had betrayed itself. "To think that year after year those good women voluntarily go to certain death! And not even to save life, for lepers cannot be cured, you know. The most that can be done is to alleviate their suffering."

She said this very well, though the words were hackneyed.

"It is heroic," said Captain Ugo quietly.

She stayed some time longer, and he showed her the finest of his books and a number of old engravings and etchings; and these really impressed her, because she knew something of their current value, which was her only standard in judging works of art.

At last she showed that she was thinking of going. Women of the world generally give warning of their approaching departure, as an ocean steamer blows its horn at intervals before it starts. The princess's voice grew suddenly colorless; and what she said became more and more general, till she observed that it was really a lovely day. She looked down at her skirt critically, and then glanced quickly at the walls, one after another. When you do not know what a woman is looking for in an unfamiliar drawing-room, it is a mirror to see whether her hat is straight. The princess saw none, and rose gracefully out of the deep easy chair.

"It has been such a great pleasure to see you!" she said, the cordiality returning to her tone as soon as she was on her feet.

"I am very much obliged for your visit," Ugo answered politely, because nothing else occurred to him to say, and he clapped his heels together with a jingle of his spurs as he took her proffered hand.

He was neither shy nor dull of comprehension where women were concerned, and he understood quite well that she had not come with the intention of making an impression on him, nor out of mere curiosity to see what Giovanni's brother was like. He knew what her reputation had been, but he did not know whether she had retired from the lists at last or still kept the field; and he cared very little, though he had sometimes reflected that whereas Balzac had written of the "Woman of Thirty," the woman of forty was still to be studied by a clever novelist; unless, indeed, Sophocles had made an end of her forever when *Jocasta* hanged herself.

One thing, however, was clear — the princess had not sought him out with any idea of casting upon him the spell of a flirtation to make him a sort of posthumous substitute for his brother. She had faced the light boldly several times in the course of her visit, so that he had very distinctly seen the fine lines of middle age about her mouth and eyes; and she had neither made any attempt to show herself off before him, nor to lead him on with subdued confidences concerning the human affections as she had known them. He believed that she had come to find out whether he thought that Giovanni might possibly be alive or not. He rather liked her for what seemed to him her frankness and courage, and was unconsciously flattered, as the best men may be, by her trusting him so simply.

No doubt it might be true that since the world had put up with her rather irregular behavior for more than fifteen years, her reputation would not be lost at this late date by her spending an hour at the rooms of an officer who was quartered out of town. No doubt, too, that same reputation was a coat of many

colors, on which one small stain more would scarcely show at all; but she had never been in the habit of risking spots for nothing. Moreover, it is a curious fact that men are better pleased at being trusted by a clever woman who has had many adventures than when an angel of virtue places her good name under their protection. There is less irksome responsibility in playing confidant to *Lady Jezebel* than in being guardian to the impeccable *Lucretia*.

If nothing more had happened, the princess's visit would have had little or no importance in this story; but, as things turned out, the incident was one of the links in a long chain of events, as will before long clearly appear.

Fate often behaves like a big old lion, when he opens his sleepy eyes and catches a first sight of you as he lies alone, far out on the plain. He lifts his tawny head and gazes at you quietly for several seconds, and then lowers it as if not caring what you do. You creep nearer — cautiously, noiselessly, and holding your breath—till some faint noise you make rouses his attention again. He takes another look at you—longer this time and much less lazy — while you stand motionless. Nevertheless, you are only a man, and not worth killing; if he is an old lion, he may have eaten a score like you—white and black; but he is not hungry just now, and wants to sleep. Down goes his head again, and his eyes shut themselves for another nap.

On you go, stealthily — nearer and nearer—your rifle ready in both hands. But a dry stalk of grass cracks under your foot, and almost before you can stand still he is up and glaring at you, his long tufted tail showing upright against the sky. If you move, even to lift your gun to your shoulder, he will charge; and sooner or later, move *you* must. Then, suddenly, he is bounding forward, by leap after leap, hurling his huge strength through the air, straight at you, and as the distance lessens you see his burning eyes with frightful distinctness. Two more such bounds as the last will do it. Take care, for within ten seconds either you or he will be dead. There is no other end possible.

Fate does not always kill, it is true; but you have not that one chance against her which your weapon gives you against the lion, and she may maul you badly before she has done with you — even worse than the biggest cat would.

It was not Ugo Severi's fate that was waking, and that began to look toward Monteverde when the Princess Chiaromonte paid him a visit. It was not even the princess's own.

When she was gone, he went back to his history of Confucianism, and Pica got into his gray linen fatigue suit again, and carefully brushed his smart uniform before folding it and putting it away in the chest. Then he washed the tea-things, rubbed the two silver spoons with a special leather he kept for them, and shut up everything in the cupboard. After that, he opened the front door and sat down on the brick seat that ran along the front of the house. He would have liked to smoke a pipe; but Captain Ugo was very particular about that, so he took out half of a villainous-looking *napoletano* cigar, bit off three-quarters of an inch of it, and returned the small remainder to his pocket; and after a few minutes he concluded, as usual, that a chew was far cheaper than a smoke, and lasted much longer.

As the sun sank, he looked across the yellow river toward San Paolo, and because he had been bred in sight of the sea it struck him that the distant belfry-tower was very like a lighthouse; and he smiled at the thought, which has occurred to men of more cultivation than he had.

His eyes wandered to his left; and the sunset glow was on the low city walls, not a mile away, reddening the upper story of an ancient convent beyond. His sharp eyes counted the windows mechanically. One of them belonged to the cell of Sister Giovanna, the Dominican nun, though he did not know it; and much less did he guess that before very long he himself, and his master, and the fine lady who had come in a motor that afternoon, were all to play their parts in the nun's life. If he had known that, he would have tried to guess which window was hers.

The first bitter tang of the vile tobacco was gone out of it, and Pica thoughtfully rolled the quid over his tongue to the other side of his mouth. At that moment he was aware of a man in a little

brown hat and shabby clothes, who must have come round the house very quietly from the direction of the magazine, for he was already standing still near the corner, looking at him.

"What do you want?" Pica asked rather sharply.

The man looked like a bad character, but raised his hat as he answered with a North Italian accent.

"I am a stranger," he said. "Can you tell me how to reach the nearest gate?"

"There is the road," the soldier replied, pointing to it, "and there is Rome, and the nearest gate is the Porta Portese."

"Thank you," the man said, and went on his way.

XIV

During the month of December the Princess Chiaromonte fell ill, much to her own surprise and that of her children, for such a thing had never happened to her since she had been a mere child and had caught the measles; but there was no mistaking the fact that she now had a bad attack of influenza, with high fever, and her head felt very light. During the first two days, she refused to stay in her room, which made matters worse; but on the third morning she yielded and stayed in bed, very miserable and furiously angry with herself. It had always been her favorite boast that she never caught cold, never had a headache, and never broke down from fatigue; and, considering the exceedingly gay life she had led, she certainly had some cause to be vain of her health.

Her eldest daughter and her maid took care of her that day; and her maid sat up with her during the following night, after which it became quite clear that she must have a professional nurse. The doctor insisted upon it, though the princess herself flew into a helpless rage at the mere suggestion; and then, all at once, and before the doctor had left the room, she began to talk quite quietly about ordering baby frocks and a perambulator, though her youngest boy was already twelve years old and went to school at the Istituto Massimo.

The doctor and the maid looked at each other.

"I will telephone for one of the White Sisters," the doctor said.

It happened that the nurses of Santa Giovanna were much in demand at that time, for there was an epidemic of influenza in the city; and as they were almost all both ladies and Italians, society people preferred them to those of other orders.

Three-quarters of an hour after the doctor had telephoned, one of them appeared at the Palazzo Chiaromonte — a rather stout, grave woman of forty or more, who knew her business. She at once said, however, that she had come on emergency, but could not stay later than the evening, when another sister would replace her; it would be her turn on the next morning to begin her week as supervising nun in the convent hospital—a duty taken in rotation by three of the most experienced nuns—and it was absolutely necessary that she should have her night's rest before taking charge of the wards.

The princess had fallen into a state of semiconsciousness, which was neither sleep nor stupor, but partook of both; and her face was scarlet from the fever. Two or three times in the course of the afternoon, however, she was evidently aware of the nurse's presence, and she submitted without resistance to all that was done for her. The maid, who had been in the sick-room all night and all the morning, was now asleep, and the doctor had advised that the children should be kept away from their mother altogether. When the doctor came again, about six o'clock, the nun explained her own position to him, and begged him to communicate with the convent before leaving the palace, as the princess should certainly not be left without proper care, even for an hour. He did what she asked, and the answer came back in the mother superior's own voice. She said that she was very short of nurses, and that it would be extremely inconvenient to send one, and she therefore begged of him to get a sister from another order.

He replied very crossly that he would do nothing of the sort; that he believed in the White Sisters, and meant to have a White Sister, and that a White Sister must come, and a good one; and that if it was only a matter of inconvenience, it

was better that the convent should be inconvenienced for him than that he should be disappointed. He added so much more to the same effect, with so many emphatic repetitions, that the mother superior promised to break all rules and come herself within an hour, if no other sister were available. For she had a very high regard for him, in spite of his rough tone and harsh voice.

Her difficulty was a very simple one. The only nurse who was free that evening was Sister Giovanna, who had returned just before midday from a case that had ended badly, and she had been asleep ever since. But the mother superior knew how the princess had treated her niece and robbed her of her fortune, and she could not foresee what might happen if the young nun took charge of the case. After giving her somewhat rash promise to the doctor, she sent for her, therefore, and explained matters.

"I do not think that my aunt will recognize me," said Sister Giovanna. "She has never set eyes on me since I was a girl of eighteen in deep mourning. Our dress changes us very much, and I must have changed, too, in five years. Even my voice is not the same, I fancy."

The mother superior looked at her keenly. She had grown very fond of her by degrees, but it had never occurred to her to consider whether the young sister's appearance had altered or not. Yet her own memory for faces was good; and when she recalled the features of the slender, fair-haired girl in black, whom she had first seen, and compared the recollection with the grave and almost saintly face before her, closely confined by the white wimple and gorget, and the white veil that bound the forehead low above the serious brow, she really did not believe that any one could easily recognize the Angela of other days.

"I suppose I never realized how changed we all are," she said thoughtfully. "But do you not think the Princess Chiaromonte may remember you when she hears your name?"

"Many sisters have taken it," Sister Giovanna answered. "And, after all, what harm can there be? If she recognizes me and is angry, she can only send me away; and meanwhile she will be taken care of—at least, for the night. That is the main thing, mother, and one of the sisters will surely be free to-morrow morning."

So the matter was settled. Sister Giovanna got her little black bag, her breviary, and her long black cloak, and in half an hour she was ascending the grand staircase of the palace in which she had lived as a child.

She felt more emotion than she had expected, but no sign betrayed that she was moved or showed the servant who led her through the apartments and passages that she was familiar with every turn. Though she went through the great hall, and her feet trod upon the very spot where the dead Knight of Malta had lain in state, not a sigh escaped her, nor one quickly drawn breath.

She was ushered to the very room that had been her father's, and stood waiting after the servant had tapped softly at the door. The other nun came out noiselessly and pulled the door after her without quite closing it. She explained the case to Sister Giovanna, and said that the princess seemed to be asleep again. She probably knew nothing of any relationship between the patient and Sister Giovanna; but if she remembered anything of the latter's story, it was not her business to comment on the circumstance, even mentally.

Even in the nursing orders, where the real names of the sisters may often be known to others besides the mother superior, the sisters themselves scrupulously respect one another's secret, though it may be almost an open one, and never discuss the identity of a member of their community. Where nuns are cloistered, actual secrecy is preserved as far as possible; and though a sister may sometimes talk to another about her former life—and especially of her childhood—she never mentions her family by name.

Sister Giovanna entered the sick-room alone, as the other nurse seemed to think that the unexpected sight of two nuns might disturb the patient. If the princess noticed the new face when she next opened her eyes, she made no remark and showed no surprise; so that Sister Giovanna felt quite sure of not having been recognized. There was very little light in the room, too, by the doctor's advice; and a high screen, covered with

old Cordova leather, stood between the bed and the table, on which the single shaded candle was placed.

The nun stood beside the pillow and looked long at the face of the woman who had wronged her so cruelly and shamefully. After a few seconds she could see her very distinctly in the shadow; the features were flushed and full, and strangely younger than when she had last seen them, as often happens with fair people of a certain age at the beginning of a sharp fever, when the quickened pulse sends the hot blood to the cheeks and brings back the vivid brilliancy of youth. But the experienced nurse knew that, and was not surprised. After taking the temperature and doing all she could for the moment, she left the bedside and sat down to read her breviary by the light on the other side of the screen.

The illness was only an attack of influenza, after all, and she knew how strong her aunt had always been; there was no cause for anxiety, nor any necessity for sitting constantly within sight of the patient. Twice an hour she rose, went to the sick woman's side, and gave her medicine, or drink, or merely smoothed the pillow a little, as the case might be, and then came back to the table. The princess was not so restless as most people are in fever, and she did not try to talk, but took whatever was given her like a model of resignation.

Reading slowly, and often meditating on what she read, it was nearly midnight when Sister Giovanna finished the office for the day and closed her book. Her old watch lay on the table beside the candlestick, and her eyes were on the hands as she waited till it should be exactly twelve before taking the patient's temperature again. But it still wanted three minutes of the hour when the princess's voice broke the profound silence. The words were spoken quietly, in a far-away tone:

"I stole it."

Sister Giovanna started more nervously than a nurse should, and looked straight at the screen, as if she could see her aunt's face through the leather. In a few seconds she heard the voice again; and, though the tone was lower, the words were as distinct as if spoken close to her ear.

"I hid it on me, and left my little bag behind on purpose, because the footman would be sure to open that to take my cigarettes. I knew he often did. He will swear that he went back for the bag, and that there were no papers in it."

It was not the first time, by many, that Sister Giovanna had heard a delirious patient tell a shameful secret that had been kept long and well. She rose with an effort, pressing one hand upon the table. It was plainly her duty to prevent any further revelations if she could, and to forget what she had heard; for a trained nurse's standard of honor must be as high as a doctor's, since she is trusted as he is.

Yet the nun waited a moment before going round the screen, unconsciously arguing that if the patient did not speak again it would be better not to disturb her at that moment. To tell the truth, too, Sister Giovanna had not fully understood the meaning of what her aunt had said. She stood motionless during the long pause that followed the last words.

Then, without warning, the delirious woman began to laugh, vacantly and foolishly at first, and with short interruptions of silence; but then more loudly, and by degrees more continuously, till the spasms grew wild and hysterical and bad to hear. Sister Giovanna went quickly to her, and at once tried to put a stop to the attack.

The princess was rolling her head from side to side on the pillows, with her arms stretched out on each side of her, and her white hands clawing at the broad hem of the sheet with all their strength, as if they must tear the fine linen to strips; and she was shrieking with uncontrollable laughter.

Sister Giovanna bent down and grasped one arm firmly with both hands.

"Control yourself!" she said in a tone of command. "Stop laughing at once!"

The princess shrieked again and again.

"Silence!" cried the nurse in a stern voice, and she shook the arm she held with a good deal of roughness, for she knew that there was no other way.

(To be continued)

"SERGEANT McKINLEY"—A MEMORIAL TABLET MODELED BY JAMES EDWARD KELLY AND RECENTLY UNVEILED AT WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

The scene depicted occurred on the battle-field of Antietam, September 17, 1862, when William McKinley, then commissary-sergeant of the Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteers, drove a supply-wagon to the firing-line and served the hungry men of his regiment.

McKINLEY AT ANTIETAM

BY JOHN W. RUSSELL

THE memorial erected to President McKinley at Wilmington, Delaware, and there unveiled on the seventh anniversary of his death, September 14 last, recalls one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War. It was fought on September 16 and 17, 1862, and may best be described as an earlier Gettysburg. General Lee, after routing the Federal commander, Pope, on the Rappahannock, crossed the Potomac and prepared for a whirlwind attack on the North. On his way he divided his army. One division of it, under Stonewall Jackson, captured Harper's Ferry and took more than twelve thousand prisoners. It seemed likely that the Southern army, when reunited, would sweep through Maryland and into Pennsylvania, in spite of all resistance that could be offered.

General McClellan had been somewhat under a cloud; but the Union soldiers loved and trusted him, and President Lincoln once more placed him at the head of the Army of the Potomac. He at once moved forward to meet Lee, and

on September 14 his advance guard, under Generals Franklin and Reno, fought and won the battle of South Mountain. On the 16th his fine army of seventy thousand men faced Lee's force, which numbered about forty thousand, on the opposite banks of a sluggish little stream known as the Antietam. On that day there was only indecisive skirmishing; but at sunrise on the 17th, while the Union troops were preparing for their breakfast, the thunder of the Confederate cannon was heard, and in half an hour there began one of the most fiercely contested battles of modern times.

Until sunset the two armies fought savagely in corn-fields, forests, and roadways, amid scenes of dreadful slaughter. One little country church, known as the Dunker Church, was used as a common hospital; but so hot was the conflict that the building was pierced by shells and riddled with bullets, while about it the dead and the dying lay almost in rows, as if they had been mowed down where they stood.

William McKinley was then serving as commissary-sergeant to one of McClellan's regiments, the Twenty-Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. His colonel's orders kept him with the supply-train, two miles behind the army, and there he remained throughout the morning of the 17th, feeding the stragglers and the wounded who streamed to the rear. In the afternoon, having loaded two large mule-wagons with supplies, Sergeant McKinley took them forward to the battle-field under his personal charge. The mules that drew one of the wagons were shot down, and McKinley, with the other, was repeatedly warned to turn back; yet he managed to reach the firing-line, and there he remained until every man of his regiment had been served with the food that was so sorely needed. As the youth dispensed his supplies to one severely wounded comrade, the sufferer was heard to murmur:

"God bless the lad!"

In later years, long after the war had ended, Mr. McKinley used to say that these words were the highest reward that he could possibly have received.

It is to this scene that the sculptor has given permanence in the bronze tablet on the monument at Wilmington. It symbolizes at once courage and humanity; and it fitly commemorates a service which was far more valuable than any which the young commissary-sergeant could have accomplished with a musket. In fact, shortly after his regiment had been refreshed and rested, a charge was ordered, and was carried out with a spirit and dash that would have befitted a body of men who had just come on the field. Nearly a thousand soldiers of the Twenty-Third Ohio went into the struggle renewed, if not inspired, by the calm courage of a boy.

Mr. James Edward Kelly, who has sometimes been called "the American historian in bronze," told the McKinley Memorial Committee how he came to choose this scene as the subject for his design. He said: "I wanted to show the germ of that spirit of charity which at the very hour of his death led President McKinley to plead for the life of his assassin."

Mr. Kelly is known by many other works in bronze which relate to American history. It was he who designed the statue of General Buford, the Federal cavalry leader, which stands on the spot where the first gun was fired at Gettysburg. There is another specimen of his work elsewhere on that same field—the memorial of the Sixth New York Cavalry. One of his earlier productions was the series of five bronze tablets on the monument commemorating the battle of Monmouth, in New Jersey. His designs for these panels were accepted over those of sixty competitors. He also received the first prize in a competition at Boston for a suitable memorial to Paul Revere. In making studies for his "Grant at Donelson," he had the benefit of many suggestions from the general himself, and he is perhaps the only living person to whom Grant ever told the story of the day at Belmont.

The largest statue made by Kelly is the seventeen-foot bronze on the Soldiers' Monument at Troy, New York. Here Columbia is shown as a young girl startled by the first shot of the Civil War and grasping a trumpet, with a sheathed sword, to symbolize "The Call to Arms." The memorial of "Sergeant McKinley," his latest work, is realistic, spirited, and unconventionally true.

THE HIGHER PRAGMATISM

BY O. HENRY

AUTHOR OF "HELPING THE OTHER FELLOW," "SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

WHERE to go for wisdom has become a question of serious import. The ancients are discredited; Plato is boiler-plate; Aristotle is tottering; Marcus Aurelius is reeling; Æsop has been copyrighted by Indiana; Solomon is too solemn; you couldn't get anything out of Epictetus with a pick.

The ant, which for many years served as a model of intelligence and industry in the school readers, has been proven to be a doddering idiot and a waster of time and effort. The owl to-day is hooted at. Chautauqua conventions have abandoned culture and adopted diabolo. Graybeards give glowing testimonials to the venders of patent hair-restorers. There are typographical errors in the almanacs published by the daily newspapers. College professors have become—

But there shall be no personalities.

To sit in classes, to delve into the encyclopedia or the past performance page, will not make us wise. As the poet says: "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." Wisdom is dew, which, while we know it not, soaks into us, refreshes us, and makes us grow. Knowledge is a strong stream of water turned on us through a hose. It disturbs our roots.

Then, let us rather gather wisdom. But how to do so requires knowledge. If we know a thing, we know it; but

very often we are not wise to it that we are wise, and—

But let's get on with the story.

II

ONCE upon a time I found a ten-cent magazine lying on a bench in a little city park. Anyhow, that was the amount he asked me for when I sat on the bench next to him. He was a musty, dingy, and tattered magazine, with some queer stories bound in him, I was sure. He turned out to be a scrap-book.

"I am a newspaper reporter," I said to him, to try him. "I have been detailed to write up some of the experiences of the unfortunate ones who spend their evenings in this park. May I ask you to what you attribute your downfall in—"

I was interrupted by a laugh from my purchase—a laugh so rusty and unpractised that I was sure it had been his first for many a day.

"Oh, no, no," said he. "You ain't a reporter. Reporters don't talk that way. They pretend to be one of us, and say they've just got in on the blind baggage from St. Louis. I can tell a reporter on sight. Us park bums get to be fine judges of human nature. We sit here all day and watch the people go by. I can size up anybody who walks past my bench in a way that would surprise you."

"Well," I said, "go on and tell me. How do you size me up?"

"I should say," said the student of human nature with unpardonable hesitation, "that you was, say, in the contracting business — or maybe worked in a store — or was a sign-painter. You stopped in the park to finish your cigar, and thought you'd get a little free monologue out of me. Still, you might be a plasterer or a lawyer—it's getting kind of dark, you see. And your wife won't let you smoke at home."

I frowned gloomily.

"But, judging again," went on the reader of men, "I'd say you ain't got a wife."

"No," said I, rising restlessly. "No, no, no, I ain't. But I *will* have, by the arrows of Cupid! That is, if—"

My voice must have trailed away and muffled itself in uncertainty and despair.

"I see you have a story yourself," said the dusty vagrant—impudently, it seemed to me. "Suppose you take your dime back and spin your yarn for me. I'm interested myself in the ups and downs of unfortunate ones who spend their evenings in the park."

Somehow, that amused me. I looked at the frowsy derelict with more interest. I did have a story. Why not tell it to him? I had told none of my friends. I had always been a reserved and bottled-up man. It was psychical timidity or sensitiveness—perhaps both. And I smiled to myself in wonder, when I felt an impulse to confide in this stranger and vagabond.

"Jack," said I.

"Mack," said he.

"Mack," said I, "I'll tell you."

"Do you want the dime back in advance?" said he.

I handed him a dollar.

"The dime," said I, "was the price of listening to *your* story."

"Right on the point of the jaw," said he. "Go on."

And then, incredible as it may seem to the lovers in the world who confide their sorrows only to the night wind and the gibbous moon, I laid bare my secret to that wreck of all things that you would have supposed to be in sympathy with love.

I told him of the days and weeks and months that I had spent in adoring Mildred Telfair. I spoke of my despair, my grievous days and wakeful nights, my dwindling hopes and distress of mind. I even pictured to this night-prowler her beauty and dignity, the great sway she had in society, and the magnificence of her life as the elder daughter of an ancient race whose pride overbalanced the dollars of the city's millionaires.

"Why don't you cop the lady out?" asked Mack, bringing me down to earth and dialect again.

I explained to him that my worth was so small, my income so minute, and my fears so large that I hadn't the courage to speak to her of my worship. I told him that in her presence I could only blush and stammer, and that she looked upon me with a wonderful, maddening smile of amusement.

"She kind of moves in the professional class, don't she?" asked Mack.

"The Telfair family—" I began haughtily.

"I mean professional beauty," said my hearer.

"She is greatly and widely admired," I answered cautiously.

"Any sisters?"

"One."

"You know any more girls?"

"In a way you have outlined the situation with approximate truth," I admitted.

"I thought so," said Mack grimly. "Now, that reminds me of my own case. I'll tell you about it."

I was indignant, but concealed it. What was this loafer's case or anybody's case compared with mine? Besides, I had given him a dollar and ten cents.

"Feel my muscle," said my compan-

"YOU'VE KNOCKED OUT REDDY BURNS, THE CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT OF THE WORLD!"

"Why, several," I answered. "And a few others."

"Say," said Mack, "tell me one thing—can you hand out the dope to other girls? Can you chin 'em and make matinée eyes at 'em and squeeze 'em? You know what I mean. You're just shy when it comes to this particular dame—the professional beauty—ain't that right?"

ion, suddenly flexing his biceps. I did so mechanically. The fellows in gyms are always asking you to do that. His arm was as hard as cast iron.

"Four years ago," said Mack, "I could lick any man in New York outside of the professional ring. Your case and mine is just the same. I come from the West Side—between Thirtieth and Fourteenth—I won't give the number

on the door. I was a scrapper when I was ten, and when I was twenty no amateur in the city could stand up four rounds with me. 'S a fact. You know Bill McCarty? No? He managed the smokers for some of them swell clubs. Well, I knocked out everything Bill brought up before me. I was a middleweight, but could train down to a welter when necessary. I boxed all over the West Side at bouts and benefits and private entertainments, and was never put out once.

"But, say, the first time I put my foot in the ring with a professional I was no more than a canned lobster. I dunno how it was—I seemed to lose heart. I guess I got too much imagination. There was a formality and publicness about it that kind of weakened my nerve. I never win a fight in the ring. Light-weights and all kinds of scrubs used to sign up with my manager and then walk up and tap me on the wrist and see me fall. The minute I seen the crowd and a lot of gents in evening clothes down in front, and seen a professional come inside the ropes, I got as weak as ginger-ale.

"Of course, it wasn't long till I couldn't get no backers, and I didn't have any more chances to fight a professional — or many amateurs, either. But lemme tell you—I was as good as most men inside the ring or out. It was just that dumb, dead feeling I had when I was up against a regular that always done me up.

"Well, sir, after I had to get out of the business, I got a mighty grouch on. I used to go round town licking private citizens and all kinds of unprofessionals just to please myself. I'd lick cops in dark streets and car-conductors and cab-drivers and draymen whenever I could start a row with 'em. It didn't make any difference how big they was, or how much science they had, I got away with 'em. If I'd only just have had the confidence in the ring that I had beating up the best men outside of it, I'd be wearing black pearls and heliotrope silk socks to-day.

"WILL YOU MARRY ME OR NOT?"

"One evening I was walking along near the Bowery, thinking about things, when along comes a slumming-party. About six or seven they was, all in swallowtails, and these silk hats that don't shine. One of the gang kind of shoves me off the sidewalk. I hadn't had a scrap in three days, and I just says, 'De-lighted!' and hits him back of the ear.

"Well, we had it. That Johnnie put up as decent a little fight as you'd want to see in the moving pictures. It was on a side street, and no cops around. The other guy had a lot of science, but it only took me about six minutes to lay him out.

"Some of the swallowtails dragged him up against some steps and began to fan him. Another one of 'em comes over to me and says:

"'Young man, do you know what you've done?'

"'Oh, beat it,' says I. 'I've done nothing but a little punching-bag work. Take Freddy back to Yale and tell him to quit studying sociology on the wrong side of the sidewalk.'

"'My good fellow,' says he, 'I don't know who you are, but I'd like to. You've knocked out Reddy Burns, the champion middle-weight of the world! He came to New York yesterday, to try to get a match on with Jim Jeffries. If you—'

"But when I come out of my faint I was laying on the floor in a drug-store

saturated with aromatic spirits of ammonia. If I'd known that was Reddy Burns, I'd have got down in the gutter and crawled past him instead of handing him one like I did. Why, if I'd ever been in a ring and seen him climbing over the ropes, I'd have been all to the sal volatile.

"So that's what imagination does," concluded Mack. "And, as I said, your case and mine is simultaneous. You'll never win out. You can't go against the professionals. I tell you, it's a park bench for yours in this romance business."

Mack, the pessimist, laughed harshly.

"I'm afraid I don't see the parallel," I said coldly. "I have only a very slight acquaintance with the prize-ring.

The derelict touched my sleeve with his forefinger, for emphasis, as he explained his parable.

"Every man," said he, with some dignity, "has got his lamps on something that looks good to him. With you, it's this dame that you're afraid to say your say to. With me, it was to win out in the ring. Well, you'll lose just like I did."

"Why do you think I shall lose?" I asked warmly.

"'Cause," said he, "you're afraid to go in the ring. You dassen't stand up before a professional. Your case and mine is just the same. You're a amateur; and that means that you'd better keep outside of the ropes."

"Well, I must be going," I said, rising and looking with elaborate care at my watch.

When I was twenty feet away, the park bencher called to me.

'Much obliged for the dollar," he said. "And for the dime. But you'll never get 'er. You're in the amateur class."

"Serves you right," I said to myself, "for hobnobbing with a tramp. His impudence!"

But, as I walked, his words seemed to repeat themselves over and over again in my brain. I think I even grew angry at the man.

"I'll show him!" I finally said aloud. "I'll show him that I can fight Reddy Burns, too — even knowing who he is."

I hurried to a telephone-booth and rang up the Telfair residence.

A soft, sweet voice answered. Didn't I know that voice? My hand holding the receiver shook.

"Is that *you?*" said I, employing the foolish words that form the vocabulary of every talker through the telephone.

"Yes, this is I," came back the answer in the low, clear-cut tones that are an inheritance of the Telfairs. "Who is it, please?"

"WHY, PHIL, DEAR, OF COURSE I WILL!"

"It's me," said I, less ungrammatically than egotistically. "It's me, and I've got a few things that I want to say to you right now and immediately and straight to the point."

"*Dear* me," said the voice. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Arden!"

I wondered if any accent on the first word was intended; Mildred was fine at saying things that you had to study out afterward.

"Yes," said I. "I hope so. And now to come down to brass tacks." I thought that rather a vernacularism, if there is such a word, as soon as I had said it; but I didn't stop to apologize. "You know, of course, that I love you, and that I have been in that idiotic state for a long time. I don't want any more foolishness about it — that is. I mean I want an answer from you right now. Will you marry me or not? Hold the wire, please. Keep out, Cen-

tral. Hello, hello! Will you, or will you *not?*"

That was just the upper-cut for Reddy Burns's chin. The answer came back:

"Why, Phil, dear, of course I will! I didn't know that you—that is, you never said—oh, come up to the house, please—I can't say what I want to over the phone. You are so importunate. But please come up to the house, won't you?"

Would I?

I rang the bell of the Telfair house violently. Some sort of a human came to the door and shooed me into the drawing-room.

"Oh, well," said I to myself, looking at the ceiling, "any one can learn from any one. That was a pretty good philosophy of Mack's, anyhow. He didn't take advantage of his experience, but I get the benefit of it. If you want to get into the professional class, you've got to—"

I stopped thinking then. Some one was coming down the stairs. My knees began to shake. I knew then how Mack had felt when a professional began to climb over the ropes. I looked around foolishly for a door or a window by which I might escape. If it had been any other girl approaching, I mightn't have—

But just then the door opened, and Bess, Mildred's younger sister, came in. I'd never seen her look so much like a glorified angel. She walked straight up to me, and—and—

I'd never noticed before what perfectly wonderful eyes and hair Elizabeth Telfair had.

"Phil," she said, in the Telfair, sweet, thrilling tones, "why didn't you tell me about it before? I thought it was sister you wanted all the time, until you telephoned to me a few minutes ago!"

I suppose Mack and I always will be hopeless amateurs. But, as the thing has turned out in my case, I'm mighty glad of it.

RUS IN URBE

When bricks and stones are beautiful
  As springtime flowers are;
When asphalt pavements rest the soul,
  And grass is caviar;

When cornices of gilded zinc
  Are pleasing to the eye,
As is the sweep majestic of
  The broad inviting sky;

When raucous noises of the mart,
  In hopeless jangle stirred,
Fall on the ear more pleasantly
  Than songs of soaring bird;

When cañons fraught with misery
  And all its sordid yields
Inspire the soul with sweeter thoughts
  Than harvest-laden fields;

Ah, then, and not till then, will I,
  Amid this restless tide
Of nerve-racked folk, cease to lament
  My well-loved countryside!

Blakeney Gray

OLD CHELSEA AND ITS FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE

FROM the sixteenth-century days of gaily decked barges on the river and strap-hung carriages on the wretched roads; from the days when Chelsea was genuine country, on through all its gradations to its present state of semicommercialism and pseudo-bohemianism, an integral unit in London's great sum—there is no other suburb of any great city so rich in its associations of genius and the interesting personalities of yesterday.

The very adjective "old," which is almost invariably linked to the proper name, is as suggestive of kindly appreciations and pleasing memories as of mere age. It seems to recall that Chelsea was a favorite haunt of Henry VIII; that it was the residence of his sixth queen, Catharine Parr, who was lucky enough to survive him; that Henry's great lord chancellor, More, had his country home here. It suggests the haunts of the second Charles and "sweet Nell of old Drury." It brings back memories of that frivolous, great-hearted Frenchwoman, the Duchesse de Mazarin, who in her latter days lived back in comparatively humble Paradise Row, entertaining royally, but sadly in arrears with her parish rates. It was in Chelsea that the great Holbein was presented to King Hal—the first of the long line of artists whose names rise up at Chelsea's mention. Dyce was one, and Maclise; Turner and Whistler, of course, and to-day Sargent and Abbey.

In the coffee-house days, Chelsea knew Dr. Arbuthnot and Sir Isaac Newton, Locke and Shadwell and Smollett. Shadwell—Dryden's enemy, and his successor as poet laureate — is buried in Chelsea Old Church, and the house which Smollett describes in "Humphrey Clinker" was his own Chelsea home, with the door standing wide open every Sunday, that less fortunate authors might enjoy a genuine dinner at least once a week. If we think of the suburb—to call it what it has ceased to be—usually in connection with Carlyle and Hunt and Rossetti and George Eliot, yet is it to be realized that even to-day Lord Cadogan, the great Chelsea landlord, numbers among his tenants several whose names are known in two hemispheres? Edward F. Benson lives there, filling his house with old furniture and Jacobean silver; Bram Stoker lives on St. Leonard's Place; Sargent and Abbey have their studios on Tite Street, and not far off are the homes of the Marquis of Ripon, Lady de Bathe, and Herbert Paul.

TO CHELSEA BY THE RIVER

Approach this Mecca of yesterday's associations and to-day's pleasures from the river. Take one of the little penny steamers at some Embankment station. Your fellow passengers will not be of the upper classes, and probably some of them will suggest Whistler's famous newsboy, who insisted that he was only eight years old, although the artist declared he could not have got that dirty in so short a time. But the busy little boat will take you up past historic Lambeth and Ranelagh Gardens, with the art-gallery of Sir Henry Tate showing white among the timber-yards and shipyards on the western shore, looking for all the world like one of that gentleman's own sugar-loaves on a littered carpenter's bench.

When you come home, take one of the King's Road busses, on the top of which Carlyle used to show his battered white

hat. If one is to go by appearances, some of those self-same busses are still in use, rumbling along over the cobbles where once the courtiers of Charles II galloped and gossiped, while the merry monarch and Mistress Gwyn watched the progress of the work on the royal hospital. Between the river and the road lies Chelsea, with its charm of ancient bricks and mortar, under the guardianship of venerable trees, peaceful with the quiet of a half-forsaken river-bank.

A FAMOUS OLD LONDON CHURCH

As the steamer bumps against the pier near Battersea — almost exactly where once stood the broad-topped water-gate of Sir Thomas More's home, from which he would watch the sunset across the fields—one sees first the square, stocky Norman tower of Chelsea Old Church. Never yet "restored," it stands for the oldest of old Chelsea, stout and solid and squat, with great ceiling-beams laid when builders were prodigal of both wood and time; with queer glass in its windows which may be valuable, as the guide-book says, and which certainly is venerable. Charles and Henry Kingsley were brought up in the rectory, the latter fitly commemorating the ancient house of worship in "The Hillyars and the Burtons." "Four hundred years of memory," he makes *Joe Burton* say, "are crowded into that old church, and the great flood of change beats round the walls, and shakes the door in vain, but never enters. The dead stand thick together there, as if to make a brave resistance to the moving world outside, which jars upon their slumbers. It is a church of the dead."

To-day's visitor receives just this impression. Tombs are everywhere, till one is in danger of overlooking those venerable chained volumes, which Sir Hans Sloane presented in his long-past day as lord of the manor. And what tombs some of them are! The little boys, rough carven, kneel in nice perspective behind their kneeling father; and the little girls, behind the mother, round out the family in a way that would delight President Roosevelt. Knights in stiff ruffs, and titled matrons in hooped petticoats, recline on their elbows in the easy angles of mansard roofs.

Half-way along one of the side walls is the tomb of More—he worshiped here and was buried here—buried *minus* the head which an ungrateful monarch demanded of him. One wonders how Henry could have so completely forgotten the summer evenings when he trod the gravel paths of his chancellor's gardens with the royal arm around that neck which he was so soon to sever. Those were the days when Colet came down from Oxford to meet the Dutch Erasmus at Sir Thomas's; when five-pound salmon were to be caught in the Thames, and when snipe could be shot in Five Fields. Five Fields now is Eaton Square, and the only snipe which frequent it are those waifs and strays of a great city's gutters, which the late Phil May depicted.

MEMORIES OF WHISTLER AND TURNER

Whistler and Turner both lived near Chelsea Old Church. Whistler's "White House" is to be sought back in Lindsay Row, but some time before his death the etcher moved down to the river-front, into the house which now stands third from the church. Before it is soon to stand Rodin's statue of him — one great eccentric depicted by another. It was there that the father of the present Lord Lansdowne came to call upon the American artist, only to be met by a storming charwoman, who took him for the cats'-meat man and railed at him for making away with her pet. The nobleman never met Whistler; one such discouragement was enough.

Turner's house stands in Cheyne Walk, at No. 119, beyond the church, bearing a properly artistic tablet designed by Walter Crane. It is a cottage rather than a house, with palings around it, and steps leading down to the two-by-four front garden. For the last of his seventy-nine years the great English colorist lived and worked there. Along the shores of the river, flooded at evening "with waves of dusky gold," the shabby old gentleman used to wander in search of the sunset effects that he loved so much, hailed by cheeky street Arabs as "Puggy Booth." Where the legend came from no one seems to know; but the Cheyne Walk neighborhood believed the artist to be a retired, broken-down

old admiral, Booth by name. To-day it is realizing that Turner's associations with Chelsea are worth shillings and pence to it.

At the other end of Cheyne Walk, at No. 4, one finds the home to which George Eliot moved soon after she had become Mrs. Cross; where her voluminous library was arranged with such care, "as nearly as possible in the same order as at the Priory." She died here less than a year later. The prim, uncompromising four-story brick front seems not unsuggestive of that land-agent's daughter, that adept in philosophy—that great positive spirit of imaginative literature—and yet, in Chelsea, she who created *Adam Bede* and *Maggie Tulliver* and *Felix Holt* is, after all, more of a name than a personality. The artist Maclise, who lived in No. 4 earlier, is more closely associated with the place.

NELL GWYN, ONE OF THE FAMOUS RESIDENTS OF OLD CHELSEA

From a copyrighted photograph by Emery Walker, London, after the painting by Sir Peter Lely, in the National Portrait Gallery

"THE HOUSE WHERE WHISTLER DIED"—ON THE LEFT IS THE SQUARE TOWER OF CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

From the etching by Joseph Pennell—reproduced by permission of Frederick Keppel & Co., New York

Comte Alfred d'Orsay, too, who had rooms at No. 10, had a longer residence here, though one naturally thinks of him in connection with Gore House and Lady Blessington and fashionable Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

No. 16 in this same famous riverside street is the most noticeable building in the neighborhood, partly because of the Mercury precariously balanced on one foot upon the pole of a globe, placed upon the top of the gable by Professor Haweis, but also because of the prosperous, dignified looks of the house itself. They call it Queen's House in Chelsea, for it stands on the site of a manor which Henry VIII gave to Catharine Parr, and to which she came to live during the brief and troubled reign of her stepson, the sixth Edward. The Princess Elizabeth was with her, and Admiral Seymour used to come there courting the widow of his quondam royal master. There is a story that Elizabeth flirted so outrageously with the admiral as to endanger the success of his suit; but Catharine married him, and he hung up his hat in her Chelsea mansion. The letters "C. R.," which show to-day in the ironwork over the gate, do not refer, however, to that Catharine; they date from a later period, when Catharine of Braganza, practically deserted by the king "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," came here to pass, as best she might, her tedious days.

Sir Hans Sloane lived here, later, when he was planning his famous "physick gardens"; Blumenthal, the musician, as well as Haweis, lecturer and critic, have been residents, too; but the house's most famous tenants were Swinburne and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. When the Preraphaelite Brotherhood was very young, these two—with William Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and George Meredith — planned to set up here, at No. 16, a sort of bachelor ménage. Hunt was there for a little time; Swinburne longer, writing many of his best

poems here; but Meredith, after one glimpse at the poet-artist's morning repast—a great slab of breakfast bacon, upon which three eggs had "bled themselves to death"—paid his quarter's rent and went back to Mayfair.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI IN CHELSEA

Rossetti's residence in Chelsea has given rise to many strange tales told to present-day travelers by Cheyne Walk guides. For eighteen years he who was to write those "luscious lines" turned No. 16 into a sort of private zoo. He began with a bull, which had eyes, he thought, like those of Janie Morris. The animal was tied to the palings of the front yard till its temper, which was not of the placid sort that might have been expected to go with such eyes, bent the Jacobean ironwork and dangerously threatened the cedar-trees which Sir Hans had planned two centuries before. When the bull had been sold, a white

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTIST, WHO LIVED FOR THIRTY YEARS IN CHELSEA AND DIED THERE IN 1903

From a crayon portrait by Paul Adolphe Rajon

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, WHO LIVED AT NO. 16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA, FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS

From a copyrighted photograph by Emery Walker, London, of a drawing by Rossetti, in the National Portrait Gallery

peacock was introduced; but the neighbors objected to its persistent vocal efforts, and it had to be kept in the parlor, where it insisted on staying under the sofa; and the most splendid peacock in the world shows off poorly in such circumstances.

Then there were white mice, which died from lack of attention; and tortoises, bought that they might eat up the beetles; but they, too, were forgotten when the novelty of their arrival had passed off; and, some days later, search showed that the beetles had eaten all of the tortoises except the shells. There were armadillos, and parrots, a wombat, a monkey, and rabbits, and so on down through the list of pets, usual and unusual; and then, two years after the death of George Eliot, Rossetti's demise terminated his lease. To-day Lord Cadogan's agents allow none of their master's tenants to keep bulls or peacocks; there are serious clauses in the leases to that effect.

Next door to the Queen's House stands Don Saltero's, yet another reminder of Stuart days, when the barber Salter—ennobled and en-Spaniarded by bluff old Admiral Manlove—kept a sort of coffee-house *plus* club, barber-shop *plus* museum, and entertained such men as Steele and Smollett and our own Ben Franklin. Here, surely, is the house told of in the *Spectator;* and perhaps it was directly in front of this "knackatory" that Franklin dived into the river for that long swim, of which the autobiography tells us, when he came ashore at Blackfriars.

CARLYLE, THE SAGE OF CHELSEA

Midway between the Eliot house, at No. 4, and the Turner cottage, at No. 119, stands Boehm's statue of the Sage of Chelsea, that "intellectual ocean who was De Quincey *plus* genius." To-day the bronze Carlyle, weary and wrinkled as some Tithonus, looks across the river into a beyond only to be guessed at, and turns its back on the little street of Cheyne Row, "flag-pathed, sunk-storied, iron-railed, all old-fashioned and tightly done up," as he once described it, and his words are still photographic. There, some fifty yards back from the turf and trees of the Embankment, stands the literary Mecca more sought out by trav-

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT, THE NOVELIST, ONE OF THE FAMOUS RESIDENTS OF OLD CHELSEA

From a copyrighted photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, after a contemporary portrait

clers than any other in all England, save only the Ayrshire haunts of Burns and the Warwickshire scenes of Shakespeare. Americans, especially, flock to the Carlyle house with such untempered enthusiasm that the caretakers have had to rope off the chairs to keep them from falling to pieces from constant use, and remove the historic felt hat from its accustomed peg, out of reach of those all too ready to "try it on."

The house is No. 24 to-day, but in 1834, when Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle rented it for thirty-five pounds a year, it was No. 5. Looking at it, one is likely to think that the place itself may account for a great deal of the philosopher's melancholy, and even for his irritability. It could scarcely have been a cheery abode, this grim and narrow dwelling, with its gloomy little areaway and tiny London garden.

Its dead master's cane stands in the corner of the hall, where you register quite as if visiting an asylum. Then you climb to the library, where the books are of the most learned sort, and fitly bound in the plainest bindings. In the china-closet one can almost see Jane's slender figure deftly arranging and dusting. In her bedroom stands her chair, her work-table by it and her basket at hand, as

JANE WELSH CARLYLE (MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE)

From a miniature by K. Macleay

if she had but this moment laid by the darning of her husband's heavy socks, or —most thrifty of housewives—had just finished mending a hole in the carpet. In the basement kitchen one can readily picture Carlyle and Tennyson smoking their long, churchwarden pipes through

THOMAS CARLYLE, THE SAGE OF CHELSEA—THIS STATUE, MODELED BY J. E. BOEHM, STANDS AT THE RIVER END OF CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA

a silent evening; and in the sitting-room, sacred to the memory of "The apostle of bluntness," it takes small imagination to call up again that afternoon when Harriet Martineau bored her host for two long hours.

"That too happy female," he called her. "*Ach Gott,* I wish this good Harriet could go and be happy by herself!"

At the top of the house is the room whose double walls were intended to keep out the hated noises of neighboring cocks and hens and of the young lady with the piano next door. It is a museum to-day, with photographs and paintings on the small-flowered wall-paper. A show-case stands in the center of the room, filled with personal relics, manuscripts, and those bits of verse and love-notes which Carlyle penned to his wife in his cheerier moments. His easy chair stands by the little fireplace, just as he left it, and the old bell-cord hangs ready for the hand that wrote "The French Revolution." In the glass case, by the way, is to be found the letter which Carlyle wrote to his publishers telling them of the accidental burning of the first manuscript of that wonderful epic which the author saw fit to call history.

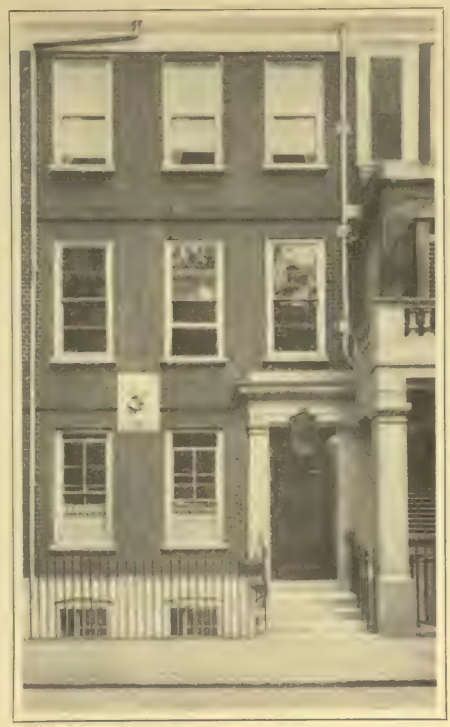
Houses where people have lived and suffered and experienced always seem—at least, to those who know—to bear the impress of their past owner's personality. This whole dwelling seems eloquent of the man who was well called "The prophet of the spiritual in the midst of the material." He lived here for nearly half a century, and there is something about the place which seems to speak of a man of force rather than of finish—of a man who hated all that savored of sham, and who came at last to avoid even the usual amenities of life because they seemed to suggest the insincere.

LEIGH HUNT'S LIFE IN CHELSEA

Out again into Cheyne Row, back from the river toward King's Road, and round the first corner to the right, you come to the house where Leigh Hunt lived during those troubled years when every knock at the door made him think that a bailiff had come to arrest him. Those were the days of Hunt's "tinkerdom," as Carlyle called it:

In his family room, where are a sickly large wife, and a whole school of well-conditioned wild children, you will find half a dozen old rickety chairs gathered from a half a dozen different hucksters, and all

seeming engaged, and just pausing, in a violent hornpipe. On these and round them, and over the dusty table and ragged carpet, lie all kinds of litter—books, papers, eggshells, scissors, and, last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half-quartern loaf. His own room above stairs, into which alone I try to enter, he keeps cleaner. It has only two chairs, a bookcase, and a writing-table; yet the noble Hunt receives you in the spirit of a king, apologizes for nothing, places you in the best seat, takes a window-sill himself, if there is no other, and then, folding closer his loose-flowing "muslin cloud" of a printed nightgown, in which he always writes, commences the liveliest dialogue on philosophy and the prospects of man—who is to be beyond measure happy yet!



CARLYLE'S HOUSE, NO. 24 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, NOW A MEMORIAL MUSEUM

To Hunt, those Chelsea days were but half happy in the scent of the lime-trees in the little garden; for the other half they were genuinely wretched, as the man who had seemed to Shelley "one of the happy souls who are the salt of the world" listened for the comings of his duns. In the seven years of intimacy between the Carlyles and the Hunts—the days of Peel and Palmerston, of Louis Philippe and "Peter Ibbetson," of Van Buren and Harrison, with the Mexican War and the annexation of Texas filling America's newspapers—Hunt was in his

THE FAMOUS SOUND-PROOF STUDY ON THE TOP FLOOR OF CARLYLE'S HOUSE, IN WHICH "FREDERICK THE GREAT" AND OTHERS OF HIS BOOKS WERE WRITTEN

CHARLES KINGSLEY, WHOSE BOYHOOD WAS SPENT IN CHELSEA, WHERE HIS FATHER WAS RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT, WHO LIVED IN CHELSEA IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE PRERAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

forties and fifties, and Carlyle just entering his forties. One always thinks of Hunt as a young man; it is really a shock to read that he died at seventy-

JOHN S. SARGENT, WHO LIVES AT 31 TITE STREET, CHELSEA

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston

EDWIN A. ABBEY, WHOSE LONDON STUDIO IS ON TITE STREET, CHELSEA

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

four. One invariably pictures Carlyle as patriarchal. It is difficult to realize that when Marianne Hunt was so frequently borrowing things from Jane Carlyle, she and her equally happy-go-lucky husband were really the seniors.

The Hunt of the Chelsea days—whom Dickens, though he denied it, probably had in mind when he created *Harold Skimpole* in "Bleak House"—was the exponent of a sentimental, impracticable optimism; the personification of a hoped-for future when the whole world should be but refined beer and skittles. As the traveler looks up at the chocolate-colored tablet which marks this one-time residence of his, the wish comes back again that the hand which wrote, for instance, that splendid sonnet to the Nile, or that wholly delightful little "Jennie kissed me," might have belonged to a man less ruled by childish whim and impulse. Still, to-day, as when Macaulay first wrote the words, "we have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt."

What is the sum of old Chelsea's impressions? Not "art-serged females," as one scoffer has declared; not "long-haired males with artistic ties and self-satisfied airs." Nor do the handsome modern residences count at all. The sentimental visitor might almost bring himself to prefer the squalid slums that peer out among them here and there, with a sprinkling of indifferent curio-shops and an occasional ill-smelling livery-stable.

Rather does the retrospect bring back an infinity of open green spaces, with the ever-shifting effects of the river life in the background. There is the old among the new, and far more beautiful than most of such scenes near great, gray London. Yet, when all is said and done, the outward and visible signs of old Chelsea stay less with one than the memories and associations of more than four centuries. These last, its inward and spiritual graces, are its finest and most lasting possessions.

THE UPWARD WAY

I know a hill I fain would climb;
The path is carpeted with thyme
  And blossoms of elysium;
The sod is white with daisy-rime—
  Friend, will you come?

There, from the brake, the thrush will sing
With golden-throated caroling;
  And somewhere a hid oriole
On the enraptured air will fling
  His rhythmic soul.

Balsam and brier from thickets dense
Will spill their fragrant opulence;
  And, mounting upward, we shall find
Mint-attars, like faint frankincense,
  Borne down the wind.

And ever to our eyes will ope
New vistas raimented like hope;
  A nobler, more divine desire
Will in our hearts gain wider scope
  As we tread higher;

Till, when we stand the crest upon—
Alone with silence and the sun,
  Above the clamor and the clod—
Lo, it will seem that we have won
  Anigh to God!

Clinton Scollard

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ROOSEVELT IN HIS SEVEN YEARS' WORK AS PRESIDENT

BY M. G. SECKENDORFF

SUMMARY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION

1. CONSERVATION OF NATIONAL RESOURCES:
   - Extension of Forest Reserves.
   - National Irrigation Act—next in importance to the Homestead Act.
   - Steps toward improvement of waterways and reservation of water-powers for national benefit.
2. RAILROAD AND INDUSTRIAL LEGISLATION:
   - Hepburn Rate Act.
   - Employers' Liability Act.
   - Safety Appliance Act.
   - Regulation of the hours of labor of railroad employees.
   - Establishment of a Department of Commerce and Labor.
   - Pure Food and Drugs Act, Federal meat inspection, and inspection of packing-houses.
3. ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW:
   - Northern Securities case.
   - Conviction of public land thieves.
   - Conviction of post-office grafters.
   - Many successful suits, civil and criminal, against railroad rebaters, etc.
4. IMPROVEMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEFENSES:
   - The Navy doubled in strength and increased in efficiency.
   - State Militia brought into coordination with the Army.
5. OUR DEPENDENCIES AND FOREIGN RELATIONS:
   - Acquisition of the Canal Zone and active work on the Panama Canal.
   - Development of civil government in the Philippines.
   - Development of trade in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Hawaii.
   - Second intervention in Cuba, and reestablishment of Cuban government.
   - Reorganization of the finances of Santo Domingo.
   - Establishment of better relations with the republics of South America.
   - Settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute.
   - The Root-Takahira agreement.
   - Negotiation of several important arbitration treaties.
   - Reorganization of the consular service.
6. THE TREATY OF PORTSMOUTH BETWEEN JAPAN AND RUSSIA.
7. SETTLEMENT OF THE COAL STRIKE OF 1902 BY THE PRESIDENT'S INTERVENTION.

NO less for what it has actually accomplished than for the lines it has laid down, upon which the future development of the country in all human probability will proceed, the administration of President Roosevelt marks the opening decade of the twentieth century as a notable one. In a way, his message, addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives on January 22

last, is as inspired a forecast as was the Farewell Address of Washington, delivered in the closing year of the eighteenth century. Almost equally lofty in tone, and as broad and sound in conception as that immortal document, the message of President Roosevelt, transmitting the report of the National Conservation Commission, will pass into history as one of our most important and noteworthy state papers.

Nothing he has ever said or written reveals President Roosevelt's character as a public man in so clear a light as does this message. It sums up in a few trenchant words his philosophy of government. It states in homely language, so that he who runs may read, the ideals he sought to attain. It records with pardonable pride the achievements of his administration—such, at least, as he considers to be the more important ones. It does not hesitate to confess to mistakes, shortcomings, and failures. It shows neither bitterness nor resentment. It contains neither boastfulness nor a disposition to apologize for what he has done or left undone. It stands for truth, justice, and honesty—nothing more, nothing less.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO THE FUTURE

It pleads for "the application of common sense to common problems for the common good," and for "equality of opportunity." It is an appeal for the development and protection of individual liberty, individual initiative, subject, always, to the need of preserving and promoting the general good. And, more important than all, it conveys, between the lines, the solemn and timely warning—expressed not in the spirit of the pedant or preacher, but in that of exalted patriotism—that material welfare and development alone, attained at the expense of character, cannot insure the perpetuity of the nation or of its institutions.

"The greatest questions before us," says President Roosevelt, "are not partizan questions, but questions upon which men of all parties and all shades of opinion may be united for the common good." Among such questions, on the material side, he thinks, the conservation of the natural resources of the United States stands first.

We have alienated to private use and to practical destruction vast areas of timber, coal, and mineral lands which should have been held intact as a measure of public protection. The deforestation of the areas in which water-supplies must be accumulated has led to the deterioration of our rivers as sources of power and irrigation and as channels of commerce. Flood seasons, causing enormous annual losses, are followed by drought seasons, when navigation is made impossible, and the undue erosion of the soil has impoverished fertile agricultural lands and filled the beds of the watercourses with soil deposits.

We have allowed a vicious circle to be formed, each neglect working to emphasize the bad effect of all the others. To break the circle, there must be reformatory action at all points. The forests must be restored, conserving the timber-supply, and they in turn will fill the river-beds, diminish extremes of flood and drought, and multiply the use of the rivers for purposes of irrigation, power, and navigation. Harmonious development of the forests and rivers, and the creation of thousands of miles of new waterways, will vastly increase the facilities of agriculture, commerce, and manufacture, and make the country as a whole immensely richer and stronger.

Surely, to have set such a task to his generation and to generations to come; to have laid the foundations of so enlightened a policy; to have taken the first firm step toward discharging the responsibility we owe to coming millions; to have brought us to realize that in wasting our resources we are perpetrating a wrong upon our descendants—to have done all this reveals a statesmanship of the very first order, a statesmanship the greater as it is free from partizanship and admits of no differences of opinion.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE RAILROADS

The attitude of President Roosevelt toward the great corporations, notably those engaged in transportation, has been, and continues to be, a subject of violent contention. Those who attribute to the policies of the Roosevelt administration an injurious effect on business

prosperity and national welfare, and who bitterly resent the successful efforts made in the last seven years to extend the regulating power of the Federal government over the instrumentalities of interstate commerce, are influenced, I think, by superficial clamor, and are hardly competent to measure tendencies and results in their proper historical and philosophical perspective. It is perhaps not too much to say that the very men charged with the management of our great railroad systems who now denounce the administration of President Roosevelt in unmeasured terms may live to bless its regulating activities. Indeed, indications are not wanting not only that "the real corporate interests — namely, the owners of the railroad shares and securities" — are beginning to believe that regulation and publicity will be of enormous benefit to the public, hence to themselves, but also that the best and ablest railway managers are now ready to cooperate with the government in ending the abuses of rebates, overcapitalization, and exploitation by "insiders," and that though some minor amendments may still be necessary, the fundamental work of reformation has been done.

What, if this fundamental work had not been done? What, if only a policy of "masterly inactivity" had met the crisis that many of us felt was fast approaching? There are statesmen, no doubt, who believe in "drifting"; in other words, who fold their hands and let things run their course, hoping that in the end everything will right itself. I have known some of them—in the White House, too. But Theodore Roosevelt is cast in another mold. A difficult situation does not deaden his sense of responsibility. On the contrary, it arouses in him the highest conception of duty. And, incidentally, it reveals the moral courage of the man.

By placing himself at the head of a movement for government regulation of the great transportation lines, he arrested—for the time being, at least —a movement fraught with infinitely greater danger to this country: the movement in the direction of that state socialism by which every government in Europe, whether monarchy, limited monarchy, or republic, seems to have been overwhelmed during the last twenty-five years. Roosevelt is not the revolutionist that his enemies would have us believe him to be. The real revolutionists are the privilege-hunters who thrive upon the unchecked existence of monopoly, and are foes to the equalization of opportunity.

FORTY YEARS OF RAILROAD HISTORY

The great service rendered to the country by the Roosevelt administration in the matter of railroad regulation can best be understood by a brief reference to the conditions as they had existed up to the time when it came into office. Originally the Federal government had, for all practical purposes, relinquished to the States its power to regulate railroad traffic. Up to 1866, the States did nearly all the regulating. The Supreme Court had accepted the theory of concurrent authority, and had held that as long as Congress remained silent, and did not undertake the regulation of commerce under its constitutional grant of power, the States were free to impose regulations.

A change came with the passage of the act of June 15, 1866, which declared that railroads carrying persons or property from one State to another formed continuous lines of transportation. The law was designed to remove trammels on interstate commerce then existing, and to prevent the creation of such trammels in the future. The Supreme Court approved this intention and reversed the rule about the silence of Congress giving latitude of action to the States. Since 1866, the court has held that the silence of Congress is to be construed as a legislative declaration that there shall be no State regulation. The railroads profited vastly by this change of front, which relieved them of many harassing burdens, and they cooperated to the utmost in all efforts to make the Federal jurisdiction paramount and exclusive.

Senator Knox, in an address delivered last year, declared that under this new system the railroads grew overconfident and autocratic. "Out of the abuses," as he put it, "and the perversions of the augmented powers and privileges attending the enormous expansion of railroad

operations under generous government policies," grew a public demand for Federal regulation. As the railroads had sought the Federal power for protection, so the people resorted to the same power for relief. The Interstate Commerce Law was passed in 1887; but it was nullified in great part by the courts, and up to 1902, the Senator from Pennsylvania declared, "railroad and other corporate abuses were wide-spread, and much confusion existed as to the state of the law concerning them."

One of the most memorable achievements of the Roosevelt administration has been the clarification of that law and the provision of means for remedying those abuses. This was accomplished by legislation in the Fifty-Seventh Congress and supplemented in later Congresses by the Hepburn rate law, the safety appliance law, the employers' liability law, and the law limiting the hours of labor of railroad employees. It constitutes a record of enormous public value. "It did more," said Senator Knox, "to confirm the party of Abraham Lincoln in the affections and confidence of the people than any body of substantive law enacted since his death."

THE NORTHERN SECURITIES CASE

The Northern Securities case constitutes another landmark on the road to order and progress. It was a vindication of the law and acted, as has been said by a distinguished member of the bar, like "a shaft of sunlight through a cloudy sky, bringing hope to many who needed it, and dissipating like mist the senseless fear of what a former district attorney in New York called the 'criminal rich.'" It resulted in the fiercest denunciations of the President, and left no small degree of soreness behind it. The Supreme Court of the United States sustained the prosecution which President Roosevelt directed to be brought, and the people ratified that decision at the polls in the following November.

Even some of the principals most annoyingly affected by that decision have since admitted that the Northern Securities Company was a mistake. On the one hand, the supremacy of the law was made clear, which was something, at any rate. On the other, the mob of anti-corporation shriekers was compelled to realize that even after the dissolution of a corporate combination has been ordered by the courts, there are still a multitude of individual rights to be ascertained and protected — which is a still better thing.

THE COAL STRIKE OF 1902

Few events in his career illustrate President Roosevelt's sturdy independence and his wholesome contempt for tradition as mere tradition better than his attitude at the time of the great anthracite coal strike. There are too many men who refuse to do a thing simply because it hasn't been done and isn't being done —who can see no merit in a thing that hasn't been done and isn't being done. To this class belong the men in public life who resent the idea that constitutions are made for men, instead of men being made for constitutions. To them the suggestion that the President of the United States should undertake to settle a strike seemed a monstrous one — so monstrous, in fact, as greatly to endanger the foundations of our liberties, besides doing other dreadful things.

Well, the strike was settled, and the pressing danger of a coal famine averted, because President Roosevelt recognized that the control of a public necessity involves a duty to the people, and that public intervention in the affairs of a public-service corporation is neither to be resented as an usurpation, nor permitted as a privilege, by a corporation, but, on the contrary, is to be accepted as a duty, and exercised as a right, by the government, in the interest of all the people. It was another, though not the first, application, on the part of the administration, of "common sense to common problems for the common good."

This exhibition of common sense at the critical moment annoyed a good many influential persons at the time, and even now is held up as a striking example of President Roosevelt's impatience of constitutional restraints. The coal companies contended that, except for the President's interference, the strike would have collapsed in another day or two. It might have; but then, again, it might not. Who is to tell? One thing is certain—that, but for the course taken by

President Roosevelt, in another week of the strike thousands of factories would have been compelled to close; the families of the workmen would have begun to suffer the pangs of cold and starvation, and there would probably have been riot and bloodshed such as we have not seen in our lifetime, and, it is to be hoped, we never shall see.

DIGGING THE PANAMA CANAL

The enormous development of the power and prestige of the United States within the last twenty-five years made it clear, long before the advent of the Roosevelt administration, that ultimately, no matter who built an Isthmian canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, its control would lodge in the United States, and that control would be shared with no one. The logical result of the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was the Hay-Herran Treaty, negotiated under the Roosevelt administration, between the United States and Colombia. Congress had empowered the President to acquire from Colombia the perpetual control of a strip of land across the Isthmus of Panama, to pay forty million dollars to the French canal company for its property and rights, and to proceed to finish the uncompleted waterway. Or, if the proposed purchase could not be arranged, the President was authorized to treat with Nicaragua and Costa Rica for the construction of a canal through their territory.

Under the terms of this act, the Hay-Herran Treaty was negotiated. It was promptly ratified by the United States Senate; but at Bogota, after several months' deliberation, it was rejected. It became apparent that Colombia was "holding up" both the United States and the French Panama Canal Company. It also became apparent that if such a course were persisted in, the people of Panama would set up a government for themselves. And in a threat to do so they were naturally supported by the representatives of the French Panama Canal Company, who couldn't afford to let that forty million dollars escape them.

It isn't necessary to believe that the administration of President Roosevelt was a party to subsequent events. Of course, it was cognizant of the feeling on the Isthmus; if it hadn't been, it would have been singularly innocent. But equally cognizant of developments on the Isthmus was the government at Bogota, only it did not lie in its power to arrest the revolution, the seeds of which had been sown in its own short-sighted cupidity. It is quite likely that the friends of the French company aided in fomenting the revolution—a surmise strengthened, it must be confessed, by the appearance in Washington, shortly after, of the engineer of the company as the representative of the new-born republic. But that any one connected with the administration, as was charged subsequently, "pulled off" a revolution prematurely, and reported it to the State Department before it actually occurred is too puerile to be deserving of serious consideration.

In spite of all this, there are a good many good people who persist in refusing to believe that anything so opportune as the independence of Panama could have come about without President Roosevelt's aid and abetting. In view of the very substantial progress made, within the last five years, in the actual digging of the canal, and the reasonable prospect that this gigantic undertaking will, as a navigable canal, become an accomplished fact within a few years, the manner of acquiring control over the Canal Zone is a matter of indifference, and may safely be left to the judgment of posterity. The work now being done is being performed with a speed, an efficiency, and an entire devotion to duty which, in the words of President Roosevelt, "make it a model for all work of the kind."

THE NAVY AND THE ARMY

The public hears a great deal just now about shortcomings in the navy, and some of the current charges may be only too well founded. The fact remains, however, that in the face of all these criticisms, the fleet of battle-ships sent over a year ago to circle the globe has accomplished a task which no other fleet of similar size or character has ever attempted before, without mishap, without an accident of any sort, without disclosing to the critical eye of the pro-

fessional the slightest indication of a lack of efficiency.

As far as the efficiency of the navy personnel is concerned, it is largely the work of the administration of President Roosevelt, who has labored in season and out to furnish opportunities for increasing it. As for the increase in the number of ships, a fair share of the credit belongs to Congress. But as for the shortcomings that may exist, they are almost wholly the result of the vicious system which permits members of the Committees on Naval Affairs of both houses of Congress to plan ships, or adopt plans submitted to them by outsiders, in spite of the opposition and against the advice of the whole body of seagoing experts in the navy. Battle-ships are not constructed in this fashion by any other government on the globe. Against that system President Roosevelt has been powerless, though his recommendations looking to the absolute elimination of the bureaus and the placing of the entire establishment on a purely military basis are in a fair way of being carried out by another Congress.

President Roosevelt's active interest in military matters has borne fruit in the act which incorporated the National Guard with the army as a part of the national forces. This is a most important piece of legislation, and marks, quite aside from increasing the efficiency of our means for defense, the tendency tacitly to permit the Federal government to assume functions heretofore regarded as exclusively belonging to the domain of the States.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE PHILIPPINES

A review of the achievements of the Roosevelt administration, even the briefest, as this one necessarily is, would be incomplete without a reference to what has been accomplished in the Philippines and other of our dependencies. Without previous experience in the governing of Asiatic races, the administration was called upon, in the early days of its advent to power, to solve the difficult and delicate problem of transferring, without friction, powers up to that time held in military hands to those of civilians. President McKinley, it is true, had paved the way for this important move, but its actual execution fell into the hands of President Roosevelt. He has accomplished the task with unfailing tact and rare good judgment. The dreaded friction has never been felt, if, indeed, it has ever showed itself.

The administration's attitude toward the Filipinos has been one of guardianship, pure and simple; but under it they have prospered and made genuine progress in the direction of self-government. Their progress in the last seven years has been more than gratifying. The gathering, indeed, of a Philippine legislative body is a process absolutely new in Asia, not only as regards Asiatic colonies of European powers, but as regards Asiatic possessions of other Asiatic powers. Excepting Japan, and bearing in mind the recent abortive attempt to temper the despotism of the Shah by the creation of a parliament in Persia, the meeting of the Philippine Assembly marks a new departure in the oldest of continents.

The cry of well-meaning but utterly irresponsible doctrinaires to turn the Filipinos adrift, to let them govern themselves as best they might, to wash our hands of the whole business; or let some other government, less altruistic and more practical than ours, attempt the job of imparting a political education to a mongrel race of Malays, is now seen, more clearly than ever, to have been the cry of a disgruntled opposition. The administration correctly gaged public sentiment when it refused to regard the possessions of the Philippines and Porto Rico and our protectorate over Cuba in any other light than that of accomplished fact. "Having assumed," it said, "this portion of the white man's burden, we are not going to run away from it." If the question of the relinquishment or abandonment of any part of these new responsibilities could be put to a popular vote to-day, or could have been at any time within the last seven years, it would not now muster — it would never have mustered — more than an insignificant number of supporters.

The latest figures available show that under American rule the exports from the Philippine Islands increased from $12,366,912 in 1899 to $30,137,604 in 1908, while for the corresponding years

the imports were $13,113,010 and $28,-169,151, respectively.

PORTO RICO AND CUBA

On July 25, 1901 — a few weeks before Mr. Roosevelt's succession to the Presidency — Porto Rico became a Territory of the United States on a basis in some respects similar to that of the Territories on the North American continent, but with these important differences—that citizens of Porto Rico are not *ipso facto* citizens of the United States, and that the present status of the Territory is not to be considered as a preliminary to Statehood. Free trade exists between the island and the United States. The exports of Porto Rico to the United States in 1901 amounted to $5,883,892; in 1908, to $25,891,261. The imports from the United States in 1901 amounted to $6,861,917; in 1908, to $22,677,376. President Roosevelt has repeatedly urged upon Congress the advisability of extending American citizenship to Porto Ricans, but so far without success.

As this is being written, Governor Magoon is embarking at Havana, and the government of Cuba is once more in the hands of Cubans. About a year ago President Roosevelt set the day — the hour, almost—for the departure of the representative of the United States. At the time many people questioned the wisdom of committing himself so far in advance. His judgment is vindicated by the event. The second intervention of the United States, rendered necessary to avert impending anarchy and the shedding of blood, terminated with feelings only of gratitude and respect on the part of Cubans, without distinction of party, for the country which secured to them their freedom.

Commerce between the United States and Cuba has shown a material increase under the operations of a reciprocity treaty negotiated by President Roosevelt's direction. The instrument went into force on December 27, 1903, and therefore all the commercial transactions between the two countries since January 1, 1904, reflect the influence of the treaty and furnish a measure of its effectiveness. In 1903, Cuban exports to the United States amounted to $62,942,790; imports from the United States into Cuba to $21,761,638. In the year 1907 — the latest for which statistics are at hand—these figures were raised to $97,441,690 and $49,300,274, respectively.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S WORK FOR PEACE

The part played by President Roosevelt in bringing the representatives of Japan and Russia together at Portsmouth raised his personal prestige tremendously, and won him a signal honor in the award of the Nobel peace prize for 1906. Never was there a more just bestowal of the fund established by the Swedish chemist who made a great fortune from his invention of dynamite, and who left his money to reward the best achievements in science, in literature, and in the promotion of amity between nations.

There is no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's work in ending the war in Manchuria has more than once tended to allay the susceptibilities of the Japanese people in connection with hostile demonstrations on the Pacific coast. In this sense it has indirectly added to the volume of services that he has rendered to his country. But as it had no direct bearing upon the work done by his administration at home, it is here mentioned only as a matter of record.

The principles underlying the establishment of The Hague Tribunal for the arbitration of international differences are a tremendous step in behalf of civilization and progress throughout the world. To them the administration of President Roosevelt gave, after securing proper modifications in the treaties it negotiated, prompt and cordial assent. In the last three years, the administration has negotiated not less than twenty-four treaties for general arbitration. These treaties do not go so far as some of the extreme advocates of arbitration would desire, but they greatly reduce the number and importance of contentious questions left to the unaided negotiation of governments. Substantially, they make arbitration the rule, and not the exception.

Most important of all these treaties is that which submits the fisheries dispute with Great Britain—a dispute of more than one hundred years' standing—to arbitration before The Hague Tribunal.

That question has been one of the most troublesome in the history of our diplomacy. It has not to-day the importance, probably, that it once had, but still it will constantly remain a source of irritation, giving rise to much ill-feeling in the New England section of our country, until it is finally disposed of. At this writing difficulties are threatened by the government of Newfoundland, but it is to be hoped that the objections of the colonial authorities will be overcome by pending negotiations.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES

The management of the country's finances is a subject of the highest importance. As far as the law permitted it, the administration of President Roosevelt discharged the task by the application of strict business principles. In his message to Congress of December 8, 1908, he summed up the operations of the Treasury for the last seven years as follows:

> During the seven years and three months —July 1, 1901, to September 30, 1908— there has been a net surplus of nearly one hundred millions of receipts over expenditures, a reduction of the interest-bearing debt by ninety millions, in spite of the extraordinary expense of the Panama Canal, and a saving of nearly nine millions on the annual interest charge. This is an exceedingly satisfactory showing, especially in view of the fact that during this period the nation has never hesitated to undertake any expenditure that it regarded as necessary. There have been no new taxes and no increases of taxes; on the contrary, some taxes have been taken off: there has been a reduction of taxation.

On January 26, 1907, a law was enacted by Congress, in response to the President's suggestion, making it unlawful for any national bank, or any corporation organized under Federal authority, to make a money contribution in connection with any election to any political office.

PERSONAL ATTACKS ON THE PRESIDENT

It is difficult to review President Roosevelt's administration without referring to Roosevelt the man. In this respect he suggests the administrations of Washington, Lincoln, and, possibly, Jackson. Like them he has been assailed, abused, and villified. His personal character has been attacked, his motives have been questioned, and his public utterances denounced as the manifestations of a supreme egotism, if not of a disordered mind.

The difficulty with most people who indulge in criticism of the President is that they do not take the trouble to read what he actually says. What they read is what a hostile press says he says, or what their next-door neighbor, equally ill informed, has been told he has said. I doubt if the average Wall Street man ever does more than cast a casual glance at a Presidential message. As for doing any original thinking on questions of public importance, it is a process absolutely foreign to him. What he does do is to read his favorite newspaper in order to ascertain whether the editor still continues to agree with him, and to pronounce the editor a devilish clever chap if he does, and more or less of a blockhead if he doesn't. Under the circumstances, is it to be wondered at that the impression that Roosevelt is "unsafe" has found lodgment in the minds of Wall Street—a lodgment so firm and deep that time only can be expected to remove it?

You constantly hear men of very great wealth sigh for the halcyon days of a Harrison or a Cleveland. These were "safe" men! Well, for my part, I am unable to see that President Roosevelt ever has done anything half as "radical" or half as "unsafe" as was either Harrison's ultimatum to Chile or Cleveland's Venezuela message.

President Roosevelt has written a great deal, and talked still more. His warmest admirers are forced to admit that in this respect he has not always been wise or even discreet. Many of his utterances have sent cold shivers down the backs of his friends. Yet it is not so much what he says as the manner of his saying it that so frequently has aroused the apprehension of his supporters and filled the souls of his opponents with impish delight. At heart he is conservative, constructive rather than destructive.

It is not what he has done that his enemies can find fault with, but with what they said he was going to do and

never did. Their fear that he was impulsive to a dangerous degree, and might have involved the country in serious difficulties through reckless self-confidence and a desire to assert himself, has been shown to be groundless. Their prediction that the country would breathe a sigh of relief upon his retirement from office, and that prosperity would instantly resume the seat from which he so needlessly tore her, is now seen to have been born of a singularly narrow and grotesque fatuity.

A "STRENUOUS" PERSONALITY

The tremendous and wide-spread activity of President Roosevelt, no less than the enormous capacity for continued hard work he displays at all times, is a constant source of comment on the part of friend and foe. Whether it is mental, as manifested in the bulky record of his state papers, addresses, and magazine articles, or merely physical, as shown in his ninety-mile rides on horseback, his excursions on foot in all kinds of wind and weather, or his contests on the tennis-court, it is always "strenuous." It ranges from a discussion of the gravest political problems to a dissertation on the duty of mothers; it shows that he has views on art, and tempts him to try conclusions with antiquated modes of spelling; it leads him to restore not only the name of the "White House," but its outward form, to a semblance of dignity it had lost; it extends his interest to the welfare, impartially, of man and beast. No President before him, certainly, had thought it worth his while to arrest the threatened extermination of our native animals.

A nature so constituted, so universal and all-embracing, was bound to make mistakes. No doubt he has made them. But he has never made them twice. His quick intelligence has saved him from that fate, and nothing, probably, is further from the truth than that he is unwilling to take advice.

President Roosevelt has done great things — very great things. As time passes they will loom larger and larger. He has done them because he has had high ideals, and has not been lacking in courage to strive to realize them. He may not always have succeeded, but even his failures will serve to mark the road along which his successors may travel with safety. If he had never done anything else than awaken the conscience of the country and arouse in certain sections of the business community an ethical sense which had threatened to become permanently dormant, he would have performed a task worthy of the greatest statesmanship.

"The obligations, and not the rights, of citizenship," he says, "increase in the proportion to the increase of a man's wealth and power. The time is coming when a man will be judged, not by what he has succeeded in getting for himself from the common store, but by how well he has done his duty as a citizen, and by what the ordinary citizen has gained in freedom of opportunity because of his service for the common good."

President Roosevelt is animated by a patriotism of the loftiest character. It is a patriotism of that type which keeps constantly before it the fact that Americanism is a question of principle, of purpose, of idealism, of character; that it is not a matter of birthplace, or creed, or line of descent. It is a patriotism which impels him to place himself at the head of a great and stern moral movement "to bring ideals and conduct into measurable accord." It is the patriotism of an ardent and generous nature, courageous and high-minded; so frank, so open to the day, that at the bar of history he will require neither interpreter nor apologist. The record of his administration will speak for itself.

PRECIOUS GIFTS

HAPPY shall be his life on earth,
And, like a song, his days shall run,
To whom God gives the myrrh of mirth
And frankincense of fun!

Frank Dempster Sherman

MINIMIZING THE DANGERS OF OCEAN TRAVEL

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

TRAVEL by sea is now safer than travel on land. The passenger on an ocean liner is in less danger than he would be at home—far less than in going about city streets or journeying by rail. This condition has been brought about largely within the past twenty-five years by the tremendous improvements in marine construction, and by wonderful devices that give vessels timely warning of approaching dangers. More has been done in this brief space to make sea travel safe than during all the centuries that have passed since the discovery of the mariner's compass.

We may almost say, to-day, that the sea is conquered. A great ship no longer fears even the titanic force of the hurricane. That only makes her decrease her speed a little. Practically the sole dangers that remain are caused by fog; but even these are far less fearsome than of old. The crackling, air-borne whisper of the wireless and the faint ethereal chime of the submarine bells, sounding through miles of gray ocean, have gone far in routing these last remaining perils of the deep.

The average passenger on an ocean liner little realizes what is being done to guard him on the voyage from shore to shore. Thousands of people are watching over his safety, some of them from the land and others upon the sea.

Three great factors in making ocean travel safe are water-tight compartments on vessels, the wireless telegraph, and the submarine bell. If it had not been for the stanch bulkheads of the Republic and the Florida, the recent collision of those two vessels would have had a far sadder ending. That the former stayed afloat as long as she did after having been stabbed in a vital spot was due to the steel partitions that kept the inrushing water from flooding her whole structure.

When the sea enters any part of a ship's hull, its pressure on these steel walls is tremendous—perhaps a ton to every square foot, or still more as the water rises higher. If the rivets start the fraction of an inch under this terrific strain, the flood will seep through, and the bulkhead will finally collapse. Marine constructors are already seeking to build vessels with stronger and more numerous bulkheads, especially around the engine-room, so as to safeguard the fiery heart of a ship from being pierced by any blow.

No matter how strong these steel-clad inner walls may be, they are as nothing if their doors cannot be closed in an instant. This can be done on most of the great liners. Years ago, the shutting of the doors between the water-tight compartments was left to the crew. When imminent danger menaced, gongs and whistles sounded, ordering the men to spring to their stations and slam the heavy doors. Ten years ago, when the Cromartyshire rammed the Bourgogne in the fog over the Grand Banks, and the latter went down with almost all on board, it was because the crew lost their heads at the supreme moment, and failed to close the bulkhead doors.

The elimination of the human element in guarding a ship or a railway-train spells safety. To-day, should one vessel be approaching another through the fog, the telephone would instantly carry the lookout's warning to the captain on the bridge. He would seize a long brass lever and throw it up as far as it would go. While it descended, great gongs would sound through all the ship. In

seven seconds they would cease, and the doors of every compartment would fly shut; the purpose of the gongs being to warn every one to get out of the way.

As each door closes, a lamp beside the lever glows red. If one fails to work, the signal gives notice; but the doors do not fail. The mechanical device is more trustworthy than human hands.

Much has been said about wireless telegraphy having saved the day in the Florida-Republic disaster. As a matter of fact, the wireless, good work as it did, did not save a life on either vessel. The Republic's bulkheads kept her afloat long enough for her passengers to be taken off in boats; the Florida's bulkheads enabled her to reach New York. The people on board both liners—except the four or five crushed in the collision—would have got safely ashore had no other vessel been summoned to their aid.

THE WONDERS OF THE WIRELESS

That wireless telegraphy is already a tremendous factor in the saving and safeguarding of life at sea there is no doubt. At present, its working is far from perfect, and there is much that is mysterious and uncertain in the way it operates. At Cape Sable, the other day, the wireless station talked with a vessel six hundred miles away, but could get no response from other ships only a hundred miles distant. Not long ago one of the Bermuda liners, far out at sea, sent a wireless to New York. It was caught first at Cleveland, Ohio, and sent by the land wires to its destination.

Yet already, as I have said, the wonderful invention of Marconi is of great service at sea. By relaying messages from ship to ship, and then to shore, a vessel is never out of touch with land all the way across the Atlantic. At present, outside of the navies of the leading maritime powers, less than four hundred steamers are equipped with the necessary mechanism; but it is likely that within a few years a seagoing craft will not be allowed to leave port unless it has a wireless outfit. Even now, many of the fishing-boats that sail from Massachusetts ports for the Banks of Newfoundland, and those from England and Europe that harvest in the North Sea, are thus equipped. This is partly as a safeguard against being run down in the dense fogs, and partly as a means of reporting their catches to their owners or agents ashore, in order to secure the best markets.

THE SUBMARINE BELL

It is hard to tell from what direction a wireless message comes when it flies from ship to ship in a fog. The electrical waves have been likened to those of water when a stone is dropped into a still pool and sends ripples out in every direction. The submarine fog-bell—within a more limited radius, of course—is surer. These bells are hung under the keels of vessels, and a telephone apparatus is attached to the hull under water. The wires run from the port and starboard sides of the ship to the bridge, where there is a metal box, from which hang two ordinary telephone-receivers. If the captain does not hear the bell through the receiver on one side, he tries the other, and that gives him the direction from which the sound comes. Water is a truer carrier of sound than air.

The mellow strokes of these submarine bells have been heard through fifteen miles of sea. They are now attached to most lightships along the coast, and obviate the old and dangerous way of being guided by the leadsman's soundings when approaching the shore in a fog. The captain of the Baltic said, the other day, that he was aided more by the submarine bell than by the wireless in locating the wrecked Republic, when once he had reached her neighborhood.

Clothed in steel, and with the interior divided into many air-tight compartments with steel walls, the vessels of today are far less in danger of fire than they were. Small fires may occur, but they can generally be confined within a narrow space until they are extinguished by water or by live steam.

GREAT SHIPS THAT DEFY STORMS

Not only do the big boats no longer fear the most severe gale, but they scarcely notice it. On a recent voyage, the captain of one of the crack liners was approached by a passenger after a violent storm had begun to subside. The captain showed the landsman his logbook, in which he had described the

waves and the wind as "tremendous." He said that in all his many years of seafaring he had never encountered a more furious tempest or more mountainous seas, nor had he ever before used that particular adjective in his logbook. Yet the great ship's speed did not fall below twenty knots an hour, and even the passengers were not alarmed.

England and Germany are now fighting for the supremacy of the sea in the swift and safe carrying of passengers across the Atlantic. To-day, Britain is in the lead with the two giant Cunarders, the Lusitania and the Mauretania, each seven hundred and ninety feet long, with an average speed which may fairly be set at twenty-five knots an hour. Orders are in for a Hamburg-American liner that shall be ten feet longer, and other German boats nine hundred feet in length, it is said, are being planned. It is significant that the new Hoboken piers of the German lines stretch out nine hundred feet into the North River.

The International Mercantile Marine Company has been considering for some time the building of a boat a thousand feet in length along the water-line. Such a huge ship would cost more than eight million dollars and require a crew of nearly a thousand men. A thousand feet is regarded as the limit of length of a steamship by the marine experts of to-day. Perhaps those of to-morrow will have other views.

The faster a boat or a railway train, the safer it is, say the experts. They explain that it is because the zone of danger is traversed in less time, for one thing. A slow boat — theoretically — is in danger for six, seven, or eight days from the perils of the sea; a fast one, for four and a half days.

The limit of speed has been increased by the turbine propulsion engines; the next word in motive-power, Lewis Nixon says, will be the suction gas engine. The advantage of this is that no stokers will be needed, and the fuel bill will be cut in half. If this comes about—and it is more than likely—it will cause an entire readjustment of the interiors of the great steamships, and give them far greater carrying capacity than they have to-day. It will also prevent the destruction of the motive-power by the smashing in of a vessel's central compartment, for reserve engines may be located in different parts of the hull, and will take up comparatively little space. Even now, the placing of a reserve light-generating apparatus, operated by gasoline or by gas, on one of the upper decks, is being planned; so that, if a ship's engine-room is flooded, the lights may still shine, and darkness may not be added to the other terrors of wreck.

HOW OUR COASTS ARE GUARDED

Something like two million people pass back and forth between this country and foreign shores every year. It is for them that the hundreds of lighthouses flare along every reef and dangerous bit of gale-beaten coast. The United States spends nearly seven million dollars annually in lighting the pathway of passing ships. Besides this, there are innumerable bells, buoys, and smaller beacons to guide the inward-bound or outward-bound vessel to the safety of the harbors or the open sea.

Lately, too, the government has been sending out storm-warnings and weather-predictions to ships at sea by wireless. A six-hundred-foot tower will soon be built in Washington, with wireless apparatus that will have the tremendous range of three thousand miles, so that messages may be flung through the ether to the farther shores of the Atlantic.

Along the ten thousand miles of this country's seacoast there are more than two thousand men employed at the life-saving stations. Of all the thousands of vessels that entered our ports or passed our shores, only fifty-two were wrecked. These fifty-two ships carried more than thirty-seven hundred people, all of whom were rescued except sixteen, while incidentally the life-savers preserved property worth eleven million dollars.

So far, no light has been devised that will penetrate the thickest fog more than a ship's length. That such a light will ever be invented is doubted by the best authorities. A year or so ago, there were rumors that an English scientist had succeeded in perfecting a process for dispelling fog, but nothing has been heard of it since. When the last great peril of the sea is conquered, it will probably be done by means of audible signals.

LIGHT VERSE

YOU'RE THE ONE!

THERE'S the one who says I'm right,
  There's the one who says I'm wrong;
There's the one who says I'm light,
  There's the one who says I'm strong;
There's the one with scornful sneer,
  There's the one with outstretched hands;
You're the one I hold most dear—
  You're the one who understands!

There's the one who deems me strange,
  There's the one who bids me dare;
There's the one who'd have me change,
  There's the one who doesn't care;
There's the one who with me pleads,
  There's the one who gives commands;
You're the one my spirit needs—
  You're the one who understands!

Harold Susman

REPLY TO AN ADVERTISEMENT

"A heart to rent—cleaned, swept, four empty rooms for hire."—Mazie V. Caruthers in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August, 1907.

I SAW your "ad" some time ago,
  Which read, "A heart for rent;"
And so I write to ask of you
  What this may represent.

"Four empty rooms, clean, swept, for hire;"
  You do not say how large,
Nor for how long the lease might run,
  Nor what would be the charge.

Do all the rooms communicate,
  Or open into halls?
And have the former tenants scratched
  Their names upon the walls?

The ceilings, are they high or low,
  And do the windows fit?
The last small heart I occupied,
  I bumped my head a bit.

How many flights—you do not say,
  Nor if the rooms are light;
And if I am afraid of dark,
  Need I come home at night?

The walls, no doubt, are tinted red,
  But that perturbs me not;
Could you provide a folding-bed,
  Or should I bring a cot?

If you will kindly answer this,
  And add a word to it,
Saying what notice you require
  Should I decide to quit—

Then I'll agree to take the rooms,
  In sunshine or in storm,
If you will be the janitor,
  And swear to keep them warm!

Gerrit Smith

ROYAL ROADS TO WEALTH

NOT easy to get rich, you say?
  Just read this circular, I pray;
'Tis printed by those good, kind men
Who're selling lots in Lonely Glen.
"How did the Astors play the game?
Buy land," they say, "and do the same."

And then that wondrous Western mine—
A chance one simply can't decline;
Copper, I think—or is it gold?
The stock's ten cents a share, I'm told;
Invest, and sure as anything
You'll soon be a bonanza king!

And then perhaps you haven't seen
The man who has a new machine
For shelling nuts and slicing ham
And mixing artificial jam;
'Twill pay enormously, and all
You need's a little capital.

I read just now about a chance
To claim a large estate in France,
And what vast profits one can draw
From frog-farms down in Arkansaw;
In fact, I cannot understand,
With all this wealth on every hand,
Why there's a poor man in the land!

R. H. Titherington

A MODERN HOUSEHOLD

I TELL you what, we've got a cook, and
  she's a dandy girl!
She is no rhinestone jewel, but a simply perfect pearl.
'Tis joy to have her round the house, she is
  so full of song;
The kitchen grim reechoes to her singing all
  day long.
She burns our steaks, she scorches chops,
  her bread is full of faults,
But what of that? She never flats the
  "Merry Widow" waltz!

Our waitress is a dainty thing—she makes
you think of lays
The lyric poets used to sing back in the
ancient days.
Like Herrick's *Chloe*, she's a dream. Of
course, she cannot wait;
She's smashed up all our goblets, and she's
cracked 'most every plate;
But, oh, she makes us feel so safe, because
she is so sweet—
There's never less than twenty cops patrol-
ing on our street!

Our up-stairs girl is also quite a jewel in her
way;
She seldom rises until ten, except upon her
"day";
We have to dust the house ourselves, and
make the beds galore,
And do the other little things we pay her
wages for;
But 'tis a comfort, none the less, in spite of
all, to know
Some member of the fire-brigade is always
down below!

Then there's our genial man of chores—he
makes us feel so fine!
He is so very graceful, an Adonis in his line.
He lets the furnace fire go out, and seldom
cleans the walks,
And at most things a hired man does I must
confess he balks;
But in a country new like ours, so very crude
and crass,
One sort of feels he represents a budding
leisure class!

And so it is we never groan about domestic
things;
You never hear us sounding forth forebo-
ding murmurings
About the way our servants do, or do not
do, their work,
And how the cook does this or that, and how
the others shirk.
We simply do our work ourselves, and keep
our servants here
Because the neighbors otherwise might think
that we were queer!

Horace Dodd Gastit

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

YES, things are changed; 'tis plain to see
They are not as they used to be.
Much more refined our tastes become,
And all the world is "going some."

I saw a fox one day go by
A bunch of grapes with smiling eye.
"No, thanks," quoth he; "that is to say,
Not till you're jugged and served *frappé!*"

I tried one night to catch a rat,
And called my faithful tabby-cat.
"No, no," quoth puss. "My taste is slack
For anything but canvas-back."

Thereon I set a trap with cheese.
The rodent came, and, with a sneeze,
Said to the trap: "Are you aware
I only bite at Camembert?"

I went out fishing for a term,
And used a nice fat angleworm.
The trout gazed at me with a grin,
And cried, "Send down some terrapin!"

Returning home, I sought the crib
Wherein my baby chewed his bib.
"Shall daddy read some 'Mother Goose'?"
Quoth I. He answered, "Oh, the deuce!

I'd rather sleep than hear that guff,
For truly, pa, 'tis stupid stuff.
Pray let me hear the catechism,
Or 'William James on Pragmatism.'"

Ah, yes! 'Tis very plain to me
Things are not as they used to be!

John Kendrick Bangs

GRIM-VISAGED WAR

THE noiseless gun will soon be here—
No need to hold our breath!
Is now a painless death!
With war so silent, all we need

Thomas L. Masson

RONDEAU

TO fix her bow! What rapture sweet,
As, hurrying down the quiet street,
She lifts her dainty frills and lace,
And pauses in our lovers' chase,
Bidding me kneel before her feet!

No urging do I need—how fleet
Am I, her cavalier, to meet
Her sweet command in any place
To fix her bow!

Yet, should another swain compete
With me in this delightful feat,
'Twould take but one brief moment's space
For me, robbed of all nobler grace,
To turn in anger, wrath, and heat,
To fix her beau!

Charles Hanson Towne

CUPID'S ALPHABET

THREE letters make Love's alphabet
And his acknowledgment of debts—
O, you, and I. Yes, this is true,
And for it, dearest, I owe you!

Cyril Evers

THE KING OF FRANCE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE MUSIC-MASTER'S WIFE," "ON THE HOTEL VERANDA," ETC.

WITH A DRAWING BY THE KINNEYS

AS Warren Nelson, who is the hero of this story, reckoned things, there were at first just two people in it—Victoria Mortimer and himself. This was when it was a happy story. Afterward—a very short time afterward, for the happy part did not last long—there were three: Victoria, George Allison, his schoolmate, cousin, and friend, and himself, in the order named. George Allison never came into the story in the flesh at all, since he was at the time tremendously occupied in an endurance race between New York and Chicago, in which owners drove their own cars; so nothing need be said about him except that he is a decent sort of a fellow, with quite as much money as Warren Nelson himself, and perhaps a sixteenth part as much brains.

As for Victoria Mortimer, it makes no difference what she is really like, since the important thing is how she seemed to Warren Nelson as he stopped his big touring-car before the door of her father's country-house in the Berkshires, and glanced up to see his host's daughter leaning over a balustrade high above him. And yet, although the important thing is the impression she made at that moment on the very distinguished guest, it is quite useless to try to put that impression into words. It is the kind of thing that has nothing to do with words, but is concerned with an upward leap of the heart against the tonsils, and with a faint feeling of looseness in the region of the knees.

Warren Nelson owned to thirty-three years, the busy occupation of whose unbroken leisure had showed to his very intelligent mind nearly everything that is to be seen in this world; but in the long instant during which Victoria Mortimer's blue eyes gazed down into his own, he underwent the disconcerting sensations mentioned above, together with a great many others. He was still dazed when the servant who came forward to meet him had piloted him to the second floor and deposited him in his room, with the apology:

"Mrs. Mortimer said, sir, that please she was sorry not to give you a larger room, but two ladies are staying a little longer, sir, than they had planned, and so Mrs. Mortimer had to put you in the room usually kept for one of her own aunts, sir."

The blue livery faded away out of the door, and Nelson said to himself that the explanation gave the reason for the rather intimately feminine look the room had, with family photographs all about, and a work-basket on the—

"Oh, I *say!*" he exclaimed aloud, dashing at the photographs scattered over the toilet-table, writing-desk, and walls.

For the next half-hour Warren Nelson pored over these, his hair still in matted disorder, his clumsy gloves still on his hands, his unneeded goggles still pushed up over his forehead. When, in answer to a knock on the door, he looked up blindly, he had known Victoria Mortimer from her adorably dimpled babyhood straight up through her laughing little girlhood, into her fairly staggering beauty of the present day.

Grégoire—the elderly Frenchman who had been with him ever since his coming of age, who was his chauffeur, his valet, his companion, and, unless Nelson made

WHEN HE FIRST CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER, SHE WAS AT THE FOOT OF THE TERRACE STEPS, LEANING OVER THE STONE BALUSTRADE ABOVE A LITTLE POND

vigorous protest, his guide, mentor, and friend—brought important news of vital matters.

"*Eh bien, monsieur,* a garage fit for the angels," he murmured, rubbing his hands like the plump elderly priest that it so delighted him to have strangers take him for.

"Grégoire, how long are we invited here?"

Grégoire began clicking a rosary of social engagements.

"From to-night, Friday, till Monday, then to the Pellews' till Thursday, to the Bronsons' from—"

"There, there! What do I care about the Pellews? Wire them, by the way, that an unavoidable accident detains us here. What time is it now? Five o'clock. What time do they dine? Eight. Here, hurry up, get out something decent for me to wear down now before I dress for dinner."

He ran down the stairs, the long, lean globe-trotter, three steps at a time, like an impatient schoolboy, and was brought up short by confronting, in the great hall, Sargent's idea of how Victoria Mortimer had looked at seventeen. In the dusky half-light the pure, creamy oval of the face gleamed like a pearl. The almost terrifying candor of the eyes was tempered deliciously by the funny little upward quirk of the eyebrows for which Nelson had learned to look in his long scrutiny of the photographs up-stairs. The mouth — so that was the color of those half open lips, the mere beauty of whose line had so — but what was he doing here, hanging around looking at a *picture,* even if it did show the soul of an angel with a sense of humor shining through the body of a young goddess?

Nobody had appeared yet, and he started on a voyage of exploration, passing rapidly through one great vacant room after another, hurrying over the veranda, gazing up at the high balcony from which he had first seen her lean like the Blessed Damozel, running across the wide terrace down the steps to the sunken garden, his eyes roving everywhere at once.

It was a long way from the house, near the great barn and duck-yard that he heard it, a sound that sent a shiver running up his well-seasoned backbone—a girl laughing! When he first caught sight of her, she was at the foot of the terrace steps, leaning over the stone balustrade above a little pond—a tall figure dressed in a piece of the sky, drowned in golden October sunshine, and laughing—laughing till everything in the world was nineteen and golden-haired and light-hearted with her.

She stopped, on seeing the newcomer, and came toward him with words of apology, singularly unlike a goddess with the soul of an angel, and quite like any quiet, well-bred daughter welcoming a friend of her father's. She hadn't thought he would be down so soon, she told him, or she would have stayed in the house, and father had said she was to take care of him until the others got back from the tennis tournament, and please would he like to look around the grounds and see father's wonderful poultry-fixings, or would he rather go back to the house and have a cup of tea?

"I would rather laugh as you were doing than anything else in the world," he said, blinking his eyes as if the sun were shining in them.

She looked a little shy deprecation of his making fun of her, and said honestly:

"It was silly, I know, but ducks are so killingly funny! There was one, the old mother duck that runs this pen of young ones—well, she found a grasshopper. She ran to get her lazy children up—those over there, lying so snuggled and comfy in the sun—oh, wait! Wait! Watch them! I do believe they are going to do it again!"

They faced the duck-yard, breathless, and watched the grotesque creatures get clumsily to their feet at the summons of a self-important matron duck, and waddle hurriedly across the yard in single file, raising their yellow feet very high and setting them down very flat, like a file of German recruits. Victoria began to laugh again, and Nelson smiled in spite of his rapidly beating heart. The duck drew up her flock in parade formation before a brown speck, which at this crisis developed wings and flew with a whir over the heads of the spectators into the grass beyond. Victoria shouted out a "Ha, ha, ha!" like a delighted child, and Nelson heard himself begin to laugh helplessly.

There was a moment's pause as the disconcerted ducklings cocked round, bead-like eyes of astonishment upon the empty spot, and then, waggling their tails disgustedly, turned about with military precision and retreated as they had come, shaking their heads sadly, with little sibilant whispers of grief, and rocking from side to side as the yellow toes rose and fell in unison.

"It's the seventh time they've done exactly that same thing since I've stood here," Victoria said, "and each time they've been just so hurt and surprised!" Then, looking up at her companion: "Oh, it's nice of you to think they're funny too. I *love* to laugh at animals, because you can be dead sure you're not hurting their feelings."

The two walked along in silence for a moment through an innocent, golden world of sunshine and laughter and kindliness of heart which was an undreamed-of place of wonders to the much-traveled Nelson. He had a vision of himself as having spent his life in hurrying wearisomely through all the other spots on the globe in order to reach this final destination, from which he would never stir again. He thought of all the thousand, thousand chances which might have swerved his course ever so little, so that he would have missed this end of all things. Then he looked at the bright vision beside him.

"Why, Mr. Nelson!" cried Victoria. "You are as bad as I. You've laughed till there are tears in your eyes."

"Yes," he confessed, "there are, indeed!"

Nothing more happened on that day, being Friday. Of course, there was dinner, but Victoria was put quite at the other end of the table, between an old admiral and a white-haired financier, to both of whom she devoted herself with a sweet assiduity which showed them to be old friends. Nelson's dinner-neighbor was a lively, handsome girl, quite aware of her duty to fascinate the wealthy and distinguished Mr. Nelson; but the sight of Victoria's gentle, friendly little air to the two old men made the other's assertive attentions taste, as he told himself with some violence, like a copper cent with verdigris on it. When the men went up-stairs to the drawing-room the tables were already set for bridge, and Victoria was at a distant table all the evening.

II

NEXT morning, the first of the guests to come down to breakfast was a long, lean, handsome man of thirty-odd, who asked, in a voice which tried to be casual, if any of the family were up yet.

"Only Miss Victoria, sir, just coming in from a ride."

"What fun!" she cried a moment later, entering flushed and dewy. "Why, I always have to breakfast alone. Isn't this jolly?"

So breakfast happened that day, being Saturday — a breakfast of cheerful talk and laughter, and ambrosial substances vaguely guessed to be the broiled bacon, creamed potatoes, and coffee of ordinary days. They talked about riding, about motoring, about going to the theater, and, at the last, a good deal about music, of which, it seemed, Victoria was extremely fond.

"Will you sing for me?" asked Nelson, panting a little with his excitement at having her quite to himself.

"Yes, I will, and now, too!" she said, springing to her feet and leading the way up-stairs to the deserted drawing-room. She sat down, still in her black habit, before the piano. "I'll sing you the song of those ducks we saw yesterday!"

There was a ripple of white fingers and tinkling notes, and then, in a contralto that sounded to Warren Nelson like his dream of voices in heaven, she sang the following ditty:

Oh the King—of—France,
He had ten thousand men,
He marched them up the hill one day—

This, very ringing and martial, with a long bugle-like call at the end. Then, very slowly, dropping down, solemnly down the scale from one deep bell-note to another:

And—marched—them—down—again!

"The words, I confess, are old," she said, looking at him with shining eyes; "but the music is strictly new and original, for I made it up myself while I was out riding just now to fit those pre-

posterous creatures. Those toes, those yellow, yellow toes!"

Warren Nelson, experienced opera-goer and musical connoisseur, was about to make a fool of himself about a piece of "Mother Goose" nonsense, when some of the other guests drifted in, and the world turned black.

This lethargy lasted, for him, until after dinner, when he was rewarded for again sitting far from Victoria by seeing her father lead her to the piano. A veracious chronicler must record that she wore a white lawn dress of extreme simplicity, but to one observer, at least, she was clothed about with palpable clouds of shimmering glory as she lifted her chin and shook out from her long, white throat one rollicking song after another. For all he knew, the level-headed, sophisticated man of the world might have been kneeling down in his well-cut dress trousers to express faintly his humble thankfulness at being where he was, and not otherwhere, when he was brought to himself by Victoria's saying:

"Now I'm going to finish up with a song of my own composition, dedicated to *il Signor Nelson!*"

She pushed the accompanist aside, took her seat at the piano, and, looking full at our dazzled hero, she repeated her remarkable performance of the morning. Poor Nelson went to bed, that night, positively reeling with pride that she had singled him out to have a little private joke with; and that was the end of Saturday.

III

SUNDAY was the dullest of Saharas until dinner. Then Nelson found himself beside Victoria, and for cap-sheaf to his good fortune he heard her say, with her good-humored, comfortable little air:

"I asked to be put beside you. I hope you don't mind?"

"Now," said Nelson to himself as he took his first spoonful of soup—"now or never, to let her know what manner of man you are."

He had tried to please before in his life; he knew the methods of dazzlingly appearing other than he was; but this was different. Frankly ignoring his neighbor on the other side, he devoted himself to Victoria, breaking through the reserve of a lifetime, to talk to her as he never had to any one before, even to himself. He told her of his old hopes, of their failure and decline, of his black fear of what the future of a life like his might make him, of his ideas, of his ambition to do his best by the world, if he could but know what it was, of his need of help from a pure spirit; of the hopes, the high hopes, which had come to him of late, that he might yet do something worthy. He made no foolish, self-conscious excuse that it was an extraordinary thing for him to do. He did not try to convince her, except than by his impassioned earnestness, that he had never done it before. He threw himself boldly upon the generosity which lay behind the clear eyes fixed so steadily on his, and he was rewarded at the end by seeing them quite soft and bright with unshed tears.

Mrs. Mortimer stood up, marshaling her followers, and Victoria rose obediently.

"I wish—I wish I could thank you," she said in a low tone, "for showing me that it needn't make one miserable and hard to—to have seen how things really are in the world. It—it is wonderful to have you willing to talk to me as if—"

"Victoria!" said her mother with a mild accent of surprise; and there sat Nelson, his ears humming, and utterly alone with eight other men, exchanging the very latest anecdotes about the tangled matrimonial relationships of their world.

After a long period of blankness there penetrated to his ears, in old Mortimer's voice:

"My future son-in-law's mother has two living husbands, you know, besides her present one, and both of them spend considerable time around here, where she lives with Number Three. It's killing to hear Georgie go on about it. He pretends he can't remember for the life of him which is his real father!"

A large, ice-cold band was applied about Nelson's forehead, so that it seemed as if he could not take in the meaning of the words.

"I didn't know you had two daughters, Mortimer." He heard a husky voice issuing from his lips make this remark.

"No more have I," said his host,

lighting a fresh cigar. "Victoria's engaged to Georgie Allison." Whatever was the expression on Nelson's face, Victoria's father took it for a lack of appreciation of Georgie; and he went on to explain, with a tinge of apology in his manner: "Why, it's a sort of boy-and-girl affair—been going on ever since Victoria was a schoolgirl. I sort of thought she'd outgrow it, but she seems to think he's all right still, so my wife and I don't interfere. Georgie's a rattling good sort, you know, even if he *is* no high-brow, and he has plenty of the wherewithal."

And that is the end of Sunday.

Monday began at the unheard-of hour of seven in the morning, when Grégoire woke with a start, to see his master, fully dressed, standing by his bed. His cry of alarm at the other's haggard face was answered with a curt:

"Hush! You'll waken the house. Get up and dress. The car is ready. We leave in fifteen minutes."

"But, *monsieur,* I have telegraphed—as you said by your own words—to the Pellews that—"

"Oh, confound the Pellews! We are going to take a steamer from New York to-morrow."

Grégoire sat up in bed, his respectable double chin quaking in agitation.

"Why — *mon dieu,* why do we do that?"

"Because," said the tall, pale man, striking one hand into the other and addressing himself to himself grimly, "George Allison is my friend and my blood-kin."

At this lucid explanation Grégoire's mouth dropped open. He began to dress in a stupefied silence, which he presently interrupted to cry out:

"But *where* do we go?"

His master announced their destination briefly.

"We are going," he said, "*away!*"

IV

Warren Nelson had always said that there was no spot in the world which he could not reach in sixty days if he put his mind to it, but during the next two months he found that sixty days of almost incessant haste had apparently brought him not one foot nearer to the destination he had announced to Grégoire. That poor individual looked like a brother of the strictest order of monks, rather than a prosperous priest, so worn and distracted was he by the alternation of objectless loiterings in out-of-the-way places of extreme discomfort with insane, rushing flights nowhither.

To the best of his recollection, his master had not opened his lips during the surging onward thrust of the ocean liner which had brought them to France. At Cherbourg, still without a word, he had climbed into the car and taken the steering-wheel in his own hands, and Grégoire had shuddered and swallowed hard to see the poplar-trees lining the road to Paris flash by like telegraph-poles. In the outskirts of Alençon they were arrested and fined for speeding. Nelson paid the heavy fine without a protest, and resumed exactly the same rate of speed. They were not going to Paris, Grégoire guessed, at the southerly turns of the whirlwind in which he rode, but he dared not ask. They went through Tours like a clown through a paper hoop, bursting out into the country beyond like a thunderbolt, and swinging into the long white road to Limoges.

At an overnight stop in little Bellac, Grégoire took his courage in his two hands and asked for permission to visit an old aunt who lived near by. His master nodded an absent assent as he sank into a chair beneath the leafless grape-arbor in the inn courtyard. Grégoire found him in exactly the same attitude two hours later.

"If you please, *monsieur,* when do we start on?" he asked guardedly.

Nelson looked at the man as if he had planned to spend the rest of his life in Bellac.

"We stay here, to be sure. This place is as good as another."

For an instant Grégoire experienced the sensation of a rider whose horse has stopped in mid gallop, but even in that moment his soul exalted itself in thankfulness. He feared to speak lest he break the spell, but after a week's absolute tranquillity his tongue was unloosed for very joy. He came back from mass on Sunday morning fairly licking his whiskers in satisfaction with the world.

"Does *monsieur* know that this is the

country of my youth?" he asked. "I meet all my old friends as not in years before. It was certainly God Himself who directed *monsieur* to stop here, and not elsewhere!"

"You are on good terms with God, it appears!"

This was almost the first remark which *monsieur* had addressed to Grégoire since the beginning of this astonishing passage in their lives, and Grégoire was pleased.

"I hope we are good friends, God and I," he said modestly, and from peace and security swept fatally on to destruction with the words: "It is my old aunt who has conceived such a respect for the person of *monsieur* that she promises herself the honor to present him with a brace of her best ducks."

"Ducks?" said the American, sitting up.

"But yes, *monsieur*. She raises the best ducks in all the country around—white ducks, fat ducks—of a drollness! With yellow feet! You should see them raising high those yellow feet, and all in single file like—"

Warren Nelson turned pale, and thrust his fingers into his ears.

"Get the car ready to start in an hour's time."

They had swooped down on Marseilles like chain lightning by the time Grégoire could catch his breath, and the car was skimming like a swallow along the Riviera before he had finished tearing his gray hairs at every pause in their flight, and crying aloud in futile self-excuse:

"How could I have known? But ducks! *Mon dieu,* why ducks?"

Italy was a nightmare. When they were halted by the sea at Brindisi, Grégoire looked back at the country and shook his fist at it, and then at the car, which was left in storage at this point.

"Be thou eternally accursed, thou mad drop of runaway quicksilver!" Such were the words coming from the pseudo-ecclesiastical lips of Grégoire the outraged.

From Brindisi to Corinth their little ship wallowed in a storm, in which the wretched Grégoire hoped to die; but he was saved to the worse fate of ten days in an execrable hotel at Corinth, waiting for a chance-found, ill-smelling coast steamer, which landed them at Port Saïd. Here the hotel at which they waited aimless days of misery made the one in Corinth seem like a glimpse of paradise, and Grégoire all but wept for gratitude when they boarded a large and decent P. and O. bound for Bombay.

During this passage the unhappy man's dazed brain might have resumed its normal state, except for a growing fear that his master was losing his mind. He walked the long decks heavily and incessantly, day in and day out, although he fairly staggered in fatigue. When he went down to his own cabin at night he left his master hurrying feverishly up and down, and when he crept timorously up in the morning, the weary, irregular footstep was the first sound he caught.

"What will befall us in Bombay?" was the silent question addressed by Grégoire to an unheeding universe.

It was perhaps not so unheeding as it seemed, for what befell them at Bombay was the reassuring coincidence of meeting, on the wharf, an old acquaintance of Nelson's, a habitué of the same clubs, a friend of all Nelson's friends. The two greeted each other with the unsurprised calm of men used to meeting acquaintances everywhere.

"Goin' round, I suppose?" asked the other American, as they sat on Nelson's trunk, waiting for Grégoire to look up a lost piece of baggage.

Nelson nodded.

"So'm I. Tryin' to beat my own record. Started from Chicago on a bet. Saw a lot of the fellows in Chicago left over after the endurance race." He began to laugh. "Say, Nelson, whom do you think I saw there but Georgie Allison? You know him?"

"A cousin of mine."

"Well, then, you'll see the joke. I've been laughin' about it all the way out. He's gone and made the most double and twisted fool of himself!"

"Automobiles?"

"Naw, naw; that would be nothin' new. No, sir; women! Do you figure Georgie as a gay Lothario a whole lot? *Georgie!*"

Nelson turned a dark purple.

"What's he done?"

"Done? He's mixed it up enough to turn a professional juggler's head. Listen! He was engaged, it seems, to a blonde, back in his own set—old affair, always known each other, goin' to get married when they got around to it—all that sort of thing, don't you know. Well, out in Chicago, Georgie met up with a brunette show-girl who, to his eye, knocked the spots off the blonde. Georgie was wild, and beat it back to the first girl to see if there was a show of kicking loose. Then, bless you, didn't the blonde throw up her hat for joy, so to speak, at his first word?—told him she'd just realized she didn't care enough about him to marry him, and sent him piking back to Chicago. But when he got there — *pst, bang!* Georgie was too late. The brunette had married her manager, and there was the poor old fathead fallen flat. Say, can't you see him from here — old, red-faced Georgie-Porgie, puffin' and blowin' like a whale! But that's not all. Wait! He hadn't mixed it enough even yet, it seems. Then, by gad! doesn't it come over him that the blonde was the one he wanted after all, so behold Georgie hot-footing it back to the Berkshires. But the blonde won't look at him through a telescope! Georgie has to start all over again from the beginnin', and they do say he— Hold on a minute, I see the man I'm down here lookin' for! So long—see you later!"

V

Grégoire, returning, flushed and victorious, with the traveling-bag, found a man obviously, patently, openly insane—a long, lean man executing a double shuffle of excitement as he rummaged through a satchel for the folders of various steamship companies.

"It has come!" said Grégoire to himself, and prepared for the worst.

"All right, Grégoire, set it down, and run, get passage back to England, double quick! The office is on the wharf, as I remember it."

Grégoire put his burden down, and faced his master in pale desperation.

"*M. Nelsong,* I must know where we go, or I die!"

Nelson stopped for an instant his frantic search through a list of steamer sailings, to look at his old servant in the most evidently sincere surprise at his ignorance.

"Where are we going? Where, in Heaven's name, should we be going but to the Berkshire Hills?"

For once in his exemplary career, Grégoire was goaded to disrespect.

"Of course!" he cried bitterly. "We have come half around the world like demons let loose, precisely in order to go back to our starting-place. Naturally!"

Nelson looked affectionately upon Grégoire's agitation, even smiling as he had not for these past sixty days.

"Why, yes; like the King of France, you know!" In the midst of astonished natives and impassive Britons, he suddenly broke into song. "'He had ten thousand men!' That's you, Greggy! 'He marched them up the hill one day!' To Bombay, Grégoire, *mon petit frère*—it even rimes, you notice! 'And marched them down again!'" He began to laugh huskily. "And now stir your rheumatic old stumps! If you think we've hurried before, why, now—'And marched them down again!'"

WHEN WE REACH THE TOP OF THE HILL

When we reach the top of the hill, my dear,
  Up the road of life and love,
We shall look from high with vision clear
On the big, bright world, afar and near,
  And the blue of the skies above.

We shall halt a while to fix our sight
  On many a prospect wide,
Then onward and down beyond the height,
Then onward and down toward the night—
  Two travelers side by side!

Eugene C. Dolson

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

III—THE STORY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

BY LYNDON ORR

OF all love-stories that are known to human history, the love-story of Antony and Cleopatra has been for nineteen centuries the most remarkable. It has tasked the resources of the plastic and the graphic arts. It has been made the theme of poets and of prose narrators. It has appeared and reappeared in a thousand forms, and it appeals as much to the imagination today as it did when Antony deserted his almost victorious troops and hastened in a swift galley from Actium in pursuit of Cleopatra.

The wonder of the story is explained by its extraordinary nature. Many men in private life have lost fortune and fame for the love of woman. Kings have incurred the odium of their people, and have cared nothing for it in comparison with the joys of sense that come from lingering caresses and clinging kisses. Cold-blooded statesmen, such as Parnell, have lost the leadership of their party and have gone down in history with a clouded name because of the fascination exercised upon them by some woman, often far from beautiful, and yet possessing the mysterious power which makes the triumphs of statesmanship seem slight in comparison with the swiftly flying hours of pleasure.

But in the case of Antony and Cleopatra alone do we find a man flinging away not merely the triumphs of civic honors, or the headship of a state, but much more than these—the mastery of what was practically the world, in answer to the promptings of a woman's will. Hence the story of the Roman triumvir and the Egyptian queen is not like any other story that has yet been told. The sacrifice involved in it was so overwhelming, so instantaneous, and so complete as to set this narrative above all others. Shakespeare's genius has touched it with the glory of a great imagination. Dryden, using it in the finest of his plays, expressed its nature in the title "All for Love."

The distinguished Italian historian, Signor Ferrero, who has lately visited America, has tried hard to eliminate nearly all the romantic elements from the tale, and to have us see in it not the triumph of love but the blindness of ambition. Under his handling it becomes almost a sordid drama of man's pursuit of power and of woman's selfishness. Let us review the story as it remains, even after we have taken full account of Ferrero's criticism. Has the world for nineteen hundred years been blinded by a show of sentiment? Has it so absolutely been misled by those who lived and wrote in the days which followed closely on the events that make up this extraordinary narrative?

In answering these questions, we must consider in the first place the scene, and, in the second place, the psychology of the two central characters who for so long a time have been regarded as the very embodiment of unchecked passion.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF ALEXANDRIA

As to the scene, it must be remembered that the Egypt of those days was not Egyptian as we understand the word, but rather Greek. Cleopatra herself was of Greek descent. The kingdom of Egypt had been created by a general of Alexander the Great after that splendid warrior's death. Its capital, the most brilliant city of the Greco-Roman world, had been founded by Alexander himself,

who gave to it his name. With his own hands he traced out the limits of the city, and issued the most peremptory orders that it should be made the metropolis of the entire world. The orders of a king cannot give enduring greatness to a city; but Alexander's keen eye and marvelous brain saw at once that the site of Alexandria was such that a great commercial community planted there would live and flourish throughout succeeding ages. He was right; for within a century this new capital of Egypt leaped to the forefront among the exchanges of the world's commerce; while everything that art could do was lavished on its embellishment.

Alexandria lay upon a projecting tongue of land so situated that the whole trade of the Mediterranean centered there. Down the Nile there floated to its gates the barbaric wealth of Africa. To it came the treasures of the East, brought from afar by caravans—silks from China, spices and pearls and emeralds from India, and enormous masses of gold and silver from lands whose names were scarcely known. In its harbor were the vessels of every country,, from Asia in the East, to Spain and Gaul and even Britain in the West.

When Cleopatra, a young girl of seventeen, succeeded to the throne of Egypt, the population of Alexandria amounted to a million souls. The customs duties collected at the port would, in terms of modern money, amount each year to more than thirty million dollars, even though the imposts were not heavy. The people, who may be described as Greek at the top and oriental at the bottom, were boisterous and pleasure-loving, devoted to splendid spectacles, with horse-racing, gambling, and dissipation; yet at the same time they were an artistic people, loving music passionately, and by no means idle; since one part of the city was devoted to large and prosperous manufactories of linen, paper, glass, and muslin.

To the outward eye Alexandria was extremely beautiful. Through its entire length ran two great boulevards, shaded and diversified by mighty trees and parterres of multicolored flowers, amid which fountains plashed and costly marbles gleamed. One-fifth of the whole city was known as the Royal Residence. In it were the palaces of the reigning family, the great museum, and the famous library which the Arabs later burned. There were parks and gardens brilliant with tropical foliage, and adorned with the masterpieces of Grecian sculpture; while sphinxes and obelisks gave a suggestion of oriental strangeness. As one looked seaward his eye beheld over the blue water the snow-white rocks of the sheltering island, Pharos, on which was reared a lighthouse four hundred feet in height and justly numbered among the seven wonders of the world.

Altogether, Alexandria was a city of wealth, of beauty, of stirring life, of excitement, and of pleasure. Ferrero has aptly likened it to Paris—not so much the Paris of to-day as the Paris of forty years ago, when the Second Empire flourished in all its splendor as the home of joy and strange delights.

CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT

Over the country of which Alexandria was the capital Cleopatra came to reign at seventeen. Following the odd custom which the Greek dynasty of the Ptolemys had inherited from their Egyptian predecessors, she was betrothed to her own brother. He, however, was a mere child of less than twelve, and was under the control of evil counselors, who, in his name, gained control of the capital and drove Cleopatra into exile. Until then she had been a mere girl; but now the spirit of a woman who was wronged blazed up in her and called out all her latent powers. Hastening to Syria, she gathered about herself an army, and led it against her foes.

But meanwhile, Julius Cæsar, the greatest man of ancient times, had arrived at Alexandria backed by an army of his veterans. Against him no resistance would avail. Then came a brief moment during which the Egyptian king and the Egyptian queen each strove to win the favor of the Roman imperator. The king and his advisers had many arts, and so had Cleopatra. One thing, however, she possessed which struck the balance in her favor, and this was a woman's fascination.

According to the story, Cæsar was unwilling to receive her. There came into his presence, as he sat in the palace, a

group of slaves bearing a long roll of matting, bound carefully and seeming to contain some precious work of art. The slaves made signs that they were bearing a gift to Cæsar. The master of Egypt bade them unwrap the gift that he might see it. They did so, and out of the wrapping came Cleopatra—a radiant vision, appealing, irresistible. Next morning it became known everywhere that Cleopatra had remained in Cæsar's quarters through the night, and that her enemies were now his enemies. In desperation, they rushed upon his legions, casting aside all pretense of amity. There ensued a fierce contest, but the revolt was quenched in blood.

This was a crucial moment in Cleopatra's life. She had sacrificed all that a woman has to give; but she had not done so from any love of pleasure or from wantonness. She was queen of Egypt, and she had redeemed her kingdom and kept it by her sacrifice. One should not condemn her too severely. In a sense, her act was one of heroism like that of Judith in the tent of Holofernes. But beyond all question it changed her character. It taught her the secret of her own great power. Henceforth she was no longer a mere girl, nor a woman of the ordinary type. Her contact with so great a mind as Cæsar's quickened her intellect. Her knowledge that, by the charms of sense, she had mastered even him transformed her into a strange and wonderful creature. She learned to study the weaknesses of men, to play on their emotions, to appeal to every subtle taste and fancy. In her were blended mental power and that illusive, indefinable gift which is called charm.

CLEOPATRA NOT A GREAT BEAUTY

For Cleopatra was never beautiful. Signor Ferrero seems to think this fact to be a discovery of his own, but it was set down by Plutarch in a very striking passage written less than a century after Cleopatra and Antony died. We may quote here what the Greek historian said of her:

> Her actual beauty was far from being so remarkable that none could be compared with her, nor was it such that it would strike your fancy when you saw her first. Yet the influence of her presence, if you lingered near her, was irresistible. Her attractive personality, joined with the charm of her conversation, and the individual touch that she gave to everything she said or did, were utterly bewitching. It was delightful merely to hear the music of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another.

Cæsar had left Cleopatra firmly seated on the throne of Egypt. For six years she reigned with great intelligence, keeping order in her dominions, and patronizing with discrimination both arts and letters. But ere long the convulsions of the Roman state once more caused her extreme anxiety. Cæsar had been assassinated, and there ensued a period of civil war. Out of it emerged two striking figures which were absolutely contrasted in their character. One was Octavian, the adopted son of Cæsar, a man who, though still quite young and possessed of great ability, was cunning, cold-blooded, and deceitful. The other was Antony, a soldier by training, and with all a soldier's bluntness, courage, and lawlessness.

The Roman world was divided for the time between these two men, Antony receiving the government of the East, Octavian that of the West. In the year which had preceded this division, Cleopatra had wavered between the two opposite factions at Rome. In so doing she had excited the suspicion of Antony, and he now demanded of her an explanation.

THE PERSONALITY OF ANTONY

One must have some conception of Antony himself in order to understand the events that followed. He was essentially a soldier, of excellent family, being related to Cæsar himself. As a very young man, he was exceedingly handsome, and bad companions led him into the pursuit of vicious pleasure. He had scarcely come of age when he found that he owed the enormous sum of two hundred and fifty talents, equivalent to half a million dollars in the money of to-day. But he was much more than a mere man of pleasure, given over to drinking and to dissipation. Men might tell of his escapades, as when he drove about the streets of Rome in a common cab, dangling his legs out of the window while he shouted forth drunken songs of

revelry. This was not the whole of Antony. Joining the Roman army in Syria, he showed himself to be a soldier of great personal bravery, a clever strategist, and also humane and merciful in the hour of victory.

Unlike most Romans, Antony wore a full beard. His forehead was large and his nose was of the distinctive Roman type. His look was so bold and masculine that people likened him to Hercules. His democratic manners endeared him to the army. He wore a plain tunic covered with a large, coarse mantle, and carried

CLEOPATRA APPEARING BEFORE CÆSAR

From the painting by Jean Léon Gérôme, by permission of Goupil & Co., Paris

The story is that Cleopatra, anxious to secure Cæsar's support of her claim to the Egyptian throne, and having been refused an interview by the Roman dictator, had herself carried into his presence concealed in a heavy wrapping.

a huge sword at his side, despising ostentation. Even his faults and follies added to his popularity. He would sit down at the common soldiers' mess and drink with them, telling them stories and clapping them on the back. He spent money like water, quickly recognizing any daring deed which his legionaries performed. In this respect he was like Napoleon; and, like Napoleon, he had a vein of florid eloquence which was criticized by literary men, but which went straight to the heart of the private soldier. In a word he was a powerful, virile, passionate, able man, rough, as were nearly all his countrymen, but strong and true.

THE MEETING ON THE CYDNUS

It was to this general that Cleopatra was to answer, and with a firm reliance on the charms which had subdued Antony's great commander, Cæsar, she set out in person for Cilicia, in Asia Minor, sailing up the river Cydnus to the place where Antony was encamped with his army. Making all allowance for the exaggeration of historians, there can be no doubt that she appeared to him like some dreamy vision. Her barge was gilded, and was wafted on its way by swelling sails of Tyrian purple. The oars which smote the water were of shining silver. As she drew near the Roman general's camp, the languorous music of flutes and harps breathed forth a strain of invitation.

Cleopatra herself lay upon a divan set upon the deck of the barge beneath a canopy of woven gold. She was dressed to resemble Venus, while girls about her personated nymphs and Graces. Delicate perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel; and at last, as she drew near the shore, all the people for miles about were gathered there, leaving Antony to sit alone in the tribunal where he was dispensing justice.

Word was brought to him that Venus had come to feast with Bacchus. Antony, though still suspicious of Cleopatra, sent her an invitation to dine with him in state. With graceful tact, she sent him a counter-invitation, and he came. The magnificence of his reception dazzled the man who had so long known only a soldier's fare, or at most the crude entertainments which he had enjoyed in Rome. A marvelous display of lights was made. Thousands upon thousands of candles shone brilliantly, arranged in squares and circles; while the banquet itself was one that symbolized the studied luxury of the East.

ROMAN SOLDIER AND EGYPTIAN QUEEN

At this time Cleopatra was twenty-seven years of age—a period of life which modern physiologists have called the crisis in a woman's growth. She had never really loved before, since she had given herself to Cæsar, not because she cared for him, but to save her kingdom. She now came into the presence of one whose manly beauty and strong passions were matched by her own subtlety and appealing charm.

When Antony addressed her, he felt himself a rustic in her presence. Almost resentful, he betook himself to the coarse language of the camp. Cleopatra, with marvelous adaptability, took her tone from his, and thus in a moment put him at his ease. Ferrero, who takes a most unfavorable view of her character and personality, nevertheless explains the secret of her fascination:

> Herself utterly cold and callous, insensitive by nature to the flame of true devotion, Cleopatra was one of those women gifted with an unerring instinct for all the various roads to men's affections. She could be the shrinking, modest girl, too shy to reveal her half-unconscious emotions of jealousy and depression and self-abandonment; or a woman carried away by the sweep of a fiery and uncontrollable passion. She could tickle the esthetic sensibilities of her victims by rich and gorgeous festivals, by the fantastic adornment of her own person and her palace, or by brilliant discussions on literature and art; she could conjure up all their grossest instincts with the vilest obscenities of conversation, with the free and easy jocularity of a woman of the camps.

These last words are far too strong, and they represent only Ferrero's personal opinion; yet there is no doubt that she met every mood of Antony's, so that he became enthralled with her at once. No such woman as this had ever cast her eyes on him before. He had a wife at home—a most disreputable wife—so that he cared little for domestic ties. Later,

THE MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ON THE RIVER CYDNUS, B.C. 41

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema

out of policy, he made another marriage with the sister of his rival, Octavian, but this wife he never cared for. His heart and soul were given up to Cleopatra, the woman who could be a comrade in the camp and a fount of tenderness in their hours of dalliance, and who possessed the keen intellect of a man joined to the arts and fascinations of a woman.

On her side she found in Antony an ardent lover, a man of vigorous masculinity, and, moreover, a soldier whose armies might well sustain her on the throne of Egypt. That there was calculation mingled with her love, no one can doubt. That some calculation also entered into Antony's affection is likewise certain. Yet this does not affect the truth that each was wholly given to the other. Why should it have lessened her love for him to feel that he could protect her and defend her? Why should it have lessened his love for her to know that she was queen of the richest country in the world—one that could supply his needs, sustain his armies, and gild his triumphs with magnificence?

CLEOPATRA, THE LAST QUEEN OF EGYPT

This may be called the most authentic portrait of Cleopatra. It is reproduced from a composite photograph of the heads on four coins of her reign, and represents her when she was about thirty-five years old. The photograph was made in 1881 by Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Gorringe, U.S.N., who transported one of the obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles from Alexandria to New York, where it now stands in Central Park, near the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At the bottom of the engraving appear the four coins from which the portrait was made.

There are many instances in history of regnant queens who loved and yet whose love was not dissociated from the policy of state. Such were Anne of Austria, Elizabeth of England, and the

unfortunate Mary Stuart. Such, too, we cannot fail to think, was Cleopatra.

The two remained together for ten years. In this time Antony was separated from her only during a campaign in the East. In Alexandria he ceased to seem a Roman citizen, and gave himself up wholly to the charms of this enticing woman. Many stories are told of their good fellowship and close intimacy. Plutarch quotes Plato as saying that there are four kinds of flattery, but he adds that Cleopatra had a thousand. She was the supreme mistress of the art of pleasing.

> Whether Antony were serious or mirthful, she had at the instant some new delight or some new charm to meet his wishes. At every turn she was with him both day and night. With him she threw dice; with him she drank; with him she hunted; and when he exercised himself in arms, she was there to admire and applaud.

At night the pair would disguise themselves as servants and wander about the streets of Alexandria. In fact, more than once they were set upon in the slums and treated roughly by the rabble who did not recognize them. Cleopatra was always alluring, always tactful, often humorous, and full of frolic.

THE DOWNFALL OF ANTONY

Then came the shock of Antony's final breach with Octavian. Either Antony or his rival must rule the world. Cleopatra's lover once more became the Roman general, and with a great fleet proceeded to the coast of Greece, where his enemy was encamped. Antony had raised a hundred and twelve thousand troops, and five hundred ships—a force far superior to that commanded by Octavian. Cleopatra was there with sixty ships.

In the days that preceded the final battle much took place which still remains obscure. It seems likely that Antony desired to become again the Roman, while Cleopatra wished him to thrust Rome aside and return to Egypt with her, to reign there as an independent king. To her Rome was almost a barbarian city. In it she could not hold sway as she could in her beautiful Alexandria, with its blue skies and velvet turf and tropical flowers. At Rome, Antony would be distracted by the cares of state, and she would lose her lover. At Alexandria, she would have him for her very own.

The clash came when the hostile fleets met off the promontory of Actium. At its crisis, Cleopatra, prematurely concluding that the battle was lost, of a sudden gave the signal for retreat and put out to sea with her fleet. This was the crucial moment. Antony, mastered by his love, forgot all else, and in a swift ship started in pursuit of her, abandoning his fleet and army to win or lose as fortune might decide. For him the world was nothing; the dark-browed Queen of Egypt, imperious and yet caressing, was everything. Never was such a prize and never were such great hopes thrown carelessly away. After waiting seven days, Antony's troops, still undefeated, finding that their commander would not return to them, surrendered to Octavian, who thus became the master of an empire.

Later, his legions assaulted Alexandria, and there Antony was twice defeated. At last Cleopatra saw her great mistake. She had made her lover give up the hope of being Rome's dictator, but in so doing she had also lost the chance of ruling with him tranquilly in Egypt. She shut herself behind the barred doors of the royal sepulcher; and, lest she should be molested there, she sent forth word that she had died. Her proud spirit could not brook the thought that she might be seized and carried as a prisoner to Rome. She was too much a queen in soul to be led in triumph up the Sacred Way to the Capitol with golden chains clanking on her slender wrists.

Antony, believing the report that she was dead, fell upon his sword; but in his dying moments he was carried into the presence of the woman for whom he had given all. With her arms about him, his spirit passed away; and, soon after, she, too, met death, whether by a poisoned draft or by the storied asp no one can say.

Cleopatra had lived the mistress of a splendid kingdom. She had successively captivated two of the greatest men whom Rome had ever seen. She died, like a queen, to escape disgrace. Whatever modern critics may have to say concerning small details, this story still remains the strangest love-story of which the world has any record.

STORIETTES

At the Sign of the Cock and Hen

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

"THERE'S no use, Bessy. They won't buy my pictures, and I can't do anything but paint, so we might as well make up our minds to starve."

But Bessy, instead of bursting into tears, cocked her head as if she heard something, and then hurried out to the hen-house. A minute later she came back with two large, fresh eggs.

She daintily held an egg in each hand and danced before me with an expression of happiness on her face that meant nothing more nor less than a brand-new idea. And to us, amateur countrymen since our wedding, a few happy months back, a brand-new idea might have a distinct value; for we had no money, I had my reputation to make, and Bessy had nothing but abundant health and vitality.

Bessy is something of an improviser at the piano or in speech, and she now began to impart her idea by chanting a sort of psalm to me.

"We live at the top of a hill, at the top of a steep and lengthy hill. My husband is an artist, a struggling artist, a good man with his brush, but with the head of a babe, a mewling babe, bless his dear heart!"

Her voice now took on a tragic tone as she wove the web of her song.

"The wolf sits on our door-step and howls, and who shall drive away the howling wolf? In the night season he awakens us with his howling, and when the day breaks he is still there.

"A hen is a little fowl, and she fears both fox and wolf; but the hen, the industrious hen, shall drive away the wicked wolf from our door-step.

"Yes, up the long hill, up the steep ascent, up the winding way that leadeth past our vine-embowered cabin, our tree-enshaded home, shall come a train of people with gold in their purses; and these people shall help the industrious fowl to drive away the wolf so that he shall return no more forever."

"What's the meaning of this?" said I; for so far I could not see that her psalm led anywhere.

She still continued to sway before me, accenting her words by tapping the sun-flecked floor with her little feet, the eggs extended in her graceful fingers as if they were castanets. Her tone now became exultant.

"My husband can paint, my fowls can lay. The motorists reach the top of the long hill and break forth into ecstasies at the view, at the view of the purple hills and the long shadows in the vales, the wonderful view that their long climb has won for them. The fresh mountain-air is in their lungs and the thought of sustenance is in their minds, even as the wide-flung panorama is in their thoughts." Here she stopped both dance and song, and came and sat in my lap. "In short, to bring it down to the level of the understanding of my unpractical but darling hubby—fresh eggs are still worth money. Motorists have money. We have eggs. We would rather have motorists' money than fresh eggs, but we can have both."

My brain does not work as quickly as Bessy's, and I could not yet see that there was anything in the possession of fifteen or twenty hens and a lordly rooster to cause he to sing psalms of her own making, and I told her so.

"Come outside," said she, and out into the fragrant air of the soft spring morning I went with her. "Look at our house, Mr. Artist. Is it picturesque?"

"Indeed it is," said I, my eye well satisfied with the color and lines of the rustic retreat that my architect brother had put up for me as a wedding-present.

"Would dainty little tables under the arabesquish apple-trees look idyllic and Watteau-like?"

"I suppose they would," I answered.

"Would a quaint sign with a picture of a red-wattled hen and a crowing rooster add to the picturesqueness of the place?"

"Ye-es," said I, wondering if I could paint such a sign; for my work has been landscape in the large, and it is nothing if not impressionistic.

She read my thought, and said at once: "Of course you could paint it." She led me back into the house, went to the escritoire, took therefrom a pencil and a pad, and, assuming a businesslike air, she went on: "Now, see here. Eggs are worth thirty cents a dozen, and we've had fourteen or fifteen every day for the last week. The neighbors' hens are also laying, and from now on there will be eggs a plenty."

"And," I broke in, "I suppose you think that if I paint a sign, automobilists are going to climb this hill for the privilege of paying thirty cents a dozen for fresh eggs when they can get them now at the stores for the same price!"

"Lacking-in-sense husband of mine," said my wife, "when my imagination concerns itself with business, it works overtime, with no supper-money. Listen!" She tapped the pad with her pencil to enforce attention. "Up the hill comes a touring-car full of people. It is nearly tea-time. If they were traveling in England, they would stop in at a dear little thatched inn, and have delicious tea and buttered bread, and look back on the occasion with a great deal of joy. Perhaps they would hear a late lark singing. At any rate, they would absorb the poetic atmosphere of the place, and long to live in England."

She made little motor-wheels on the pad, and looked at me for a good half-minute, so that what she had said might have a chance to sink in.

"Now, being in America, the places where they can get good tea are few and far between. But, hubby dear, in a day or two they will stop here. And in a week or two they will be spreading the news of the place—the adorable place where an artist is hard at work painting, while his wife, in cap and apron, quite as if she were in a play, serves fresh eggs, delicious buttered bread in thin slices—the thinner the slice the bigger the profit—and fragrant tea. Our own eggs will do to begin with, but when the business increases we will buy eggs of our neighbors at current prices, and sell them boiled at automobile prices."

"But," said I, "we can't charge any fancy price."

"Oh, can't we?" jeered my pretty Dresden shepherdess of a wife, with a toss of her wise little head. "An egg is an egg, and even if it is fresh it is not worth more than two or three cents in the spring. But when Darby and Joan come up in Darby's runabout, and they sit down under the gnarled old apple-tree at the pretty lacquered table, and drink tea out of the little Japanese cups that were given us for a wedding-present, and look at the spring-time scenery, and at the apple-blossoms, which will be in their glory in a few days; and when they are served by a not altogether unattractive waitress, and catch a glimpse of a busy old fraud of a husband in a regular stage artist's costume, painting delectable landscapes—why, Darby and Joan will know that they are doing something out of the ordinary, and when Darby gets the bill, made out in dainty handwriting on Tiffany paper, he will not be at all surprised to learn that the delicious eggs and the surpassing tea and the fresh bread and butter are half a dollar an order!"

She scrawled a large dollar sign and set a fat "1" next it, and said:

"One dollar in our coffers, my poor, dear, unsuccessful husband, and only four eggs and a sixth of a loaf and a little butter and tea and sugar and cream gone. Ten cents would cover the cost of it all, I think—or fifteen at the most. And off go the visitors to sound the praises of 'The Sign of the Cock and the Hen.'"

At that, I went right into my studio to paint the sign.

For nearly a month we were blessed with wonderful outdoor weather, and from the very start Bessy's venture was a success. It was not long before we were buying fresh eggs from all our neighbors. You may be sure we tested them, for a single egg unlike Cæsar's wife would have brought disaster into our Arcady.

Not only in the afternoon, but at all

hours of the day, autos came puffing up the long hill and ordered the light lunch. A touring-car full meant four dollars in our "coffers," but while the fad lasted the price was not esteemed a high one. Bessy had to send for her younger sister, and the two made a pretty pair as they flitted in and out, waiting on beveiled ladies and begoggled men.

It was not long before some began to come in to watch me at my work, and one day a man fancied a picture and made me an offer that I accepted at once. It would have bought many a fresh egg and cup of tea at our fancy prices, but it went into the bank instead—because Bessy insisted. I would have liked to buy a Persian rug with it.

All that summer we ran the "road-house" and entertained "guests." Then came autumn, and the treacherous hens stopped laying; but by that time the wolf had taken such a dislike to us that he absolutely forsook our door-step. I actually had a bank-account.

II

Bessy pillowed a little head on her arm, pulled the apple-blossom coverlet up the better to shut out drafts, and became an improviser once more.

"The winter is with us, the season of coldness, when hens nestle down on their feet and do no more lay; but my husband, my good husband, is happy because he is busy, and because he has been found by the world without.

"Dear little baby, if it had not been for your mother's idea, if your mother had not made a reality out of a fancy, of what use would have been your father's clever fingers, or the delicate colors that blossom at the wave of his brush?

"And, my baby, my darling, my best of all babies, you would have come to misery and coldness, you would have been born into a house with empty larder and coal-bin, a house of wo!

"Dear husband, will you please give me the meddy in the right-hand glass, and stop your painting for to-day, because the light is beginning to fade, and you will hurt your eyes. Come, baby, and you and I will look out of the window at the snow on the distant hills, and watch the setting sun color it, and we'll all be happy together."

I Go A Playing

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

EVERYBODY said it was a wonderful chance for me, but mother wasn't so sure. She didn't mind the stock company, where father could take me home at night, and Anne could sit around at rehearsals; but this was different. And then I think she was afraid of Mr. Cunningham. He was supposed to have as much temper as he had professional reputation, and of course that was colossal.

I coaxed mother over at last. Tommy had the mumps, and she was so worn out with him that she gave in. The whole family had a hand in getting my costumes ready, and I borrowed Anne's feather boa, little thinking what use it would be put to!

The rehearsals were pretty bad. One morning Mr. Cunningham made me go through a six-line speech—the one where I find the revolver and take out the bullets, and then snap it at him—seventeen times. I was pretty tired, and when he said, "Now — again," I turned on him like a wildcat.

"If you make me do it again," I snapped, "I—I won't take out the bullets!"

He laughed—can you believe it? He laughed, and I fumed, and it was bedlam all around. I went home and wept it out on Tommy's pillow — which made him think he was going to die, and his poor, comical face went all mottled. But—Mr. Cunningham kept me. That's where the tragedy comes in.

He was very particular with me on the road. Once or twice he said that some day I would learn to act, and I walked on air for days. He had his private car, and was very comfortable;

but the one-night stands nearly killed me. We followed right along after a monstrosity called "The Merry Maids of Manchester," and the bell-boys thought it funny that we had no poodles, and that we didn't gather to sing in the parlor and call one another by our first names.

Baldwin, the juvenile, was very nice to me, and we took long walks in the mornings, picking up post-cards to send home, and sometimes running over our scene in the second act, where my guardian—Mr. Cunningham—steps in and says: "Do you love him, *Hilda?* He—he is a splendid fellow." And of course every one in the audience knows the guardian is in love with me, and is going to Africa if I take Baldwin. The guardian is married, you see, and Miss D'Arcy played the wife.

The funny thing was that Baldwin was really crazy about Miss D'Arcy, and talked about her all the time.

"I wish you wouldn't," I said one day. "I know she's beautiful, and can act like a dream, and all that; but you needn't rub it in."

"How about you raving over Cunningham all the time?" he retorted sulkily; which was so absurd that I went back to the hotel without speaking to him again.

And then the awfullest thing happened! You know the scene at the beginning of the last act—when we are all at breakfast, and the wife sweeps in in a rage? Well, it starts with grapefruit, and I have a line when I taste it and say—to Mr. Cunningham:

"It's as bitter as—as you have been—to me, this last week."

Well, I put that stuff in my mouth, and at once the most dreadful pain began just in front of my ears, and seemed to go all over me. My tongue drew up and my jaws locked perfectly tight! I tried to swallow and couldn't, and there I sat, while Mr. Cunningham looked at me and waited for his cue.

At last he went on without my speaking, which caused a titter and made him wild. However, the rest of the act went well. In the farewell scene, where he goes to Africa to the war, I tried to warn him to kiss me on top of my head, because by that time I knew that I had the mumps, and I was in a fever of fright; but Mr. Cunningham's big scene always carries him off his feet, and that night, to my horror, he kissed me twice.

Hopper, the stage-manager, nearly went crazy when I told him.

"Now I'll get it!" he groaned. "No, not the mumps, but the devil! You'll have to go on—that's all. Wear a night-cap—anything—but don't put Cunningham up against a new *ingénue* when he's up in the air with a new play!"

"Then you'll have to cut out the grapefruit," I said with a shudder. "It will have to be bananas, and I can wear big mull ties to my garden hat in the last act and a feather boa in the second."

So we fixed it. I was not very ill, and, after all, Mr. Cunningham took the news like a lamb, even sending me some jelly his *chef* had made.

But a week later Baldwin stopped suddenly and made an awful face over his lemonade in the tennis scene. I knew then what had happened; and when he came to rehearsal the next morning with his neck-line entirely obliterated, and with a silk handkerchief instead of a collar, we all knew. He was quite shiny in spots—I was never like that, thank goodness! Hopper had to take his place, and Mr. Cunningham looked like a thunder-cloud.

Then he sent for me. I went in fear and trembling. He was in front of his dressing-mirror, graying his hair on top. It is naturally a little gray over his ears. When I came in he got up very courteously and drew out a chair.

"Will you wait just a moment?" he said, and finished what he was doing.

The dressing-room was a litter, of course, and right at the bottom of the mirror was a picture in a silver frame. It was a girl in a black gown, and it was exquisite—the picture, not the gown. I thought that very likely it was the girl he was in love with, for, of course, he would be in love with some one.

I knew what was coming before he said it. I clasped my hands tight together to keep me from crying, and my feet felt numb and cold. I was horribly, awfully afraid of him, and yet I had the most dreadful inclination to pat down his hair where he had rumpled it up in the back.

"Now, Miss Eleanor," he said, turn-

ing around and facing me, "I'll tell you why I want to talk to you. You are looking ill and tired; what would the little mother say to me?"

That was the worst thing he could have said. I choked up in a minute, and put my head down on the back of my chair.

"I—k-know I can't act!" I sobbed. "But it—it's mean to put it off on mother!"

"You can act," he said very gently. "That's the trouble. In fairness to you, I'll have to tell you that. But it's a hard life, and—I want you to give it up. You're too young, and you've been too much sheltered, to—"

"I'm twenty-one, Mr. Cunningham," I broke in defiantly. "Even grown people get the mumps. I'm not a child; I'm as old as—the girl in that picture."

I rushed out then, and in the first act, where I have the scene with my guardian's wife, I burst into real tears at the end, and got a curtain-call. I was very unhappy; there were a number of things—but it doesn't matter. One thing was certain—I *hated* Mr. Cunningham! And I was *not* going home!

It was within a week of the New York opening that the next blow came. You remember, there's a wedding in the first act, with tables all around covered with presents. Miss D'Arcy comes on and glances over them. She says:

"What an ugly fork! Asparagus, or pickles?"

When she said "pickles," she was looking straight at me, and her face changed until it was dreadful. She gave a sort of clutch at her neck, and then she went on; but when we had a minute alone, back center, she glared at me.

"You wretched girl!" she said, picking up a silver candlestick and pretending to show it to me. "I—you have spoiled the whole trip. I am going to Mr. Cunningham to-night to tell him I won't stand it!"

"You need not," I said, taking the candlestick and looking at it. "I am going home to-night. Anyhow, you didn't get the mumps from me. I never go near you. It must have been Baldwin."

She was furious, of course, and it being her cue for a storm, she never did better. Mr. Cunningham looked quite pleased, and I sat back in the wings, trying to make out a time-table and wondering if the girl who understudied me would make a hit.

I left at four the next morning, without telling any one. In the yards we passed the Undine, Mr. Cunningham's car. And—the queerest thing—he was still up, pacing the floor in the drawing-room end, with his head bent and his hands in his pockets. I thought of the lady in the black dress, and then—because I was tired and frightened, I suppose—I leaned back and cried.

I was quite ill for a day or two at home. Then, nothing terrible occurring, I tried to put the whole thing out of my mind, and to forget that my theatrical career had died of the mumps. But the day before the New York opening, I heard Ella admit some one. I had just time to slip a picture I had been looking at under some of Tommy's stockings I had been mending, when he came in. It was Mr. Cunningham!

I shook hands with him, and tried to hide the basket with his picture and the stockings. Mr. Cunningham did not sit down. He stood by the fire and looked down at me severely.

"You're a bad child," he said at last; "a runaway. What made you do it, Eleanor?"

"I had to," I pleaded. "It was too dreadful — every one getting sick and blaming it on me. Won't you take off your overcoat and—and have some tea?"

I was quite breathless with excitement and reaction, and I was still terribly afraid of him. My hands shook so that I could hardly pour the tea. He dropped into a chair and looked around.

"Jove, what a thing it is to be in a real home again!" he said, looking very human indeed with his feet out before him. "I always pictured you doing something like this—tea and mending—instead of roaming around the country with a theatrical company."

I gave him his tea, squeezing a bit of lemon in, and then — suddenly — he clapped his hand to his left ear, and I knew it had come. He waited until he could speak, and then all he said was "Good Lord!"

He looked at me helplessly. There

were only two things I could do—laugh or cry. I had cried so much that now I laughed—laughed while I knew that there would be no New York opening; laughed while the great Mr. Cunningham glared at me; laughed until he looked injured and then got over it and laughed himself.

"Well!" he said, when we both dried our eyes and got our breath. "I never expected to laugh over a tragedy like this. You make me do anything you want, Eleanor."

"Oh, I hope you won't be very ill," I said quickly.

"But I shall be; I'm sure to. I always have things hard," he replied, getting up and coming over to me. "I took you very hard indeed, Eleanor. I don't care anything about 'The Pillars of Society.' I only know I want my little ward again. Eleanor, the day you left I was wild. I can't act — I can't live without you, dear. Why, see—you've put your mark on me!"

When he said that, what could I do? Anyhow, I forgot completely that this was the greatest tragedian of his time. All I knew was that he was lonely, and that I—well, that I didn't hate him. He crushed me to him—I'll admit that; but Anne told it as a great joke, when the engagement was announced, that as she came into the hall she heard me say:

"Of course you may. I'm not afraid. I've *had* them!"

Miss Dobbins, Acting Superintendent

BY BLANCHE I. GOELL

"'MISS DOBBINS!" Dr. Carter paused in the hospital corridor. "Keep an eye out for a day-laborer who'll come this morning. Put him to bed. I'll make my examination this afternoon and operate to-morrow. Some sort of growth— I haven't time for particulars now."

Miss Dobbins pursed her thin lips as she continued down the stairs. Dr. Carter's brevity annoyed her. She felt that he had never done her justice; but now, during the crisis of the past two days, when an explosion in the near-by quarries had overcrowded the hospital, she believed that she had proved her worth. In the absence of the head nurse, she had been acting superintendent, and she knew she had done well.

So, though very tired, self-satisfaction hovered round her as she went to give some orders before going to her rest. She looked into the reception-room. A woman was moving feverishly about—the mother of a boy being operated on upstairs. Miss Dobbins turned away; such agitation was nothing new to her. Then she discovered an indistinct shape in a dim corner.

"What can I do for you?" she asked in her businesslike manner.

The man in the corner started nervously. He was a foreigner, of the lower classes. His face was wan, his eyes hollow. Dejection spoke from every feature.

"What can I do for you?" she repeated briskly.

A jumble of uncouth sounds assailed her ear. Miss Dobbins frowned. A course in linguistics had not been included in the curriculum of the training-school; but she felt that it was impossible for that excellent institution to have left her deficient in any way. Good training combined with natural executive ability — the unexpected had no terrors for Miss Dobbins.

The man was voluble in a despondent, gesticulating way. He pointed up the stairs, then to himself. Suddenly the acting superintendent's brows relaxed.

"You're Dr. Carter's patient? Very well. Follow me up-stairs."

She led the way. The brighter light of the hall showed him to be both dirty and unkempt. Clearly, a bath was the first thing needed. She piloted him down the long corridor of the third floor and opened a door.

"Go in there," she ordered. "Take a bath. Fresh clothing will be brought you; then you can go to bed."

The man retreated quickly as the open door revealed the spotless tub with its

brightly polished faucets. His hoarse voice rose in excited remonstrance.

"*Wash!*" directed Miss Dobbins curtly, pointing to the tub.

At his blank look she seized a face-cloth and in pantomime scrubbed her face energetically. Now, Miss Dobbins's sallow cheeks were innocent of either dirt or rouge, and the bewildered spectator stared in wonder at the strange antics of this active lady. When she turned her steely blue eyes upon him, he edged away in trepidation. Miss Dobbins followed, waving the face-cloth persistently.

"Wash! *Laver! Waschen!*" By turns she implored, commanded, and explained.

Negations in an uncertain tongue, but of no uncertain character, poured from her stubborn companion. His guttural voice rose harshly; his grimy cheeks quivered with excitement; his whole personality protested dramatically against this blunt affront to his daily habits.

Miss Dobbins had too much executive ability to spend her time in arguing with an obstinate patient. She called to a white-capped nurse at the end of the hall.

"Miss Reed, come here!" Little Miss Reed came, in wonder. Miss Dobbins turned to her in undisguised exasperation. "Do you understand what this fellow is saying? He's Dr. Carter's patient—here for an operation. I think the smell of ether has frightened him."

He turned eagerly toward the newcomer, his dark eyes flashing, his hands spread out imploringly. Miss Reed shook her pretty little head.

"I haven't an idea what he's saying. Hadn't I better get some one who will know?"

"I can't waste my time this way," returned Miss Dobbins sharply. "He must take his bath and get ready for Dr. Carter's examination!"

The three stood there a moment. Then the Spartan spirit which Miss Dobbins inherited from New England ancestors rose in wrath against such insubordination from an uncouth foreign laborer. She put her large, firm hand resolutely on his ragged coat.

"Take his other arm, Miss Reed," she ordered unflinchingly, and, together, the two nurses dragged their expostulating patient through the doorway.

Miss Reed, flushed from her exertions, glanced questioningly at her superior; but the acting superintendent did not falter. Her thin lips protruded as she shot forth each syllable in one last, futile effort to dominate by force of will.

"Bathe—b-a-t-h-e! W-a-s-h!"

He shook his head sullenly, broke into tempestuous speech, swept the room with passionate gestures. Miss Dobbins felt herself being cursed in some wild, unknown language, but she was of heroic mold, and would not waver in her duty.

"I think he's crazy," whispered Miss Reed timidly, shrinking back.

"He's got the foreigners' typical dread of water," said Miss Dobbins contemptuously. "Find an orderly, Miss Reed. Get Johnson—no, he was up all night. Tell Higgins to come, at once."

Miss Reed, glad to escape, sped upon her errand. Miss Dobbins put her back against the door and sighed heavily. One half-hour of her rest period was gone. She glared witheringly upon the unabashed miscreant, and strove to arouse in him some spark of manly contrition.

"This aversion to plain soap and water is the root of most disease!"

She said it gravely, like a high priestess offering some secret of the sanctum, but it fell on unresponsive ears. At that, Miss Dobbins was stirred to action. She moved resolutely to the tub, and set the water gurgling in two pleasant streams.

"The idea of any one's not *wanting* a nice hot bath in such a fine tub!" she exclaimed with deep emotion. There were almost tears in her sharp voice at the depth of such depravity. She pulled herself together at sound of the male nurse's respectful voice. "Put him in Room 43 after his bath, Higgins," she ordered. "All the wards are overcrowded already; there's no room for him there."

Out in the hall, Miss Dobbins hesitated a moment. She needed her rest; but Miss Reed's suggestion worried her. Could it be that the man was crazy? The wildness of his eyes offered some foundation for the thought. What if he should break loose and do some dreadful thing? Miss Dobbins grew rigid at the mere suggestion of such a catastrophe

demolishing the success of her régime in the absence of the superintendent. She would interview the man again. Perhaps the soporific qualities of soap and hot water would have soothed his nerves and made him rational.

She dropped into a chair in the hall and closed her weary eyes for a moment's rest. Presently Miss Reed, coming down the corridor, announced that Higgins had put the man to bed.

"But his eyes are wild—he rolls them here and there! I think—oh, he can't be sane!"

Miss Dobbins frowned upon the little nurse's hysterical outbreak. The overwork of the past two days was sapping the calm discipline upon which the acting superintendent prided herself. She walked down the hall past the ward door, where the narrow white beds showed in unvarying rows, to the door of Room 43. The patient was sitting up in bed, flinging his arms about, and pouring forth passionate words. At sight of Miss Dobbins his face grew vindictive.

"Find some one who can understand him," Miss Dobbins ordered wearily. All the patients from the quarry had not caused half as much annoyance; but in spite of her exhaustion, the acting superintendent's lips tightened. No obnoxious day-laborer should upset the discipline of the hospital which she knew herself so amply qualified to administer. Yet, she was glad when Miss Reed came back, accompanied by one of the house-doctors.

"What does he say, doctor?" she asked droopingly.

The young man knit his brows.

"I know a little German, but it's not that. Still, he looks like a German—or perhaps a Russian. I can't understand."

One by one the attachés of the hospital were summoned to the bedside. The patient greeted each newcomer with expectant eyes and eager questioning; but no one could understand him. Bewildered resignation spread over his face; he dropped back on his pillow and groaned.

Then Dr. Carter came down the corridor and was hastily summoned. He walked toward the man in the bed, who turned languidly, muttering forlornly.

"What's that you're saying?" cried Dr. Carter.

He spoke a few words in a foreign tongue. The man sprang up in bed, grasped his arm, and feverishly began to talk.

"Slower there—slower!" ordered the surgeon.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and listened quietly, occasionally putting in a word, occasionally asking the patient to repeat. Then there was silence; the man gazed at him beseechingly, Dr. Carter promised him something, and he sank back with a gasp of happiness. The doctor still sat on the bedside.

Miss Dobbins's strained nerves were grateful for the silence, but her pale blue eyes looked questioningly at the surgeon's back. Presently, when she saw his broad shoulders shaking, she frowned.

"What did he say?" she demanded irritably.

The surgeon smiled quizzically as he came across the room.

"He said a great deal," he answered slowly. "I can't pretend to do full justice to his eloquence. I'll do my best, however, to give a literal translation of so much as I remember. He said: 'I will buy a ticket back to Russia as soon as ever I get out of this infernal place. The United States! You call them free country? It is not so! I come to pay a call upon my sick brother, who is thrown fifty feet in the quarry. I am no socialist, no anarchist; I am a loving brother come to inquire for the health of another. They seize me, wash me, put me to bed! I have lost a half-day's work, I have lost my clothes, I have lost my money, and I have not seen my brother!'"

"But your patient, doctor!" gasped Miss Dobbins weakly.

"He's no patient of mine. I never saw him before."

Miss Dobbins sank back into a chair. Then the sustaining force of her great executive ability came to her aid.

"Get his clothes, Higgins," she ordered faintly. "When he's dressed, take him to the ward to see his brother."

"No," interrupted Dr. Carter grimly. "Show him the way out. He says that if he can get his clothes again, he'll not wait to see his brother. He might lose the first boat back to Russia!"

THE GRIP OF THE STAGE

BY CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE STAGE," "A PASTEBOARD CROWN," ETC.

"IS not that the strangest thing? How can you explain it?" asked my friend excitedly.

I lifted questioning eyes. She glanced back, over a letter in her hand.

"Out home, an ex-actress, in private life for years and years, has just died, and her very last words were about the theater. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

At that challenge my thoughts went drifting back through the past, picking up a memory here and another yonder, until I had six or seven recollections of women upon whom the grip of the theater was so strong that at the very last, when facing the "open door" into another life, the haunting memory of their working years possessed them. The costumes, the wigs, all the relics of the old masquerade long since laid aside, the tradition remained. Instead of looking forward, their minds went back to the gas-lit boards, and the final words, spoken with slow, death-clogged tongues, showed that they were dying as actresses.

The world at large knows the theater's glitter and glamour, its compelling charm for the outsider; but few realize the strength of its grip upon its followers. Acting, as a profession, is worthy, artistic, generous. Many people enter it from sorrow and great need; and they find there brightness, lightness, hard work that is vivid and intense, a feeling of fraternity, a seeming equality. Above and beyond all else is the ecstasy of the applause won, sweeter to the ears of an actress than could be the music of the spheres—applause that lifts one to the altitude of the gods—applause whose echo never dies in the memory of the applauded.

It was in Cleveland that an old, old actress lay dying. She had been a star, but had fallen from favor, and dropped into obscurity. A cruel disease harried her mercilessly. She was poor; only one person was at her side. He lifted her higher on the pillow, and saw how near she was to the end.

"You are not afraid?" he whispered anxiously.

She lifted her wrinkled hand to brush back a troublesome strand of hair, and muttered impatiently:

"No, no, I'm not afraid; but, oh, how I wish I could have played *Rosalind* better! But I was always too sad—too cold and sad!"

And with that just criticism on her own work, she passed into silence. Her physical torture, her poverty, were ignored. Her mind busy with the old ambition, she with her shriveled skin, her white hair, thought only of that veritable red rose of English girlhood—wilful, sweet *Rosalind*.

"IT IS THE LAST CURTAIN!"

It was quite a young actress and singer whose five final words destroyed an illusion and cast into the dust of unbelief the mythical death-scene of the stage novel. She was not beautiful, but she was blithe, bright, and successful. Only recently a cruel blow had fallen upon her. Swiftly, without warning, death had snatched from her the husband whom she had married in private life, and whom she loved immeasurably. Generously considerate of her company's welfare, loyal to the managers with whom she had contracts, she held bravely on, trying to fill out the season for their sakes, and hoping that when it was over she might abandon herself to the very luxury of grief. She stumbled forward, ever growing whiter and weaker, until like a flash she was down, and struggling

desperately for each quick, shallow breath. From the very first they believed her doomed, for she had neither strength nor spirit left to fight the dread enemy.

"Her last words will be for him," one said positively, with filling eyes.

"Or rather to him," suggested the most sentimental woman present. "She may see him at last, or think so, her constant thoughts being of him."

As the end approached, and she lay wordless, with closed eyes, the doctor drew near and spoke low but distinctly to her. Her fever-parched lips smiled faintly. Feebly she raised her forefinger in the old familiar gesture, warning to silence. He spoke again, and with the smile deepening almost to a ghastly roguishness, she murmured:

"S-s-sh! Wait, wait—it is the last curtain!"

And it was, for her. The traditional death-bed scene had not materialized; before she was wife or widow she had been an actress, and in spite of her great loss and deep grief, her mind was back in the theater, where with her last thought, her last word, her last smile, she contentedly waited the fall of the "last curtain."

A SLAVE OF THE THEATER

Presenting these memories just in the order in which my groping mind recovered them from the past, I come now upon one that is painful because this woman's relation to the theater had become that of an unfortunate on the treadmill. Like a splendid rocket, she had made a blazing rush across the theatrical sky, and then, almost as suddenly, the fire dead, like a burnt and blackened stick she had fallen to the ground.

That figure of speech does not imply that her success was in any way meretricious or artificial; on the contrary, it was honestly won by her vivid and powerful acting. The term "emotional," coined for one who followed in her wake, might well have been applied to her, but she was called a "sensational" actress. Without one beautiful feature, she yet pleased the eye. Her scarlet mouth, her glowing eyes, her masses of dark hair, and a certain picturesque quality, made her more fascinating than mere beauty could have done. She drew packed houses; for some seasons she habitually turned crowds grumbling away.

She was one of the women who work with a kind of divine fury, wearing themselves out utterly—and yet, and yet, often for nearly a week at a time she saw not one dollar of all her great earnings. For she had a husband; she loved him with a blind affection, self-sacrificing to its object—and he gambled.

In a few years he was gone—but alas, too late! The plastic nature of the wife had received the impress of his evil habits. She grew less attractive; she took to coarser plays; she came into encounter with the law in her advertisements and street-posting. Then, poor, broken in health, homeless, childless, she staggered desperately through plays of killing hard work.

"Stop, or die!" warned the doctor.

"Stop, and I must die!" she retorted grimly; and with a certain bitter humor she added: "I saw a weak, worn, old horse fall and die in harness once on Broadway, and I never guessed I was reading my own future. Thanks, doctor, for the advice I cannot follow. Good-by!"

And then one dreadful day she had simply crept through the matinée, and dazed, in a half stupor, had been helped to her comfortless hotel room, where she seemed to collapse utterly. Her leading man, who was also her agent, hurried back to the theater to warn them to change the bill for the night. He was urged to try to push the star through one more performance.

"You can't push an unconscious woman through even such a wild play as this," he replied.

He then sent for the doctor, and hurried back to the unfortunate woman, who lay as she had fallen, on the lounge, still in her street garments. The room was in deep dusk.

"You will not have to act to-night," he said. "You shall rest all day to-morrow, too."

There was no answer. He felt her hands; they were cold. Anxiously he struck a match and lighted a whistling gas-jet. He saw that her hat and veil were still on. At his removing them, she started up, wide-eyed.

"Is it time to go?" she asked.

"No, you are to rest."

"Oh!" she sighed, and let her head fall again. And just then, from somewhere, a clock began striking. She struggled up instantly. "Why, it's theater time—seven o'clock! I can't bear to be late!" And she felt blindly, with both hands. "Give me my bag!" she demanded, and, lifting herself by his shoulder, she kept saying: "I must go! I must go!"

She stood a moment, then fell and spoke no more. The woman in her ruined—the artist in her dead—at the cruel last she was still the driven slave of the theater, whose call she obeyed with her last breath of life!

A SEAMSTRESS WHO DIED A STAR

No case that I know of more perfectly illustrates the mysterious hold of the theater upon the mind and memory of its people than one of a woman who quite recently passed away at an advanced age, and who spoke in her last moments words that were as Greek to the kindly, commonplace neighbors who had watched her through her weary illness.

Many years ago she had aroused much curiosity in theatrical circles, because she was the first star known to have a financial backer. The profession as a body was shocked, for our early theater was reared by merit. Actors used to become stars because of some very exceptional and unusual ability, and a mere money-bought starship was looked upon as derogatory in the extreme. At that time she was perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years old, what an Englishman might call "a fine figure of a woman," with cold, classic, regular features, a strong voice, and a declamatory style. Thanks to her backer, her wardrobe extinguished every gown worn by others, just as her posters dazzled the public eye; but she invariably played to cold and half-empty houses.

There was where the backer failed her. He could dress her, advertise her, pay her losses, but he could not force the public to acquire a taste for her. And so she stalked her way, complaining ever and ever more:

"How cold the house is!" "What a chilly public is yours!" "What a dull audience to-night!"

And yet she clung to the empty signs and symbols of stardom; her name in two-foot type on the bill-boards, her lithographs crowding the shop-windows, and "Star" painted in black on the door of her dressing-room. Verily she fed on husks, yet she never wearied of her diet. Then the friendly backer dropped suddenly from his place among the living. Dependent upon her actual drawing-power, she met ruin within a month, and abandoned her tour.

Still she clung to theatrical life, and for a season or two acted as leading woman in a stock company. But she could not forget she had been a star, nor would she permit any one else to forget it; and she "rubbed in" her past honors with an insistence that proved demoralizing, alike to peace and stage discipline. Finally, managers locked their stage-doors against her, and she retired, dropped her stage-name, resumed her own commonplace cognomen, and finally reached bed-rock as a dressmaker for humble people, who only had their Sunday gowns made by other hands than their own.

A hard, dull life was hers, and a long one. Through all the years she held proudly aloof, utterly silent as to that comparatively brilliant past, and forgotten save by a few contemporaries who wondered, now and then, when and where she had died. Then at last she took off her thimble, the badge of her long servitude, wound up her bobbins and her spools, put her work-table in order, and took silently to her bed. The doctor knew, and she knew, that there was nothing to do but to wait. Her neighbors were sympathetic and kind—poor neighbors always are, God bless them!—and they took turns to watch with her, never wearying, though they were hard workers; and the waiting was very long.

One hot night, with windows stretched wide and fans waving, two tired women sat and watched a third, who lay as she had lain for long hours, motionless. One of the watchers, noting the dryness of the sick lips, passed a bit of orange over them, and fell back to fanning.

Suddenly the waiting one opened her eyes widely. She looked straight forward, and seemed to bow three times—to right, to left, to front. Then, after a

moment's pause, she spoke, in a fretful, complaining tone:

"How very cold the house is!"

The watchers stared in amazement. What could she mean? One tapped her own forehead suggestively.

The woman in the bed spoke again. She shrugged her shoulders, and murmured:

"We're too dimly lighted!" and then suddenly, sharply, and imperatively, she commanded: "Turn up the lights—full!"

For forty years a humble seamstress, she died—a star! Can the fascination of any other profession outlast that forty years' grip of the theater upon a woman's imagination, mind, and memory?

A DEATH-BED VIOLA

One other memory I think I may offer because of the intensely practical nature of the woman in question. She had great beauty, with a perfection of feature that lasted far into age, when her dainty bloom had faded. Absolutely without sensibility or delicacy of feeling, she was laughingly called the "water-horse," because her friends said she had the skin of a rhinoceros, and that no barb could pierce her. She had been married, very young, to an actor. He died, and she married again. She had been for at least ten years a joint star with her first husband; after his death she headed a company of her own. When she ceased to draw, she shed no tears, lost no sleep, but, remarking that she "must keep the children in their convent-school," calmly sought and obtained a position as leading lady.

Years later, when she became too stout to find her own waist-line unassisted, she engaged for old women, ate all she wanted, and laughed in her sleeve at the commercial stars—"factory-made," she preferred to call them—whom she supported heartily and cordially. Probably her first husband's name had not passed her lips for thirty years; perhaps she had never thought of him. She had long been widowed a second time when rheumatism attacked her, and she was obliged to retire finally from the stage. She went to live with a married daughter, and devoted her entire attention to lace-making, planning enough work to blind a dozen pairs of eyes. The word theater never crossed her lips.

"Does she miss it?" repeated the daughter. "Did you ever know mother to have one grain of sentiment about anything or anybody? I do believe she'd feel ashamed if she caught herself remembering the dead. She is so awfully practical—once done with a thing, she's even done with the memory of it."

And so the handsome old woman had some years of comfortable private life, and was still twisting her needle in and out of threads, making dainty weft of lace, when her summons came. As usual she was practical. She decided who should have her sealskin cloak, and who her diamond rings. She directed that her wardrobe should be given to any poor actress who could make use of it.

"Not a spark of sentiment!" sobbed her daughter.

But she was not gone yet—she was a trifle light-headed. Then there came a sharp sinking-spell; a stimulant was administered, and, lying in apparent comfort, she closed her eyes. Presently her lips began to move. Then words were murmured — apparently repeated, over and over again. At last, more plainly formed, came the lines:

> The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Then, still more distinctly enunciated:

> —Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her.

The daughters were dumfounded, stunned — and at last it dawned upon them. The old actress was studying again her far-off girlish triumph, *Viola*. Then she broke off to say, holding out her hand to one whom she alone could see:

"Come, Harry, let's start early, dear, for you know everything I wear to-night is new!"

And with a shiver and a smile she slipped from this world into the next. So once more the theater claimed its meed of remembrance from a dying devotee. The voice that called across the years reached her dull hearing because it was sweet with the triumph of her early youth; and her last responsive backward look was rewarded with a vision of the

long-dead lover husband. And that was the passing of an intensely practical woman.

THE TRAGEDY OF ADAH ISAACS MENKEN

I will let the other instances pass, lest the subject should grow wearisome, though they also bear strong witness to my claim that the minds of most actors and actresses turn, at the close of life, to things theatrical. But one memory may be dwelt upon, I think, because it is that very exception which seems to prove the rule.

Hitherto I have named no names, in order not to wound the feelings of any grieving friend or relative of the dead, who might naturally desire strict privacy for such sacred moments; but this last woman, who is my exception, may be safely named, since her death took place in the very eye of the public. Indeed, the lips of Adah Isaacs Menken were scarcely cold when her final, heart-moving words were in print and buzzing up and down the boulevards of Paris.

Where is the promise of my years
  Once written on my brow—
Ere errors, agonies, and fears
Brought with them all that speak in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers—
  Where sleeps that promise now?

So Adah Isaacs Menken wrote of herself, when in years she was no more than a girl. She was only thirty-three when her stormy life ended—three years younger than was Byron when, in his "yellow leaf," he wrote his famous last poem at Missolonghi. An amazing woman — a sweet, winning woman—a shocking woman! A gifted creature; when she was not in the gutter, her brow was lifted to the stars. Like the pendulum of a strong-ticking clock, she swung free through a great half-circle, with a *tick* at virtue and a *tack* at sin. Tick-tack, tick-tack—good-bad, good-bad—until, quite run down, with one last audacity she raised that piteous reminding cry of "Thou knowest!" to the God whom she had offended while yet she loved, and stood forever midway 'twixt good and bad!

Brilliant and repellent, she could place a brandy-bottle squarely between herself and some Bohemian chum, and fairly drink him down, glass for glass. Then, with a contemptuous glance at him, she would plunge her short curls and flushed face into a basin of water, go out upon the balcony, and gaze long at the stars—gaze until at last she would stumble in, and, falling on her knees, set forth in polished phrase such lines of agonized remorse as filled men's eyes with tears at the reading of them.

Adah Isaacs Menken was a generous woman, giving impulsively, lavishly, as women do who have suffered great privations, for no woman ever forgets the time when she went hungry, and her sympathy with others in like stress is keen to anguish. She was very tender of little children, and bridled her tongue and set a guard upon her lips when they were present. So you see it was tick-tack, good-bad—but let no man judge her, for it was from man's brutality and treachery that her nature, once honest and straightforward, received the cruel twist that turned her into the hard, self-seeking woman who so vengefully used the follies and weaknesses of men at large as stepping-stones by which to climb to wealth and power.

Her husband left her, helpless and penniless, to face alone woman's greatest trial—left her with his farewell showing black on cheek and shoulder. A boarding-house-keeper, Mrs. Symes, stood between the unfortunate and public charity.

"She'll pay if she lives—I'm not worrying—she can keep her room."

"Well, she won't live," said the doctor, "because she's starving herself to keep down the bill. She's not trying to live!"

One day Menken was looking at the scar on her shoulder, and Mrs. Symes said joyfully:

"It's fading away, too, just like the one on your face!"

"It is not fading," Menken answered bitterly. "A man's blow on a woman's body never fades; it sinks inside, and grows blacker and blacker, deeper and deeper."

Then, one day, she seemed changed; her eyes were blazing with a sudden fever of excitement. The landlady lifted her higher on her pillows, and she broke forth with:

"Symes, I have it! I have it at last!

Woman, it's an idea which, carried out, will never leave me poor again! An idea that will set me on horseback in a glorious world, that will give me a tombstone, and keep my name from oblivion! I have no fear of your bill now, Symes —only give me to eat, and pray that my life may be spared!" She caught the woman's arm. "Listen! My idea will set me high above my enemies, and be you my witness, if I live two years through, the world of evil men will find in me a true mistress of the hounds. I shall have the whip in my right hand, and at its crack they shall crouch—if I can but live two years!"

"THOU KNOWEST!"

The idea, which proved to be that of the "female Mazeppa," brought her renewed fame, and gold, and the public devotion of such a genius as the elder Dumas. But a few years later, when her last illness was upon her, she was again alone, her sole companion being her tiny, shivering mite of a dog, which curled into her bosom for warmth.

"No, I am not dead—nor shall I die just yet," she said to her doctor. "I shall know when my end is at hand." She smiled, and drew aside her laces to show the tiny dark head in her bosom. "Dogs fear death, and when this little creature leaves me—I shall know!"

The medical man smiled in superior knowledge — they always do — but next day, at her call, he entered hurriedly. He followed with his eyes Menken's pointing hand. The tiny dog had left the bed, and with frightened backward glances was struggling to get up on the sofa.

"It knows no better," forgivingly gasped the dying woman. "Say what you will, instinct is too strong, doctor!"

For a time she murmured unintelligibly; then she gasped out faintly:

"Doctor—my tombstone—you know —just two words—will say it all." She lifted her eyes, turned her two little palms helplessly outward, and with one great sigh breathed: "Thou knowest!" The actress in her seemed to be submerged beneath the mighty repentance of the woman.

So here I end these memories, not claiming that all passing actors *speak* last words—for many die without last words to say; but I think I have shown that the theater's magic charm is potent with the player even unto death.

ONE SPRING MORE

So many springs have come and fled,
So many glorious springs are dead;
But lo, through winter's open door
Comes Flora, bringing one spring more!

The spring has come how many times?
Been welcomed with how many rimes?
Still, out of snow and rain and roar,
Comes Flora, calling, "One spring more!"

Last spring—that spring of years ago—
We saw our cups of bliss o'erflow—
What perfect buds the joy-boughs bore!
Lo, Flora bearing one spring more!

Oh, spring of springs, oh, dream of dreams,
What rapture through our being teems
The while we guess at gifts in store
In Flora's boon of one spring more!

Oh, memories of other springs!
Oh, hues and scents and songs and wings!
No wonder that I space implorė
To tell of Flora's one spring more!

Clarence Urmy

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF HARVARD

BY FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

INSTRUCTOR IN HISTORY AT SIMMONS COLLEGE

THE announcement, some four months ago, that Charles William Eliot will retire next May from the presidency of Harvard University was an event of large moment in the educational world. But it was far more than that. The presidency of Harvard is an office of such broadly extended influence, and Dr. Eliot, as an incumbent of that office during the past forty years, has taken so large a place in the life of the country at large, that every one has a right to be interested in all that pertains to the position.

The president of Harvard may not at all times be the most conspicuous figure in the American public eye. In an address delivered some weeks ago to a body of Presbyterian clergymen, a well-known New York journalist rather startled his hearers by asserting that if they were suddenly to be informed that President Eliot stood on the right of them and James Jeffries, the pugilist, on the other side, nine-tenths of them would forthwith look instinctively toward the left. This was only a somewhat whimsical method, however, of emphasizing the tendency of metropolitan newspapers to print columns describing a Jeffries fight, while assigning only meager inches of space to the reproduction of a speech by President Eliot in Carnegie Hall. It is undoubtedly true that, taking the people of the United States as one finds them, the very great majority recognize in Dr. Eliot one of the foremost citizens of America, and, by the same token, are interested that the office which he has magnified tenfold in civic influence be maintained upon its present high plane of dignity and efficiency.

When the seven men who constitute the corporation of Harvard College came to choose a successor to the resigning president, the whole trend of opinion, official and otherwise, pointed unmistakably toward one man—Abbott Lawrence Lowell—as the logical candidate for the position. Not that other "receptive" candidates were not considered. A full dozen of them were. There is no evidence, however, that that eminent Harvardian, Theodore Roosevelt, whom the press has persisted in suggesting for the position, was one of the dozen.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, was another man of national reputation more or less prominently mentioned for the place, but he was not regarded as a possible nominee. Those concerning whom there was positive deliberation are all inhabitants of greater Boston—James J. Storrow, financier and public-spirited citizen, who, however, lacked in a measure the academic stamp; Wallace Clement Sabine, dean of Harvard's new Graduate School of Applied Science; Charles H. Haskins, a splendid product of Johns Hopkins and Wisconsin, for several years a leading professor of history at Harvard, and lately become dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences; and, finally, Professor Lowell himself. The choice, as had been clearly forecast, fell upon Professor Lowell, because in him were found to be brought together the widest and most notable range of distinctive qualifications, on the side of administrative ability, scholarship, personality, and blood.

A LOWELL OF THE TENTH GENERATION

To begin with the last-named qualification, Professor Lowell enjoys the advantage—for it is an advantage, even in

a democratic country—of fine American ancestry. He belongs to the tenth generation of Lowells on this side of the Atlantic, and the history of his family has been from first to last one which for solid worth and lofty achievement can be matched by that of very few families in the United States. His grandfather, John Amory Lowell, and his father, Augustus Lowell, were substantial New England captains of industry in the middle and later nineteenth century—great cotton-mill proprietors, promoters of trade, and at the same time men of fine tastes, liberal culture, and conspicuous public spirit. His mother's family, the Lawrences, was scarcely less notable, the grandfather for whom he was named, Abbott Lawrence, being a prominent business man and politician, and for three years, during the administrations of Presidents Taylor and Fillmore, the able representative of the United States at the court of St. James.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL,

PROFESSOR OF THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD, WHO WILL SUCCEED PRESIDENT ELIOT AS HEAD OF THE UNIVERSITY IN MAY NEXT

Not only does Mr. Lowell enjoy the advantage of the very best New England ancestry, but, with reference to his future high office, he possesses the almost essential qualification of being a dyed-in-the wool, glad-of-it Harvard man. It is not

inconceivable that a candidate of sufficiently exceptional qualifications might have been imported from outside the Harvard ranks, but such a thing was very unlikely to happen. Graduated at Harvard with the class of 1877, and in law three years later, Mr. Lowell never for a moment lost touch with the university until, in 1897, he was called to be an instructor, and began to center his best energies in its service. As student in the seventies, as alumnus for upward of two decades, and as instructor for a dozen years, he has always been a whole-hearted college man, vitally interested in college problems and college people, and obviously the sort of individual to throw himself heart and soul into the exacting duties of the high position which he is on the point of assuming.

LAWYER, AUTHOR, AND EDUCATOR

For some seventeen years a very successful practitioner of the law, his scholarly instincts grew keener and more cosmopolitan as time went on, leading him into the path of a man of letters, and eventually making him a university professor. Interested particularly in the vast subject of human government, he wrote several excellent books in this field —notably "The Governments and Parties of Europe," published in 1897, which is by far the most widely used treatise on the subject, and, during the past twelve-months, "The Government of England," a work in every way comparable with Mr. James Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

When he was called to the Harvard faculty, it was with the special task of working out the most effective method of giving instruction in the science of government, a subject which up to that time had been very generally neglected by our colleges and universities. The results were so satisfactory that, in 1900, he was promoted to the professorship which he has held since that date. The influence of his courses on government upon the curriculums of other American institutions, and through them upon the educated citizenship of the country, is simply incalculable. Of Professor Lowell's clarity and authority of exposition, of his originality and popularity as a teacher, and of his international fame as a man of letters, there cannot be the slightest question.

THE NEW PRESIDENT'S PERSONALITY

Like President Eliot, Mr. Lowell is a man of intense personality. What he puts his hand to he does with all his might, and his enthusiasm is of the contagious sort. As a college student, he set for himself a very high standard of industry and efficiency. When he went in for athletics, it was rather for the joy of the contest than for any external glory, though the records show that as a miler and two-miler he was the best distance runner of the college in his generation. He studied even harder than he played, taking honors in mathematics, and receiving substantial recognition in being awarded a "disquisition" on commencement day.

After leaving college, he applied himself to his profession with an assiduity that won him an enormous clientèle while his confrères were struggling to get a start. He cannot claim, of course, to be what we ordinarily think of as a self-made man; but in the larger sense he is such, in that he has never permitted inherited wealth to deprive him of the pleasure of hard work, and has hewn out a career quite independent of its advantages. If, with the capital at his command, and with the keen business sense which he inherited from two sets of ancestors, he had started out thirty years ago to amass wealth, he might very possibly have been one of the richest men in America to-day. As it is, he has chosen to administer the fortune that came to him precisely as if it were a public trust, and the making of money has been with him a very inconsiderable interest.

Such a man can hardly fail to be at heart a thoroughgoing democrat, and nobody who knows Lowell can think of him as anything else. A polished and well-groomed gentleman, crisp and matter-of-fact in manner, he is always approachable, sympathetic, whole-hearted. It is undoubtedly true that the mass of the students at Harvard do not know him as well as they know certain of his colleagues; but during his ten years' service as a member of the faculty he has been active and influential in uni-

versity affairs, and his Marlborough Street residence has been the scene of repeated festivities of all sorts, in which the students were expected to participate. He has yet, of course, to make for himself, in the heart of the student body and in that of the Harvard fraternity everywhere, the place that President Eliot has made; but there can be small doubt that in time he will do it.

A MAN OF THE GREAT WORLD

As to the world outside, Mr. Lowell's view of it is cosmopolitan, his interest in it intense, his contact with it close. He does not belong at all to that type of academician whose tastes and very aims of existence are bound up absolutely and irrevocably in one particular field of study. Such a man has his uses, but he would not be the sort of individual for the Harvard presidency. Mr. Lowell is a scholar of the first order, and he knows scholarship when he sees it; but he is first of all a progressive, liberal-minded, productive citizen.

Finally, he possesses that absolutely indispensable qualification of the twentieth-century university president, the ability to organize and administer men and affairs. The great university of today — the Harvard, the Columbia, the Chicago—is a world in itself, with millions of dollars' worth of property to be looked after, with from five to six thousand students to be regulated and provided with the largest range of discipline and opportunity, with faculties comprising hundreds of men of all grades, interests, and degrees of compatibility to be correlated and controlled; with graduate schools to be built up, summer sessions to be maintained, extension facilities to be provided, and what not—all devolving, in the final analysis, very largely upon the president himself.

At Harvard, the burden of responsibility during the next twenty-five years is likely to be particularly taxing. In not a few respects the university stands upon the threshold of a new era, very much as it did in 1869, when Charles William Eliot was elevated to the presidency. Nobody expects it in the next forty years to undergo the changes, or to embark upon the innovations, that have made its history memorable under the guiding hand of Dr. Eliot. But the coming quarter-century will bring plenty of its own problems, in addition to those inherited by the new administration from the old one.

PROBLEMS FOR THE NEW PRESIDENT

In this period will be determined, for example, the possibility of maintaining at Harvard what, after all, is the only true sort of university—one, that is, in which the absolute requirement for admission to every graduate department is the bearing of the bachelor's degree from some reputable college. In this same period will be determined, too, the utility in our American civilization of provision for the advanced study, on the theoretical side, of the principles and methods of business, such as has been offered at Harvard for the first time this year in the new Graduate School of Business Administration.

In the third place, the next few years will bring to the university the enormous bequest left to it by Mr. George McKay for the advancement of the study of applied science, and it will be necessary to concentrate more attention upon that important field of work than has yet been done in any of our institutions, save perhaps two or three of our best technical colleges. And, in the fourth place, the period which may fairly be expected to be covered by President Lowell's administration will determine whether or not Harvard is to remain what most people still concede her to be, the foremost of American universities.

The institution is just now on the point, for the first time in a hundred years, of falling from first place in the matter of numbers — a contingency for which the more rapid growth of certain of her sister institutions, particularly the State universities of the Middle West, is primarily responsible. Nothing can be more obvious, of course, than that the rank of an institution of learning does not depend upon the number of its students, or even of its instructors. But in the case of Harvard the matter of numbers is indirectly vital, because if the institution is still to be the representative for America of all that is best in university organization and life, its constituency must be broadly representative

of the country as a whole. It must not be allowed to shrink up into a mere New England institution, or even an exclusively Eastern one.

That the authorities realize this very keenly to-day may be inferred from the special effort that is being made, largely through the organization of Harvard clubs, and the frequent speaking excursions of university officials throughout the country, to keep alive and to stimulate the national interest in Harvard. The avowed friend of every reputable college and university from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Harvard of to-day is frankly unwilling to sit idly by and yield into other hands that hold upon the United States at large, and the opportunity for service which arises from it, which for so many generations has been her dearest possession.

These are some of the problems and conditions with which the Harvard president of the ensuing generation will be called upon to deal. Obviously, their solution will demand a very unusual degree of administrative capacity and solid business sense, as well as academic information.

Fortunately, Mr. Lowell is a trained administrator. If he were not, it is at least doubtful whether he could have been elected to his new position. As sole trustee, since 1900, of the Lowell Institute in Boston, he has had entire charge of a unique and rapidly expanding institution for popular education. As a member for many years of the executive committee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he has been in close touch with the details of the administration of a great school of applied science, such as Harvard proposes to build up with the McKay millions when they become available. And as a member for a decade of the Harvard faculty, deferred to in matters of university government and policy as few of his colleagues have been, it may be assumed that he has already had occasion not merely to display his genius for administrative work, but to acquire invaluable experience in it.

Equipped with the spirit of the scholar, the ideals of the lofty-minded citizen, and the practical grasp of the business magnate, Mr. Lowell seems, indeed, to offer a degree of adaptation to his future career which is rarely paralleled in public or private life.

THE AWAKENING

When life had lost its earlier glow,
  And youth and joy had fled;
When memory was a specter dark,
  And hope a fledgling dead—
Then suddenly, across the night,
  There flashed a beacon blue
Of unimagined dawn, and I
  Awoke to love and you!

Your eyes were morning stars, your hand
  A guide to teach the way
Out of the darkness where I fell
  Up to the peaks of day;
Back through the web of wasted years
  You led me, reconciled,
Though I was a man with the eyes of a man,
  And you were a little child.

The good, we say, know only good;
  But we, who dare to do
Whatever thing our souls desire,
  Know good and evil, too;
Yet when, with love upon their lips,
  They answer to our call,
Oh, then I think the pure in heart
  Are wisest of us all!

Reginald Wright Kauffman

THE HEYDAY OF THE BLOOD

BY STANLEY CRENSHAW

AUTHOR OF "THE PLUMBER'S DAUGHTER," "THE PLATONIC FRIENDS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CASSEL

AFTER wandering miserably about the brightly lighted reading-rooms and up and down the marble stairs of his favorite club, Edwin Dellman, the famous actor, betook himself into the smallest of the writing-rooms, a little alcove only large enough for a table, a hearth-fire, and a couple of chairs. He turned off the electric-light with a gesture of impatience, and stood frowning palely down at the sea-coal fire. His long, clean-shaven face twitched unpleasantly from time to time—an evidence of unstrung nerves which he tried in vain to control by passing his thin white hand over his mouth and chin and swallowing hard.

The click of wind-driven hail on the window drew him for a moment to look listlessly out at the city below him, glowing red under the thick storm-cloud like a banked fire ready to break out into flame. When he turned back he sat down heavily in a chair and stared fixedly before him.

A man passing outside the door put his head in, smiling, and evidently about to call out some cheerful greeting. At the sight of the actor's face he gave a shocked exclamation. Stepping quickly into the room, he closed the door after him, shutting the two into the twilight of the steadily glowing coals.

"What's the matter with *you,* Dr. Mallory?" said Dellman, looking at him resentfully and not changing his attitude.

The newcomer disposed an angular, vigorous body in the other chair, and said quietly:

"I am the only sensible nerve specialist in the country, as well as a good friend of yours, so there's no use trying to bluff me. What has happened to you these three months I've been away?"

Dellman shook his head and compressed his mouth obstinately. Dr. Mallory's firm lips closed as tightly, and he reached across the table to lay his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Come, Eddie!" he said, using the name of their common youth.

At the touch the actor shivered, and with a look like a frightened child he sprang up as if to retreat.

"No, no! Don't make me talk of it—I shall break down! The only way is to keep it to myself. It's nothing—fancies—morbid ideas! And there's no use in telling you; I know what you would say. They all say the same thing. You would tell me to take a long rest—a complete rest and change; but I've just come from two months in a sanatorium, where I've been getting worse all the time."

"Confound the man who invented sanatoriums!" cried Mallory heartily. "If a well man should spend two months in one, he'd come out a raving maniac!"

Dellman's reserve gave way with a deep-drawn gasp. He took hold of the other's ugly, strong hand and gripped it as he whispered:

"I've lost my nerve, Mallory. I'm afraid—I'm frightened to death!"

"What of?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it's nothing indefinite—I've been told frankly enough what's coming. The specialists say that the strain of my profession has been too much for my nerves. The least excess of mental effort or emotion will bring on such a state of nervous excitement that—well, softening of the brain is what they mean, though they don't say it. You remember poor

Peterson playing cup and ball, and having to be fed like a baby?"

Dellman flung out his hands with a sudden gesture so eloquent of his sick horror that the keen eyes watching him blinked rapidly for an instant.

promise not to think of anything but food and clothes and occupations for idiots, like golf or gardening, for fear that any other subject might start me to using up that little remnant of gray matter which is all that stands between me and—

"HE USED TO REMARK TRIUMPHANTLY THAT HE HAD NOW OUTLIVED SIX DOCTORS WHO HAD EACH GIVEN HIM BUT A YEAR OR MORE TO LIVE"

"Who tells you all this?"

"Everybody—every nerve doctor in the country recommends rest—more rest—the penalty, if I don't, being the quicker approach of that nightmare. And I just out from two months of 'rest' that were like Gehenna, every day of them! I'm not to think of my profession for years, they say. *You* know, Mallory, how I've never thought of anything else! A manager in England has been writing and cabling me to play the next three months in London—something I've always longed to do. He's to get his final answer to-night. There is my series of popular Shakespearian performances that I've planned so long—I've just got the money to start them, but I am afraid even to think of them. They have made me

Why, I'm in hell, I tell you—a perfect hell of ignoble terror!"

II

He sat silent, his face hidden in his hands. The other man wiped the sweat from his forehead, although the room was cool, gave an exclamation, which he checked before full utterance, and took a turn or two about the room. When he spoke, however, it was with a cheerful, casual quality in his voice which made the actor look up at him, surprised.

"You don't suppose your friends the nerve doctors would object to my telling you a story, do you? It's very quiet and unexciting, and you're not too busy?"

"Busy! I've forgotten the meaning of the word. I don't dare be. Every day

is as infernally long as a bad dream, and the evenings — the evenings like this, when, ever since I can remember, I've been playing—you can see for yourself what the evenings are like!"

"Very well, then; I mean to pass this one away for you by carrying you back to the stony little farm in the Green Mountains, where I had the extreme good luck to be born and raised. You've heard me speak of Hillsboro'; and the story is all about my great-grandfather, who came to live with us when I was a little boy."

"Your great-grandfather?" said the actor incredulously. "People don't remember their great-grandfathers!"

"Oh, yes, they do, in Vermont. There was my father on one farm, and my grandfather on another, without a thought that he was no longer young, and there was 'gran'ther,' as we called him, eighty-eight years old and just persuaded to settle back, let his descendants take care of him, and consent to be an old man. He had been in the War of 1812 —think of that, you mushroom!—and had lost an arm and a good deal of his health there. He had lately begun to get a pension of twelve dollars a month, so that for an old man he was quite independent financially, as poor Vermont farmers look at things; and he was a most extraordinary character, so that his arrival in our family was quite an event.

"He took precedence at once of the oldest man in the township, who was only eighty-four and not very bright. I can remember bragging at school about Gran'ther Pendleton, who'd be eighty-nine come next Woodchuck Day, and could see to read without his glasses. He had been ailing all his life, ever since the fever he took in the war. He used to remark triumphantly that he had now outlived six doctors who had each given him but a year or more to live; 'and the seventh is going downhill fast, so I hear!' This last was his never-failing answer to the attempts of my conscientious mother and anxious, dutiful father to check the old man's reckless indifference to any of the rules of hygiene.

"They were good disciplinarians with their children, and this naughty old man, who would give his weak stomach frightful attacks of indigestion by stealing out to the pantry and devouring a whole mince-pie because he had been refused two pieces at the table—this rebellious, unreasonable, whimsical old madcap was an electric element in our quiet, orderly life. He insisted on going to every picnic and church sociable, where he ate recklessly of all the indigestible dainties he could lay his hands on, stood in drafts, tired himself to the verge of fainting away by playing games with the children, and returned home, exhausted, animated, and quite ready to pay the price of a day in bed, groaning and screaming out with pain as heartily and unaffectedly as he had laughed with the pretty girls the evening before.

"The climax came, however, in the middle of August, when he announced his desire to go to the county fair, held some fourteen miles down the valley from our farm. Father never dared let gran'ther go anywhere without himself accompanying the old man, but he was perfectly sincere in saying that it was not because he could not spare a day from the haying that he refused pointblank to consider it. The doctor who had been taking care of gran'ther since he came to live with us said that it would be crazy to think of such a thing. He added that the wonder was that gran'ther lived at all, for his heart was all wrong, his asthma was enough to kill a young man, and he had no digestion; in short, if father wished to kill his old grandfather, there was no surer way than to drive fourteen miles in the heat of August to the noisy excitement of a county fair.

"So father for once said 'No,' in the tone that we children had come to recognize as final. Gran'ther grimly tied a knot in his empty sleeve—a curious, enigmatic mode of his to express strong emotion—put his one hand on his cane, and his chin on his hand, and withdrew himself into that incalculable distance from the life about him where very old people spend so many hours.

"He did not emerge from this until one morning toward the middle of fair-week, when all the rest of the family were away—father and the bigger boys on the far-off upland meadows haying, and mother and the girls off blackberrying. I was too little to be of any help, so I had been left to wait on gran'ther, and to set out our lunch of bread and milk and

huckleberries. We had not been alone half an hour when gran'ther sent me to extract, from under the mattress of his bed, the wallet in which he kept his pension money. There was six dollars and forty-three cents—he counted it over carefully, sticking out his tongue like a schoolboy doing a sum, and when he had finished he began to laugh and snap his fingers and sing out in his high, cracked old voice:

"'We're goin' to go a sky-larkin'! Little Jo Mallory is going to the county fair with his Gran'ther Pendleton, an' he's goin' to have more fun than ever was in the world, and he—'

"'But, gran'ther, father said we mustn't!' I protested, horrified.

"'But I say we *shall!* I was your gre't-gran'ther long before he was your feyther, and anyway I'm here and he's not—so, *march!* Out to the barn!'

"He took me by the collar, and, executing a shuffling fandango of triumph, he pushed me ahead of him to the stable, where old white Peggy, the only horse left at home, looked at us amazed.

"'But it'll be twenty-eight miles, and Peg's never driven over eight!' I cried, my old-established world of rules and orders reeling before my eyes.

"'Eight—and—twenty-eight!
But I—am—*eighty*-eight!'

"Gran'ther improvised a sort of whooping chant of scorn as he pulled the harness from the peg. 'It'll do her good to drink some pink lemonade—old Peggy! An' if she gits tired comin' home, I'll git out and carry her part way myself!'

"His adventurous spirit was irresistible. I made no further objection, and we hitched up together, I standing on a chair to fix the check-rein, and gran'ther doing wonders with his one hand. Then, just as we were—gran'ther in a hickory shirt, and with an old hat flapping over his wizened face; I bare-legged, in ragged old clothes—so we drove out of the grassy yard, down the steep, stony hill that led to the main valley road, and along the hot white turnpike, deep with the dust which had been stirred up by the teams on their way to the fair. Gran'ther sniffed the air jubilantly, and exchanged hilarious greetings with the people who constantly overtook old Peg's jogging trot. Between times he regaled me with spicy stories of the hundreds of thousands—they seemed no less numerous to me then—of county fairs he had attended in his youth. He was horrified to find that I had never been even to one.

"'Why, Joey, how old be ye? 'Most eight, ain't it? When I was your age I had run away and been to two fairs an' a hangin'.'

"'But didn't they lick you when you got home?' I asked shudderingly.

"'You *bet* they did!' cried gran'ther with gusto.

"I felt the world changing into an infinitely larger place with every word he said. It was dizzying to have him thus jauntily sweep away the narrow boundaries of authority and lead me, elate and excited, into a new universe of hitherto forbidden joys.

"'Now, this is somethin' *like!*' he exclaimed, as we drew near to Granville and fell into a procession of wagons all filled with country people in their best clothes, who looked with friendly curiosity at the little, shriveled cripple, his face shining with perspiring animation, and at the little boy beside him, his bare feet dangling high above the floor of the battered buckboard, overcome with the responsibility of driving a horse for the first time in his life, and filled with such a flood of new emotions and ideas that he must have been quite pale."

III

Dr. Mallory leaned back in his luxuriously padded leather chair, beside the elaborately fitted mahogany writing-table, and laughed aloud at the vision he had been evoking—laughed with so joyous a relish in his reminiscences that the drawn, impatient face of his listener relaxed a little. The actor's thin hands dropped from the arms of the chair which they had been gripping so tensely that the blue veins stood out. He drew a long breath, he even smiled a little absently.

"Oh, that was a day!" went on the doctor, still laughing and wiping his eyes. "Never will I have such another! At the entrance to the grounds gran'ther stopped me while he solemnly untied the knot in his empty sleeve. I don't know what kind of harebrained vow he had tied up in it, but with the little ceremony dis-

appeared every trace of restraint, and we plunged head over ears into the saturnalia of delights that was an old-time county fair.

"People had little cash in those days, and gran'ther's six dollars and forty-three cents lasted like the widow's cruse of oil. We went to see the fat lady, who, if she was really as big as she looked to me then, must have weighed at least a ton. My admiration for gran'ther's daredevil qualities rose to infinity when he entered into free-and-easy talk with her, about how much she ate, and could she raise her arms enough to do up her own hair, and how many yards of velvet it took to make her gorgeous, gold-trimmed robe. She laughed a great deal at us, but she was evidently touched by his human interest, for she confided to him that it was not velvet at all, but furniture-covering; and when we went away she pressed on us a bag of peanuts. She said she had more than she could eat—a state of unbridled opulence which fitted in for me with all the other superlatives of that day.

"We saw the dog-faced boy, whom we did not like at all; gran'ther expressing, with a candidly outspoken cynicism, his belief that 'them whiskers was glued to him.' We wandered about the stock exhibit, gazing at the monstrous oxen, and hanging over the railings where the prize pigs lived to scratch their backs. In order to miss nothing, we even conscientiously passed through the Woman's Building, where we were very much bored by the serried ranks of preserve-jars.

"'Sufferin' Hezekiah!' cried gran'ther irritably. 'Who cares how gooseberry-jel *looks?* If they'd give a felly a taste, now—'

"This reminded him that we were hungry, and we went to a restaurant under a tent, where, after taking stock of the wealth that yet remained of gran'ther's hoard, he ordered the most expensive things on the bill of fare."

"I MADE NO FURTHER OBJECTION, AND WE HITCHED UP TOGETHER"

Dr. Mallory suddenly laughed out again. "Perhaps in heaven, but certainly not until then, shall I ever taste anything so ambrosial as that fried chicken and coffee ice-cream! I have not lived in vain that I have such a memory back of me!"

This time the actor laughed with the narrator, settling back in his chair as the doctor went on:

"After lunch we rode on the merry-go-round, both of us, gran'ther clinging desperately with his one hand to his red camel's wooden hump, and crying out shrilly to me to be sure and not lose his cane. The merry-go-round had just come in at that time, and gran'ther had never experienced it before. After the first giddy flight we retired to a lemonade-stand to exchange impressions, and finding that we both alike had fallen completely under the spell of the new sensation, gran'ther said that we 'sh'd keep on a ridin' till we'd had enough! King Solomon couldn't tell when we'd ever git a chance again!' So we returned to the charge, and rode and rode and rode, through blinding clouds of happy excitement, so it seems to me now, such as I was never to know again. The sweat was pouring off from us, and we had tried all the different animals on the machine before we could tear ourselves away to follow the crowd to the race-track.

"We took reserved seats, which cost a quarter apiece, instead of the unshaded ten-cent benches, and gran'ther began at once to pour out to me a flood of horse-talk and knowing race-track aphorisms, which finally made a young fellow sitting next to us laugh superciliously. Gran'ther turned on him heatedly.

"'I bet-che fifty cents I pick the winner in the next race!' he said sportily.

"'Done!' said the other, still laughing.

"Gran'ther picked a big black mare, who came in almost last, but he did not flinch. As he paid over the half-dollar he said: 'Everybody's likely to make mistakes about *some* things; King Solomon was a fool in the head about women-folks! I bet-che a dollar I pick the winner in *this* race!' and 'Done!' said the disagreeable young man, still laughing. I gasped, for I knew we had only eighty-seven cents left, but gran'ther shot me a command to silence out of the corner of his eyes, and announced that he bet on the sorrel gelding.

"If I live to be a hundred and break the bank at Monte Carlo three times a week," said Dr. Mallory, shaking his head reminiscently, "I could not know a tenth part of the frantic, choking excitement of that race or of the mad triumph when our horse won. Gran'ther cast his hat upon the ground, screaming like a steam-calliope with exultation as the sorrel swept past the judges' stand ahead of all the others, and I jumped up and down in a perfect agony of delight which was almost more than my little body could hold.

"After that we went away, feeling that the world could hold nothing more glorious. It was five o'clock, and we decided to start back. We paid for Peggy's dinner out of the dollar we had won on the race—I say 'we,' for by that time we were welded into one organism—and we still had a dollar and a quarter left. 'While ye're about it, always go the whole hog!' said gran'ther, and we spent twenty minutes in laying out that money in trinkets for all the folks at home. Then, dusty, penniless, laden with bundles, we bestowed our exhausted bodies and our uplifted hearts in the old buckboard, and turned Peg's head toward the mountains. We did not talk much during that drive, and though I thought at the time only of the carnival of joy we had left, I can now recall every detail of the trip—how the sun sank behind Indian Mountain, a peak I had known before only through distant views; then, as we journeyed on, how the stars came out above Hemlock Mountain, behind our house—our own home mountain; and later, how the fireflies filled the darkening meadows along the river below us, so that we seemed to be floating between the steady stars of heaven and their dancing, twinkling reflection in the valley.

"Gran'ther's dauntless spirit still surrounded me. I put out of mind doubts of our reception at home, and lost myself in delightful ruminatings on the splendors of the day. At first, every once in a while, gran'ther made a brief remark, such as, ''Twas the hind-quarters of the sorrel I bet on. He was the only one in the hull kit and bilin' of 'em that his quarters didn't fall away'; or, 'You

needn't tell *me* that them Siamese twins ain't unpinned every night as separate as you and me!' But later on, as the damp evening air began to bring on his asthma, he subsided into silence, only broken by great gasping coughs.

"These were heard by the anxious, heart-sick watchers at home, and as old Peg stumbled wearily up the hill, father came running down to meet us. 'Where you be'n?' he demanded, his face pale and stern in the light of his lantern. 'We be'n to the county fair!' croaked gran'ther with a last flare of triumph, and fell over sideways against me. Old Peg stopped short, hanging her head as if she, too, were at the limit of her strength. I was frightfully tired myself, and frozen with terror of what father would say. Gran'ther's collapse was the last straw. I began to cry loudly, but father ignored my distress with an indifference which cut me to the heart. He lifted gran'ther out of the buckboard, carrying the unconscious little old body into the house without a glance backward at me. But when I crawled down to the ground, sobbing and digging my fists into my eyes, I felt mother's arms close around me.

"'Oh, poor, naughty little Joey!' she said. 'Mother's bad, dear little boy!'"

Dr. Mallory stopped short.

"Perhaps that's something else I'll know again in heaven," he said soberly, and waited a moment before he went on: "Well, that was the end of our day. I was so worn out that I fell asleep over my supper, in spite of the excitement in the house about sending for a doctor for gran'ther, who was, so one of my awe-struck sisters told me, having some kind of 'fits.' Mother must have put me to bed, for the next thing I remember, she was shaking me by the shoulder and saying, 'Wake up, Joey. Your great-grandfather wants to speak to you. He's been suffering terribly all night, and the doctor thinks he's dying.'

"SHE CONFIDED TO HIM THAT IT WAS NOT VELVET AT ALL, BUT FURNITURE-COVERING"

"I followed her into gran'ther's room, where the family was assembled about the bed. Gran'ther lay drawn up in a ball, groaning so dreadfully that I felt an icy chill at the roots of my hair; but a moment or two after I came in, all at once he gave a great sigh and relaxed, stretching out his legs and laying his arms down on the coverlid. He looked at me and attempted a smile.

"'Well, it was wuth it, warn't it, Joey?' he said gallantly, and closed his eyes peacefully to sleep."

"Did he die?" asked the actor, leaning forward eagerly.

"Die? Gran'ther Pendleton? Not much! He came tottering down to breakfast the next morning, as white as an old ghost, with no voice left, his legs trembling under him, but he kept the

whole family an hour and a half at the table, telling them in a loud whisper all about the fair, until father said really he would have to take us to the one next year. Afterward he sat out on the porch watching old Peg graze around the yard. I thought he was in one of his absent-minded fits, but when I came out, he called me to him, and, setting his lips to my ear, he whispered:

"'An' the seventh is a goin' down-hill fast, so I hear!' He chuckled to himself over this for some time, wagging his head feebly, and then he said: 'I tell ye, Joey, I've lived a long time, and I've larned a lot about the way folks is made. The trouble with most of 'em is, they're 'fraid-cats! As Jeroboam Warner used to say—he was in the same rigiment with me in 1812—the only way to manage this business of livin' is to give a whoop and let her rip! If ye just about half-live, ye just the same as half-die; and if ye spend yer time half-dyin', some day ye turn in and die all over, without rightly meanin' to at all—just a kind o' bad habit ye've got yerself inter.' Gran'ther fell into a meditative silence for a moment. 'Jeroboam, he said that the evenin' before the battle of Lundy's Lane, and he got killed the next day. Some live, and some die; but folks that live all over die happy, anyhow! Now I tell you what's my motto, an' what I've lived to be eighty-eight on—'"

Dr. Mallory stood up in the dusk of the little room, and, towering over the actor, struck one hand into the other as he cried: "This was the motto he told me: 'Live while you live, and then die and be done with it!'"

IV

THE coals had died down to a dull glow, and the room was so dark that neither could see the other's face. There was a long silence, broken by the opening of the door and the appearance, in the light streaming in from the hall, of a club servant in uniform. He spoke in a discreetly modulated tone.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen, but is Mr."—he consulted an envelope in his hand—"is Mr. E. S. Dellman here? A cablegram, with answer required, has just arrived for him."

The actor sprang to his feet.

"It's for me!" he said briskly, turning on the electric light.

After he had read the message, he motioned the servant to wait, and sat down to write an answer. When he handed back the paper, he said:

"Please read it aloud, so that I can be sure they get it straight at the office."

The other read in a droning monotone:

"Your—offer—accepted—begin—preparations—at—once—I—sail—by—next—steamer.—E. S. D."

"All right for you!" said Dellman, giving him a bill. "Run along now and get it sent quick!" He turned back to Dr. Mallory, who was wiping his forehead again and smiling at him in a fatigued silence. "Good-by, doctor," he said, wringing his hand. "I have a lot to do in a short time. I must be off!" He looked at his friend with a quick, ineffable flush of gratitude. "I can't say—I—oh, never mind! You know what I mean!"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I think I know."

At the door the actor turned.

"How long did he live?" he asked, smiling.

"Gran'ther Pendleton? Oh, he lived to be ninety-three, and then died of a tree falling on him," said the doctor.

THE FLOWER AT HIS DOOR

HE climbed upon a hill to scatter seeds
  Of flowers that he loved, and hoped to find
A happy harvest to fulfil his needs;
  He prayed the distant meadows to be kind.

And kind they were; but, when his limbs grew old—
  When he could climb the steeper ways no more—
Only one flower his weary hands could hold,
  That grew, by chance, beside his cottage-door.

Marguerite Ogden Bigelow

A STUDY IN PALMISTRY

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF OTTO SCHMALZ, PREVENTER OF CRIME

BY WALTER HACKETT

AUTHOR OF "THE THEFT OF THE DUDLEY DIAMONDS"

NO episode in the career of Herr Otto Schmalz, the preventer of crime, better illustrates his unique methods than his singular adventure at the Greystone dinner.

That affair was, in fact, given in his honor, his connection with the theft of the Dudley diamonds having given him so great a notoriety as to make him a desirable lion. Nevertheless, I accompanied him thither—Mr. Greystone had secured his attendance through my intervention—with many gloomy forebodings; for his extreme stoutness, his childish and overmincing vanity, and his unfortunate habit of falling asleep at the most inopportune times—a disease resulting from defective circulation — made him seem anything but a desirable dinner-guest.

His conduct at the table confirmed my fears, for in drinking his soup he managed to make a most terrific and awe-inspiring noise, besides spilling most of the liquid upon his shirt-front. Before his plate was removed, he fell asleep, and despite all my efforts he did not wake again until the duck was placed before him. Then, for the first time during the dinner, he spoke. He complained, with a petulant querulousness, that the duck was cold; after which he once more sank into slumber.

His conduct well-nigh drove Mrs. Greystone to despair — a feeling which she took no pains to hide—for she had bidden a brilliant company of guests to meet Herr Schmalz. With the unreasonableness of her sex, she held me to blame for the failure of her lion, calmly shifting to my shoulders the task of turning the dismal affair into a success.

I strove to do this with all my powers, but made no progress. No topic that I could mention seemed to excite general interest. By the time dessert was served I was prepared to abandon my efforts, when by a lucky chance I brought up the subject of palmistry.

In an instant there was a stir of interest. Every woman present was leaning forward eagerly, and a general discussion upon the question was precipitated. Without exception the women expressed their belief in the chiromantic art, while to a man the opposite sex scoffed at such a superstition.

It was this argument that awoke Herr Schmalz for the second time. He listened a space, his little eyes blinking sleepily behind his strong-lensed spectacles in silence. Then, suddenly, his heavy, guttural German voice boomed out above the other speakers.

"Palmistry," he declared in his precise foreign English, "is an exact science —so exact as mathematics."

With this he attacked his *café parfait* voraciously. A surprised silence followed his dictum. Then one of the men —Montgomery Morgan, the great steel magnate—leaned across the table and addressed him.

"Herr Schmalz," he said, making no effort to hide the contempt in his voice, "perhaps you are prepared to prove that statement."

The preventer of crime finished his ice with one gulp, and pushed the glass away. Then he glanced at Morgan.

"Give me your hand," he ordered.

The latter rose and, coming around the table, did as he was bid. For a mo-

ment Schmalz held the hand to the light, and scrutinized it carefully. When he had done, he dropped it, turned to the rest of us, and launched into a disquisition upon Morgan's character and habits.

Every one of us present knew him intimately, and each of us recognized the truthfulness of Schmalz's assertions, remorseless and scathing as they were. Morgan himself, having returned to his chair, listened with white face and angry, compressed lips.

As Schmalz finished, he looked around at the other men.

"Have I convinced you?" he inquired.

None of them answered. None of them volunteered to ask for another test. The victory was his. Observing this, he was about to settle himself for another nap, when a woman at the farther end of the table rose quickly to her feet.

"Herr Schmalz," she cried, "do read my hand, won't you?"

Her action proved contagious. A moment later all the women in the room had gathered about him, eagerly asking him to study their hands. Their importunity tickled his vanity tremendously. His great flabby face, childish beneath the dome-shaped head, wrinkled itself in one vast grin of delight as he consented. In turn, he read each palm with a frankness which, but for the gales of laughter that greeted his awkward revelations, might have caused no little ill-feeling.

At last all the women had passed before him but Margaret Heywood, a beautiful girl of twenty. He took her hand with the same careless manner as the others; but after one hasty glance into the palm, I saw him wrinkle his brows and bend closely over it. Then, rising, he stood face to face with its owner.

"I will tell nothing but the truth in what I see in the hand," he said to her; and then, pausing ever so slightly, he added: "So I can tell you nothing."

A dead silence followed these remarkable words. The girl's face flushed crimson, and then slowly faded to a frightened white.

"I do not understand," she managed to say finally.

He turned abruptly from her.

"It is not necessary that you should," was his curt rejoinder.

"But," she continued, laying her hand upon his arm and holding her other hand open before him, "I insist that you tell me what you see—there."

We all leaned forward breathlessly to hear his answer. He did not give it at once, but stood staring through his great spectacles at the girl. At last, with an impatient gesture, he turned from her.

"I will tell you nothing," he said petulantly, and, settling his great body into a chair, went peacefully to sleep.

II

We gazed at him, and at the white-faced girl standing beside him, but no one spoke. In fact, the thing had grown very awkward. It was Mrs. Greystone who at last saved the day.

"Come, Margaret," she said, rising and giving the signal to leave the men to their cigars, "we will leave Herr Schmalz to his wine. After it he will no doubt be in a more agreeable mood, and we will all unite in insisting that he reveal to us your dark secret."

Placing her arm about the girl's waist, she led her gently through the door of the drawing-room, the rest of the ladies rustling after her. When all of them had vanished, Morgan rose to his feet and closed the door behind them. Then he turned toward us.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed in a voice that thrilled with anger, "never have I seen so outrageous a wrong done to a defenseless woman as this — this" — his hand trembled excitedly as he pointed at the sleeping Schmalz — "this mountebank"—he fairly shouted the epithet—"has committed upon Miss Heywood. It is our duty to demand an explanation."

He paused and glanced about the table. Every man bowed an assent to his proposition. Though we knew that he was prompted by his anger at Schmalz's analysis of his character, we realized that Morgan's position was unassailable. Observing our acquiescence, he crossed to where the preventer of crime was peacefully snoozing.

"Mr. Schmalz!" he thundered.

There was no answer. The fat man dozed peacefully on. Morgan touched him, but without effect. At last, in exasperation, he seized his arm and shook him until Schmalz's huge body heaved and rolled like a great mold of jelly. This

secured the desired result. Schmalz sleepily opened his eyes and crossly demanded:

"Vell, vell, vass iss?" It was only when first awakened that he deviated from his scrupulously perfect English.

"We demand," Morgan began pompously, "that you explain your outrageous conduct to Miss Heywood."

"There was nothing outrageous about it," Schmalz replied. "I saw something in her hand that I could not tell her—and did not. That's all."

But Morgan was not to be put off so lightly. He meant to have revenge.

"Possibly what you say is true," he agreed condescendingly. "Admitting, however, that it is true, there is nothing that you saw there which you cannot tell to us, who are her friends."

The preventer of crime frowned. Then he glanced about the table at the rest of us. In every face he saw a judgment against him. Leaning back in his chair, he sighed wearily.

"Very well," he answered, "I shall do as you wish. What I saw in her palm was, that she was destined to become"—he raised his wine-glass and sipped it thoughtfully; then, replacing it carefully—"a murderess," he concluded.

The sudden and terrible accusation was terrifying. Morgan reeled back from it as if he had been struck a blow in the face. I saw another man across the table spring to his feet and stand staring at Schmalz with wide, terror-stricken eyes. Still another, at my left, who had been raising his glass to his lips, let it fall from his nerveless fingers.

For a long time no one spoke. Then Morgan pulled himself together and leaned over Schmalz.

"You are professionally a preventer of crime," he said smoothly. "Can you not prevent this girl from committing so heinous an offense as that?"

He was laying a trap, and Schmalz saw it. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not superhuman. I cannot change the nature of people. They are as they are born. You laugh at me and worship your own pig detectives, who only tell you what has happened after it has happened. I tell you what will happen before. They deduce the criminal from the crime: I deduce the crime from the future criminal. Your great author takes a character and tells you truthfully what will happen to him; I take real character and do the same. If you take my warnings in time, catastrophe may be averted. If not—"

Once more he shrugged his shoulders. Morgan was back at him like a flash.

"Warn us, that we may avert this catastrophe," he cried.

He meant to force the other to commit himself. Apparently, Schmalz was nothing loath.

"If that girl does become a murderess," he jerked out spasmodically, "she will kill a tall, thin man—a man with gray hair, brown eyes, worry-lined face, and hooked nose. When in repose, his eyelids will twitch continuously. He dresses quietly, and wears only necessary jewelry. His hands are without rings, but his finger-nails are constantly down to the quick—either because he bites them or because he pares them closely."

As on a previous occasion, this sudden and complete description of some mythical man excited my laughter; but the sound of it jangled alone in the quiet of the dining-room. The face of every other man had grown suddenly grave. I saw that even Morgan looked white.

"On what," he asked quietly—his voice had lost its taunting note, and there was a vague fear in it—"on what," he repeated, "do you base this most astounding assertion?"

For the first time that evening, Schmalz fairly beamed. The interest in the other's voice flattered his vanity at its most susceptible point.

"I will explain," he said, waving his hand genially about the table. "It is simplicity itself. There is in the lines of the young woman's hand the indication that she will kill a man; but it will not be in sudden passion, nor for love. She is too cold, too hard, for that. The line of her hand shows that also," he added. "So cold, so hard," he went on, "that the assassination will be an act of justice; so determined a character is she that she will be strong enough to punish an enemy with death. If she does not kill a man who loves her, whom will she kill? A person who has wronged some one whom she loves devotedly. Not a child—she has no children—the absence of a wedding-ring shows that; yet

the mother-love in the lines of her hand is developed to a surprising degree. The answer to the question is simple. She has an invalid parent whom she loves devotedly and cares for tenderly. Is it her father or her mother? I say unhesitatingly her father, and he and she are alone in the world. If it were her mother, the motherly line would be developed, but not abnormally—sick women do not need so great care as sick men; and if her mother lived, or if she had brothers or sisters, the whole care of her father would not devolve upon her. It is some one who is attempting to wrong her father, then, that she will kill." Once more he waved his hand. "As I said before, simplicity itself!"

He ceased, but no one moved or spoke. Every one present, except the speaker, knew of Margaret Heywood's life and circumstances. It seemed impossible that Schmalz could have learned the facts, yet he had described them with astounding accuracy.

"To continue," he went on, more and more flattered by the sensation he was causing, "it remains for us to discover who could wrong her father. Again I say, simplicity itself! The girl's appearance, her manner, indicate wealth. The long illness of her father—I know it has been a long one, because the abnormal development in the line of her hand could only have come after years—makes it impossible to believe that he himself made his fortune. It must have been inherited. Therefore, for years he will have had the same man of business; and this man is the only person who could be in a position to do him a wrong. He could wrong him only by stealing his money. A man steals in order to gamble. Therefore, since gamblers lead a life of great nervous strain, and he is at least a middle-aged man, he will be gray-haired, he will constantly bite or pair his nails, his face will be wrinkled with lines of care, and his eyes will twitch when he is in repose. This last is a failing which embezzlers from positions of trust always have. I said he would have gray hair and a hooked nose. Somehow, the great criminologist positively states that hypocrites—hypocritical thieves, he means—always have gray hair and hooked noses, and are always clean-shaven. That he will be quietly dressed and wear no jewelry follows. The man of brains who steals and gambles always dresses unostentatiously. He knows that it will disarm the suspicions of his clients. If such a man as I have described has anything to do with this girl's father's property, beware how they meet, for, unless you prevent it, some day she will kill him. My fee—my fee is five hundred dollars."

He put his hand out toward Morgan, as if to receive the money, and the next instant was fast asleep.

III

Even as Schmalz's head fell forward on his breast, there came the sharp jangling of the door-bell, and a moment later the butler threw open the door from the front hallway to admit a late arrival.

As the newcomer smilingly entered the room, I sprang to my feet with a cry of surprise. The man was he whom Schmalz had just described to us. Even to the twitching eyes and gnawed nails, the description was perfect!

The man looked at me. Then he glanced swiftly around the table at the white, set faces of the men who sat at it. At last his eyes found Morgan, and he raised his brows interrogatively.

"What is it?" he queried. "Something is wrong?"

"Something is very wrong," replied Morgan. "This man"—he indicated Schmalz with a wave of the hand—"has been making most serious charges against you, Benton."

Benton gazed at the sleeper askance.

"That man?" he said wonderingly. "Why, I never saw him before in my life. What has he said?"

"He shall tell you himself," Morgan answered.

Once more he approached the preventer of crime and shook him violently, bellowing Schmalz's name, meanwhile, at the top of his voice. The other slowly opened his eyes.

"Vell?" he demanded.

"Herr Schmalz," said Morgan, "this is Theodore Benton, the business agent of John Heywood—Margaret's father. Will you tell him what you have just told us?"

Schmalz glared at the newcomer with no disguised venom. Evidently he re-

garded Benton with disfavor for interrupting his nap.

"Tell him yourself," he said at last in an irritable voice.

He did not go to sleep again, however. Instead, his childlike eyes slowly scrutinized Benton's face.

"Very well," answered Morgan. The chance he had been longing for had come at last. "This man Schmalz has just declared that you are in danger of being killed by Margaret Heywood."

Benton gasped with amazement, and his face went pale as he looked from Schmalz to Morgan and back to Schmalz again. Then he recovered and laughed.

"And why, may I ask, should Margaret care to kill me?"

It was Schmalz who answered him, and in a voice that was strange to me. The heavy guttural tones had disappeared, and he spoke in a piercing treble.

"Pecause"—in the excitement of the moment his careful English was entirely forgotten—"you haf robbed her father of eferything, and mean to escape this night. You were expected here to dinner—your card is there in the empty plate—but you did not come. Why? You were at your office—the blue streak from the blotter on your desk still clings to your sleeve. Why did you go there? To get all the negotiable securities together. It is this that makes your coat bulge out on the right side there, above your breast."

Every eye followed the fat finger that pointed toward Benton. The last statement, at least, was true. There was an unmistakable bulge in the man's coat.

There followed a moment of perfect silence. During it, Benton's face grew white, while his eyes widened and his mouth parted, showing his teeth in a smile that was no smile at all, but the snarl of a wolf at bay. All at once he sprang forward, and, placing both hands upon the table, leaned across it at Schmalz.

"Then it is you who have been following me! It is you who have had men dogging my footsteps! You cur, the same house cannot contain us both!"

He straightened himself up, and, turning, walked toward the door; but before he had taken two steps he was suddenly halted. Margaret Heywood had swung back the curtain that hung over the door of the dining-room, and stood confronting him. Her hard eyes looked at him fearlessly; her beautiful, cold face was set and stern.

"Margaret!" Benton faltered. "You?"

"Since I left the dining-room I have been there listening," she said slowly. "I have heard every word."

"Then you know"—the man's nervousness was pitiable—"then you know," he stammered, "how absurd it all is!"

"I will think it absurd"—her voice was as cold as ice—"if you will show me the papers in your breast-pocket."

He gave ground as he heard her, and involuntarily his hand was raised protestingly to the pocket, but he did not answer her.

"Well?" she persisted.

He raised his head and looked at her defiantly.

"What you ask, Margaret, is impossible," he said.

It seemed to me that that refusal proved Schmalz's case. I turned to look at him that I might observe his triumph. He knew nothing of it, however, for once more he was fast asleep.

When my eyes returned to the others, a strange sight met my gaze. Benton had drawn a revolver, and was slowly backing toward a French window at the farther end of the room. It gave on to a balcony from which he could leap to the pavement. Suddenly one of the men leaped forward and struck the hand that held the pistol. The weapon dropped to the floor with a clatter, but Benton managed to shake himself free from the other's grasp. Turning, he leaped for the window, and broke it open.

Just as he did so, there came a sharp crack, a flash, and a thin line of smoke. His hands loosed their grip upon the window-frame and writhed high above his head. Then he fell over upon his back—stone dead.

I turned and looked across the room. Margaret Heywood was leaning against the wall there, the smoking pistol still in her hand.

It took the combined efforts of two of us to wake Schmalz from his slumber. When we had done so, one glance of his sleepy eyes told him the story.

"*Ach,*" he replied wearily, "if they would take my advice, once in a while I might get a fee!"

THE STAGE

A SUGGESTION TO THE HARD-HEARTED

BERTHA KALICH and Mary Mannering closed their seasons early in January, in order to rehearse new plays which they hope may prove more attractive than their previous productions. Meanwhile, Henry Woodruff goes into musical comedy, and Henrietta Crosman takes a dip in vaudeville, both because they could find no suitable vehicle to exploit their peculiar style on the legitimate stage—Mr. Woodruff's being that of a blond hero bordering on the juvenile, and Miss Crosman's a swashbuckling heroine with an Irish accent and a penchant for male attire. Thus do former hits come back to smite their perpetrators in these modern days of the long run, when each popular player becomes associated with a particular sort of part.

How do the managers propose to meet the financial difficulties of the present theatrical situation? The policy of one New York firm, apparently, is to build as many theaters as possible in the heart of the playhouse district. At first blush this would seem to be making a bad matter worse, but a little analysis shows reason in it. In spite of the persistent failures on Broadway, there is always keen rivalry to secure a well-located theater, in which to put the acid test of a New York verdict on a new piece. Hence the owners of such a house, if they happen to have no show of their own to place in it, can always count on picking from half a dozen others hovering on the outskirts of town, eager for a chance to singe their wings in the "white light district." And, somehow, the backers invariably contrive to raise enough security to give the owner a certainty, no matter how hungry the manager of the attraction, or the "angel" thereof, may be obliged to go after the first week of the experiment.

Of course, your theater-owner must be proof against hard-luck tales, for he will have many of these to hear from the producing managers to whom he rents, and who are far more apt to have failures than successes. For the "show" business was never in so parlous a state as just now, when people talk and read more about the theater than they ever did, but attend it less. Is this because of the persistent press-agent, or in spite of him, I wonder?

COMEDY IN MARBLE HALLS

New York's newest playhouse, known officially as Maxine Elliott's Theater, was opened the night before New Year's Eve. Seen from the sidewalk of Thirty-Ninth Street, it is without question the most stunning building of the sort in town, the new New Theater not excepted. It is a pity that it could not be set in surroundings more in keeping with its Corinthian beauties than are an Edison electric plant and a dismantled hotel. But there is no denying the fact that here we have the only marble playhouse in the city, and, praise be, one devoted strictly to presenting plays. How few are the New York theaters whose façades tell the passer-by for what purpose they were built, instead of showing a sordid pursuit of the dollars to be made out of shops and offices and apartments! I can call to mind, besides Maxine Elliott's, only the Lyceum, the Stuyvesant, the Manhattan Opera-House, and the New Theater.

Inside, the Maxine Elliott is in every way worthy of its exterior, with wide chairs and the subdued coloring so grateful to the eye after the garish attempts at cheap display frequently encountered in our temples of entertainment. For the opening attraction, undeterred by her recent sad experience with "Myself—Bettina," Miss Elliott again selected a play by a woman. The new piece, however, is a comedy—"The Chaperon," written by Marion Fairfax, wife of Tully Marshall, the original *Joe Brooks* of "Paid in Full." It trots out the old stalking-horse of an American girl's marriage, by her mother's wish, to a foreign nobleman. This well-worn situation, nevertheless, is gilded with a

pleasant coating of comedy, and the island setting of the second act serves as a welcome variant in backgrounds.

"I think it the best play I have had," said Miss Elliott to me in the course of a chat in the little parlor that adjoins her dressing-room. "You see, a star is frightfully handicapped in the matter of plays. We can't always take those that appeal to us most strongly from the story side. I am afraid the general public has a wrong idea of us players who get the big type on the bill-boards and in the programs. It isn't mere conceit that makes us insist on this. By the time we have won the right to the distinction, we are usually so tired of the hard work that we wish it wasn't necessary to appear in every act, and to change our gowns three or four times in the course of an evening. But when you go out on the road, and find that your houses are sold out before you arrive, the people who have bought their seats will object if you are not on the stage as much of the time as the playwright can contrive

ADRIENNE AUGARDE, APPEARING WITH JOSEPH O'MARA IN THE NAME PART OF THE COMIC OPERA, "PEGGY MACHREE"

From a photograph by Lallie Charles, London

to have you there. And you can't blame them. They have paid to see the star, and they want their money's worth. In 'The Chaperon' I have fewer lines than in any of my other plays, and in the last act I do not come on until nearly the end; but now, having a theater of my own in town, I can afford to indulge my own preferences a little more than formerly."

ELSIE FERGUSON, WITH WILTON LACKAYE, AS JENNIE MORAN IN "THE BATTLE"

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York

At this moment the call-boy appeared to announce that the third act was about to begin.

"Never mind," Miss Elliott told him. "Go ahead. I will go under the stage."

Then she invited me down to the cellar, which is the only means of crossing to the other side of the boards after the curtain is up on that last scene, as the theater is a small one.

"Here," she explained, as we reached a point under the auditorium, "is where I mean to hold rehearsals when the stage is occupied. You see, it is just as wide as the stage itself, and can be used as a greenroom for the company as well."

Miss Elliott is under contract to go to London in the spring to appear with Lewis Waller. If she chooses to remain over there into the next season, she might do well to arrange to have her sister occupy her New York theater with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," the play by Jerome K. Jerome, with which Gertrude Elliott and her husband, Forbes Robertson, have been pleasing the English capital for several months. To be sure, it resembles "The Servant in the House" in the fact that the occupant of this third floor back in the London lodgings is supposed to represent the same sacred personage as does the character portrayed by Mr. Hampden in the Kennedy play. But a similar parallelism seemed to be no handicap in the case of a farce like

MAUDE ADAMS, WHO, AS MAGGIE WYLIE IN BARRIE'S LATEST COMEDY, "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS," HAS ADDED ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS TO HER LIST

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago

MABEL TALIAFERRO, STARRING FOR HER SECOND SEASON AS "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"

From her latest photograph

"When Knights Were Bold," which was imported to this side after "The Road to Yesterday" had covered the same ground, one would have thought, pretty thoroughly. In the Jerome piece Mr. Robertson is the mysterious stranger, while his wife appears as a slavey.

MARIAN CHAPMAN, PLAYING THE INGÉNUE RÔLE IN "THE MAN OF THE HOUR"

From a photograph by White, New York

STRAWS IN THE THEATRICAL WIND

If the makers of musical comedy cannot do any better than "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," it is small regret that one of the straw pointers of the present season indicates strongly the wane of that class of entertainment. To be sure, it may be urged that the authors of "Mr. Hamlet" must have labored under a severe handicap in endeavoring to adapt it to Eddie Foy; but the "Hamlet" portion is only an episode in the second act.

FRANCES CAMERON, IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "THE MERRY WIDOW" WITH THE NEW YORK COMPANY, NOW ON TOUR

From her latest photograph

The rest is but a vaudevillish collection of standard jokes of the henpecked husband vintage, interspersed with ensemble numbers, after the order of "Fantana."

Francis Wilson has long since deserted the musical brand of comedy for the "straight" article, De Wolf Hopper promises to follow suit next season, Jefferson De Angelis is already in the two-a-day field, and at this rate it would not be surprising if the press-agent notoriety linking Eddie Foy's name with "Hamlet" might outcrop into sober fact. As it is, Foy dresses the part seriously now, and is by no means an uncouth-looking *Prince of Denmark.* His *Ophelia* on the present occasion is Maude Raymond, widow of the late Gus Rogers, of the famous team of brothers. Unhappily, Miss Raymond has only meager opportunities, of which, however, she makes the most.

Speaking of vaudeville, from recent inspection it would seem to me that its consumers are far readier to absorb the high-class brand than are its purveyors to offer it. Go to the booking-offices with a serious or purely dramatic act, and you will probably be met with a prompt "Naw, the public don't want nothin' but comics or sensation." This had been dinned into my ears so persistently that the other evening, when I visited the Colonial to see William H. Thompson in "Waterloo," I watched the attitude of the audience more intently than the doings of the actors. For you will recall that "Waterloo" is by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and was in the repertory of Henry Irving. I found the closest attention paid to this quietly

MABEL BARRISON, WHO CREATED THE LEADING FEMININE RÔLE IN CLYDE FITCH'S NEWEST COMEDY, "THE BLUE MOUSE"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

ANTOINETTE WALKER, WHO IS JENNY, THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER'S NIECE, WITH DAVID WARFIELD IN "THE MUSIC MASTER"

From her latest photograph by Terkelson & Henry, San Francisco

moving play. Its fine points were taken up promptly, and the applause at the end was quite as generous as went to Jefferson De Angelis on the same bill.

Again, at the American Music-Hall—where smoking is now permitted, as at the Empire and Alhambra in London—a pantomime in four acts, called "Conscience," and presented by the well-known Frenchman Severin and a good company, held a very large audience spellbound for nearly an hour without a word of dialogue or a single flap of the slapstick. At its conclusion the hand-clapping came in a sheet from all over the house, and not in scattered volleys here and there, showing that the appeal of such an act is universal and not individual.

By the way, I have just heard that one act of "Paid in Full" was originally written as a sketch. I believe it was the third—the one laid in the old sea-captain's rooms. This was turned out at a time when Eugene Walter was hard up for funds, and he got an actor to lend him fifty dollars on the playlet, which was never put on. The fifty dollars Walter repaid last summer.

Nowadays, Eugene Walter's work is not bandied about from one manager to another, as was the case with "Paid in Full." And yet it is the plays that have been most frequently rejected that appear to make the most brilliant hits. And the reverse is often true. For instance, Augustus Thomas's "Colorado" and "The Ranger" were produced by Charles Frohman fresh from the author's pen, and both failed signally. A like fate has just befallen "An International Marriage," by George Broadhurst, whose "Man of the Hour" was admitted to the Savoy most grudgingly, and ran there for over a year.

Of course, there is an obvious reason for this state of things. Plays that go on at once are usually written to order to fit a particular star, and under these conditions the playwright lacks the advantage of spontaneous inspiration.

Augustus Thomas has come to the help of the great unacted with a speech at the Actors' Society dinner, in the course of which he suggested that the unemployed actors should join hands with the unacted dramatists, by performing some of the plays rejected by the regular managers, these plays to be picked by a committee of the society. I understand that the judges are already busy with the herculean task of making a choice.

For more than fifteen years I have watched the theatrical game, both in New York and London, and I have yet to learn of a play presented in this trial fashion by a specially picked company, that has afterward achieved substantial success from the box-office point of view.

There are societies of this sort in England galore, and now and then they are the means of bringing to the attention of the regular managers a new playwright, who, with some other offering, may later on capture the public. W. Somerset Maugham is one of these—his first play, "A Man of Honor," having been produced in this semiamateur fashion.

Mr. Maugham, by the way—whose "Jack Straw" and "Lady Frederick" are proving acceptable vehicles to two of our prominent stars on this side of the Atlantic—is noteworthy among the young literary men of the day for his good, practical common sense.

"A play is quite an ephemeral thing," he says, "and writers should be content to let it be so, and not be forever vaporing about masterpieces."

You may say that Mr. Maugham talks this way because he has found that "masterpieces" do not draw; but not all successful playwrights are ready to be written down as being willing to accept the standards of the popular taste. He is to be commended for this complete absence of pose. Too many members of his craft assume a superior attitude that seems to imply: "I could write much better stuff, but you poor groundlings are not capable of appreciating it, so I am giving you merely the commercial article."

It is a pity, though, that some of the London play-producing societies could not have sampled "The Vampire" for us, and thus have spared Broadway the necessity of sending this mass of drivel to limbo by the ordinary route. Presented in the theater that housed "The Witching Hour" for almost a year, and just across the street from the establishment in which "The Devil" prowled so successfully, it is easy to conceive on what its projectors builded their hopes.

But the appeal in both "The Witching Hour" and "The Devil" was to human nature at large; that of "The Vampire" is to a limited class. The great public cares little for the woes of authors, playwrights, and poets, in the throes of composition. The people interested in this sort of thing are those who generally manage to get into the theater for nothing.

The Vampire, it may be worth while to explain, is a well-known novelist who has become famous by stealing from his friends all their brilliant thoughts before they have a chance to put them on paper. Two very young-looking men put the play together after a book written by one of them, but the result was tedious in the extreme.

POINTERS ON "THE EASIEST WAY"

As long ago as last spring, Eugene Walter promised to startle the community with his next play of New York life. Consequently, playgoers who keep themselves informed on the doings of theatrical folk were not surprised when "The Easiest Way" held the mirror up to New York's Tenderloin with such precision that there was no disclaiming the realistic and unflattering reflection. But what did surprise everybody was the fine work of little Frances Starr, in a part which would seem to be far out of her line. You see, the managers have grown to insist so strenuously on "types" that playgoers, in their turn, have ceased to expect versatility.

Mr. Walter's first success, "Paid in Full," had an ending which the spectator might twist for himself into a happy one, with the assistance of the divorce courts. In "The Easiest Way," on the other hand, the outcome strikes a note of tragedy, all the more poignant because it is a moral tragedy. As the curtain falls, there is nothing left for the weakling heroine, who lacks the courage to shoot herself, but a continuance in the debased life that her soul abhors. In a way, of course, the play teaches a lesson; but that it will lead to the betterment of any considerable number of people who see it is, however, almost unthinkable in a city like New York. The Stuyvesant Theater is likely to be crowded for months to come with just the sort of men who make a prey of women, in the manner of *Brockton,* and they will watch their counterpart with complaisant enjoyment in the accuracy of the picture. As to the women themselves, if we are to believe Mr. Walter, they will be acting in other theaters, and will not have the opportunity to see for themselves whither the apparently easy route they are following leads.

So much for the ethics of the piece. As to its strength as a work of realistic art, it will put Mr. Walter on an even higher notch than the one where "Paid in Full" landed him. Whether it will turn as much money into his exchequer is open to doubt, as its appeal is not so universal. But I will give Mr. Walter credit for being entirely oblivious to this side of the matter. He wrote the play straight out of a full heart, and Mr. Belasco agreed to let it go on without the changing of a syllable.

If Frances Starr has displayed the versatility which she gained by her early stock-company experience, but which was lost to memory during the long run of "The Rose of the Rancho," Mr. Belasco himself exercises the same quality in the perfection of his mounting. To his painstaking industry it matters not whether the setting calls for a royal salon, a cheap lodging-house, or a vista of vast plains with sunset effects, the results are all equally faithful to the model. In "The Easiest Way," the *pièce de résistance* in scenic accuracy is a second-story back in a New York theatrical rooming-house. It is said that the furnishings were obtained in just such a house in Thirty-Eighth Street, west of Seventh Avenue.

Never before, probably, has there been seen on the stage such a striking example of that prodigal disarray of personal belongings that means poverty rather than wealth. Not a detail has been overlooked, even to the closet-doors, which will not stay shut because of the bulging contents.

The down-to-date fashion of small casts continues, there being but six people on the stage, besides two voices off. And the six are all deserving of the honor accorded them, for it is an honor to be selected for so small a company out of the vast army of mummers. Joseph Kilgour, who on a previous New York appearance

was *George Washington*, with Charles Richman, in "Captain Barrington," supplies every requisite for the man of wealth with no other aim in life than to gratify the desires of the flesh and to keep within the pale of supposed respectability. Laura Nelson Hall, lately leading woman in "Girls," flits easily from mood to mood of the coarse show-girl type she is called on to portray. William Sampson, schooled in the admirable atmosphere of the Augustin Daly stock, brings a refreshing breath of real humanity into the tainted atmosphere of the Tenderloin. Comedy relief is supplied by Emma Dunn, who was the mother in "The Warrens of Virginia." She was also a mother to Mansfield as *Ase*, in "Peer Gynt."

All of these five, you will note, are familiar to Broadway playgoers, but for the sixth member of the cast, who has the extremely important rôle of the young newspaper man, to whom *Laura Murdock* hopes to be married, Mr. Belasco picked a young actor quite unknown to New York. This is Edward Haas Robins, who was until recently a member of the Bush Temple stock company in Chicago, and who came East late last summer, looking for a job on Broadway. He hoped to get an engagement with Belasco —to whom, probably, more aspiring players come than to any other manager. A friend in Chicago had given Robins a letter to Mr. Dean, Belasco's stage-director, who arranged a meeting between the young man and his chief. Just at that time Belasco was casting about in his mind for some one to fill his ideal of *John Madison*, in "The Easiest Way." The candidate must be good-looking, of course, to make it plausible that a girl of *Laura's* weakling type should be willing to abandon her rich protector for this obscure newspaper-man; but he must be able to act as well.

After the meeting between the two men in the lobby of the Belasco, one August night, the manager asked the actor to report on the stage next morning. Arrived here, he was requested to stand in the full glare of a bunch-light, while Belasco himself circled around and gazed at him long and searchingly from every side.

"Very good," he decided at last. "Now I want you to learn the part of the road-agent, *Johnson*, in 'The Girl of the Golden West.'"

When Mr. Robins told me of this, I exclaimed: "But why didn't he test you with the rôle of *Madison?*"

"That was to come later," was the reply. "You see, he wanted to find out how much reserve force I might possess. So I studied the rôle created by Robert Hilliard, and played it one morning to an audience of less than ten persons, consisting of Mr. Belasco and his aids."

And this is how New York came to see an utter stranger amid a cast of old favorites playing "The Easiest Way."

THREE PLAYS WIDE ASUNDER

William Faversham's presentation of his second play in repertoire, "The Barber of New Orleans," is nothing less than charming; but time alone can reveal whether it will prove a lasting success in this age of stronger meat in drama. Yet why should not the appetite for plays be catered to with as wide a variety of viands as the appetite for more material food?

To be sure, the thread of story in "The Barber" is hung to premises not altogether pleasant, and far from new—the suspicion of a white girl being yellow. Another play centering on the same idea —"The Great Question"—has already gone to the storage warehouse this season, but in that case the heroine really had negro blood in her veins, and the story lacked the romantic setting and the quaint characterizations of "The Barber of New Orleans."

Faversham's new piece was written by the financial editor of a Philadelphia newspaper, Edward Childs Carpenter, and won the prize in a contest instituted by an evening paper in New York. It is small wonder that it should appeal strongly to a star. The title-rôle represents a man of more than common attainments—for shaving is the least of the arts at the finger-ends of *Victor Jallot*, who fences, dances, and writes plays with equal facility; and fencing and dancing are showy accomplishments, well loved of the heroes of the stage. Indeed, there is so much to look at in this drama of old New Orleans that those who care for the romantic and the picturesque in their

dramatic fare may easily wish to see it more than once, particularly with the admirable company that supports Mr. Faversham in his managerial venture.

Julie Opp—Mrs. Faversham—is not only a pleasing picture, but a player of rare discretion, as *Antoinette,* a rôle which, in hands less adroit, might easily prove whiny rather than winning. Capital, too, is France Bendsten, as *Poupet,* the quadroon assistant to *Jallot* in the barber-shop. Here is a young man of whom Broadway should see more. I learn that he has versatility as well as cleverness, having, on occasion, taken the rôle of the *Duchess of York,* in "Richard III," with Robert Mantell.

A point in favor of "The Barber of New Orleans" lies in the fact that its action takes place in a single day. In this respect it contrasts with "Kassa" (pronounced "Kasha"), the new drama by John Luther Long with which Mrs. Leslie Carter once more trod the New York boards after an absence of more than two years. Mrs. Carter's reception on her first night at the Liberty was an exceedingly friendly one. Her voice is as hauntingly pellucid as ever, and her emotional work just as effective as when she was under the direction of David Belasco.

It may be conjectured that it was the wish to show how well she could get along without her former manager that drove Mrs. Carter to select a play giving scope for the heavy and expensive mounting of "Kassa." In this respect, at least, she has succeeded. Even the sumptuousness of "Du Barry" pales before the wonder of that opening scene on Easter morning in "Kassa," showing the convent on the hillside at early dawn. Five years ago this would have been the talk of the town, but fashions in drama change as do fashions in clothes, and I fear that Mrs. Carter must once more take to the road in order to get her money back on a piece which relies mainly on its heroics and its scenery. The day has gone by when Broadway playgoers can be brought to the edge of their seats by the sight of situations that are only theatrically effective.

There are some fine moments in "Kassa," but the story lacks consecutive sequence. At the end of the second act we see *Kassa* going away with *Prince Bela* for a few hours' glimpse of the world before immuring herself in the convent at vesper-time. When the curtain rises on act three, we behold her as the mother of a four-year-old boy, leaving the five-year gap to be bridged by the dialogue as skilfully as may be.

In striking contrast to both "The Barber of New Orleans" and "Kassa," is the new vehicle for Eleanor Robson, "The Dawn of a To-Morrow," adapted by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett from her novel of the same name. While on the subject of contrasts, I may say that no better antidote to "The Easiest Way" can be imagined than this same "Dawn of a To-Morrow," which is being played at the Lyceum, one block away from the Stuyvesant. Hope and faith and an abiding optimism are the key-notes of the Burnett play; just as despair and sin and helplessness are the dominant ingredients of Eugene Walter's work.

Come to think, there is one point of resemblance between Mrs. Carter and Eleanor Robson, for in "The Dawn of a To-Morrow" Miss Robson wears a red wig. Her rôle is akin to that of the slavey in "Merely Mary Ann," being that of a street waif. Miss Robson's biggest hits have been made in character parts, although for some reason or other her name does not seem to be associated with them.

Mrs. Burnett's play is based on the so-called "new thought" doctrines—which may or may not be Christian Science thinly disguised. It is built on such old-time lines as to permit soliloquies, and contains more coincidences than the law of averages would allow. Nevertheless, it pleases the public; has been more than merely tolerated by the critics, and gives Miss Robson some capital opportunities to endear herself still further to her large constituency of ardent admirers. Here is a woman who infuses into her work that quality of intelligence which nowadays is so much more satisfactory to the onlooker than mere talent, which we have grown accustomed to associate with mannerisms. Of these Miss Robson has not a trace. She never overacts; never steps outside the picture to score a point by some cheap theatrical trick. In "The

Dawn of a To-Morrow" it looks as if she had found a fitting successor to "Salomy Jane."

"KITTY GREY" VANQUISHES THE BLUES

We must again take off our hats to England for her superiority over America in the making of musical comedies—a mark of respect, by the way, which G. P. Huntley fails to pay to the presence of ladies in the last act of "Kitty Grey." Huntley is that delightful comedian of the "silly ass" type who pleased New York so greatly when he came over a few seasons since with "Three Little Maids." While "Kitty Grey" is not so pleasing as this last-named vehicle — which belonged in the same enchanting category with "The Circus Girl" and "A Country Girl" of happy memory—it is far superior to "The Rounders," which was made from the same French original and played at the Casino some half dozen years ago.

Our own Julia Sanderson, weak of voice, but dainty of person, enacts the title-rôle, while the charming Valli Valli, who has not only beauty, but also vocal ability, infuses just the right sort of spirit into another leading part. The whole company, which Mr. Frohman brought over from London, is a fine one; and the spacious New Amsterdam Theater, where "Kitty Grey" is housed, is likely to be filled by good audiences for weeks to come.

By birth, at any rate, George Patrick Huntley is not an Englishman, for he first saw the light in County Cork, Ireland. He is of the third generation of his family to follow the stage. His first professional visit to this country was made several years ago with the Kendals in straight drama. He has never appeared here in a part which he created with great success at the Prince of Wales's in London—that of *Mr. Hook of Holland.*

SCULPTURE AND SONG FOR BARRYMORE

"Who's got a pipe of peace to smoke with Big Chief here?"

"Here's a piece of pipe; how'll that do?"

This is a fair sample of the humor percolating through "A Stubborn Cinderella," the musical play which has kept Jack Barrymore busy in Chicago since last summer, and in which he and Sallie Fisher returned to Broadway a few weeks ago. The book is by two very young men, Messrs. Hough and Adams, who have made so much money preparing librettos for the Chicago market that their accumulated royalties would put to the blush those achieved by Bernard Shaw or the late Mr. Ibsen. New York, however, has not thus far taken very kindly to the product of their cooperative brains, plus music by Joe Howard. The answer to their last previous venture, propounded at Wallack's in the shape of "The Girl Question," was "Move on!" Whether the fairy godmother of success will attend "A Stubborn Cinderella" is problematical.

Jack Barrymore works like a Trojan in this new field, modeling a statue, singing in a quartet, and performing some highly acrobatic feats while disguised as a waiter with a soiled shirt-front. The second act supplies a real novelty in settings for musical comedy, showing the tail end of a Pullman attached to a train stalled in the desert near the Mexican border, and introducing an engineer who is a distinct creation in the line of whatever comedy may be extracted from the sentiment: "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

Mabel Taliaferro was forced to abandon her intention of coming forth as a new *Cinderella* this season, but if Broadway takes this other "Cinderella" to its heart in her place, it will be on account of its hero—though Jack Barrymore is not a prince at all, but just a straightaway American youth with a fund of fun and a speaking voice that ever and again reminds you of his sister Ethel's.

As a piece of dramatic construction, "A Stubborn Cinderella" is remarkable only for its mediocre workmanship. It seems to have been thrown off in an irresponsible mood, as if its authors wanted to fill in an afternoon by turning out a piece possessing only commonplace rimes and no reason at all. Granted a sufficient number of the public attuned to this same mood of theatrical frolic, however, and "A Stubborn Cinderella" may prove as big a hit in New York as it was in Chicago.

Matthew White, Jr.

CUPID'S LAST ARROW

BY HOUGHTON HUGHES

ST. JOHN'S HOME FOR THE AGED sits in placid contentment in the center of a whole city square. Dinner was just over, and the stooped, white-haired old gentlemen and the sweet little old ladies were hurrying out in friendly rivalry to secure their favorite chairs on the veranda. Miss Jane Dobson, who had seen seventy summers, came out leaning on the arm of Gregory Wallace, who had seen three more than she.

Andrew Blair, from a corner of the porch, watched the pair talking confidentially together.

"Jane!" he cried at last, in a petulant voice. "I'm keeping your chair for ye!"

She turned at the sound of his voice, and hastened to him.

"Why, I didn't see you, Andrew," she fluttered. "I didn't think you had come out yet."

"No, you didn't see me; but—but I seen you, didn't I?" he said querulously, stealing a glance at Gregory. "Now, didn't I, eh?"

"Well," she answered mildly, "you're not provoked, are you, Andrew?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Not provoked, Jane. Takes more than that to make me mad—now that I'm gettin' pretty well on in years."

He thumped down the steps with his cane and, bending over slowly, culled a little bouquet of pansies from the flower-bed on the lawn. She rocked her chair back and forth nervously, as he made his way up the stoop and presented it to her. The whole veranda watched the affair with amusement.

When the last century was in mid course Andrew Blair was in his prime. He never missed a dance at Nicholl's or the Astor House, and none was lustier than he at passes with glasses and lasses. He cast his first vote for Polk, and the Civil War found him a spry young fellow of forty. When he grew reminiscent at times, sitting in the sun, all these things would come back to him; but he always brushed them away and roused himself. "Andrew Blair is still alive," he would murmur. Then he would turn for somebody to talk to about flying-machines.

For several years Andrew had found more satisfaction in conversing with Jane Dobson than with anybody else; and she, he believed, found just as much pleasure in talking to him, for whenever old Gregory Wallace engaged her in conversation, as he often did, he was never able to keep her away from Andrew for very long.

They give little thought to the things that happen daily at the home—the happenings of long ago are the cherished ones—so that if you should ask how Andrew Blair first became drawn to Jane Dobson, probably nobody could tell you how or when. The truth of the matter was that the pair had fallen in love as deeply as any young couple on a May morning.

She stood up to let him move her chair into the sunshine.

"Is that the coat I mended for you, Andrew?" she said, fingering his alpaca house-coat as she fastened a pansy in his buttonhole with fingers that trembled a little.

"Yes, Jane. You sewed up this seam the time I ripped it. D'ye remember? It wasn't so long ago—only 'bout six or seven years."

"It seems like yesterday," she whispered ingenuously.

"I did all my mendin' myself till you volunteered to sew that coat for me."

"Poor boy!"

They watched the porter watering the flower-bed.

"I've never kept anything back from

you, Jennie," said he, swinging his chair around suddenly to face hers. "So I feel bound to tell you 'bout that coat. I —I ripped it myself *on purpose!* What do you think of that?"

"Andrew!" she exclaimed artfully, starting back an inch.

"Yes, I did! An' I tore them trousers *on purpose;* an' I pulled eight buttons off *on purpose!* Gregory made up the idea out of his head. He pulled his'n off for Daisy Watkins to sew." Andrew laughed immoderately in a high, wavering key, shaking his long, white locks. "He-ee-ee! Gregory had to sew 'em all on again himself. He got soured then, and threatened to tell all 'bout it. I dared him to do it! I'd 'a' thrashed him—that I would! But, anyway, I thought I'd tell ye 'bout it myself, an' steal his thunder."

His hand sought hers under her knitting-work, and she forgave him with a tender little squeeze, while he told her again, for the hundredth time, that he could not understand why she had never married. Gregory Wallace, watching them from a distance, unable to stand it any longer, nodded curtly to old Captain Williams, and stalked majestically into the reading-room.

As evening came on, the old couples sauntered down the paths to several benches, placed round the flower-beds and screened from the street by hedges, where they sat till the retiring-bell sounded at nine o'clock. Andrew and Jane had done this so often that Gregory, exiled to loneliness all evening on the porch, used to wonder what they found to talk about.

When they returned to-night, however, it was evident that something unusual was in the air. Coming up the walk, Andrew gesticulated wildly, and pounded in his words with his cane, while Jane clung to his arm more closely than ever, and regarded every one on the veranda with feverish, excited eyes. Andrew Blair and Jane Dobson had determined to get married! With a remnant of his old enthusiasm he was defying anybody to say them nay.

In the hall at the foot of the stairs he kissed her good night in front of Gregory, who gave a little snort of indignation. Miss Isabelle Null, looking down upon them from the floor above, checked a scream with difficulty, and straightway resolved to stop the scandal.

II

Dr. Tisdall, the superintendent of St. John's, was no youngster himself. He was a little too prim to be popular with the inmates; they thought him old-fashioned in his ideas, and said so in his hearing, with the privileged bluntness of old age.

He sat in his sunny office the next afternoon, writing at his desk with quick, impatient movements. The clump of Andrew Blair's stick sounded on the parquet flooring outside, and a moment later Andrew and Jane stood before the desk.

"Good morning, Dr. Tisdall," began Andrew ponderously.

"Good morning," he replied icily.

"Dr. Tisdall, Miss Dobson"—indicating Jane with a stately bow—"and myself have come to secure your consent to our gettin' married, in order—"

"Getting married! Why, bless me, Andrew Blair, are you out of your head?" cried the superintendent, starting to his feet.

"Not as I know of, Dr. Tisdall. I'm sound o' mind an' body," replied Andrew, fingering his cane. Jane took a firmer clasp of his arm.

"Why, it's perfectly absurd! You two old people! Why, I never heard of such a thing! Marriage at your age!"

Dr. Tisdall played nervously with the cover of his ink-well, and shot angry glances from one to the other. He had never been confronted with such a situation before. Andrew Blair's choler was slowly rising.

"As to age, doctor, be that as it may. We've talked this over, Jane and I, and if there's any good reason to prevent us from being united in the marriage-tie, I want to know it." He glared balefully at the little superintendent, and thumped his cane.

"Why, for a man of your years—But see here, see here! It's in the by-laws!" He tapped a call-bell. "Michael, bring me that green book on the directors' table. I'm positive the by-laws forbid it! Now, see here! Here it is. Section sixty-six, article two: 'Any

inmate, male or female, entering into the marriage state after admission to this home, forfeits immediately all rights and privileges as a member thereof, and must leave.' There you are!" The superintendent closed the book with a conclusive bang, and took off his spectacles carefully. "But apart from that, a man of your years ought—"

"Now, that's enough!" cried Andrew, starting forward and bringing his cane down smartly across the desk. "You've said enough 'bout years an' age. A body would think you was talking to an old granny."

"Andrew Blair, think of your position here! I want you to leave this office. I am not accustomed—"

Andrew dismissed Jane from the scene with a gesture.

"All right," he said shortly, in low, quavering tones. "There's nothin' more to talk about. I got up when the bell rang, an' I lay down when the bell rang, an' for years I did this an' that when the bell rang; but in this matter I'm a goin' to follow my own lights." His voice faltered, and broke pathetically. "If I can't obey the c'mands of my conscience here, I'll go."

An expostulation was on the superintendent's lips, but Andrew turned abruptly and went out. He took down his hat from the stand, and they heard the door slam behind him. Jane, with awe-struck eyes, watched him from a corner of the porch as he stalked down the path.

Over the face of Gregory Wallace, eavesdropping at the door, a slow smile of exultation spread as the full significance of what he had just heard dawned upon him. The bang of the gate behind Andrew Blair lifted a load from his heart. His one rival was gone! He quietly stepped out on the veranda to observe Jane. Even as he looked she turned with quivering lips and went upstairs to her room, passing by Isabelle Null without a word.

Gregory was quite the last one to have you imagine that any sentiment lurked within him, but as he stood there an unbidden moisture came all of a sudden into his eyes. Thoughts ran through his head with unaccustomed swiftness. The form of Michael, the porter, filling the water-cooler at that instant, was the one needed incentive to action.

"Here! Go after him, Michael!" he shouted, hurrying over as quickly as his rheumatics would permit. "Go after him at once, sir! D'ye hear? Bring him back here!"

He fumbled in his inside coat-pocket. There was a folded two-dollar bill in it that he had been saving for months. He drew it out slowly, and then suddenly thrust it, without looking, into the porter's hand.

"I'll fetch him back, sir," said Michael, starting off.

"Bring him back safe! D'ye hear? And let nothing happen to him, or I'll —I'll— Go on, man! Go on!"

III

Straight down Park Place old Andrew stalked, shaking his cane so violently and mumbling in so outrageous a manner that passers-by turned to regard him curiously. He looked neither to right nor left, but hurried on. Soon he came into a more thickly populated section of the city, where people stared at his white locks and his blue suit. Rude children cried out after him, but he had no ear for them. He was all in a fluster; he never recalled being so excited in his life.

"The idea of it! By-laws!" he said a hundred times. "The old blackguard —he slandered me! One would think I was feeble, senile, incapacitated!"

Three times he stumbled into strangers, and once he was nearly thrown by a child's go-cart. A man behind helped him up, restored his cane, and then took his arm; but he shook the good Samaritan off with an angry snarl and hurried on. The old legs that had followed Sherman soon began to tire, however, and he was forced to sit on a door-step and rest. He nodded there for a while till the recurring memory of the quarrel drove him onward. He raised his cane threateningly whenever anybody ventured to approach him; but little by little his bravado and choler oozed out, and left behind a chilling sensation of helplessness.

He must have been walking for nearly three hours when he came to a wide, crowded thoroughfare, whose noise and

action quite bewildered him. On the curb he stood nonplused for a moment, and then stepped out into the swift-moving current of traffic.

An automobile, turning the corner suddenly, skidded on the wet asphalt and struck him a glancing blow, throwing him stunned to the street. Then Michael, more frightened than he, ran up, lifted him to his feet, and brushed the mud from his clothes excitedly. All afternoon the porter had followed him like a faithful hound, fearing to approach, for his first entreaties had been spurned with contempt.

Michael did not know just how to get him to go back; but, with a fine touch of the sympathy that makes us all kin, he said:

"Your lady is waitin' for youse on the stoop."

"You refer to Miss Dobson, I presume?" said Andrew stiffly.

"Yissor."

"Then, in that case, I will—will accompany you." A little later: "I am going to lean upon your arm, Michael. I am not used to so much walking."

Andrew said hardly anything else on the way back to St. John's, but walked like a man in a maze. It was dark when they got there, and nobody was on the veranda but Jane, though a shadow lurking behind the giant lilac-bush might have been Gregory. Jane knew it was Andrew as soon as she heard the gate click, and she peered down the path.

"I've been waiting for you this long time, Andrew," said she, taking her wraps from the chair she had saved for him. "Where on earth have you been?"

After dinner he sat down by her side, and gave a long-drawn sigh, like a traveler home from a world-end journey. The haziness of fourscore years was in his dull eye, and his mind was a void into which the day's events were slowly drifting back one by one.

"We'll wait, Jane; we'll wait," he said resignedly. "Tisdall's term will be up in three years more, an' I'll use my influence with the board of managers against his being reelected. We'll have another man in, and then we'll see what we can do about that by-law." The bell chimed for the hour of retiring, and he helped her up from her chair with the gallantry of long ago. "Meanwhile, Jane, we'll consider ourselves engaged. It didn't say anything in the by-law about engagements, did it?"

When he got up-stairs to his room he turned up the gas and stood for a while smiling childishly at the peaked, white-fringed face looking out at him from the mirror. He straightened his tie, smoothed down a refractory white lock, and hummed in a cracked voice:

All the belles,
Round in dells,
  Cannot help but admire;
And I know
I'm the beau
  Whom the maidens desire!

GATHERED ROSES

As one through some belovèd garden strays
  For the last time, and, lingering, stays to break
  A blossom here and there for old joy's sake,
So I go back through our lost yesterdays
And cull my fragrant memories—your praise
  And pride of me, the songs we used to make,
  The happy name you gave me. Oh, I take
So little ere I face the untried ways!
How will it be, dear, when I look on these
  My gathered roses in the years to be?
  Shall I behold love's garden all ablow
As once we knew it, or, as one who sees
  That place he loved deserted, utterly
  Given to emptiness and wind and snow?

Theodosia Garrison

DESMOND O'CONNOR*

A ROMANCE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY GEORGE H. JESSOP

AUTHOR OF "SAM'L OF POSEN," "GERALD FFRENCH'S FRIENDS," "JUDGE LYNCH," ETC.

XXVIII *(continued)*

WITHOUT further preliminaries, without seconds, without witnesses, the French captain and the Irish colonel crossed swords for the first time.

O'Connor possessed no mean skill with his weapon, but he quickly realized that he had met his master. Gaston de Brissac's reputation was that of the finest swordsman in King Louis's army, and he had fought duels innumerable. At first he was half blinded with rage, and attacked fiercely — so fiercely that the Irishman, though he had the advantage of position, standing with his back to the light, while it shone full on his antagonist, could scarcely parry the captain's lightning thrusts.

Every trick of the fencing-school was at Gaston's command. Though he seemed to lay himself open a dozen times a minute, his opponent never succeeded in passing his guard, and the brief rally ended by Desmond receiving a slight wound in the hand from a thrust that forced his sword from his grasp. But the Irishman was ambidextrous. Quick as a cat he sprang backward, recovering his weapon with his left hand ere it touched the ground, and faced his antagonist again, left shoulder forward.

De Brissac lunged as his adversary's sword fell, but O'Connor's quick leap saved him. Gaston, however, seized the opportunity to get between him and the window, thereby securing the advantage of the light, and the duel was resumed on more unequal terms than ever.

O'Connor was by this time well aware that he had no chance in a regular fencing-bout. His only hope lay in attacking strongly and persistently, risking such wounds as he might receive. De Brissac was somewhat disconcerted by the left-handed play, and contented himself with parrying the thrusts aimed at him until he should become accustomed to the new conditions. He gave back step by step before the Irishman's rushes, which, he foresaw, must soon waste the colonel's strength.

To a spectator, had one been present, it might have seemed that Desmond held the advantage in the second phase of the duel, but Gaston knew better. He had mastered his first rage, and now fought coolly and warily, biding his time.

O'Connor felt that his strength was going. The thought of Margaret — of Margaret without him to guard her, of Margaret at the mercy of this assassin —maddened him. Concentrating all his energy on a last desperate effort, he closed on his enemy, trying to get to half-sword's length.

True to his policy, Gaston yielded a step; but he had not allowed sufficiently for his constant backward movement His heel caught on the window-ledge behind him, and he staggered back, falling with his full weight on the rotten railings of the balcony. There was a crash of splintering woodwork, a wild, despairing shriek, and the Frenchman's lifeless form, shockingly mangled, lay on the stones of the courtyard sixty feet below.

Desmond could scarce realize his vic-

* *This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for August, 1908*

tory. For many minutes he had fought on, convinced that each would be his last. It was not his sword had won him the victory. A stronger arm had been extended to save him.

There, bleeding and breathless, he knelt on the bare floor, and returned thanks for the manifest miracle that had saved his life in order that he might save Margaret's.

XXIX

The following morning saw Desmond on his way to headquarters. He preferred that the marshal should learn the occurrence of the previous night from his lips rather than from another source.

He had no misgivings as to the result of the interview. Duels were things that would happen in the ordinary course of events, and, though often severely punished in Paris, were lightly regarded in the army. That this particular duel had been fought under uncommon conditions, and had ended in a manner unusually horrible, was unfortunate, O'Connor told himself, but in nowise his fault.

His way took him close to the lodging which the countess had selected. Desmond could not resist his desire to see her. She had the right, before any one else — so he argued — to hear of her cousin's death, to know that the dark menace of Gaston de Brissac's scheming was forever removed from her path. He turned aside and sought her house.

Margaret welcomed him warmly, and Anne's greeting of smiles and blushes showed him that full confidence had been reestablished between the foster-sisters, and that his own forgiveness was complete.

"You came to learn if we had reached home in safety," Margaret began ere he had found words with which to break to her the tragedy of the night. "Nothing happened; we were not followed; but, oh, how frightened we were, Anne and I! We ran the whole way."

"No one molested you?" Desmond asked.

Somehow he found it difficult to enter on the narrative of what had happened.

"No one at all," the countess replied. "Of course, I knew Gaston was with you, but I dreaded his agents. Oh, but it was clever, the way you foiled his malice and sent me forth before his very face without his seeing me. Was it not, Anne?" she added, glancing round to appeal to her foster-sister; but Anne had stolen from the room.

Margaret was a trifle disconcerted, but she was too eager to learn what had occurred between her cousin and Desmond to feel embarrassed long.

"He did not recognize me, did he?" she asked. "He did not know that it was I who stood on the balcony?"

"He had shadowed you all the way to my quarters," O'Connor replied. "He knew you were there, but the knowledge avails him little now. He is dead."

"Dead?" Margaret repeated the word under her breath, and her eyes dilated. "You killed him?"

"God killed him," said Desmond solemnly. "He is merciful, and would not suffer that viper to wound you. De Brissac fell from the balcony a few minutes after you had left it, and was dashed to pieces on the stones below."

"Horrible!" she shuddered. "Most horrible!"

She covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the vision Desmond's words had conjured up. He stood, regarding her in silence. Presently she met his eye.

"I was afraid you had fought," she said.

"We did fight. He wounded me slightly"—and O'Connor held up his bandaged right hand — "but my sword never touched him. He was easily my master in fence. He would have killed me in another moment, but, drawing back, he stumbled against the railings, and died as I have told you."

"Thank God, thank God," she uttered fervently, "since it was the worthier life He spared!"

She fell to weeping quietly.

"Think no more of him," O'Connor urged, hoping to comfort her. "He was an ever-present danger to you, and that danger is removed. Try to look at it so."

"I am not grieving for him," she answered through her tears. "He was a wicked man, and seeking your life he lost his own; and yet I cannot but feel that had I not sought you last night, all this would have been spared."

"I would not have last night altered

by a jot," Desmond exclaimed. "I breathe freer in the thought that earth is no longer cumbered by such a traitor. And it was by his contrivance you came. Look at it how you will, he brought his fate upon himself."

"True, it was by his own contrivance," she assented, brightening at the suggestion. "And yet—and yet," she faltered, "it was a strange hour for me to be found at your lodging. I blush to imagine what you must have thought of my coming thither, all uninvited and unattended."

This was more than the Irishman could bear. Impetuously he broke in on her speech with headlong, fiery words of adoration.

"Shall the angels blush for the good they do? Shall the bright spirits that visit us in our dreams be shamed for the happiness they bestow? I tell you, *madame,* your coming has shed a light that will be slow to fade in those gloomy old quarters of mine."

She looked at him wistfully.

"Ah, Desmond O'Connor, we have known each other but a few short months. You have served me as lady was never yet served by her knight, and I have brought you nothing but misery and strife and wretchedness unspeakable. What will the end be?"

"The end will be happiness," Desmond cried, speaking with the fervor of one inspired. "Heaven has most wondrously and manifestly intervened in our behalf, and will continue that protection to the end. We are necessary to each other. Your goodness has wrought a change in me that you would be the first to see had you known me as I used to be. You opened my prison-doors for me when death seemed to offer the sole hope of liberty. You have saved me, body and soul, and all my life is not enough to pay the debt I owe you!"

Margaret was trembling, fascinated, yet half terrified by the vehemence of his words.

"If I have been of service to you, I am very happy," she murmured; "but nothing can repay you for all you have done for me."

A little white hand stole out and rested on Desmond's sleeve in a gesture of infinite trustfulness and gratitude. He seized it rapturously and pressed it to his lips.

"You wish to repay me for the little I have been able to do?" he whispered.

Her eyes answered him.

"Well, then," he continued breathlessly, "it is all or nothing. You have but a single coin in your purse — the most precious ever minted. Give it to me. Give me yourself! Nay, do not draw back," he went on, holding tighter the prisoned hand. "I love you, Margaret—now, always. I am but a poor soldier and you are a great lady, but if your heart is mine as mine is yours, we meet not too unequally."

"Desmond," she whispered shyly, and he bent forward to listen, "you must have seen that I love you. I never have hidden it."

In a moment she was in his arms, close pressed against a breast whose every heart-beat was for her.

"My darling!" he murmured, his dark face half hidden in her golden tresses, as he rained kisses on her bowed head. "My darling, she loves me—my soft-eyed, bright-haired *colleen!*"

She looked up, and their lips met. They were betrothed, indeed.

XXX

O'Connor quitted Margaret's abode radiant with joy. He had won the desire of his heart—his lady's love—and he craved no more.

He was dimly conscious that difficulties lay in his path, but he did not stop to consider them. That he was but a poor officer in a foreign legion, and she a countess, mistress of wide estates and ward of a great king, troubled him not a whit. Since that first kiss had sealed their troth, he knew that her heart was all his, and the rest must follow.

He had not meant to speak so soon, fearing to compromise her position with Louis, but he could not refrain. In truth, his love had overflowed, and he could no more have measured his words than he could have checked the tides of the ocean. And all he said had found an echo in Margaret's heart. The prize was won. He walked on air, his very soul singing within him.

A moment later, he was brought down to earth abruptly.

An orderly, passing him in the street, turned and overtook him. The man saluted and spoke.

"I have just been to Varsin, Major O'Connor, but failed to find you. The marshal desires to speak with you at headquarters."

Desmond collected his wits.

"At his excellency's service," he replied. "I will wait upon him directly."

The soldier saluted and withdrew. O'Connor paused a moment to calm the tumult of his thoughts.

So the tidings of Gaston de Brissac's death had preceded him! He had loitered, and he smiled proudly to recall the cause of his delay. Well, it could not be helped. He would have preferred to tell the marshal himself, but he had no misgivings. He took the way that led to M. de Villars's quarters.

The marshal's greeting surprised Desmond. So filled had his mind been with the events of the last twelve hours that he had forgotten that other reasons, wholly unconnected with M. de Brissac, might have prompted the summons he had received.

"An express from Paris arrived this morning," M. de Villars said. "It contained his majesty's reply to my application for your promotion, Major O'Connor."

"I am still major, then, your excellency?" Desmond replied with a smile.

The command of the Irish Brigade seemed a small thing to him who had gained the command of Margaret's heart.

"His majesty has not seen fit to return any answer to my recommendation for the commission," the marshal answered. "He has done you the honor to desire to see you. His majesty commands you to hasten to Paris without loss of an hour. You will wait upon him directly on your arrival."

Desmond's countenance fell. What could be the meaning of this sudden and pressing summons? Could Louis by chance have learned — and then he smiled. He had parted from Margaret not half an hour before. Only magic could have made the king acquainted with what had passed in that chamber.

"Perhaps your excellency knows the king's will concerning me?" he ventured.

"I know nothing," the marshal replied, "save that such an order brooks no delay. You will set out—when?"

"To-morrow," suggested Desmond. His heart hungered for another hour with his lady.

"To-morrow?" echoed De Villars in surprise. "I thought I had told you that his majesty expects you not to lose an hour."

O'Connor bowed.

"I will start within the hour, excellency."

"See that you do," the marshal said curtly, and turned again to his desk; but Desmond lingered.

"Before I set out, your excellency," he said, "it is my duty to inform you of the death of Captain de Brissac of the regiment of Navarre. He sought me last night in my quarters on a matter which has long been outstanding between us. We quarreled, and he fell."

M. de Villars wheeled round in his seat.

"What was the cause of this duel?"

"A grudge of long standing, excellency. I regret that I cannot be more explicit."

"And you ran him through? *Peste,* you must be a pretty swordsman! I have been told that M. de Brissac was almost invincible."

"He was a fine swordsman, excellency — the finest I have ever seen," O'Connor replied. "I never touched him; he wounded me, and well-nigh disarmed me."

"I observed that you had been wounded. How, then, did he meet his death?"

"We fought in my apartment, excellency. He was playing with me as a cat with a mouse; but he stepped backward to avoid a thrust, and fell through the window."

"Hm! A fortunate fall for you," observed the marshal.

"I trust you do not doubt the accuracy of my statement," said O'Connor, flushing.

"By no means," M. de Villars replied. "Your reputation as a man of honor is well established, Major O'Connor. I would as soon doubt myself."

Desmond bowed at the compliment.

"And the fall killed him?" the marshal resumed.

"We picked him up and carried him

into the guard-room," the other went on. "His sword was still grasped in his hand as he lay—a marvelous thing after such a fall. A surgeon was summoned, but he could do nothing. My window looks on a stone courtyard, and is sixty feet from the ground."

"Well," M. de Villars said, after a pause, "there are not many who will regret Captain de Brissac. He was a dangerous man — a deadly blade. He has gone whither he has sent not a few before him. The matter will be inquired into. It would, ordinarily, be my duty to detain you, major, till this has been done, but his majesty's commands override all routine. You will start for Paris at once."

"At once, marshal." And Desmond bowed and withdrew.

A scant ten minutes was all he dared spare to Margaret, while an orderly led his horse up and down before her house. Ten minutes only for vows and tears and prayers and adieus, and then he rode from the door, leaving her a prey to torturing fears.

The name of Louis had long been one of terror to Margaret. His influence, exerted from the proud eminence of his throne, had driven her from Paris and plunged her into the manifold perplexities and perils from which she had scarce emerged with her life. His far-reaching scepter had cast a black shadow around her path. She shuddered to think that her lover had gone to obey the call of that pitiless monarch, in whose eyes to love her seemed to be a crime.

As he rode westward, O'Connor was not free from misgivings, but his conscience was clear and his heart light. He had not suffered as Margaret had from the king's power, and he was deeply imbued with that reverence for Louis XIV and his sacred office which was traditional in the army, and nowhere stronger than in the ranks of the Irish Brigade. A summons from the sovereign might be unusual. He refused to believe that it boded disaster.

He made all possible speed, and reached Paris without adventure or delay. He reported his arrival at the Louvre, and received a command to attend the king's levée the following day.

The next morning, as Desmond stood in the gilded antechamber, waiting for the doors to be opened, his soldierly figure, clad in the uniform of the Irish Brigade, was in marked contrast to most of those who surrounded him. A few military men there were, but the crowd was mainly composed of courtiers; of ladies and gentlemen who chatted and smiled, leered and ogled, and seemed at ease to a degree which the war-worn major could but envy.

Desmond had never been to court. The nearest approach to royal state he had ever seen was that maintained by the Duke of Burgundy at Anhalt, and the gallants around him irresistibly recalled those whom the Duc de Vendôme had once styled "popinjays." But these were infinitely more splendid.

When he passed with the rest to the levée, and saw Louis XIV for the first time, he had need of all his courage. He had not pictured a scene like this, and the majesty of the old king's demeanor awed him. No one spoke to the Irish soldier, no one noticed him. He felt strangely out of place and alone, and his doubts as to the occasion of his summons thither returned to him in full force.

As he waited, an irrepressible feeling of pity for Margaret filled his mind. She had told him how she had attended at a similar levée, and had been forced to listen while Louis gave her hand away as he might have bestowed a title or a benefice. She had told him of the whispered words and the titters of the courtiers, which had stung her like so many whip-lashes.

O'Connor glared round the circle so fiercely that those nearest him drew away. These were the false, sneering faces of those who had tortured his lady. He would like to have one or two of them at his sword's point!

His summons came at last, and, proud of port and fearless of eye as ever, he knelt at Louis's feet. The king was very gracious.

"Major O'Connor, we have heard much of you," he said, motioning Desmond to rise. "You are very young, *monsieur*."

"There are the more years before me in which to serve your majesty," the Irishman replied.

"By St. Denis, you have served me well hitherto," the king observed. "Your brigade was cut to pieces on the Dender?"

"Thirty-four survivors only, sire."

"And you held a bridge against an Austrian force, and so secured the uninterrupted retirement of my army?" Louis continued.

"That was Colonel O'Brien, sire. He destroyed the bridge, but it cost him his life. I was not there."

"Not there?" the king replied, frowning. "But M. de Villars writes us—Reach me those papers, Lecompte." And an attendant, bowing low, placed some documents in his majesty's hand.

"I see." Louis resumed when he had glanced through them. "It was you who held the hut in the forest, and so gained the time O'Brien needed. By my faith, you are a wonderful people, you Irish! This appears to be a more desperate deed of valor than the other." He paused, and selected a parchment-scroll from among the documents he held. "We have commanded your attendance," the king resumed, raising his voice, "that we may confer on you with our own hand our commission as colonel commanding our Irish Brigade. This we have done so that all men may see that Louis knows how to appreciate gallant deeds, and how to reward them."

A buzz of interest and excitement ran round the circle. This was an unprecedented honor.

O'Connor bent the knee, and received his commission from his sovereign's hand.

"My gracious liege, I know not what to say," murmured the young Irishman, "save that it is a pleasure to serve such a king and an honor to die for him."

"We would have you live, Colonel O'Connor. Our enemies are in the field still. Further, we create you a count of France. Rise, Count O'Connor!"

Desmond, astounded at the magnitude of his reward, did not fail to profit by the auspicious moment.

"I am deeply grateful, sire, for this distinguished mark of your royal favor. I am most thankful that your majesty has dubbed me count, for the fact is that I would fain marry a countess."

The royal features relaxed into a smile.

"Whoever you may wed will bear that title, Count O'Connor," Louis observed.

"Ah, sire, I would fain wed a countess ready made," persisted Desmond, half frightened at his own temerity, but loath to let such an opportunity pass.

Louis regarded him closely.

"We perceive," he said, "that your choice is made. Her name, *monsieur?*"

Desmond sent up an inward prayer, and answered, without a tremor in his voice:

"Margaret, Countess of Anhalt, sire."

Louis started in his seat, and sped a look at the young Irishman which he felt to his very soul.

"The Countess of Anhalt!" the king repeated. "That is the lady whom we betrothed in this very room to the Vicomte de Louville some months since."

The court had hung on the monarch's words, breathless. All bent forward to catch O'Connor's answer.

"The same, sire; but the viscount is dead."

"We know it, we know it," uttered Louis impatiently, and then fell silent.

No one present could guess how he would answer. Many thought the Irishman's new-made dignities were doomed to wither in the Bastile. As for O'Connor, the beating of his heart almost suffocated him.

The king spoke at last, but it seemed as if he were communing with himself rather than addressing O'Connor.

"She is but a runagate—a wilful girl. Methought I should be forced to cage her in the Bastile; and that would have grieved me, for her father was my friend." Then he turned, almost fiercely, on O'Connor. "How know you, even if we listened to you, that the lady will consent. She hath a will of her own, and a reckless one. By St. Denis, she has proved it!"

"The lady will consent, sire," Desmond answered quietly, "if your majesty will graciously give me leave to ask her."

Louis laughed outright.

"My faith, you are very confident! How came you, headstrong Irishman that you are, to meet the countess and know her mind so well?"

"May it please your majesty," answered Desmond, persuaded that his cause was half gained, "the Lady Mar-

garet was in the hut in the forest with me during the assault, and loaded muskets for me to shoot down your majesty's enemies."

The king could not repress a smile, and a titter ran round the circle.

"Take her, in Heaven's name!" Louis cried. "Perhaps you will be able to clip her wild wings. We have failed!"

O'Connor scarce knew how he left the royal presence. Ere an hour had passed he was riding westward—count, colonel, and authorized suitor of the Lady of Anhalt.

XXXI

It was more than five years later, after the treaty of peace had been signed at Baden and the armies disbanded, that Count and Countess O'Connor revisited Anhalt.

The old castle stood unchanged. The paved court no longer echoed to the tread of armed men or woke to the notes of the bugle, but the gray walls, within which both had suffered so much misery, seemed scarce to have added a strand of ivy to the heavy growth that decked them. The grim lions, which had watched Margaret's flight from her home, saw her return with the same unwinking vigilance. Anhalt had not changed.

Desmond was eager to visit again the forest glade where he had made that gallant defense which had set the coping-stone on his renown. Margaret accompanied him. They set out betimes on their ramble, and it was high noon when O'Connor's eyes rested on the familiar scene, once stained with the blood of brave men, now green and peaceful in the spring sunshine.

Familiar, yet not the same. He looked again. The forester's hut had disappeared, and in its place a tall granite shaft lifted its graceful head heavenward. The column supported the figure of a soldier leaning on his musket, and a railing of wrought-iron enclosed a plot of ground at its foot.

"Come and read," whispered Margaret, and, hand in hand, they approached the monument.

HERE LIE TEN MEN OF THE IRISH BRIGADE, WHO, WITH COUNT O'CONNOR, DEFIED FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR THE ASSAULT OF TWO AUSTRIAN BATTALIONS, AND DIED AT THEIR POSTS.

I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith.

Below were a date and a roll of names. Con Quirk's headed the list.

O'Connor's eyes filled with the memories that clung round this little patch of earth. He turned to his wife in silent wonder.

"Desmond," Margaret said, answering his look, "it was here you fought and almost died. It was here a great sorrow was lifted from my heart. Those who fell at your side I love for their valor. They all lie here; the ground has been consecrated. I thought you would wish to have it so, my dear, dear husband."

He stooped and kissed her.

THE END

THE BOOK OF LIFE

Each day in life is like a spotless page
That comes to us for writings, vain or sage;
Upon its face that which we say or do
Is written down—the false, the good and true.

Each year a chapter is that tells the tale
Of joy or grief, success or failure pale—
In sickness and in health, ambitions, fears,
Our good and evil deeds, our smiles and tears.

And at the last a book the record stands—
The History of Self, by our own hands—
By self alone made, bound, and fully writ,
No word, or thought, or deed escaping it.

John Kendrick Bangs